

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Class

Free Public Library.

..o♦o..

FROM THE FUND

OF

John Green.

Worcester, Mass., November 7, 1905

051
S7

THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Crebillon's Electre.

As *we* will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA: ✕
JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
MACFARLANE & FERGUSON, PRINTERS.

1848.

Periodical
3200.2

INDEX.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOLUME XIV.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

A.	PAGE.	F.	PAGE.
Adams, John Quincy, Address in Commemoration of his Life and Services. By A. J. Crane.	293	Farewell. By Wm. H. Holcombe.	737
Adventure and Scenery in the Far South West.	506	Feudal Armies of France and England.	362
Akenside, Mark. By H. T. Tuckerman.	402	Fine Old English Gentlemen and Clergy, the	738
Alone. By Susan.	682	Fire-Light Musings. By Susan.	208
Americanisms.	623	Fishes.	229
Ancient Greece. Her History and Literature.	129	Fountain and the Rose, the. By Mrs. Buchanan.	89
Autumn Time, the. By Susan.	629		
Avalon.	687	G.	
		Game Fish of North America, the. By C. Lanman.	682
B.		Genius. By Susan.	435
Beautiful, the. By Susan.	162	Golden-Ring, the. By J. M. Legaré.	596
Bettie, Sallie and Mollie.	184	Gray Lady, the. Translated from the German. By Miss Mary E. Lee.	409
Birth-Day Verses. To a Fair Virginian.	27	Greek Odes.	184
Brief Epistles.	82	Gregories of Hackwood, the. By P. P. Cooke.	537-612
Broken Links from a Rhymers Chain.	26	Grey Hairs.	38
Browne, Sir Thomas. By H. T. Tuckerman.	177		
Bulwer, Bulwer's Lucretia, &c.	234-393	H.	
Bushnell's, Dr., Oration.	753	Hannibal and Bonaparte.	421
By the Rivers of Babylon. By Rev. J. C. McCabe.	591	Heart and the Bird, the. By A. B. Meek.	28
		Historical Sketch of the Languages of Europe.	521
C.		Historical Society of Virginia, 1st Annual Meeting.	52
Canzonet from the Italian. By S. S. Bradford.	451	History and Constitution of the Early Roman Commonwealth.	265
Capt. Siborne and Anglo-Americanus.	46	Hope. By Mrs. Maria G. Buchanan.	365
Carlyle and Macaulay.	476	Hoffman, C. F., Poems of, A Review.	97
Castle of Dreams, the. By Wm. H. Holcombe.	343	Howison's History of Virginia. A Review.	337
Charlotte Corday. Her Biography. Translated from Lamartine. By Wm. Boulware.	142	Hundred Thousand Crowns, A. Translated from the French. By Park Benjamin.	732
Choice, The.	605	Hymn for the Dedication of a Church. By Σ.	278
Christian Martyr, The.	696		
City and Village Life.	715	I.	
Colton, the late George H.	59	Impromptu Stanzas, to a Christian Friend.	699
Connection between the qualities of a Great Commander and a Great Statesman.	504	Incidents of the Florida War.	529
Criminal Code of Virginia.	543	Instability of Public Opinion.	377
		Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia, Appendix.	17
D.		Invocation to Sleep. By Alton.	222
Davie, William Richardson, Life of.	510	Ireland. Inscribed to Mrs. Conyngham.	81
Dead Sea Expedition. By Lieut M. F. Maury.	547	Is There a God? By J. A. Turner.	611
Death of Cardinal Mazarin. By Mrs. Sigourney.	139		
Dies Irae.	106	J.	
Discoveries in Science, their Moral and Political Effects.	374	Jefferson, Thomas, MS. Letter of.	187
Dryburgh Abbey.	730	John Carper, the Hunter of Lost River. By P. P. Cooke.	90-167-122
		Joseph Jenkins's Researches into Antiquity, Erisichthon.	721
E.			
Early Voyages to America.	705	K.	
Editorial Greetings for the New Year.	1	Knight of Blasingame, the. A Ballad.	585
Editor's Table.	57-260-699		
Education of the People.	597	L.	
Endicott, Gov. John, Life and Character of.	458	Lady Alice, the. By W. C. Richardson.	561
Ennerslie. By Susan.	554	Lady Russell. By Matilda F. Dana.	700
Epigram, the.	663-718	Lamartine's Thoughts on Poetry.	605-665
Erisichthon.	721	Lamb and Keats. By H. T. Tuckerman.	711
Essay on the Causes of the Remarkable Increase of Great Men in this Country, &c.	212	Lament, A. By Mary G. Wells.	720
		La Morgue. By Σ.	602
		Land of Dreams, the. By Susan.	485
		Languages of Europe, Historical Sketch of the.	521

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Latin Monumental Inscriptions.	655	Return of Song, the. By W. H. Holcombe.	543
Law Reports.	255	Return of the Redbreast, the. By Sidney Dyer.	254
Law, the Study of the, MS. Letter of Th. Jefferson.	187	Richard III.	83
Letters from a New Contributor.	657	Ride in the Rain, A. By Ik. Marvel.	209
Letters from New York.	754	Rives, the Hon. Wm. C. Historical Address, &c.	52
Letters from our Paris Correspondent. 301-356-697-758	758	Rose, the	280
Lewis, Mrs. S. Anna, Poems of. By Edgar A. Poe.	569		
Library of Va., A Few Plain Suggestions as to the	278	S.	
Life and Death. By W. C. Richardson	52	Scraps from a Port Folio.	373-450-503-545-603
Life of Gen. Wm. Richardson Davie of N. C.	510	Sea-King's Burial, the	672
Life of Gov. John Endicott of Massachusetts.	458	Sea, the. In Calm and Storm. For Music.	28
Lines. By Rev. Wm. Jay.	229	Siborne, Capt., and Anglo-Americanus.	46
Lines on Beholding the Picture of L. E. L.	45	Sketches of Southern Life.	470-630-744
Lines on Presenting a Bible.	754	Social System of Virginia.	65
Lines to Mrs. S.	537	Sonnets. By Alton.	362
Little Flower Weaver, the. By Mrs. E. J. Eames.	45	Sonnet. By H. T. Tuckerman.	83
Loneliness. From the French of Lamartine.	386	Sonnet. Power's Greek Slave.	545
Love and Death.	1	Sonnet. Sunrise.	349
Love is Omnipotent. By W. H. Holcombe.	382	Sonnet. To Inez. By Alton.	470.
Lucretia of Bulwer, &c.	234-393	Sonnet. Virginia.	234
		Source of Man's Errors, the. By Sidney Dyer.	715
M.		Souvenir. Translated from Lamartine.	452
Maiden and the Guardian Angel, the.	401	Spelling.	140
Man Overboard, A. By Ik Marvel.	10	Spirit of Unrest, the	546
Martin, Dr. J. L.	699	Stars and Steamers.	344
Memoir of the Mormons.	641	Statue of Santa Maria, the. A Tale.	29
Montholon's Captivity of Napoleon, reviewed.	39	Steam-Navigation to China. By Lieut. M. F. Maury.	246
Moonlight Scene from Church Hill, A.	451	Sterling, John. By H. T. Tuckerman.	587
Morning in Summer. By Sidney Dyer.	387	Strangers, the	717
Morto at Rome, A	65		
Mr. Wintresides, A Character.	383	T.	
Music. By H. H. Clements.	88	Tale of Heligoland, A. By Miss Mary E. Lee.	281
Musings of an Octogenarian over the Memory of		Theory of the Toilet, the.	555
his first Child lost in Infancy.	11	Three Days of July, the	561
My First Serenade.	481	Three Hoots from a Hornéd Owl.	185
		To a Billow. By Susan.	95
N.		To Cupid.	16
Napoleon's Captivity.	39	To Elia. By Alton.	105
National Observatory. Discussed in a Letter to the		To Mary F. F—.	475
Hon. John Quincy Adams. By Lieut. M.		To-Morrow. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.	457
F. Maury, U. S. N., Superintendent.	4	To My Sister Mary. By Wm. H. Rhodes.	33
National School of Historical Painting, on the Re-		To Pyrrha. Horace 1—5.	506.
quisites for the Formation of	727	To Susan. Author of Fire-Light Musings. By Alton.	280
New Pythagorean, the	751	To Susan. By W. Gardner Blackwood.	454
Noontide.	533	To the North Wind Rudely Blowing in May.	409
Noted Firm, the. A Tale. By Nasus.	111	Trees.	10
Notices of New Works. 59-123-190-261-329-388-454-517-		Troubadour's Song, the	528
575-636-700-760		Two Affectations, the	245
O.		Two Country Houses, the. By P. P. Cooke.	307-349-436
Ogilvie, James, Earl of Finlater. Recollections of	534	Two Tears, the	325
Old Iron Poker, the. By Sidney Dyer.	183	Two Years Ago. By A. B. Meek.	28
Old Magazines.	366	Tucker, Judge Henry St. George.	699
Old Virginia.	635		
One Day of a Foot Tour in Connecticut.	384	V.	
Ophelia.	502	Vae Tibi Ridenti.	743
Oration, Dr. Bushnell's, Phi Beta Kappa.	753	View from Griswold Hill on Staten Island, N. Y.	3
		Virginia, Her Ancient Title to the North-Western	
P.		Territory and her rights on the Ohio River	
Passages in the Virginia Legislature.	387	Vindicated. By Geo. W. Thompson.	193
Poe, Edgar A. His Literary Merits Considered.	34	Virginia Historical Society, 1st Annual Meeting.	52
Poets' Art, the. By Möina.	212	Voyager, the. By H. H. Clements.	337
Police of Paris, the	175		
Potatoes and Prophecy.	453	W.	
Pythagorean, the New.	751	Wanderer, the. From the German of Goethe.	420
		Whence Come Ye?	727
R.		Where is She? A Tale.	486
Rationale of Verse. By Edgar A. Poe.	576 673	Wilde, Richard Henry, Death of. By A. B. Meek.	26
Recollections of James Ogilvie, Earl of Finlater.	534	Wordiness in Legislation.	12
Rector's Daughter, the	688	Working Man, the. By Rev. R. W. Bailey.	592
Remembrance, A. By H. H. Clements.	657	Worthington, Jane Tayloe. By Mrs. E. J. Eames.	167
Reminiscences of a Traveller. No. 7.	572	Written on Hearing of the Battle of Buena Vista.	655

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1848.

NO. 1.

LOVE AND DEATH.

A TALE.

Upon a blithesome summer day
Young Cupid roamed the forest wild,
He passed the sultry hours in play,
Like any other thoughtless child.

Beneath an oak's luxurious shade,
Where bloom'd the wild flowers fair and free;
The weary boy his footsteps stayed,
And laid him down right fearlessly.

All scattered loosely on the ground
His fatal darts were idly flung;
And near him, in his sleep profound,
Lay the dread bow of Love—unstrung.

When lo! a monstrous form appear'd!
Haggard and grim—with dust besmear'd,
Striding along with giant strength,
Wielding a dart of fearful length.
Whilst clanging against his bony side,
A sheaf of kindred darts was tied,
A cloud o'ercast the beaming skies!
The wild birds ceased their sportive cries;
The rippling waters changed their tone,
And seem'd in sympathy to moan.
Young Cupid writhed, as if in pain,
But he turn'd him over, and slept again;
The monster gasp'd as he laid him down,
And looked on love with a ghastly frown.
The boy's fresh cheek grew wan and pale,
And he dreamily utter'd a feeble wail;
All might have judged from his labor'd breath,
That the monster who lay by his side was Death,
Their scatter'd darts commingl'd lay
And sound was the slumber of Death that day—
The restless boy at length awoke,
And fear drops from his forehead broke,
Yet he sprang to his feet and seized his bow,
As if in act a dart to throw.
And catching the arrows, with speed he fled
With a shout that might have roused the dead.
And soon Love tested his bow anew,
And found his weapon both strong and true;
But strange was the issue, and sad to tell,
Not *Love*, but *Death*, on those young hearts fell!

Grim Death now rose from his sleep profound,
And caught up the weapons that strew'd the ground.
The monster growl'd as he slowly awoke—
"Full many are waiting my final stroke."
He aim'd at the old man, with pain oppress'd,
And a soft flame wakes in his wither'd breast;
His wan lips quiver'd with feeble sighs,

And corpse lights gleam'd from his shrunken eyes;
But startled Death grew doubly grim,
When he found that such follies were wrought by him,
Tho' some of his darts bore the doom of Death,
There were others that quicken'd the failing breath,
And kindled Love's flame in the aged heart,
That ne'er should have felt such pleasing smart.

Time doth the truth of this wild legend prove,
For young men die and old ones *fall in love*.

EDITORIAL GREETINGS,

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

It is a custom of the season, sanctioned by immemorial usage, to exchange gratulations among friends at the happy advent of another year. Accordingly, we come forward, gentle reader, to greet you with many assurances of sincere good-will and many wishes for a prosperous future. Your Christmas, we trust, has passed "righte merrily" and your New-Year dawns with bright auguries of prospective success. How delightfully does this genial season come round in the cycle of time to recreate the mind and body, wearied with the engrossing pursuits of life—a pleasing interlude to the toils and cares of a hum-drum world—when the "light of other days" throws a cheering reflection upon the festivities of the present hour and swelling memories rise up to enhance its enjoyment. Long may it remain a period, consecrated to the finest emotions of the heart, long may its domestic re-unions be celebrated with joyous rite, though the days of the "yule log" and "wassail bowl" have passed away, and the bell of the masquer and the pomp of Twelfth Night are numbered with the faded and forgotten pageantries of the olden time.

But the recurrence of a New-Year is calculated to awaken other and sadder feelings. Mankind are so little disposed to meditation, that it is only at stated intervals, with the return of some anniversary in their calendar, or the completion of one of those spaces by which we estimate the flight of time, that they can be brought to think seriously on the past. Then it is that they are duly con-

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

Addressed to the Hon. John Quincy Adams.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17th, 1847.

Dear Sir,—You did me the honor yesterday to ask that I would give a written description of the Observatory, with other information relating thereto, including an explanation of the object and uses of the different instruments.

I need not speak of the pleasure it gives me to comply with your request; the only alloy to this pleasure is found in the circumstance that I have not the leisure, and if the leisure, not the ability to make the answer as full or as satisfactory as I would have it.

Your efforts to advance in America the cause of practical Astronomy, are known to the world. The lively interest which you continue to manifest in all that concerns the Observatory, causes you to be considered as one of its most active and zealous friends. It is proud of the relation. It feels honored, and is encouraged by every additional proof of the interest felt by you in its pursuits and for its prosperity.

As a subject for congratulation with one who has borne so conspicuous a part in establishing a Naval and National Observatory in this country, permit me to call your attention to the interest, which, since the establishment by the government of such an Institution, has commenced to manifest itself in the public mind in the cause of practical Astronomy.

The Act of Congress founding this establishment, was passed in 1842. Since that time public meetings have been held, plans matured, and subscriptions proposed in various parts of the country for establishing Observatories. It is not hazarding too much to say that within the last five or six years, more has been done in the United States to encourage and advance Astronomical science, and that more has been added to the general stock of such knowledge, than during the whole period of our previous existence, either as a nation or a people; and in this fact, the friends of the science do but recognize the first fruits of the seeds that were cast by you many years ago.

There never has been, in the history of Astronomy, a period of so much activity and energy as the present. Within the last two years, the names of four new members have been added to the list of planets.* Within this time the world has been astonished, and the mightiest intellects in it have considered with admiration the feats that have been performed by men engaged in Astronomical pursuits. The most remote planet known to the system, was subject to perturbations from an unknown

cause. The disturbance was far beyond the reach of the unaided eye; and was unknown to telescopic vision. But there were Astronomers living who, for the first time, undertook to invest mathematical analysis with the space-penetrating power of the telescope. They succeeded in the bold attempt, and from the closet pointed the observer's telescope to the *locus* of the stranger. The circumstances connected with the discovery of the planet Neptune are alone sufficient to stamp the age in which we live, as a remarkable era in the progress of Astronomy. So too with regard to Struve's "Stellar Astronomy" and Mädler's "Central Sun."* This object or point, invisible though it be, and *incorporeal* though it may be, has been made to "tremble on the verge of analysis." These illustrious *savans*, with a degree of probability and a force of reasoning, that have every where arrested the attention of Astronomers and challenged the respect of Mathematicians, have shown that the sun, moon and planets, with their train of satellites and comets, are in motion as a *unit*, if I may be allowed the figure, about some grand centre poised in the remote regions of space; and situated in the direction of the Pliades towards the star Alcyone. Perhaps this point is also the "Central Sun" about which the suns of a thousand other systems hold their way. Our luminary, with its splendid retinue, is computed to revolve about this centre at a rate of not less than thirty millions of miles in a year; yet so remote is it that many millions of our years are required for the completion of one revolution. Here then, indeed, is an "annus magnus" of vast import. In the contemplation of it, may we not regard those comets which dash through our system, never to return, as lights sent from other systems to guide us on our way? Or at least may we not feel assured that they answer wise and useful purposes in the great economy?

I might point to other triumphs of mind over matter, in illustration of the length of line which Astronomers and Mathematicians are casting out, to fathom and explore the regions of space.

Pingre's comet is just now about to make its appearance for the third recorded time, to the inhabitants of the earth. On the occasion of each of its former visits, it carried terror and dismay to the minds of Kings and Princes. In 1264, it was regarded as a messenger charged with the execution of sentence of death upon Pope Urban IV.

At its next return, the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, wrote of it, "*His ergo indiceis me mea fata vocant.*" It is said that he resigned his crown to prepare for the dread summons.

It has now been gone for another period of near three hundred years, and is soon to come back pro-

* Since this was written another planet has been discovered. Flora is its name, and it is the 8th in the family of Astroids.

* Sir John Herschel's *Cape Observations* is another of those great works which mark the progress of, and stamp the spirit of the age upon, Astronomical pursuits.

vided with an "arming" which will be as significant to the Astronomer of what it has encountered in the depths of space, as is of the depths of the ocean, the sand to the mariner which adheres to his lead.

But so far from its expected appearance, in 1848, being cause of dread and alarm to Powers and Potentates, its coming is looked for even by the multitude, with a degree of eager interest and will be hailed with pleasure and delight in many lands.

From a mysterious messenger, bringing tidings of a dreadful, potent and awful calamity to a terror-stricken world, Astronomy by its progress has changed in the minds of men the character of comets; they have been made obedient to law, subservient, instructive and useful to man, in his upward and onward progress. They teach important truths, and assist to reveal the secrets of nature.

You, yourself, may recollect the time when Astronomers were called upon to quiet the public mind in one of the most refined capitals of Europe, and soothe the dreadful apprehensions with which the approach of a comet was regarded. Yet even during the short interval, such has been the activity and the progress in this department of science, that comets have ceased to be regarded as objects of terror sent, at long intervals, to warn or to punish; they are rather looked upon as fellow-travellers and instructive companions to man in his journies through space.

Instead of years, scarcely a month now elapses without the announcement that some new comet has been discovered; such is the activity of research. The people of America have caught up the spirit, and are beginning actively to engage in Astronomical pursuits.* You have had the subject, as far as this country is concerned, anxiously at heart for years: wherefore I consider the present occasion as one for congratulation. Pardon, therefore, the digression.

The Astronomical Instruments of the Observatory, with Telescopes attached, are six. The regular Observers, eight.

1st. The *West* Transit Instrument, made by Ertel & Son, of Munich. Observers, Mark H. Beecher and Ruel Keith, Professors of Mathematics, U. S. N.

2nd. The Mural Circle, made by Troughton & Simms, London. Observers, Thomas J. Page and Charles Steedman, Lieutenants, and J. H. C. Coffin, Professor of Mathematics, U. S. N.

3rd. The Meridian Circle, Ertel & Son. Observers, William T. Muse, Lieutenant, and James Major, Professor of Mathematics, U. S. N.

4th. The Prime Vertical Transit Instrument, Pistor & Martins, Berlin. Observers, W. A. Wayne, Lieut. U. S. N., and James Johnson Pitigrew, a young Mathematician from N. Carolina.

5th. The Equatorial, Murz & Mahler, Munich. Occasional Observers, myself and Joseph S. Hubbard, Professor of Mathematics, U. S. N.

6th. The great "Refraction Circle," Ertel & Son, Munich. Observers, none.

Lieut. Page is in daily expectation of orders to sea, and Lieut. Steedman has been in training to take his place at the Mural. Hence the names of three officers for that Instrument. Professor Hubbard has been recently detailed for duty not connected with the Observatory. When he returns, he will observe regularly with the Equatorial.

As soon as practicable I propose also to place professor Keith at the Refraction Circle.

It is a rule among Astronomers to consider an additional assistant at an Observatory which has as many as *two* observers already employed, to be worth more than two better men at a new Observatory.

Considering that the expense of buildings, piers and instruments has already been incurred for this Observatory,—it is obviously more in conformity with the principles of true economy to apply force enough to give the instruments full occupation whenever the weather will admit, than to have them only half manned, or feebly served.

Accordingly I have constantly aimed to have at least two observers for each instrument; so that when the night is clear there may always be an eye for every Telescope in the Observatory.

But the unusual demand for officers afloat on the one hand and their anxiety for war service on the other, have made it difficult, during the last year, to keep at the Observatory its full compliment of observers.

The *West* Transit instrument is mounted on the Meridian in the *West* wing of the Observatory. It has an object glass of 5.4 inches aperture, with a focal length of 7 feet 1 inch. A clock is an indispensable companion of this instrument, as a time-keeper of some sort is of every Astronomical Telescope. The clock is a mercurial pendulum, by Parkinson and Frodsham.

The Transit instrument affords data for the determination of Right Ascensions. By it time is determined—clocks rated, etc.

The Mural Circle, with the Meridian Circle, is mounted in the East wing. It is 5 feet in diameter and has a Telescope with an object glass of 4.1 inches aperture, and 5 feet focus. The Mural Circle is for the determination of Declinations. By it Latitude is also determined.

The Meridian Circle has a Microscope Bearer with 4 Microscopes; and 2 circles of 30 inches diameter, one for degrees and minutes, and the other for seconds, connected with a telescope of 3.8 inches

* The last Comet was first discovered by a lady of your own State—(Miss Mitchell of Nantucket.) She has also computed its orbit. Thus Maria Mitchell's Comet is another evidence of the attention which the subject of Astronomy is exciting in this country.

aperture, and 4 feet 11 inches focal length. Clock, mercurial pendulum, Charles Frodsham. This clock answers also for the Mural.

This instrument unites the transit instrument and the Mural Circle. It is for the determination of both co-ordinates.

The Prime Vertical Transit Instrument, is mounted on the Prime Vertical in the first apartment of the South wing. It has no circle except a finder. The telescope has a focal length of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet and 4.8 inches aperture. Clock, grid-iron pendulum, Charles Frodsham.

This instrument is also for the determination of Right Ascensions and Declinations. But while it is capable of a higher degree of accuracy than any one of the aforementioned instruments, it is confined to a more narrow field; it works more slowly; and cannot compete with its compeers in number or subjects of observation. They can observe all objects that appear above the horizon and cross the meridian—it, those only which cross its prime vertical—which in this instance embraces those stars whose parallels of Declination are included between the Equator and the Zenith of this Observatory.

The Declinations determined with this instrument are surprisingly accurate. It is capable of affording results possessed of a higher degree of accuracy perhaps than those obtained from any other instrument at present known to Astronomy. This is in part owing to physical and mathematical advantages derived from its position in the prime vertical, and partly to mechanical and instrumental peculiarities. It is a new instrument; It was invented by the direction of the Central Observatory of Russia, and this is the only other instrument of the kind except his.

Its position frees its results from and makes them independent of the effects and uncertainties of atmospheric refraction, and of the numerous imperfections and sources of error to which instruments with graduated arcs and circles are liable. Its peculiar construction and extraordinary facilities of reversal, neutralize other instrumental imperfections which are, also, fruitful sources of error whenever their effects remain for the skill and patience of the observer to detect and expose. It is particularly well adapted for investigating the problem of Stellar Parallax.

The equatorial has an object glass of 9.6 inches aperture and fourteen and a half feet focal length. It is provided with clock work for sidereal motion, and the observations are timed from a sidereal chronometer rated by the clocks below. It rests in the dome, and surmounts a massive block of granite which is supported by a conical pier of brick work, rising from the foundation of the building and passing up in isolation of the floors and all other parts of the Observatory.

Each one of the other instruments moves in the plane of but one great circle, and is capable of ob-

serving only as the object to be observed crosses such great circle, which, with the first three named, is the Meridian, and with the 4th and 6th the Prime Vertical.

The object of the Equatorial is to observe occultations and eclipses, to determine the places of comets and planets by differential measurements. It is also used for measuring the angular distance and position between double stars, for measuring the diameters of planets, etc. It may be turned for observations at any time upon any object in whatever part of the visible heavens. Its greater optical and space-penetrating powers, invest its labors in physical Astronomy with exceeding interest and give it other advantages, which are not possessed by its more humble companions below, though for differential position it is subsidiary to and dependent upon their determinations.

The Refraction Circle has two Microscope Bearers, which carry six microscopes each; two graduated circles of four feet each, with divisions for every $2'$ of arc on gold; and a Telescope of 5.8 inches clear aperture and eight and a half feet focal length. This instrument is new in its combinations and construction. It unites the exquisite accuracy of the Prime Vertical Transit instrument, with all the advantages, compass, and capabilities of the Mural Circle and Zenith Sector. It is the first of its kind ever made, and was constructed from plans and drawings prepared at this Observatory. The makers pronounce it to be the most complete astronomical instrument that has ever left their hands. Its performance, however, remains to be tried.

Equally adapted for mounting on the Meridian or the Prime Vertical, it surpasses all the first four mentioned instruments for power and compass: and in means for imparting accuracy to results, it possesses advantages which none of them have.

It is situated in the second apartment of the South wing, which has been extended to receive it. It is, at present, mounted on the Prime Vertical, but its ultimate destination is the Meridian.

It is the only Astronomical instrument which has ever been constructed and mounted, that independent of any previous hypothesis is capable of determining directly and immediately the effect of atmospheric refractions in optically displacing the heavenly bodies. It is the first instrument ever used on this continent for the investigation of this most important problem; it will begin these investigations on the Prime Vertical and end them on the Meridian. Hence it is called the REFRACTION CIRCLE, though there are many other subjects and problems towards the affording of data for the solution or investigation of which it is equally well adapted.

Theory points to perturbations by the moon and planets upon the earth's centre of gravity. These daily disturbances, except as their effects are exhibited by the tides of the ocean, or marked by the

Barometer, have never, that I am aware of, been made the subject of direct observation.

This instrument, therefore, suggests a class of observations entirely new. And it is proposed to undertake them; for, whether successful or not, the experiment will not be needless; but in either event will be possessed of both interest and value.

In consequence of the influence of the moon and other bodies, the centre of attraction of the earth may be supposed to revolve about its geometrical centre. It may be that this instrument is capable of determining, by actual observation, the orbit which one of these centres makes about the other; for, by an optical artifice, the centre of attraction, so to speak, or, which is the same thing, (the nadir point, which is in a line with this centre,) may be rendered visible; it only remains to be seen whether this instrument have powers sufficient to detect its minute changes. Permit me to explain—

By turning the Telescope down upon a basin of mercury, the image of the spider-thread, which is placed in the stellar focus of the object glass of the Telescope, may be seen as though it were an object at an infinite distance. Resorting to this optical artifice, by which the most attenuated line is placed in the nadir and directly in a line with the centre of gravitation, and taking advantage of the peculiar and extraordinary collimating powers of this instrument, it will be impossible for any deviation of the plummet amounting on the surface of the earth to as much as the breadth of the finest gossamer, from its normal state, to escape observation. Permit me to illustrate by an example:

Suppose the moon to be on the meridian at its lower culmination, and that the spider line in the the focus of the Telescope be made to occult its own image over a basin of mercury and as seen in the nadir, we shall then have the most perfect plummet that can be dropped. The position of the Telescope is then noted, and in this position it remains. Suppose now after the moon rises, and reaches that altitude in the East at which her disturbance of the plummet is a maximum, that the Telescope is again examined and the spider-thread and its image found to be no longer in occultation. This, assuming stability in all other respects to be perfect, will be owing to the fact, that the centre of attraction has changed its position, and passed, also, to the East of the geometrical centre, so to speak, of the earth, and, in consequence, the mercury in the basin has adapted itself to this new centre, and, therefore, changed its inclination, by an amount equal to the deflection that would be produced upon the plummet. The maximum effect of this change, being seen by reflection, is apparently doubled.

When the moon reaches a like altitude West, the same takes place. But, in this instance, the image appears to the West, instead of the East of the real thread, and the effect is again doubled, but

on the side opposite the first. Thus the maximum deviation will be multiplied four times, and so multiplied, will be brought under the highest magnifying powers of the instrument for detection and observation.

The facility with which the instrument is reversed and the manner in which it is supported on its pier, will impart to its results, a degree of confidence as to accuracy of determination that but few instruments have ever afforded.

But it would be altogether out of place and premature to discuss its powers here, or to anticipate results. I, therefore, pass on to the other subjects upon which you desire information.

According to the British Association for the advancement of science, the vast sums of money which have been spent by Astronomers in doing over again what has been better done elsewhere, in determining Astronomical data, might have almost created new sciences of observation.

Not to make this Observatory liable to such a charge, a plan has been adopted for its labors which, while the plan seeks to avoid doing over again what has already been well done, aims at results both useful to the world and creditable to the country. The general outlines of this plan are to keep up a regular and systematic series of observations upon the sun, moon and planets and certain *fundamental* stars, with the view of procuring data for the American Nautical Almanac. But the Observers and instruments are capable of many more observations than these; and with the views of fully occupying the time of each, I, at an early day, proposed regularly and systematically to penetrate, with our excellent Telescope, every point of space in the visible heavens, with the view of assigning position and magnitude, and of cataloguing every star, cluster, nebulae or object that should pass through the field of view.

Leave was sought and readily granted to carry this plan into effect, and the labor of near two years has already been expended upon it. A catalogue of about 1,200 stars, most of them unknown to existing catalogues, is the result of the first year's work in this field.

The plan originally contemplated and designed is to sweep over the same belt twice, but not on the same night, nor with the same instrument or observer. Supposing the conditions of atmosphere, instrument and eye to be the same, all the stars, and no more, which are observed during the first sweep, should be observed during the second. The work in this case is complete.

But suppose, and this is generally the case, that stars are observed in one sweep which are not observed in the other, the Equatorial is then turned upon the same belt to reconcile discrepancies; so that no star may be entered in the catalogue without having been made the subject of observation at least twice, and each time on a different occa-

sion, by a different instrument and observer. In addition to this, the plan, as originally designed, contemplates measures of distance and angle of position upon all double or multiple stars, accurate drawings and descriptions of all clusters and nebulae.

No Astronomical work on such an extensive scale has ever been executed or attempted. The value and importance of it are manifold, but difficult of full estimation.

The intention is to make a contribution to Astronomy worthy of the nation and the age, and so to execute the undertaking, that future Astronomers in all time may say of it, such a star was not visible in the heavens at the date of the Washington Catalogue, because it is not there, and such a star that is now missing, was in the heavens because it is in that work.

Such, at least, is the point aimed at. How far we shall fall short of it remains for results to show. These are the *principal* subjects of observations. There are many others; but to recount them would make my letter tedious, I therefore pass them by.

Great undertakings, such as is this Catalogue, whose value and importance are confined to no country and limited to no age, are beyond the power of Astronomers working single-handed. They require a large force and abundant facilities, such as individuals cannot afford, and therefore fall peculiarly within the province and duties of government. It is to be a contribution to science worthy of a great nation. It is to extend beyond the age in which we live, and reach posterity with lasting benefits. If, therefore, a grand Catalogue be undertaken at all, no labor should be spared for giving it weight and authority in all time to come; all facilities, means and appliances should be afforded the Observatory, which are calculated to give useful embellishment to such a work, to impart interest, or add to its value. To make it complete researches in the higher departments of physical Astronomy are wanted. These cannot be conducted in the manner the most satisfactory to the world and creditable to the nation, without the aid of a more powerful Telescope than any which the Observatory now has.

There is a strong and commendable feeling of national pride among the people of the United States. Whatever the country undertakes to do, they desire to see well done. I have reason to believe that this feeling obtains as strongly with regard to the Observatory, now that it is in operation, as it does with regard to any other subject whatever. I refer with *pride* to this trait in the character of the American people, for it causes them to desire never in National undertakings to be behind other countries.

Accordingly, I have consulted the most celebrated artists of Europe as to the cost and size of the largest Refracting Telescope equatorially mounted, that can be made. The largest Telescope of the

kind in the world, and the largest that it has hitherto been thought possible to construct, has an object glass of but 18 inches in diameter. That of this Observatory has an object glass of only 9 inches, and there are two others in the country nearly or quite double the size of this.

The celebrated opticians and principal makers of refracting Telescopes, Merz & Son of the Fraunhofer establishment, who have been consulted on the subject, are willing to risk their character and reputation as the most renowned makers in the world, upon an object glass of 24 inches clear aperture. They have made the liberal offer of such an instrument for \$120,000. And it will require four or five years to complete it. I hazard but little in saying that a Telescope of this description, made with the usual skill and success of these celebrated makers, would surpass all others in its astronomical performances. It would be regarded by practical Astronomers and those engaged in the researches of Physical Astronomy as the most superb instrument in the world. And what would be the cost of such an instrument to the people of the United States? Only a half of a cent per head.

They are enlightened, free and intelligent, and would they, think you, when they are reminded of the practical importance and value of Astronomy in the daily affairs of life, whether, as between man and man, or nation and nation, grudge an appropriation for such a purpose?

There is no department of science which is more intimately connected than Astronomy, with the interests whether of government or people. By Astronomy the length of the year is established, the rising and setting of the sun are calculated, and time itself, in all its relations, is measured, fixed, or determined. The man of business, when he looks at his watch for the hour, is as much indebted to Astronomy for the ability punctually to fulfil his engagements as the farmer, when he consults his almanac for the phases of the moon.

When a boundary line is to be established between this country and a neighboring nation, or between State and State of the confederacy, it is done by Astronomy. The latitudes and longitudes of lines and points, on the earth, are determined by the positions of the stars or other bodies, as we find them recorded by European Observers. If there be mistakes in the declinations which they assign to stars, there will be also like mistakes in the latitude which we determine from them, and it would be quite as consistent, with true national self-respect, to send for European surveyors to run our boundary lines, as it is to look to European Astronomers to determine for us the true positions of the stars, without the positions of which stars, those boundaries could not be run.

Without the guides and helps of astronomy which have been kindly and *gratuitously* furnished

by other nations, we could have no navy, no ships, no commerce, or if we had, our ships could never venture across the ocean or out of sight of our own shores.

But for the Nautical Almanac of England or other European countries, and the labors of their Observatories and astronomers, the American ships, now abroad, could not find their way home.

But for the principles of practical Astronomy, the metes and bounds of landed estates could neither be recovered nor preserved. It is true the lines of a survey are run by the compass, but the compass is not true, nor stable. Its errors can be detected only according to astronomical investigations. The needle neither points to the pole, nor in the same direction for any length of time. It is always varying; and the amount of such variation is the subject for astronomical determination.

I have a letter, now before me, from a surveyor in a neighboring state, informing me that the landmarks of a survey run, a century since, and which he has now to run over, have been obliterated. But he states his compass-courses and asks for information to enable him to determine what they now should be, to reproduce the same lines. Similar calls are, by no means, unusual. Considering their frequency and importance, I may be excused for suggesting here a law in every state, requiring for the benefit of posterity, that, hereafter, all deeds of conveyance in which the metes and bounds of real estate are set forth or described, should expressly state the variation of the compass at the time of the survey.

We take a weight, or measure a rod, and call the one a pound, the other a yard. But use, decay, time, and heat, produce their effects, and these measures are altered, changed and lost forever. If preserved in their tangible shape, they are no longer of the same value. But Astronomy furnishes an invariable unit for weight and measure which never changes; and nations are continually in the habit of consulting it for the benefit of their people. Every person, therefore, who buys and sells by just and lawful measure, is enabled to do so only in consequence of Astronomical determinations—so intimately are the principles of this science interwoven with the business affairs of men and nations, in their political, social and civil relations.

The reasons and considerations which call for the establishment of national standards of weights and measures, call with like force, propriety and urgency for a national standard of Astronomical results. These results are comprehended in the term, and included in the work, styled, *THE NAUTICAL ALMANAC*.

The advantages and importance of such a work are obvious. It is unnecessary to point to them here.

I will merely mention that the Nautical Almanac should be computed and published, at least three years in advance, so that ships, departing on long cruises, may be furnished with a copy. That it is a work which requires much labor and great care in the preparation; for any, the slightest error or mistake, may prove disastrous both to property and life in all parts of the world. The superintendent of the Observatory could not undertake to superintend the Nautical Almanac, in detail, without wholly neglecting his other and equally important duties. He might, indeed, have the general direction of it, so far as to say what it should contain, from what sources the materials to be embodied in it should be obtained, and what tests, examinations and proofs it should undergo in the preparation, etc. But there should be a special and subordinate Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, whose duties should be confined to the details of the work and to nothing else. He will require the assistance of a small corps of computers; for every calculation should be repeated at least twice, and by at least two computers, each working independent of and without the knowledge of the results obtained by the other.

In the foregoing account, are included only a portion of the duties performed at this office and mention has been made of but a part of the force engaged.

The Observatory is, literally, also a "Depot" of charts and instruments for the Navy.

Here charts are purchased, prepared and distributed; nautical books supplied, instruments, etc. furnished to our public vessels. Before a chronometer is purchased here for the Government, it is taken on trial for a year, during which time it is carefully compared with a standard clock, that a record may be kept of its performances, which record is required with the utmost nicety, and embraces the hundredth part of a second. There are some sixty or eighty chronometers alone in the office whose rates are kept with such care. Besides these there are numerous other instruments which demand much attention.

There is, also, much hydrographical duty to be performed: Charts are to be corrected or compiled; and the undertaking has been commenced here of preparing "wind and current" charts of the three grand oceans, viz: the Atlantic, the Pacific, and Indian.

These charts are intended to generalize the experience of navigators in such a manner that each may have before him, at a glance, the experience of all. The track of each showing the time of the year, the prevailing winds and currents encountered, with all other information obtained is projected on the charts. The first sheet, of which there are 8, of the Atlantic, drawn by William B. Whiting, Lieut. U. S. Navy, has already been pub-

lished, the other seven are in the hands of the engraver.

I send, herewith, a copy of sheet 1, and ask the favor of you to accept it. It relates to the Gulf of Mexico, and you will observe that it exhibits the prevailing currents and winds of that region at a glance, and with a perspicuity, certainty and generalization that written accounts cannot give.

Books, if I may so say, impart information through the ear—these charts through the eye, and, therefore, in a manner and form much more condensed and available.

You will observe, by this chart, that the general currents in the Gulf of Mexico are almost as regular in their courses and as sharp in their outlines as is the Mississippi river itself. So that, with this sheet as a guide, a vessel, by turning a little to the right, or a little to the left, according to its indications, may convert an unfavorable into a favorable current, and the reverse.

Another important result to flow from these charts is the removing of all doubt as to those "Vigias," including rocks, reefs and shoals, which, by reason of the uncertainty as to their existence and position, disfigure the best general charts, harass navigators, and stand in the way of commerce.

There is, also, a regular series of Meteorological Observations kept here. For this purpose there is always an officer on duty night and day who is, also, charged with subsidiary computations in connection with Astronomical results. Besides these duties there are various others which, taken in the aggregate, give, with the above mentioned, constant employment to the three Lieutenants and seven Passed Midshipmen, who have not been named.

These officers are Lieut. Joseph C. Walsh, in charge of nautical books, maps, charts, and instruments. It is his duty also to keep and prepare, for examination, records showing the performance of each chronometer, and the condition of every other nautical instrument, book and chart, with reference to its fitness for service.

Lieutenants D. D. Porter and Wm. B. Whiting find constant employment as Hydrographers. They are specially engaged, at present, with the "wind and current charts" already alluded to. The materials for which are obtained from the Log Books of the Navy.

The officers charged with the meteorological records and observations are, Passed Midship men

JOEL S. KENNARD,	SAMUEL B. CARTER,
GEO. B. BISSELL,	WILLIAM H. SMITH,
HENRY K. DAVENPORT,	SAMUEL B. ELLIOT,
GEORGE M. RANSOM,	

These officers are also employed as computers and as assistants in preparing the Astronomical Observations of 1846 for the press, and with various other duties of minor importance too tedious in their details for description here.

With high considerations of respect and esteem, I remain, very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

M. F. MAURY.

Lieut. U. S. Navy.

HON. JOHN Q. ADAMS,

A MAN OVERBOARD.

BY IK MARVEL.

—It was one of those thunder and lightning gales at night, when for a moment all would be as light as day, and a moment after, so dark, that you could not see an oars-length from the vessel. The Captain was forward, and all the hands except the cook and myself were aloft.

The ship was pitching madly, and the waves were toppling up sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dipping away with a whirl, under our keel, that made every timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder was roaring like ten thousand cannons, and every now and then, as I said, half the sky would split up in a stream of fire, that glared over the tops of the waves, and glistened on the wet deck, and the spars—lighting up everything so plain, that I could see the men's faces at the maintop, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm—clinging like death—then all would be horrible darkness.

You could hear the spray spitting against the canvass, and the great waves breaking on the weather bow, and the howl of the wind through the rigging, and now and then, when a gasket gave way, and the sail bellied out to leeward,—you could hear the canvass splitting like the crack of a musket. You could hear too the Captain for'ard, screaming out orders, and the mate in the cross-trees screaming 'em over, 'till the lightning came, and the thunder—both together—and deadened their voices, as if they'd been a pair of little chirping sparrows.

It was in one of the flashes, that I saw a hand on the yard-arm, lose his foot-hold, as the ship gave a plunge, but his arms were clenched round the spar. Before I could see any more, the blackness came over, and the thunder broke with a crash that half-deafened me. I thought I heard something like a tiny howl, as it died off; and sure enough, at the next flash of lightning which came in a moment, what should I see on the top of one of the waves along side, but Tom Meeks; the lightning glared on his face, so that I could see the look in the poor fellow's eye.

As good luck would have it, he had caught hold of one of the studding-sail sheets, as he fell, and as we pitched, I could see it slipping off the coil upon the deck.

I shouted like mad—‘man overboard!’ and just had time to catch the rope, when we could see nothing again. I was a boy then and could’nt hold by the rope; the sea was too high and the man too heavy for me.

I shouted, and shouted, and shouted, and felt the sweat starting all over my forehead, as the rope slipped out through my hands. Poor Tom had been our messmate for a year, and we all loved him.

Presently the Captain felt his way aft, and took hold with me, just as the coil was nearly spent, and we pulled upon him; and the cook came, and we three hauled together upon him.

Poor fellow! it must have been desperate work for him; for the ship was drifting at a prodigious rate, and we pulling up at the same time; but he clung like a man.

By-and-by at a flash, we saw him on a crest three oars lengths away from the vessel.

“Hold on, my man,” shouted the Captain.

“For God’s sake, be quick,” said the man, and he went down in a trough of the sea. And we pulled the harder; and the Captain kept all the while calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But in the hush, we could hear Tom say, “I can’t hold out much longer; I’m most gone.”

We called out the more to him to hold on; and presently got him, where we could most lay hold of him, and were only waiting for a good lift of the sea, to bring him up, when the poor fellow groaned out, “It’s no use—I can’t—good-bye,” and a wave tossed the end of the rope clean up upon the bulwarks.

At the next flash we saw him going down under the water.

I never shall forget how he looked—for we saw him plain—when he said “Good bye” and let go his hold.

THE MUSINGS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

Over the Memory of his First Child lost in Infancy.

My little child! My daughter! Three score years
Have passed, since, sitting on your father’s knee,
Your childish prattle, and your playful pranks,
Your little fingers tugging at my hair,
Pinching my cheek, and then the rosy lip,
Kissing away the smart, made life so sweet,
I asked no other Heaven. Even now
It seems but yesterday. That gleeful voice,
In inarticulate, yet dulcet tones,
Is present to my ear; and still my eye
Recalls the playful features, beautiful
With life and promise.

Then came Death: and lo!
The beauteous rose-bud withered at his touch,
And drooped, and perished, soon to be replaced
By others no less dear. These grew and flourished;

And if you were remembered then, my babe,
’Twas but as when, beside the cheerful hearth,
Surrounded by the dear delights of home,
The Sailor tells of battle, storm and wreck.
And now, when Time has bent the stalwart form,
And thinned the flowing hair, and scattered frost
Upon the head, by which the Raven’s wing
Had once seemed pale; now that the strength of youth
Is wasted, and the old man’s tottering step
Demands support; behold me circled round
By manly forms that bow the reverent head,
While delicate hands anticipate my wishes.
The stately matron, and the blooming maid,
The bearded warrior, the statesman sage,
The upright magistrate—the beautiful,
The wise, the brave, the just, all call me “Father;”
And all men bless me as I pass along,
The honored sire of an honored race.

If pride could satisfy the Heart of Man:
If pride could dwell with him, whose failing steps
Are tottering to the tomb, I might be proud
To see my life renewed and multiplied
In varied usefulness and various honors.
But what is there to fill the craving void,
Where *Love* was wont to dwell—when *Love for Love*—
The *equal* Love that binds the wedded heart,—
The *fostering* Love that folds the guileless infant—
The *trusting* Love with which that infant eye
Reads in the father’s answering eloquent glance
What none but helpless childhood can awaken,
Return or understand, welled from my heart,
Or, in returning tide, brought back its treasures
From every heart and lip. All this past,
And now, in feeble age, ’tis mine to learn,
Child-like to bow before the common father,
In inarticulate or voiceless prayer
To him who whispers to the trembling heart;
“Like as a father pitieth his Children.”
Sweet welcome words! How sweet, could I recall
Feelings which teach the heart to understand
Their gracious meaning. On my knee to hold
Once more the prattling urchin, and to think,
While the full heart in gushing tenderness
Pours itself forth, “Even thus *my* father loves
His helpless child of clay.” Ah! never more;
Can that delight be mine. To memory now
Alone I turn, and often turn in vain:
For vain the effort, from the distant past
To summon back the image of the child
So long forgotten while the blooming boy
Engrossed the father’s thoughts—and while the youth
Springing to manhood, filled with hopes and fears
His anxious mind; and when the man mature,
Complete in all his lineaments, commenced
The race of life, urging his strong career
Along the path of Honor. But you, my child,
Snatched from your father’s arms, ere yet your lip
Had learned to syllable its notes of love;
Your image still is present, all distinct,
As when, with tottering step, you ran to court
The close embrace, and climb the knee, and nestle
In trusting fondness on the fostering bosom.
And when the eye of Faith would pierce the gloom
That shrouds life’s closing hour, beyond the grave
Behold a group of friends—the early friends
That struggled with me up the steep of fortune,
That triumphed with me, when success had crowned
Our earnest efforts, and who, sliding down
The gentle slope, have gone before me. These,
And, with them, she who shared my youthful joys,
And soothed my cares, and led the way to Heaven;

All these are there ; and then, among them all,
I see *one* pair of *little* hands outstretched
To greet my coming—on the glittering verge
That bounds the realms of bliss, two little feet
Stand trembling, as of old, with eager love,
As when you ran to clasp your father's knees.

Oh! gracious death : Gracious and merciful !

'Tis to thy consecrating touch I owe
This priceless blessing. When in joyous youth
My cup of bliss o'erflowed, one little drop,
Exhaled by thee, is now at last shed back
Upon the parched and thirsting heart of age,
In dewy freshness. In thy hallowed casket
This cherished gem has still preserved its brightness,
When all beside is dim and lustreless.
And when, with prodigal and wasteful hand,
Life's store of bliss was spent, thy provident care
Has rescued from the wreck this *little one*,
My *loved*, my *lost*—my *saved*, my *only* CHILD.

TREES.

Charles Lamb says, in one of his odd flings at the country, that "a garden was the primitive prison till man sinned himself out of it." This declaration makes Lamb look rather "sheepish" in the eyes of a poet, the better part of whose "flesh" ought to be "grass," or something else that is clothed in rural livery. "Lamb" in London was a standing dish before Charles became a notable, and this serving so long an apprenticeship in eating his relatives, may have inflamed his zeal against the agricultural districts. Diocletian, in his garden found more repose than on the imperial seat of Rome—with such "shadows of assimilation," do we rebut the testimony and confirm the degradation of the forlorn Elia.

A familiar spot in the country, is like Horace's idea of a man's mind, it does not change with the change of climate. We may leave it for years, and when we return there stand the same old trees, there we see the purple outline of the distant hills, and above us the same boundless wilderness of sky. God's most hallowed prophecies are spoken in these sweet places, that rest in the very bosom of nature, as "plain as whisper in the ear." To idealize nature is the highest perfection of the imaginative faculty ; for nothing but true inspiration can give expression to her revelations.

A bright September day pours its rich flood of tender light over the wide landscape, and the living witnesses of decay are standing solemnly weeping their leaves

"On the sad face of the mere."

Through the long aisles of the forest the winds come trooping with a premonition of winter, and the gleaming hues of nature in her autumnal garb will soon pass away. In the many visible signs

of decay, she sends us the assurance that like the flush on the cheek of the consumptive, she wears the tinge which is nearest death. The "Lady of the woods" now puts on her richest drapery and speaks with the deliberate wisdom of an oracle to the heart.

The fine old regents of the forests, which have "freighted the homeward wind with sighs" during the sultry days of summer, must now lay by their garments. The patriarch of the wood, where the wild bird made his home, coming at night with folding wing and drooping head to sleep in the great halls of silence, will soon be naked to the winds of heaven.

The deep, rich masses of refreshing beauty are passing away before the howling spirit of the autumn, bearing with them all those pure associations which cluster around our homes ; in youth and age they stretch their fond arms over us, both in waking and sleeping, and patiently catch the falling dews at eve, to send a cooling fragrance to the languid senses. The Asia-born Horse-Chestnut, is hanging its golden banners in the sky, and those drooping limbs that swept the green sward so gracefully, will shortly be verdureless, leaving nothing between us and the naked heavens, but the hurrying clouds.

"Ione's own tree—

That crowns the wood with awful sovereignty,"

may be converted into the keel of some "whaler" before another season brings out its tender fragrance, for the axe that the woodman spared the tree with, is not always stayed by "awful sovereignty."

"Seest thou the heavenward head,

Of yon magnolia with its ample boughs

And its pure blossoms? Say—dost thou inhale

Its breathing fragrance?"

It is a child of the sunny South and grows in great luxuriance in Mississippi as far up as Natchez. Its introduction into France was as far back as 1732 ; taken by an officer from its home on the banks of the "father of waters." To its shade the tawny son of the wilderness used to repair, and gather from its roots relief for fevers ; and while he pointed it out as the cynosure of the forest in point of perfection of form and beauty, he extracted from it a medicine that gave health and vigor to his frame.

Of all the trees east of the Rocky Mountains, the large flowered Magnolia is the most remarkable for the majesty of its appearance ; it is the glory of the forest and has a place among the largest of the trees, varying from sixty to one hundred feet in height. The head often forms a perfect cone, placed on a clear, straight trunk resembling a beautiful column, and from its dark green foliage, silvered over with milk white flowers, is seen at a

great distance. England has many trees which are land-marks in her history : those of Sherwood Forest and the wooded demesne of Blenheim and Woburn Abbey are lordly samples of her "green-robed Senators." The *Aboretum Britannicum* finely illustrates the magnificent single trees, groups and rolling woods of the "English Landscape." It is a very common foible with us to cut down every tree which adds beauty to the scene : our people appear to have been born with axes in their hands, and have retained them ever since. We cut a forest-born with as little compunction as we "cut" a friend ; indeed the propensity to the latter must have originated in the example of the former. Wood in different shapes is the chief object of interest in a landscape. Variety as the highest kind of beauty is created in a great degree by a natural arrangement of trees—they communicate new expression to the scenery—but nothing is equal to the arrangement of nature ; the revelations of beauty, which she unfolds in the heart of the great wilderness, transfigures, as it were, her wild and wonderful perfection in the memory. What primeval sanctuaries rise in the dim depths of her enchanted world ! pictures of age, they are dumb and desolate, and look like the mighty relics of an extinct creation.

There is no more beautiful object in the vegetable world than the mahogany tree ; it throws the shade of its dense foliage over a wide extent of surface and as it rustles its heavy plumes in the midnight sky, presents a solemn and mysterious appearance. There are several varieties of the mahogany tree much admired and sought after for the beauty of their colors and the gradations of their figures.

Without any aspirations towards such excellence, each tree has a spirit destined to live beyond it, in the form of sundry sideboards, bureaux, etc. ; in fact, scarcely one of them, with the most moderate pretensions, is exempt from the charge of growing the *leaves* of a table. The "base use" of not being used at all, is an indignity to which it is no part of its philosophy to submit, and as it stands in its native island, wreathing its old arms high in air, its leaves palpitating like a myriad of pulses in the golden sunshine, we can almost trace numberless fancy-streaked cupboards and stout-limbed tables taking up their line of march for "my Lady's chamber."

The European Holly is a very ancient tree, and surrounded with more emblems and historical associations, than any other in England's rural history. The early Christians at Rome decorated their churches with its branches and from that epoch to the present time, poetry, legend and tradition have poured around it a maze of suggestive illustration. The disciples of Zoroaster believed that the sun never shadows the Holly ; and the followers of that philosopher, who still remain in

Persia and India, are said to throw water impregnated with the bark of this tree in the face of a new-born child.

There stands the majestic oak, which the Arcadians believed to be the first created of trees, with as many traditions and histories as leaves it bears. It was an oak which hung Absalom ; Dodona set up her first oracle in a grove of oaks—all the most durable edifices of the middle ages were constructed of oak. The favorite oak of William the Conqueror, in Windsor forest, is now more than one thousand years old. Its stately form was an idol, before which the Druids bowed, and its fruit was held in great esteem by them as an article of food.

Quaint old Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, says, that so great was the esteem in which the Oak was held, there was an express law among the twelve tables, concerning the very gathering of the acorns, though they should be found on another man's ground.

The rapid growth of the Maple, renders it a favorite for transplanting ; the Scarlet Maple in the Spring, is the gem of the wilderness :—others of the different species assume the same beautiful appearance in Autumn, and as they fade and die off in beauty, keep changing while there is a semblance of life yet remaining—

"Tints that the Maple woods disclose
Like opening buds, or folding rose,
Or various as those hues that dye
The clouds that deck a sun-set sky."

Mr. Downing, in his fine work on Landscape Gardening, says that the "Plane tree, or common Button-Wood, formed the Academic groves of the ancients. Beneath their shade Aristotle, Plato and Socrates delivered the choicest wisdom and eloquence of those classic days : "they grew to an immense size then, and have lost none of their vigor now, if the specimens in various parts of the States are a criterion—one near the town of Genesee, in New York, grew to an immense circumference :—so large, indeed, that a room ample enough to contain 14 persons was hollowed out of its trunk. Of late this tree seems on the decline in this country ; many of its finest specimens now wear the semblance of decay. In our primeval forests it often expands into a grand and beautiful creation, lifting its head far above its peers into the bright and breathless heavens. Distinct and rugged, yet delicate and airy in its wreathed traceries of foliage, it affords a picturesque subject on which to pour out our enthusiasm, for if one has enthusiasm, it may well be expended before such a shrine.

Longfellow, in his *Hyperion*, in speaking of a tree, "brought more than two centuries ago from its primeval paradise in America, to beautify the gardens of the Palatine," says, "I take a mournful pleasure in gazing upon that tree. It stands

there so straight and tall, with iron bands around its trunk and limbs, in silent majesty, or whispering only in its native tongue and freighting the homeward wind with sighs! It reminds me of some captive monarch of a savage tribe, brought over the ocean for a show, and chained in the public market-place of the city, disdainfully silent, or only breathing in melancholy accents a prayer for its native forest, a longing to be free." The beautiful in association and suggestion can scarcely exceed this. It is a proper tribute to a green world, whose hallowed light and beauty lie at the foundation of a poet's life.

"Nature with folded hands stands there,"

and on the poet is conferred the power to color, embellish and amplify the visible signs of beauty clustering around him. There stands the beautiful and ever-green Myrtle, which Milton places in the Garden of Eden. This tree, according to Pliny, the Sabines and Romans, when they were reconciled, laid down their arms under, and purified themselves with its boughs. Wreaths of its foliage were the symbols of authority worn by the Athenians. The Roman ladies, says tradition, put the leaves into their baths, persuaded that the plant must be favorable to beauty. Here, too, stands the Dogwood, or *Cornus Florida*, the most beautiful of all the forest tribe. It robes itself in pure white flowers, while the fruit, which is of a glossy red, mingles in the rich mazes of its foliage, presenting a well-contrasted picture of floral beauty. There is the Elm, a noble tree, one of the proudest of the race of monarchs. A group of these trees, make up a most majestic picture; the foliage is dense and heavy, and the limbs pendant and graceful, and while waving themselves in the cooling breeze, seem to invite one to their grateful shade. Our white American Elm, is considered the most beautiful of the species. Mr. Brown, in his elaborate work, says, "In America, the favorite Elm is inseparably connected with the history of the country. This and several other trees forcibly appeal to the imagination of the people; not only are they associated with the sports of childhood, the coming and singing of birds, and with the haunts of young men and maidens fondly and joyously traced in by-gone years, but they teach lessons of wisdom to aged and hoary-headed men—bespeak their country's wrongs—their country's glory, and tell them much concerning the mutability of things below. Had these trees the gift of reason and speech, or could their leaves form words, when shaken by the wind, how many tales of love and woes, of human suffering, could they unfold. But as these ancient tenants of the soil are not endowed with voice and memory, let us, ourselves, be their oracles, and discourse to our own ears upon some of the events which have transpired within the dim vista of two hundred years." The

same writer, in describing an Elm in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, gives us this fine portrait:

"Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there were tongues in trees,
That giant Elm could tell."

"In the centre of the public square, in the beautiful town of Pittsfield, there stands alone in all its majesty, encircled by a new generation of lesser trees, a venerable old Elm, which measures one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height, with a trunk thirteen feet and nine inches in circumference, and ninety feet to the lowermost limbs. At the time the town was first settled, nearly one hundred years ago, it was a beautiful tall tree, at least a century and a half old, which, from the symmetry of its trunk, and its palm-like summit, was spared by the woodman's axe, while the rest of its forest brethren were felled to the ground. With this much revered and ancient tenant of the soil, there are associated numerous incidents which, in themselves, would fill a volume, and it is to be regretted that the immediate object and limited length of this treatise prevents us from entering into them in detail. It was under this tree that the American troops, of that part of Massachusetts at present known as the county of Berkshire, were marshalled, previous to their march to Bunker Hill. And the first agricultural fair in America was held under its shade." Truly we have no "Academic groves," but such associations are dearer to an American than all the speculations of Aristotle, Plato or Socrates. Beneath the branches of these trees, he erects "Love's own altar," and in after years comes back a "grave stranger," to look upon these dumb objects with a sort of reverence. Like one's first idea of creation, they rise, and their rich luxuriance realizes the paternity and bounty of our Creator.

Under "William Penn's Elm," his famous treaty with the Indians was made; a treaty which Voltaire pronounced, "The only treaty which was ratified without an oath, and the only one which was never broken." "Liberty Trees" were, almost invariably, Elms, and situated in Boston, Providence, Newport and New York. They are remembered, together with the exercises of the occasion, by the inhabitants, who still survive those memorable days. The origin of Liberty Trees grew out of the following circumstance: In the Revolutionary struggles with the mother country, an unpopular excise was laid upon cider, and the sufferers assembled and appropriated an Apple-tree as an altar at which they might sacrifice the image of the minister, with whom the act originated. In imitation of these exhibitions, our Liberty Trees took their rise.

The venerable Yew-tree deserves notice in this brief and insufficient sketch: Its bare growth is of a century's duration, and it will live a number. In England it is the customary ornament of the place

of graves; though an unfailing emblem of grief, their perpetual verdure and freshness relieve the church-yard of its gloom and desolation. The famous Yew at Arkenwyke House, in England, is said to be upwards of a thousand years old. There are great numbers of these trees in England which have attained an immense size and age, and they are preserved with great care and veneration. The wood is very durable, and being large and very fine grained, it is sought after for various purposes. The ancient Britons valued it above all others for making bows and arrows, says Mr. Downing.

Among the most extensive class of evergreens on our continent, is the pine;—this country seems in truth its proper home;—there are some ten species. Its value can scarcely be reckoned, so great and various are the uses to which it is adapted. Though apparently a very common tree, two common to be thought ornamental, yet many of the poets have made it a fit shrine before which to manifest the sign of their prophecy. Virgil, Spencer, Leigh Hunt, and our own Bryant, have seen in the beauty of this tree, matter upon which to expend some of their sweetest thoughts.

The Weeping Willow, that

————— “Dips
Its pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink,”

is another beautiful tree, but it can only be employed in certain places to enhance particularly its real effect. The soft veil of its streaming foliage,

“Trailing low its boughs to hide
The gleaming marble,”

seems properly to belong to those sacred precincts

“Where lies the turf in many a mouldering heap.”

The expressive grace and softness of this tree seems consecrated to a sentiment of grief; but in grounds where there are pools of water, or natural brooks, its effect standing by itself is very soothing. The uses of the wood are numerous, baskets, ropes, and various domestic utensils are manufactured from it, showing clearly that there is nothing in the exhaustless store-house of Nature which does not supply a means and medium by which the living race of men are benefited.

Trees in Tropical regions present endless varieties, which yield powerful aromatics. The Vanilla, the Nutmeg, the Clove, and the Camphor, are included in this category. The Banian, which Southey in his curse of Kehama thus describes, is also a native of these regions:

“’Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree.
For o’er the lawn irregularly spread
Fifty straight columns propp’d its lofty head;

And many a long depending shoot
Seeking to strike its root
Straight like a plummet grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs which crossed their way
Fixing their bearded fibres round and round
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others, of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern’s fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds, nor briars deformed the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which bower’d it o’er
Came gleams of chequered light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart’s first impulse would be prayer.”

The same tribes, which are the slender and humble plants of northern regions, become lofty trees within the Tropics. The Bamboo rising to the height of sixty feet. The finest of our trees must give way before the splendor of their Tropical brethren. The flowers of the Erethind or Coral-tree are of the deepest and most brilliant crimson, and appear in profusion upon some of the loftiest trees in the forest. The Carpopogon is also one of these rich flowering species. From these the Mimosa bears away the palm with its rugged trunk, airy foliage, and golden flowers, which cast a charm over even the sterile wastes of burning Africa.

All persons who have visited Equinoxial America have found it impossible to convey any adequate idea of the impression produced upon the mind by the forests, consisting of lofty trees thickly planted by the hand of Nature, the trunks of which are not covered with moss and lichen like ours, but with creeping plants ascending from the ground to the very summit, binding the whole together in a closely united mass of vegetation and adorning it with brilliant flowers.

The Date-palm, with its columna stem and crown of leaves, is a singularly graceful object in the deserts of the Old World:

“Those groups of lonely Date trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds.”

In South America the real Palm appears in great magnificence, fascinating and imposing to the eye of the traveller as he beholds it on the granite rocks at the cataracts of Atures, on the Orinoco, the light green of the leaves waving in the breeze, strikingly contrasting with the darker surrounding vegetation. On the plains which are subject to floods, the European is sometimes startled by seeing the tops of the trees lighted with fires. They are kindled by the Guanacas, a people who have remained for ages in these marshy districts secured from the floods by living in the palms, where, with mats coated with clay, they construct hearths for the fires which are essential for their comfort.

The Date, the Cocoanut tree, and the Palm, are of vast importance to mankind for the nourishing food they supply. The produce of the Banana, or Plantain, another inhabitant of tropical climes is still more enormous; a plant which requires but little cultivation, and is to immense numbers of the human race what rice is to the Hindoo and wheat to the European.

Climate only suffices very partially to explain the phenomenon of vegetable distribution. The plants of New Holland are, with very few exceptions, different from the rest of the world; in some instances in travelling across a ridge of mountains, without any change of latitude, the vegetation may be found essentially different. Starting in an easterly direction through the northern parts of the Old World, we gradually lose the Oak, the Wild Nut and the Apple-trees so common in Europe. Upon crossing the Ural Mountains, they cease to be met with beyond the banks of the Tobol. The most remarkable case of this kind is the Cedar of Lebanon, which has never been found indigenous in any locality but that of Lebanon. Very few of the ancient stock of these trees now exist. There are twenty-eight, however, which Lamartine visited, and he describes them as the remains of the identical forest which flourished in the time of Solomon.

The European Olive may be classed among these genera, for there is nothing to disfavor the presumption that it is a native of Syria, although introduced into Europe at an early date. It was held in great estimation among the ancients. David seems to have conceived the tree a blessing, when he says, "Thy children, like the olive branches round about thy table: Lo! thus shall man be blessed that feareth the Lord." The Greeks valued the Olive as highly as the Israelites; and the great duration of the tree, is apparent from the history of one in the Acropolis at Athens. It is not at all improbable that those eight, venerable trees that yet survive upon the mount of Olives were in existence, as tradition asserts, in the time of our Saviour. The beautiful plain of Athens, as seen towards the south-west, appears entirely covered with these trees. Both in sacred and profane history the Olive is surrounded with a thousand associations. It was an Olive tree that first lifted its head above the parting waters, when the world was drowned, and with its leaf the winged messenger bore the glad tidings of the receding flood. We read of its oil, too, in the time of Jacob. A wreath of Olive leaves was the reward among the Greeks of him who excelled in the games during the festivals, and its leaf has been an emblem of peace among all nations. A man who is fond of salad forgets these numerous traditions in the enjoyment of the fresh, fragrant oil, which he pours over his meal; his *memory* forsakes him in the *taste* for such dainties: no bad abstract by-the-

by of the difference between taste and memory. The oil of the Olive is an article of immense traffic in Italy, where it was first used.

From an abundant and too much neglected field, we glean these few facts, leaving perhaps behind others which might throw a brighter hue of illustration over the bold, lofty, free, yet simple aspect of forest life. Grouped around us in majestic combinations trees stand the most expressive ornaments of the perfection of nature—a perfection which humanity can never reach. Uncontaminated by the pollutions of ages and generations of men, an absolute unchanging unity of nature rebukes silently the cold, turbid vortex in which the meagre realities of life rise and fall to sink at last forever.

When the mind is in a measure prepared to receive these impressions, the many phases of suggestive life act morally upon men: a hoard of gentle and home-feelings, of holy recollections which, buried though they be under a surface of care, are soothingly drawn forth by the congenial influences around. A self-taught mechanic, who was struck with the effect of nature upon the *convicts* in Australia, says, "Inanimate nature is lovely in these wildernesses; the cheerful, unprejudiced eye may often observe strange assimilations going forward in the human character to the faultless still life around, which God has retained under his more immediate control."

TO CUPID.

Tell me little reckless Boy,
Whither would you go,
Whose bliss it is you would alloy,
Turning all to woe?

How comes it that altho' you're blind,
So nice a taste you prove;
That beauties rare and most refined,
Fall victims first to Love?

ANSWER.

Thou art mistaken Lady fair,
The reign of Cupid's o'er,
I go no youthful bliss to mar,
I aim at hearts no more!

Hear, Lady hear, and doubt it not,
Believe me 'tis most true,
Of late for every shaft I've shot
Old Mammon has shot two!

At Hymen's shrine you'll see that I,
The simple truth have told,
There for each grain of love you'll find
A solid ounce of gold!

HISTORY OF VIRGINIA—APPENDIX.

But the Indian war that we have been contemplating, was not realized. A number of Indian tribes did combine for this purpose, and their warriors were assembled in great force. But the campaign being carried into the enemy's country, they were defeated in battle and disappointed in their expectations. This campaign has not been appreciated in proportion to its importance. It has been viewed as an insulated matter, designed solely for the protection of the frontier settlements. But its projectors had ulterior objects in view. The preparations made and great array of troops provided for this occasion, were intended to subdue the Indian tribes and deter them from interfering in the approaching contest with Great Britain and this was completely effected. For several years peace and quietness prevailed on the western frontier. During this period the first shock of the revolution had passed away; order and government were re-established; armies were raised and battles fought, in many of which the success of American arms gave proof that the British lion was not invincible. During this period Virginia had full opportunity to employ the whole of her resources in the war of Independence. Two causes may be assigned why the advantages of this campaign were not duly appreciated. First it was followed by events of great magnitude in quick succession. Each more recent event by attracting public attention to itself in a great degree obscured and cast into the shade events which had preceded. The second cause may be found in the scene of action. The affairs of the campaign were transacted in the Indian country, far from the white settlements, and the battle was fought in the depths of the wilderness, where there were none to witness it save those engaged. Post-offices and post-riders were then unknown. There was but one newspaper then in Virginia. This was a small sheet published weekly by Purdie and Dixon, at Williamsburg, then the capital of the State, and near her eastern border. It was chiefly occupied at this time by the disputes between the colonies and the parent country, and had but a very limited circulation, from all which we may conclude, that the people of the commonwealth gen-

erally had very imperfect information respecting the Indian war. The inhabitants of that district, whence the Southern division of the army had been taken, being solicitous concerning their friends and acquaintances who were in the service, many of whom suffered in battle, did by writing and otherwise maintain a correspondence with persons in the army, by which means they became better acquainted with the origin, progress and consequences of this campaign, than any other portion of the country. But as new scenes during the revolution were continually rising to view, the Indian affairs were soon overlooked and forgotten. To form a just estimate of the importance of this campaign, it would be necessary to consider the character of the Indians, their propensity to war, the great combined strength that they possessed in the year 1774, the indications which they had manifested of hostile intentions, the efforts used by British traders to urge them on to war, the defenceless state of the frontier, the distracted condition of the provinces in apprehension of war with great Britain; all these things being duly considered must unquestionably lead to the conclusion, that the battle of Point Pleasant, taken in connection with the treaty which immediately followed, constituted the first act in the great drama of the revolution; that it had an important bearing on all subsequent acts of that tragedy; that it materially and immediately influenced the destinies of our country and more remotely the destinies of many other countries, perhaps of the whole world. For about this time there had gone forth a spirit of enquiry whose object was to ascertain the rights of man, the source of legitimate government, to diffuse political information and to put down all tyranny, oppression and misrule. This spirit also emanated to other countries, and although encumbered with extravagance and folly, which have doubtless marred its progress in some degree, it has nevertheless done much to correct abuses in government and ameliorate the condition of man. This spirit it is believed is still operating throughout the world and it is hoped will continue its operations until all rulers shall be actuated by justice and benevolence and all subjects by a dutiful subordination, thus harmoniously co-operating in effecting a political reformation throughout the world.

It is much to be regretted that a complete history of this campaign has never been given to the public. Several writers have noticed it incidentally or given a meagre outline, but no one, it is believed, has entered into those circumstantial details which alone give interest to such a work. And now, after so great a lapse of years, it would be impossible to collect materials for this purpose. Nevertheless, after some examination of the subject, the writer of these notes is induced to believe that by industry much information might yet be gleaned from various sources, enough it is thought to form a volume more satisfactory than anything heretofore published. Will not some capable hand undertake the task? * Seldom has the pen of the historian been employed on an enterprise productive of so many important and beneficial results, accomplished in so short a time by so small a military force. A thousand and seventy soldiers, under General Andrew Lewis, [12th of September, 1774,] left their rendezvous at Camp Union in Greenbriar, and having marched more than a hundred and fifty miles through a pathless forest and mountainous wilderness, on the 10th of October, encountered and defeated at Point Pleasant the most formidable Indian confederacy ever leagued against western Virginia. The dead being buried and provision made for the comfort of the wounded, General Lewis crossed the Ohio river and penetrated the country nearly to the enemy's towns. The defeat was so complete, that without hazarding another battle, the Indians sued for peace. A treaty of peace having been ratified, the General led his troops back to Point Pleasant. At that place he left a garrison and then, with the remainder of the troops, returned to Camp Union, having in about two months marched through an enemy's country, in going and returning, a distance of more than four hundred miles, defeated the enemy and accomplished all the objects of the campaign. The whole success of the campaign is here attributed to the troops under General Lewis. Others were indeed employed. The northern division, fifteen or eighteen hundred strong, under the immediate command of Lord Dunmore, were expected to unite and co-operate with the southern. This had been stipulated when

the campaign was first projected. But by the crooked policy of the perfidious governor the troops under his immediate command were kept aloof, so that no union or co-operation could take place. The soldiers of the northern division, there is no doubt, would have been willing to share with the southern division any danger or difficulty, had they been permitted. It is also to be regretted that nothing has been done to perpetuate the memory of the victory at Point Pleasant; nothing to honor the names of those who bled in its achievement. Here Virginia lost some of her noblest sons. They had united in the same cause, fell on the same field and were interred in the same grave. But no sepulchral monument marks the place; no stone tells where they lie; not even a mound of earth has arisen to distinguish this sacred spot from others around. Here they have lain in silence and neglect for seventy years, in a land which their valor had won, unsung by the poet, uneulogised by the historian, unhonored by their country. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon. Let not the culpable neglect be known abroad. Will not some patriot, zealous for the honor of Virginia, bring this subject at an early day before her legislature? Let him give a faithful narrative of facts respecting these defenders of their country. The simple story will be impressive; then eloquence will not be wanting. Every member of that honorable body will be ready to exclaim, "give honor to whom honor is due." Let a monument be erected of durable materials, under the eye of a skilful architect; let it be characterized by republican simplicity and economy; let it bear appropriate inscriptions of the time, occasion and names of the prominent actors, especially of those who bled in battle; let it be placed on that beautiful promontory, whose base is marked by the Ohio and Kanawha and whose bosom contains the remains of those whom this monument is intended to honor. Here it will stand conspicuous, seen from afar by all who navigate these great waters, reviving in some, half-forgotten recollections, in others exciting curious enquiries respecting the early discoveries, early adventurers, early settlements and early wars of this western country. This structure, designed to honor the memory of the dead, will reflect honor also on its authors, on the State, and

[* This desideratum will probably be supplied by Lyman C. Draper, Esq. in his forthcoming "Lives of the Pioneers."]]

on every citizen. On its face will be read in ages to come inscribed the names of the Lewises, Andrew and Charles, of Fleming and Field, of Buford, Morrow, Wood, Wilson, McClanahan, Allen, Dillon, Moffett, Walker, Cundiff, Murray, Ward, Goldsby and others.

Lord Dunmore has been strongly suspected of traitorous designs during this campaign. Disputes had for several years existed between Great Britain and the colonies of North America. And now war was confidently expected. Even during this campaign the port of Boston was blockaded by a British squadron. Massachusetts and Virginia were most forward in their opposition. The governor had his appointment from the king of Great Britain, and held his office at pleasure, and it was presumable that should war take place, he would favor the interest of his sovereign. Several things occurred during the campaign which gave strength to the suspicions that were entertained. The plan at first communicated to Col. Lewis was that he should conduct his troops to Point Pleasant and there await his Excellency's arrival with the northern division. Instead of this the southern division was left in a state of uncertainty on the very borders of the enemy's country for several weeks, having heard nothing from his lordship all this time, exposed to the combinations and machinations of other neighboring tribes. Had the northern division united with the southern, as his lordship had at first promised, there would have been no battle. The Indians would have been compelled to sue for peace. And now after the battle, General Lewis received orders to march into the interior of the Indian country, during which march he was often surrounded by great numbers of Indians and was twice in one day ordered to halt ten or fifteen miles from the governor's camp. General Lewis had too much firmness and good sense to obey the order. He knew that if attacked at that distance from the Redstone troops he could receive no support from them. He chose rather to disobey his superior in command than risk the fate of his army. It is worthy of remark too that the messenger was the notorious Simon Girty, whose character was not then fully developed, but who soon afterwards was well known as a leader in the interest of the Indians, and had he not then

been known to them as a friend, it is not probable that he would have ventured alone through their country twice in one day so many miles. This same Girty had been one of the governor's guides from Ohio river to Pickaway plains, where he now encamped. If the governor entertained traitorous designs he had great opportunity during this time to represent the certainty of war, the weakness of the provinces, the power of Great Britain, the probability that the Indians would be employed as auxiliaries and the rewards that would await those that favored the royal government. Let the governor's designs be what they might during the campaign, certain it is that not many months elapsed before he discovered to the world that his own personal and pecuniary interest weighed more with him than the good of the province over which he had been placed. Soon after this war commenced with great Britain. [1777.] General Burgoyne, by the way of lake Champlain, invaded the northern provinces. While approaching the frontier of New York he issued a proclamation inviting all Indians to join his standard. Many in the north did so, and it was expected that those north-west of Virginia would follow their example. To prevent this, congress ordered a military force to proceed to Point Pleasant. This force was raised chiefly in the counties of Augusta, Botetourt and Greenbriar, and was commanded by Colonel Dickinson. He was ordered to remain encamped there until the arrival of General Hand, a continental officer who was to direct their future movements. This army was designed as a feint to prevent the Indian tribes from attaching themselves to General Burgoyne. Whilst Dickinson's troops lay here, two chiefs, Cornstalk and Red-Hawk, with another Indian of the same nation, arrived at the fort. Their designs appeared to be pacific. Captain Arbuckle, the commander of the fort, thought it prudent to detain them as hostages for the good behavior of their nation, assuring them that no further violence should be offered them, provided the treaty of 1774 should still continue to be observed by their nation. A few days after, Elenipsico, a son of Cornstalk, arrived. He was also detained as a hostage. On the day following, two of Dickinson's troops, named Hamilton and Gilmore, from what is now Rockbridge county, crossed the Kanawha for

the purpose of hunting. After having left the river a few hundred yards they parted to meet at the same place in the evening. Gilmore returned first and whilst waiting for his companion was shot and scalped by an Indian. When Hamilton returned, finding the body of Gilmore thus mangled, he called across the river and the body was taken over. This Gilmore was one of nineteen children of the same father and mother, and was brought up on the plantation now owned by Mr. John Wallace, on the stage road not far from the Natural Bridge. Nearly all of the nineteen lived to mature years, and most of them raised families. As Gilmore was highly esteemed among his comrades, this occurrence produced great excitement in the camp. The troops from his immediate neighborhood brought over his body, "and their indignation was excited to the highest pitch." * One said, "let us kill the Indians in the fort." This was re-iterated with loud acclamations. The more prudent, who attempted to advise against this measure, were not listened to. They were even threatened. In a few minutes the mob moved on to the fort with loaded guns. While approaching, the Indians were told what their object was. Some of them appeared alarmed and very much agitated, particularly Elenipsico. His father desired him to be calm, told him that "the Great Spirit knew when they ought to die, better than they did themselves, and as they had come there with good intentions the Great Spirit would do good to them." Cornstalk arose, stood in the cabin door and faced the assassins as they approached. In a few moments the hostages were all numbered with the dead.

Had the perpetrators of this crime been tried under the State law for murder, or by martial law for mutiny, or under the law of nations for breach of treaty in the murder of hostages, or for the violation of the rules and rights of a public fort, in each or either case, had the facts been fully proven, they must have been judged worthy of death. It was an act pregnant with serious consequences. War on the frontier, which had now been suspended three years, would inevitably again take place. Accordingly in the month of June, 1778, two or three hundred Shawnees attacked the fort at Point Pleasant and continued to fire upon it for several days, but without effect. A par-

ley was then agreed upon between the Indians and the commander of the fort. Captain McKee, with three or four others, met as many Indians midway between the fort and the Indian encampment. The Indians avowed their intention to be revenged for the death of Cornstalk and those who fell with him. Captain McKee disavowed for himself and his garrison all participation in this murder and assured them that all good and wise men disapproved of it, that it was done in a moment of excitement by some imprudent young men and most of the officers and troops at the post disapproved of their conduct. He represented further that the governor of Virginia had issued a proclamation naming certain persons who were guilty of this outrage, and offering a reward for bringing them to justice. Part of the Indians appeared satisfied with the representation of Captain McKee and returned to their towns; another part were not satisfied, but remained still bent on revenge. These moved off slowly up the Kanawha. After they had all disappeared, two soldiers from the garrison were sent to keep in their wake and watch their movements. But these were discovered by the Indians and fired on. They then returned to the fort and were not willing to resume this perilous undertaking. Much perplexity existed now among the officers. The garrison had been placed here for the defence of the frontier, and a strong party of Indians had now passed them and were evidently advancing against the settlements, and would attack them without a moment's warning, unless a messenger could be sent from the fort. Enquiry being made who were willing to go, two soldiers volunteered their services,—Philip Hammon and John Pryor. The Indians were now far in advance, no time was to be lost and little was wanted for preparation. The rifle, tomahawk, shot-pouch, with its contents and appendages, and blanket were always in readiness. A few pounds of portable provisions were soon at hand and now they were ready for their journey. There happened at this time to be within the fort a female Indian, called the grenadier squaw, sister to the celebrated Cornstalk, and like him known to be particularly averse to war. On learning the destination of these two spies, she offered her services to disguise them, so that if they

* Colonel Stewart.

should meet with the Indians they should not be recognized as whites. She accordingly gave them the Indian costume from head to heel, and painted their faces with dark and lurid streaks and figures, such as indicate an Indian warrior going forth bent on deeds of death and destruction. Thus equipped, attired and ornamented, they set out on their long, fatiguing and perilous journey, during which they must endure the burning sun and drenching rains of the season. Brooks and rivers were to be waded; extensive and gloomy forests were to be traversed; precipitous hills and craggy mountain-places, where no man dwelt, were to be passed over with hasty step. The wolf, the bear, the panther and rattlesnake had, from time immemorial, held sway over this inhospitable region. Nor was this all; a numerous body of hostile Indians, thirsting for white men's blood, were known to be at this conjuncture, on the very path that the spies were to travel. Less than half of the difficulties and dangers here enumerated would have appalled most men, but to these chivalrous sons of the mountains, "The dangers self were lure alone." They were well aware that the success of the enterprise depended upon the celerity of its execution, that if they by forced marches should be able to overtake and pass the enemy undiscovered, and by entering the settlement first should apprise the inhabitants of the impending danger, thereby giving them opportunity to fortify and defend themselves, all might be well; but if this strong body of the enemy should take the country by surprise, massacre, captivity and dispersion must follow, and the dissolution of the whole settlements. Entertaining these views, they set out with ardor, and persevered with steadiness, losing no time through the day with loitering, they made their bodily strength the measure of their performance, and when the shades of evening admonished them that the season of rest was at hand, drawing upon their scanty stock, they partook of a coarse and frugal but strengthening and comfortable repast, for to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet. This ended, and having drunk of a neighboring stream, their next care was to find a wide-spreading oak, or beech, or a projecting rock which might shelter them from the chilling dews of night. And now each of them, like

the patriarch of old, took one of the stones of the place for his pillow, and being wrapped in his blanket, laid himself down along-side of his rifle, conscious of having performed the duties of the day and void of care they gave themselves to sleep. Here no wakeful sentinels, walking his nightly rounds, guarded the camp; no fantastic visions nor terrific dreams disturbed their rest. Wild beasts, which the light of day awed into obscurity, had now crept from their dens and lurking places and were roaming abroad prowling for prey, uttering a thousand cries, and hideous screams, and dismal howlings; throughout the shadowy gloom of these interminable forests. Yet neither did these interrupt the repose of the two disguised soldiers. They were yet far in the rear of the enemy, but by observing his encampments, soon found that they were gaining ground, and in a few days that they were approaching his main body. This caused a sharp look-out. Relying on vigilance, circumspection and stratagem, they did not relax their speed, but carefully reconnoitered every hill and valley, every brake, glen and defile. At length one morning about ten o'clock, whilst descending Sewel mountain on its eastern side, and when near to its base, the enemy was descried near half a mile distant, on McClung's plantation, killing hogs for their breakfast. The spies now diverged from the path which they had been pursuing, and making a small circuit, so as to allow the enemy sufficient elbow-room, or as a seaman would say, give him a good berth, that he might enjoy his feast. Thus they passed undiscovered and soon reached the settlement in safety. At the first house they experienced some difficulty, having entirely the appearance of Indian warriors. But by giving a circumstantial account of the object of their visit, and especially as they were able to do this in unbroken English, they soon gained credence and were recognized as friends. Measures were now taken to alarm the settlement, and before night all the inhabitants were assembled in Colonel Donally's dwelling-house. This building which had heretofore been the tranquil residence of a private family and which had been characterized by its friendship and hospitality to all who entered it, must now become the theatre of war and be made familiar with tragic scenes and events. The prospect

must indeed have been gloomy. All the inhabitants of the settlement were collected in one house to be defended by a few men, very few in proportion to the number of the enemy about to attack them. They, however, were well acquainted with the tactics of Indian warfare and the use of their arms. Every man had full confidence in himself and his fellows. Now preparations were made for a siege or an assault. Every instrument of death which could be found was put in requisition, prepared in the best manner and placed where it could be most readily seized when wanted. A strict watch was kept through the night, but no enemy had yet appeared. The second day passed off in like manner. On the second night most of the men went to the second story, having slept none for nearly forty-eight hours. In the latter part of the night they became drowsy and when daylight began to appear were all in a profound sleep. Only three men were on the lower floor,—Hammon, one of the spies, a white servant and a black servant of Colonel Donally. At daybreak the white servant opened the door, that he might bring in some firewood. He had gone but a few steps from the house when he was shot down. The Indians now sprang from their concealment in the edge of the rye-field near to the house, and rushing in a body, attempted to enter the door.* Hammon and the black servant Dick made an effort to secure it, but failing in this they placed their shoulders against a hog-head of water which stood behind, and which they had drawn nearer to the door. But the Indians commenced chopping with their tomahawks and had actually cut through the door and were also pressing to force it open. Having already made a partial opening, Dick fearing that they might succeed in gaining their purpose, left Hammon at his post and seizing a musket which stood near, loaded with heavy slugs, discharged it through the opening among the crowd. The Indians now fell back and the door was secured. By this time the men on the second story had shaken off their slumbers and were every man at his post, pouring down the shot upon the enemy. He, finding his quarters too warm, scampered off with all possible speed

to a distant point where he could find shelter. One boy alone fell behind. He at the first onset wishing to unite his fortune with that of his seniors, hastened to the door, hoping no doubt to participate in the massacre which he expected to follow, or at least to have the pleasure of witnessing it. Having been disappointed in this and now unable to keep pace with his friends in their retreat and fearing that a ball from the fort might overtake him, he turned aside and sheltered himself in the lower story of an old building which stood near, uttering through the day many dolorous cries and lamentations. One of the garrison, who knew something of the Indian tongue, invited him into the fort with an assurance of safety. But he, doubtless, suspected in others what he would be likely to practice himself, and what the whites had already practiced on the noble-hearted Cornstalk and his fellow sufferers, and declined the invitation, and awaiting the darkness of the night escaped to his friends. The Indians continued to fire on the fort occasionally during the day, and succeeded in killing one man through a crevice in the wall.*

At this time the population of Greenbrier was composed of isolated settlements, separated by intervals of uncultivated country. The settlement near to Fort Donnally, called the Meadows, did not at this time contain many inhabitants. On the first alarm, a messenger was sent to the Lewisburg settlement, fifteen or eighteen miles distant. This messenger was the person killed on the next morning after he returned to Donally's as he went out to get firewood. By the activity of Col. Samuel Lewis and Col. John Stewart, a force of sixty or seventy armed men was ready to march on the third morning, the very morning on which the fort was attacked. They, to avoid any ambush of the enemy, left the direct road and took a circuitous route, and when they arrived opposite the fort turned across and concealing themselves by passing through a rye-field, all entered with safety. There was now much room for congratulation that the garrison had bravely defended themselves, and that they were now so much strengthened that they could bid

* Colonel Stewart says that there was a kind of stockade fort around the house and that it was the kitchen door which the Indians attacked.

* Colonel Stewart says that this man's name was Graham and that they also killed James Burns and Alexander Ochiltree early in the morning as they were coming to the house.

defiance to their enemies. The Indians now saw themselves baffled and disappointed. They had made a long journey with the avowed purpose of avenging the death of their chiefs. They now determined to raise the siege and return home. Dejected and chagrined, their number diminished, encumbered with the wounded, they retreated with slow and melancholy reluctance. For some years now the Indians had been unsuccessful on the frontier of Virginia. [1774.] They were roughly handled and driven back into their own country. [1777.] Their chiefs were murdered, and now [1778] they were beaten off with loss* and disgrace. Not a scalp as a trophy of bravery, not a prisoner whom they might immolate to quiet the manes of their deceased friends.

Although the enemy retreated slowly, the garrison did not think themselves strong enough to pursue. The inhabitants now returned to their homes without apprehension of danger.

But where are the spies? What has been done for them? When one of the most illustrious monarchs of the East had discovered a plot against his own life, wishing to reward the individual who had disclosed the treason, he enquired of his chief counsellor, "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" The counsellor in substance replied as follows, that the greatest honor which royalty could bestow, consistent with its own sovereignty and independence, should be conferred on the man whom the king delighted to honor. In accordance with this advice, a royal decree was issued and the same counsellor was charged with its execution and it was executed in the most public manner. Among the Romans civic honors were decreed to him who had saved the life of a citizen. These honors were the greatest which the government had in its power to bestow. Here we see that two of the greatest empires that the world has ever seen, bestowed the highest honors on him who saved the life of another. But what was the conduct of these spies? They subjected themselves to fatigue and privation

and peril during a journey on foot of little less than two hundred miles, through a mountainous, uninhabited wilderness, to save from destruction not one or two or a few individuals, but a whole community, the entire population of Greenbriar and they were successful. And what reward have they received? None either honorary or pecuniary. Certain it is that for some time after the attack on fort Donally their names were mentioned with much eclat and no doubt the inhabitants of Greenbriar would exercise toward them their usual courtesy and hospitality. But gratitude is not a perennial plant. Did the government reward them? At that time the government of Virginia was fully occupied in defending her Eastern frontier against a foreign enemy. But had the case of the spies been represented to the legislature, their names would have been recorded with honorable mention of their services and themselves made pensioners for life. The black servant, Dick, was more fortunate. His case came before the legislature and his freedom was decreed. It is pleasing to know, that Dick lived near threescore years after this, respected for his industry, probity and other civic virtues.

But to return to the savages: their desire of revenge was not yet satiated. The manes of their slaughtered chiefs had not yet been quieted. No doubt they reproached themselves with their dilatory performance of the paramount duty of retaliation.

"Whilst great Cornstalk's shade complained that they were slow,
And Red-Hawk's ghost walked unrevengeed amongst them."

Hoping for better fortune, they now turned their arms against the infant settlement of Kentucky, in which they were lamentably successful. At the Blue Licks fell many of the flower of the population. Many too were destroyed in boats descending the Ohio river and much property was lost. For many years this destructive mode of war continued. The campaigns of Harmer and St. Clair gave but little respite; in the latter of these, Kentucky again lost some of her bravest sons. The establishment of a chain of posts from Cincinnati to Lake Erie; the victory gained by the United States troops under General Wayne, near to Detroit, over a confederacy of Indian tribes; and a treaty

* The amount of their loss was not ascertained, nor their whole number. Col. Stewart says, "seventeen of the enemy lay dead in the yard when we got in." They may have taken the scalps of Burns and Ochiltree mentioned in a previous note.

of peace with those tribes, which soon followed, at least gave repose to the frontier settlements. The wise, liberal and pacific policy of Washington and most of his successors toward the Indian nations; and the frequent purchases from different tribes of Indians of larger portions of their lands for pecuniary considerations; and the establishment of strong garrisons of United States troops in different parts of the Western country;—have done much to check wars between the tribes of Indians, and to prevent their assaults upon the white settlements. The surrender of fort Detroit also had a similar tendency. No serious injury was ever apprehended from the Western Indians, after the victory achieved by General Wayne, unless when confederated with some foreign power. By the extinguishment of Indian titles to their lands, tribes and remnants of tribes have been seen every year removing Westward, choosing rather the neighborhood of the beaver and buffalo, than that of the white man. And what is now the situation of that country? And what was its situation when Wayne gained his victory? Could any one of the thousands of his army possessing the most vivid, or if you please, the most eccentric imagination, have been able to command a full view of the countries bounded by the Ohio, the Mississippi and the great lakes, could such an one have anticipated the results that have since taken place? Then that whole region was claimed and possessed by hordes of lawless, half-starved savages, gaining a meagre subsistence by the chase and delighting in blood and plunder. Could such an one have supposed, that in less than half a century the whole of this wide-spread region would be inhabited by a civilized population in the full tide of prosperity? In a very few years after Wayne's victory, emigrants from the Northern States, from Virginia, Kentucky and other portions of our country covered most of the Eastern part of this large region. Where erewhile had been the Indian wigwam and encampments, now might be seen farm-houses, barns and other buildings; plantations laid off into fields, all those grains and grasses and domestic animals which contribute so much to the subsistence and comfort of man; verdant pastures, flowering meadows, bending orchards

and yellow harvest-fields of luxuriant grain surpassing in beauty all other crops. Also were distributed over the country work-shops in which various mechanical occupations were pursued for domestic purposes. The enterprise of the citizens was evident too from their eagerness in accomplishing facilities for intercourse between different parts of the State and also with other States, such as canals, roads, &c., which received their early attention. Villages and towns too have sprung up with great rapidity, and cities, which vie in splendor, magnitude and commercial riches with those of the Atlantic States. Schools also and academies and colleges and churches and learned societies and periodical publications and printing establishments, everywhere to be found, show the taste of the people for improvement. The country from the fertility of its soil and industry of its inhabitants, besides supplying the wants of a numerous population, yields an immense surplus for exportation. The trade on the rivers and lakes is chiefly in vessels of magnitude, equal to those that traverse the Atlantic, propelled not by wind, or tide, or current, but moving often with great velocity and with heavy burthens, in a direction contrary to all these forces and entirely overcoming them—and this by an invention of modern origin and entirely American. This immense region of country extending from the Ohio to the great Lakes and to the Mississippi on the West, is now covered by a civilized population and divided into four separate independent republican governments, each managing its own internal concerns and each united with the other States of the American Union, for general purposes. Can any man review the state of things in that immense region from the year 1794 until the present time and cease to wonder at the unaccountable transformations that have taken place in the face of the country, population and improvements? Very similar great changes have taken place in the great States of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri, nearly in the same time and from the same causes. Nothing appears more extraordinary, unless it be that the great valley of the Mississippi should have remained so totally unknown until the close of the 18th century.

Copy of a letter written by the late Colonel Andrew Lewis,* of Montgomery county, Virginia, to the author of the preceding Memoir from the original communicated to me together with the Memoir, and now in my possession.

"Sir, your letter of the 27th March, I received a few days ago. The extract you mention did not come to hand, which I am sorry for. The whole proceeding relative to the campaign of 1774 was familiar to me some years past, but no doubt some of it may now escape my memory. So far as I can recollect I will give you. Governor Dunmore, a Scotchman, was the commander-in-chief. My father, General Andrew Lewis, had the command of all the troops from this quarter. Col. Charles Lewis commanded the Augusta troops; Col. William Fleming the Botetourt troops; Col. William Christian the Montgomery troops; all of which were to rendezvous at what was then called the Big Savannah, at or near the place where Lewisburg now stands [in] Greenbrier. My father and three of my brothers were in the action. John Lewis, his eldest son, commanded a company; Samuel and Thomas were privates. While encamped at the Savannah, General Lewis received orders from Dunmore to meet him at Point Pleasant on the 2nd day of October. Col. Christian's troops had not arrived at the place of rendezvous early enough for my father to comply with his orders. He therefore was compelled to leave Christian's command, with orders for Christian to march on as soon as possible to Point Pleasant, as soon as his troops arrived. General Lewis arrived at Point Pleasant as well as I recollect, on the 2nd day of October, at which place Dunmore never appeared. My father's force was then from 1000 to 1200 men. The spies were out from the 2nd of October and made no discovery of the enemy. On the morning of the 10th day, of October, before day, two men—a Mr. Robinson and another whose name I have forgotten,—started from the encampment so as to get far enough from the camp before it was daylight, to travel off the bells of the packhorses and bullocks, to hunt. Those two men fell in with the Indians up the Ohio. One of them was killed; the other made his escape into camp. General

Lewis ordered out his brother Col. Charles Lewis with three hundred men, expecting as the spies had made no discovery of the approach of the Indians, that it was a small party, as small parties had been frequently seen watching the movements of the army, from the time it marched from the Savannah. Col. Christian with his command arrived at the camp Point Pleasant on the night of the same day of the action. Col. Charles Lewis had but just passed the out-guard when [he met] the Indians and about sun-rise the action commenced and was one constant peal of firing until about eleven o'clock in the day, when the Indians began to give way. Their retreat was not more than three miles, when night ended the conflict. They were obliged to keep it up until night to get their wounded off. The number of Indians found dead on the battle-ground was between twenty and thirty. They were discovered throwing their dead into the Ohio all the day. Col. Charles Lewis was wounded early in the action, but did not let his wound be known until he got his line of battle extended from the bank of the Ohio to Crooked creek, a branch of Kanawha. He then asked one of his soldiers to let him lean on him to the camp, and died about twelve o'clock. He had been a very fortunate Indian hunter and was much lamented. Whether the killed of the Indians were buried or not I cannot say. Col. John Stewart, late of Greenbrier, who commanded a company, and was in the action, wrote a narrative of the expedition, the best which I have seen. I think I had it, but cannot lay my hands on it. In his narrative, as well as every other account, every fifth man in the army was killed or wounded, Col. Charles Lewis killed, Col. William Fleming wounded severely, Capt. Robert McClanahan killed, Capt. Thomas Buford do., John F—— do., Col. Fields do., Samuel Lewis wounded slightly, General Lewis had to erect a fort immediately at the junction of the Ohio and Kanawha for the protection of the wounded, the command of which was given to Capt. Arbuckle with his company. All this time nothing was heard from Dunmore. So soon as the wounded were thus protected, General Lewis crossed the Ohio and marched for the Scioto, where the Cornstalk lived, who was the king of the Shawnees. On Thursday the governor sent several expresses to

* He died in 1844.

General Lewis to return. All the army almost had lost relations,—the General a favorite brother. They could not be stopped. After the battle the Indians immediately ran to the Governor. After two or three expresses to stop the army, the governor came himself with two or three Indians with him. General Lewis had to double and tripple the guard over his marquee, to prevent the men from killing the governor and the Indians. The whole force of the Indians was formed on the bank of the Scioto, to give battle if the army could not be stopt. I do not know of any of the chiefs besides the Cornstalk, but the Blue Jacket, a Shawnee chief, who was known to be at the governor's camp on the 9th of October, and in the battle on the 10th. On the day of battle, Dunmore and a Col. O'Connellly were walking together, afterwards a noted tory. The governor observed to him that Lewis had hot work about that time of day. He evidently intended General Lewis' army to be cut off and if you could see Col. Stewart's narrative it would convince you and every other man that the battle at Point Pleasant was the first blood shed in the revolutionary war, and that it was the old Scotch villain's intention to cut off Lewis' army. Old Col. Shelby and his son, the late governor of Kentucky, were in the battle, but I know nothing, as I never heard that Shelby was sent to outflank the enemy. He was a fine officer, whatever he was told to do he would execute. The distance from the battle to Dunmore's camp probably ten or twelve miles. General Lewis was never ordered to cross the river, nor was there any treaty made until the spring after the battle. General Lewis held a treaty with them, in which they were bound to keep hostages of their chiefs at the fort Point Pleasant, when the Cornstalk in his capacity as a hostage was inhumanly butchered. I have heard my father often speak of his being the most dignified looking man, particularly in council, he ever saw. I am getting rusty in what passed sixty-six years ago.

Respectfully your ob't serv't,

A. LEWIS.

S. L. CAMPBELL, Esq., M. D.

P. S.—SIR, I could not make a letter fully answer your request. You ask when did General Lewis receive orders to cross the river? He received no orders from the gov-

ernor after he left the encampment in Greenbriar. So soon as a fort was erected for the protection of the wounded, he crossed the river and marched for the Scioto, where the Shawnees then lived. You ask where the governor's head-quarters were on the day of battle. They were supposed to be ten or twelve miles distant. General Lewis never did arrive at the Governor's head-quarters. There was no treaty made until the spring after the battle when General Lewis held a treaty with the Indians that composed the six nations, Shawnees, Delawares, Mingoes and others. In the treaty made by General Lewis with those nations, they were compelled to keep of their chiefs so many hostages at the fort Point Pleasant, and the Cornstalk their king, while a hostage at the fort, was inhumanly butchered. The fort at first was created merely for the protection of the wounded, but by orders of the State it was thought proper to continue or keep it up for the protection of the frontiers. I cannot say how long it was kept up. I was at Point Pleasant in the fall of 1784. There was but little or no sign of the fort then to be seen.

Yours,

ANDREW LEWIS.

BROKEN LINKS
FROM A RHYMER'S CHAIN.

BY A. B. MEEK.

I.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

The harp that sang "the Summer Rose,"
In strains, so sweetly and so well,
That, soft as dews at evening's close,
The pure and liquid numbers fell,
Is hushed and shattered! now, no more
Its silvery chords their music pour;
But, crushed by an untimely blow,
Both harp and flower in dust lie low!

The bard!—alas, I knew him well!
A noble, generous, gentle heart,
Which, as his brave hand struck the shell,
Poured feeling through the veins of Art.
What radiant beauty 'round his lyre!—
Pure as his loved Italian fire!—
He caught the sweetest beams of rhyme,—
The Tasso of our Western clime!

Nor this alone : a loftier power,
 That shone in halls of High Decree,
 And swayed the feelings of the hour,
 As summer winds, the rippled sea,—
 Bright eloquence ! to him was given :
 The spark, the Prophet drew from Heaven !
 It touched his lips with patriot flame,
 And shed a halo 'round his name !

As late I saw, I see him now !
 His stalwart form, his graceful mien,
 His long, white locks, his smiling brow,
 His eyes benignant and serene !
 How pleasant 'round the social hearth,
 When listening to his tones of mirth !
 What lessons of the good and true,
 The brave, the beautiful, he drew !

Droop down thy willows, Southern land !
 Thy bard, thine orator, is dead.
 He sleeps where broad magnolias stand,
 With "Summer roses" o'er his head !
 The lordly River, sweeping by,
 Curves 'round his grave, with solemn sigh,
 And, from yon twinkling orange stem,
 The "Mock-Bird" pours his requiem !

Bard of the South !—the "Summer Rose"
 May perish with the "Autumn leaf,"
 The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores
 May vanish with a date as brief :
 But thine shall be the "life" of fame,
 No winter winds can wreck thy name ;
 And future minstrels shall rehearse
 Thy virtues, in memorial verse !

II.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES : TO A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

Fair daughter of Virginia !—the Autumn months
 again
 Have, 'mid their yellow sunshine, their foliage,
 fruit, and grain,
 Brought back the happy morning, when to the smi-
 ling skies,
 Like young and dewy blossoms, first oped thine in-
 fant eyes ;
 When friends, in joyous greeting, stood 'round with
 smile and tear,
 And hailed the cradled beauty, as a missioned An-
 gel here ;
 And now when bright fulfilment has crowned those
 early dreams,
 And again thy natal planet in diamond beauty beams,
 I too would bring a tribute for one so fair and sweet,
 And strew a poet's blessings, like flowers, beneath
 thy feet !

Sweet daughter of Virginia !—a noble birth was
 thine,
 And proud, ancestral graces, in thy young glances,
 shine :
 The blood of Pocahontas !—the forest bride and
 queen,
 Her strong but gentle spirit, her soft but stately
 mien !
 The genius of thy mother !—whose tender minstrel
 lay
 Shed, o'er the Old Dominion, its sunniest, golden
 ray !—
 The virtues of thy sisters,—so beautiful and bright,
 Whose minds are crystal fountains, that overflow
 with light !—
 All these were sweet influences, to elevate thy
 heart,
 And mould thee in thy loveliness, to fill a perfect
 part !

Blest daughter of Virginia !—thy life thus far has
 been
 But as some gentle river that flows through banks
 of green ;
 The blue sky bending brightly within the dimpled
 wave,
 And flower-eyes overleaning, their pictured lids to
 lave :
 Fair birds with glancing pinions, bright barques
 with freighted sweets,
 And song, and laugh, and echo, from circling, green
 retreats !—
 These emblem thy fair girlhood ; and heaven grant
 that they
 May, with increasing beauty, shine 'round thine
 after way !—
 And when thy life's bright current shall with ano-
 ther's blend,
 May both pass on as sweetly, in Paradise to end !

Kind daughter of Virginia !—few days I've known
 thee here,
 Yet, like redoubled sunshine, they've made thee
 loved and dear.
 I love thee for thy beauty, thine innocence and truth,
 Thy frank, confiding spirit, thy mind so bright in
 youth.
 For though a lonely stranger, from friends and
 home afar,
 Thy smiles have lit my pathway, like the beauty
 of a star !
 Then long as memory liveth, I shall recall, with
 pride,
 The fond and joyous moments I've lingered by thy
 side ;
 And ever on thy birth-day, my heart and harp
 would twine
 The roses of affection to decorate thy shrine !

III.

THE SEA: IN CALM AND STORM: FOR MUSIC.

In sunny cove and crescent dell,
The bright, green waters sink and swell;
The dimpled waves lapse on the strand,
And rippling kiss the diamond sand;
Far out, the wild gull, on the wave,
Her snowy bosom stoops to lave;
Soft glides the breeze, and all the sea
Lies lulled in sweet tranquillity!
Lies lulled! lies lulled!
In sweet tranquillity.

But now away, the waves are stirred,
And shrieking starts the wild sea bird!
The snow-caps on the billows verge
Are tossed in fury by the surge;
The storm is up! and, o'er the deep,
His angry pinions rushing sweep;
The breakers crash along the shore,
And echo back the thunder's roar!
And echo back!—and echo back!
The thunder's roar!

An hour ago, upon the sea,
A gallant ship swung merrily;
The morning breeze, so mild and sweet,
Just dallied with her canvass sheet;
Light hearts leaned o'er her pictured side,
To watch the cleft waves 'round her glide;
And song and laugh rose on the breeze,
To bless the Sabbath of the seas!
To bless!—to bless!
The Sabbath of the seas!

But now the storm, the mighty storm!
Bursts 'round that vessel's fragile form;
Her shivering spars are snapped in twain;
Her hulk drives madly o'er the main;
God help her crew!—their gurgling cry
Peals faintly through the thundering sky;
She's dashed upon the craggy shore,
And sinks amid the breakers' roar!
And sinks amid!—and sinks amid!
The breakers' roar!

'Tis thus the sea, the bright blue sea,
The home of high hearts bold and free,
Smiles in her beauty, like a bride,
To greet the tall ship's graceful glide;
But, lashed to fury by the storm,
What mountain waves her breast deform!
Man's proudest strength quails at her nod,—
The image of an angry God!
The image of!—the image of!
An angry God!

IV.

TWO YEARS AGO!

Two years ago, Medora, I pledged my love to thee,
By all life's fondest visions, and my soul's integrity;
And thy gentle heart responded to the echoes of
my own,
And, like a wind-touched instrument, gave back
affection's tone!

Two years ago, Medora, in the soft moonlighted
breeze,
That swayed the dappled shadows beneath the
cedar trees,
What rapture, and what visions made either bosom
warm
As, with lips in love united, I pressed thy trem-
bling form!

Two years ago, Medora, I breathed a sad farewell,
In those grouped and silent cedars, and the moon
that 'round us fell;
But we plighted vow and token,—“Fidelity through
pain.”
Ah! dost thou not remember the ring we broke in
twain!

Two years have passed, Medora, and again my
heart has come,
Like the worn and weary Hebrew to his early
hopes and home,
But I find thee strangely altered, those trysting
scenes forgot,
That ring changed for another's, those vows re-
membered not!

Two years! two years! Medora,—is this the life
of love?
Its winged and silver circle, the shortest star's above?
Are breeze, and beam, and shadow, the emblems
of its stay?
And Hope, and Faith, and Feeling, the dreams of
yesterday?

Two years! alas, Medora! I write the words with
pain,—
The epitaph of passion!—inscribed upon my brain!
Well, read, and scorn the lesson!—thy new love
strive to please,
But thy heart shall weep hereafter for those moon-
lit cedar trees!

V.

THE HEART AND THE BIRD.

There is a white bird of the sea,
Beneath our Southern sky,
That ever soaring seems to be,
Where tossing breezes fly;

No eye has ever seen him rest ;
 No fowler knows his secret nest ;
 But far away in starry isles,
 That gem the dimpled wave,
 Where blue-eyed summer ever smiles,
 And pearls, the waters, pave ;—
 'Mid snowy shells, bright flowers above,
 He keeps his hidden nest of love !

My heart is like that Southern bird ;
 Its pinions never rest
 Amid these scenes, where naught is heard
 But idle song and jest.
 It sports around on fluttering wing ;
 It seems a gay, unthoughted thing ;
 But far away it has a shrine,
 Hid from the vulgar gaze,
 Where nature's brightest beauties shine
 Around an angel's face.
 There, like that restless ocean-dove,
 It keeps its hidden nest of love !

Yes, dearest, though afar from me,
 Thou art my only joy,—
 A green isle in life's sunniest sea,—
 Far from this wild annoy.
 Oh, would my weary heart could fly,
 To greet thy soft, beloved eye.
 Then, bowered in bliss, from care remote,
 Our lives, in peace and pride,
 Like yon sun-tinted barques, should float
 Adown the future's tide !—
 Bird of the ocean ! soar above !
 Mine is a sweeter nest of love !

Mobile, Alabama.

THE STATUE OF SANTA MARIA.

(Translated from Pierre Chevalier.)

Andreas Orcagna was not only one of the first painters of his country and his age, but in certain respects, the creator of Italian sculpture and architecture. Assisted by Giotto, Gaddi and Brunellesco, he accomplished the wonderful *basalisk* of Florence, which won from Michael Angelo the remark, that art might imitate, but could not surpass it. Above all, he executed carving in wood, with the aid of colors, in such perfection, that no other artist attempted to rival him ; and in the following sketch, we will particularly refer to his "*Santa Maria of the floral kingdom*," that chef d'œuvre of the palette and chisel, which was destroyed in the very hour of its most successful completion.

Biographers and chroniclers explain its disappearance in different ways ; some ascribing it to a

direct miraculous interference from heaven, which thus expressed its approval of Orcagna's work ; others, less imbued with superstition, build on it a most romantic adventure ; and although the first may seem most conformable to the spirit of the times and land in which the artist lived, yet as the latter is certainly more probable, we have chosen it for the ground-work of our story.

During a whole month, Andreas had labored incessantly at this statue, which, in honor of the church, for which it was designed to form the chief ornament, he styled "*Santa Maria of the floral kingdom* ;" and from morning till night, he might be found in the tasteful studio, erected for his use by Count Cafarelli near his own palace, busily engaged at this work, which he had promised to have finished by Assumption day, on the express condition that no one should previously seek to obtain a sight of the composition, and that it should be conveyed to the choir of St. Mary's church, concealed beneath a large shroud, which he himself would remove after placing it on its pedestal.

In a city like Florence, where the fine arts are held in universal esteem, this secrecy imparted a higher value to Orcagna's labors, and while the members of the Ducal Committee and the refined nobility ventured a thousand conjectures and made countless bets among themselves, whether the virgin would be represented standing or in a sitting position, whether bearing the infant Jesus in her arms or not, or whether she would be attired in blue or crimson, the common people gave fuller scope to their imaginations, anticipating something actually beyond nature in this secret composition ; and as there are but few steps from the strange to the marvellous, the most unfounded reports quickly spread through Florence concerning Orcagna's work, and many persons actually believed that the blessed Virgin sat in person for her likeness, at the earnest prayer of the pious artist, and that at twilight, when the usually crowded streets were veiled in darkness, she, every evening, descended from heaven amid a legion of angels, who were hidden however from mortal eyes by the clouds which hung in fantastic forms against the Western sky, and gliding along by the Cafarelli palace, where the air became redolent of perfume as she passed, secretly entered the sculptor's residence. In truth, a page, belonging to the Count's household, produced great excitement in the whole square on one particular evening, by exhibiting a bunch of white lilies wet with dew which he had picked up immediately before Andreas' door, and which were declared by several florists to be beautiful enough to have grown in the garden of Paradise, thus affording strong reason for the conjecture that they must have been accidentally dropped by the Virgin herself in her descent towards earth. Above all, it was asserted by many who had intentionally returned home that way, that every evening about

twilight, Orcagna's studio became so brilliantly illuminated as to shine like a pharos amid the dark masses of the surrounding buildings.

Without either denying or encouraging these reports, Andreas only smiled mysteriously when questioned concerning the source from whence he drew his inspiration, and indeed it was best that he should do so, since there was good foundation for these several reports, which had gained ground, in the fact that several persons had actually seen a figure, whether corporeal or unearthly they could not decide, which glided along under the dark portico of the Cafarelli palace at the same hour for several evenings, till reaching the extremity of the marble colonnade, it seemed to disappear through some secret entrance into the artist's dwelling; and had the spectator been nearer, he might in fact have seen a feminine form, enveloped in a large dark cloak, such as was worn by the lower class of women, but whose delicately-formed foot, majestic mien and the lily-white hand, which was sometimes visible amid the drapery, would have revealed one of aristocratic origin.

The lady, who thus visited Orcagna, was no less a personage than the most patrician and most beautiful woman in Florence, Countess Antonia d'Orso, only daughter of Count Cafarelli the elder, and widow of Andrea d'Orso, first chamberlain to the Duke de Medicis. In that golden age of the arts, when the sovereignty of artistical beauty exceeded that of rank and riches, placing the sculptor and painter on the same footing with princes, Andreas Orcagna, as a man of genius and a distinguished cavalier, soon won the attention of the noble Antonia, who, with inexpressible delight, caught his least accents of respectful admiration in their occasional interviews at her father's house, till imperceptibly to herself, by encouraging these expressions of love and devotion, she revealed to him the true state of her heart.

To be secretly beloved by the first artist of Florence; to be that ideal of beauty which inspired his loftiest efforts:—the assurance of such happiness, the enjoyment of such renown, seemed reward enough for the sacrifice of mere rank; till on consenting to minister to Orcagna's genius, in being the model for his noblest work, Antonia's only condition was, that her visits should remain a secret.

Wrapped in the large, light cloak, such as is worn by the laboring class of Florentine females, she every evening visited his studio to sit as model for the "*Santa Maria of the floral kingdom*," which work was, for this reason, mostly executed by candlelight; and such had been the success attending his efforts at secrecy, that it was not until its accomplishment, that the dangerous plot was discovered. It was the morning of Assumption day, and eager to obtain a sight of the treasure on which they had almost exhausted conjecture, the Ducal

Committee proceeded to Orcagna's residence, to enquire whether it was ready for delivery, but either through the desire of still enjoying his delightful interviews with the beautiful Countess, or because he still wished to bestow a few last touches on his chef d'œuvre, Andreas replied, that if such was the express demand of the committee, he was ready to deliver the statue on the spot, but would esteem it an especial favor to be allowed a respite of twenty-four hours, and restraining their curiosity with evident unwillingness, the committee at length agreed that its public exhibition should be postponed until the approaching Ascension day.

In the meanwhile, as if resolved that they would enjoy to the utmost the remaining time, at Orcagna's entreaty Antonia contrived in her next visit to arrive at the studio at early sunset, when, so disguised was she by the shabby covering which enveloped her, that even the artist himself was momentarily deceived.

"Now to your work, Orcagna! commence at once and give the last touches to the Virgin while daylight yet lingers," exclaimed the Countess, as throwing aside her cloak, she stood before him so rife with grace and loveliness, that her lover could not suppress an exclamation of surprise and admiration as he gazed upon her. As if desirous of rendering the likeness to the statue complete, (for according to the belief of the times, "*Santa Maria of the floral kingdom*" was necessarily profusely decorated with flowers cut from wood and exquisitely painted,) the Countess quickly adorned her person from a basket of flowers which she had brought with her, and presently, like the wooden figure, she stood with blossoms scattered at her feet, a girdle of half-open buds bound around her slender waist, from whence were twined light garlands over her snowy drapery, also a large bouquet with armlets and necklace of delicate flowers, while around her ivory brow was wreathed a perfumed diadem.

Delighted beyond expression with her resemblance to his work, the artist made rapid use of the daylight hour which remained to add here and there a deeper tint to the coloring, till as he labored assiduously, Santa Maria's smile became every moment more radiant; the effect of light and shade in her drapery more striking, and the blossoms which decorated her seemingly bursting with natural bloom, till when the whole was replete with life, the excited Countess exclaimed, "Stay your hand, Orcagna, dare not another touch, for the work is perfect, and the Virgin might be almost envious of its beauty. Yes! now that the work is finished, grant me your entire attention."

As she spoke, there was a sudden change in the expression of Antonia's face, and a deep melancholy took the place of her late smiling and animated air.

"Soul of my existence! what hath thus dis-

tressed you ?" enquired the alarmed sculptor, as he marked the rapid change.

"Alas!" she answered, sinking mournfully on the velvet couch, "during these last three weeks, when I have so often visited you at this hour, I have played a most difficult part, since anxious to assist your genius, I repressed every painful emotion and appeared before you ever gay and happy, while my heart has been secretly crushed with distress. Now that your work is accomplished, now that you are about to present to the world a statue which must perpetuate your fame, I feel that I have a right to reveal my grief."

"Speak quickly! I cannot endure such suspense," cried the excited Orcagna.

"Andreas! we meet this evening for the last time, and with the Santa Maria will disappear the Countess d'Orso."

"Impossible! do you renounce my love, Antonia?"

"Alas! I dare not oppose the stern decision of my family, that I should become the wife of the prince of Lucca. Three days ago arrived his ambassador, the Marquis of Buondelmonte, to marry me by proxy, and to-morrow morning I shall be publicly united at the altar and must leave Florence that very evening."

"You must leave Florence!" murmured the painter in the broken and inarticulate tones of one ready to expire. "Wo! wo! for me, that my happiness proves but a beautiful dream."

"Yes! to-morrow must awaken us both from that dream, Orcagna. Yet amid our grief, it seems to me that there are left many delicious remembrances, and although the sun of our happiness has sunk beneath the horizon of the past, our whole future will be kindled with its reflected splendor. Trust me, my heart will ever cherish your memory as you will mine; and though this inanimate statue may be the last record left to reveal our past joys, yet it will be worth more to us than aught beside on earth."

"Yes!" exclaimed the artist, as he clasped Antonia's trembling hand in his, "this image of thee will form the only joy of my future life. Angel, with invisible wings! fit model for the sinless Virgin! my soul shall remain ever united with thine; my pencil shall own no inspiration, save what it has won from thy loveliness, even till it falls, in death, from my fingers."

"Ah! and how I too will exist on thy renown, dear Andreas. Believe me, when the echo of thy fame shall fall in after time upon my throbbing ear, I will never forget that through your instrumentality I may claim my secret right in the admiration of all Italy."

"In the admiration of Italy!" repeated the sculptor in tones of bitterness; "alas! I feel that this statue is my last successful effort; since separated from you, unblest by your presence, deprived of

your loving accents, my genius must soon expire. Nay! hear me, beloved Countess, my only fame depends on this effort, which through your inspiration has indeed proved a miracle of art."

While the hapless pair thus lamented over that cruel fate, which required a speedy separation, the last rays of the setting sun had disappeared from the western horizon, and night drew on so rapidly, that the Countess felt it was time to say farewell, and was in the act of taking up her cloak to resume her disguise, when a loud knocking at the door startled them both from their sad reflections. Aware that none of his pupils or servants would intrude at this particular hour, since he had issued commands to the contrary, Andreas, anxious to ensure the immediate safety of the Countess, hastened to a small door opening on another and more private passage to the street, when, what was his alarm, on finding that the whole court-yard was thronged with people, thus totally preventing her exit.

"Alas! I am lost!" exclaimed the terrified Antonia; it must be that they have been seeking for me, and have tracked me to this place."

"Fear nothing, dearest lady," replied Andreas, striving to conceal his own uneasiness; "allow me to leave you for a moment while I enquire what these people desire of me;" and carefully closing the door of the studio, he opened the outer one, around which were assembled the crowd.

It is necessary to mention at this place in our story, that at the same moment when the Countess d'Orso stepped from a side door into the street on which stood the Cafarelli palace to seek the sculptor's residence, Count Cimarello, president of the Ducal Committee, also made his exit by the principal entrance to go to the hotel, where resided the prince of Lucca's ambassador. In spite of Antonia's disguise, he fancied that he recognized the size and gait of the beautiful Countess in the female who walked rapidly before him, and eager to convince himself of the fact, he followed her to the extremity of the colonnade; and just where the street crossed on which stood Orcagna's residence, she suddenly disappeared. Although Cimarello had not been able to gain the least glimpse of her features, yet so impressed was he with the belief that it was no other than the lady herself, that, leaving his attendant to watch whether she should come out during his absence, he hastened away to impart his suspicions to Buondelmonte.

"I cannot take an oath that it was the Countess herself," he said maliciously, "but still I am willing to bet any sum upon it."

"I take you at your word," replied the Marquis; "if I win I shall save the honor of a noble lady; should I lose, I must immediately inform my master of this disgraceful affair."

In the meanwhile, as if everything worked together for the discovery of Antonia's secret, a

deputation was sent from the church of Santa Maria to the Ducal Committee, informing them, that on account of some previous night service, it was absolutely necessary that the statue should be placed on its pedestal on the eve of Assumption day; and therefore they desired that the committee would countermand their recent permission of a delay of twenty-four hours, and excited by the bottles of Syracuse wine, from which they were just then quaffing, the promise given the sculptor was readily recalled, and the holy fathers were not only granted a written order for the immediate delivery of the statue, but were accompanied by the committee in a body, so that when Andreas appeared at his door, he was astonished to find the street below crowded with people; and as he descried the groups of young nobles with their attendants furnished with lighted flambeaux, the long train of priests, clad in white robes, and preceded by cross and banner; and the every-moment increasing populace, who moved onwards like a heaving billow, from the adjacent squares, Orcagna seemed to labor under the illusion of a dream, and twice did the chairman of the committee demand the delivery of the Santa Maria, ere he could summon words to reply.

In vain he brought forward the promise, lately granted him of a few hour's delay, for the performance of the last touches to his work; the chairman immediately assured him that it was absolutely essential that the priests should have the statue for the coming night-service, although, they added he would be quite at liberty to make any improvement at the church on the following day; and Count Cimarello was, in particular, so urgent for its instant delivery, that Orcagna could not but think he must have some motive for thus acting, and something whispered, that he had possibly discovered Antonia's frequent visits. The impatience of the multitude seemed so great, that Andreas reasonably feared they would resort to violent measures should he refuse their demand, and resolved to save the honor of the Countess at any personal loss, his ardent feelings instantly suggested the only method by which she might escape discovery. Quickly recovering his self-possession, he politely addressed the deputation, assuring them that though at first a good deal surprised by their unexpected appearance, yet he could not but feel himself honored by the flattering eagerness which they displayed for an early view of his work, and recalling to their remembrance the promise that the Santa Maria should be conveyed to the church closely veiled, there to be placed on the pedestal by his own hand, he requested permission to retire for a few moments, to make the necessary arrangements for its removal, which was readily allowed.

"I begin to fear that you will win the bet, and that I have mistaken a spirit for the Countess d'Orso," said Cimarello to Buondelmonte.

"Of that we can only be assured when we get access to yonder studio," replied the ambassador.

Meanwhile Orcagna returned to the Countess, whom he found in great agitation, since she was already aware of their purpose from the conversation which had just taken place.

"Alas! what will become of me," she exclaimed, as she looked up into his pale face.

"There is yet one way of deliverance," replied Orcagna, as rolling the litter, on which stood the Santa Maria to an open window, which looked directly upon the Arno, and which, in fact, presented the only egress from the chamber, not to be seen by the excited populace, he raised it with his strong arm, and threw it over into the blue deep, and then stood for an instant to watch the agitated water as it rose and foamed above its precious booty.

"Desperate man! far better to have revealed my secret," murmured Antonia, as overcome with emotions, she sank at the sculptor's feet.

"It matters not, beloved Countess," replied Orcagna, seeking to re-assure her. "Only do as I desire and your honor is safe;" then almost lifting her to the pedestal of painted wood on which the statue had been seated, he placed it on the litter, by means of which it might be easily transported to the church, then as he arranged the perfumed garlands which decorated her form, he pressed her cold hand to his lips, softly whispering, "the resemblance is perfect, the deception is complete; fear nothing, angelic being! I will remain near you to the end," and throwing over her a veil of white silk, which concealed her entire figure, he hastened out to announce to the committee that the work was ready for removal, at the same time requesting as many as chose to ascend to his studio, which was forthwith open to the public.

"I have been dreaming, Marquis; and you are the winner," observed Count Cimarello to Buondelmonte, after taking a close survey of the apartment. "No other feminine form is here to be found, save yonder inanimate statue."

With the aid of three of the inferior clergy to assist him in moving the litter, preceded by crosses and banners, and surrounded by priests and citizens, amidst the gleam of torches, the chanting of hymns, and the noise of the city-bells, the Santa Maria was drawn to the basilisk of the church for which it was destined, when the nobility and populace left them, to return early the next morning, when the statue would be revealed to public view.

The conspicuous niche in which the Santa Maria was to be placed, stood at a considerable height in the back ground of the great altar, to which it was necessary to ascend by a stair, and when they had succeeded in bearing the litter to this place, Orcagna requested the priests to retire, while he set the figure on its pedestal, arranged the lights artistically around it, and then removed the veil which

concealed it from the gaze of the numerous priests who had assembled in the church below.

A loud burst of wonder and admiration echoed through the building, and every knee was bowed as this seeming chef d'œuvre of Orcagna met their eager view.

"Yes! the Holy Virgin must have descended to sit in person for this incomparable work," was the universal exclamation. "What life and celestial beauty appear in the statue. See! with what a spiritual brightness the eye is kindled, and what a beaming smile plays around the mouth. And then her diadem, her garlands, her gorgeous bouquet; are not the flowers apparently replete with bloom and fragrance. Oh! who will not allow Orcagna's work to be a miracle!"

One of the priests was heard to remark to another, "that if he was not mistaken there existed a striking likeness between the Santa Maria and some noble lady whom he had met with, though he could not recall her name; and of what an honor may she boast," he added, "thus to resemble the image of the Queen of heaven."

After carefully locking the door leading to the niche, Orcagna descended to the nave of the church, and as he caught the whispers of the enraptured crowd, he forgot that his best effort in art had so lately been sacrificed, and could only exult in the thought that the beautiful Countess was receiving through his act of disinterestedness and devotion, the homage due to her talent and her beauty.

It was not until the close of some ceremony belonging to the occasion of Assumption eve, and when the people were retiring, that Andreas recovered from his delicious reverie, when concealing himself behind a column, he awaited the moment when the church should be vacant, to release the Countess from her conspicuous and most painful situation. No tongue can fully express the emotions of joy and sorrow which crowded in that last interview; enough to say, that when the multitude hastened into the church on the following morning the statue had disappeared, and in the midst of their disappointment, it was the general opinion of the Florentines, that the Santa Maria had been miraculously removed from earth.

When informed of its disappearance, Buondelmonte immediately suspected that some deception had been practiced, though he could not imagine what it might be, but as the marriage by proxy of his master with the Countess d'Orso had already taken place that morning, he felt that his best plan would be to say nought concerning his doubts, and on the same evening the Countess Antonia departed for her new home, while, throughout his whole after life, Orcagna never divulged the secret, though he forever renounced the art of carving in wood.

MARY E. LEE.

Charleston, S. C.

TO MY SISTER MARY.

Tho' far away art thou, Mary,
Across the rolling sea,
Yet dearer than the Summer breeze
Thy memory is to me;
It comes, as to the ocean-shell
Come murmurs of the deep;
And by its golden melodies,
Charms every care asleep.

Thy childhood now is past, Mary,
Like budding from the rose,
And riper years, like warmer skies,
Should fairer hues disclose:
Hues time should serve but to imprint
More deeply on thy heart,
So that the full blown rose to all
Its fragrance may impart.

But frosts may blight thy bloom, Mary,
And clouds o'ercast thy sky;
The opening bud may droop away,
Pine on its stem and die,
Unless some kind and gentle hand
Should bid each peril flee,
And shield thee from each threat'ning foe;—
Thy Brother's let it be!

I've climbed the Hill of life, Mary,
Much nearer to its brow,
And can behold the wide world's face,
With broader glance than thou;
Oh! listen then to words, that speak,
What I have felt and seen;
That which the world has taught, I teach,—
Gaze boldly at the scene.

This broad, green, laughing earth, Mary,
Is hillocked o'er with graves!
And millions smile, whose mocking mirth,
Is traitorous as the waves.
Oh! trust not, then, the honied word,
Nor clasp the clasping hand;
Far better were the first, unheard,
Or were the last, unspanned!

Think not these words are said, Mary,
To sadden thy young heart,
To droop with care thy unbowed head,
Or cause one tear to start;
God knows, I would not idly dash,
Earth's meanest joy aside;
Or trample on a beggar's trash
With high, unholy pride.

Bright flowers attract the eye, Mary,
Their perfume loads the air,
But taste the tempting bloom—and die,

A victim to the fair !
 Thus Pleasure lures th' unpractised heart,
 Robed in a gay disguise,
 Till Pain has poisoned every part,
 And Death secured his prize.

Though pure may be thy soul, Mary,
 Too pure for Earth's bleak shore,
 Where crimes like crimson billows roll,
 And stain its sands with gore ;
 Thy soul tho' steadfast as the rock,
 Must like the rock be tried ;
 'Twill brave the rude waves boisterous shock,
 Or perish 'neath the tide !

Love aims a thousand blows, Mary,
 To pierce thy guileless breast ;
 Vice lulls the conscience to repose,
 And stabs when that's at rest ;
 But Virtue guarded 'gainst surprise,
 Disdains the shallow craft,
 And like an Eagle in the skies,
 Spurns e'en the deadliest shaft.

Oh ! be his flight thine own, Mary,
 In Heaven's pure azure high,
 Above the things of Earth, alone,
 With no corruptions nigh ;
 And may thy never-tiring plume,
 Still cleave the taintless air,
 Till Nature sinking to the tomb,
 Shall lay thee spotless there !

W. H. RHODES.

Galveston, Texas.

EDGAR A. POE.

BY P. PENDLETON COOKE, AUTHOR OF THE "FROIS-SART BALLADS."

[The following paper is a sequel to Mr. Lowell's memoir, (so called,) of Mr. Poe, published two or three years since in Graham's Magazine. Mr. P. edited the Messenger for several years, and the pages of that Magazine would seem therefore a proper place for the few hurried observations which I have here made upon his writings and genius.

P. P. C.]

Since the memoir of Mr. Poe, written by James Russel Lowell, appeared, Mr. P. has written some of his best things; amongst them *The Raven*, and *Dreamland*—poems—and *M. Valdemar's case*—a prose narrative.

"*The Raven*" is a singularly beautiful poem. Many readers who prefer sunshine to the weird lights with which Mr. Poe fills his sky, may be dull

to its beauty, but it is none the less a great triumph of imagination and art. Notwithstanding the extended publication of this remarkable poem, I will quote it almost entire—as the best means of justifying the praise I have bestowed upon it.

The opening stanza rapidly and clearly arranges time, place, etc. for the mysteries that follow.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,
 'Tis some visiter,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more.'"

Observe how artistically the poet has arranged the circumstances of this opening—how congruous all are. This congruity extends to the phraseology; every word is admirably selected and placed with reference to the whole. Even the word "napping" is well chosen, as bestowing a touch of the fantastic, which is subsequently introduced as an important component of the poem. Stanza 2d increases the distinctness and effect of the picture as already presented to us. The "*Midnight Dreary*" is a midnight "in the bleak December" and the "dying embers" are assuming strange and fantastic shapes upon the student's hearth. We now pass these externals and some words of exquisite melody let us into the secret of the rooted sorrow which has led to the lonely night-watching and fruitless study.

"Vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
 Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named
 Lenore

Nameless here forever more."

A death was never more poetically told than in the italicised words.

The "tapping" is renewed—

"And the silken, sad, uncertain, rustling of each purple
 curtain

Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt before,

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 Only this and nothing more.'"

After some stanzas, quaint and highly artistical, the raven is found at the window; I quote now continuously to the end.

"Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

“Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
‘Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,’ I said, ‘art
sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering, from the nightly
shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian
shore!’

Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’

“Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as ‘Nevermore.’

“But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour,
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he flut-
tered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered ‘Other friends have
flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before.’

Then the bird said ‘Nevermore.’

“Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
‘Doubtless,’ said I, ‘what it utters is its only stock and
store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Dis-
aster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one bur-
den bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Nevermore’—of ‘Nevermore.’

“But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and
bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking ‘Nevermore.’

“This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s
core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
clining
On the cushion’s velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated
o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloat-
ing o’er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

“Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

‘Wretch,’ I cried, ‘thy God hath lent thee—by these an-
gels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Le-
nore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Le-
nore!’

Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’

“‘Prophet!’ said I, ‘thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I im-
plore!’

Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’

“‘Prophet!’ said I, ‘thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore.’

Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’

“‘Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!’ I
shrieked, upstarting—

‘Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night’s Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!’

Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’

“And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the
floor,

Shall be lifted—nevermore!”

The rhythm of this poem is exquisite, its phrase-
ology is in the highest degree musical and apt, the
tone of the whole is wonderfully sustained and ap-
propriate to the subject, which, full as it is of a
wild and tender melancholy, is admirably well cho-
sen. This is my honest judgment; I am fortified
in it by high authority. Mr. Willis says:—“It is
the most effective single example of fugitive poe-
try ever published in this country and unsurpassed
in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly
ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining
of imaginative lift. It is one of those dainties
which we *feed on*. It will stick to the memory of
every one who reads it.”

Miss Barrett says:—“This vivid writing!—this
power *which is felt*! ‘The Raven’ has produced

a sensation—a ‘fit horror’ here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. I hear of persons *haunted* by the Nevermore, and one acquaintance of mine, who has the misfortune of possessing a ‘bust of Pallas,’ never can bear to look at it in the twilight. Our great poet, Mr. Browning, author of *Paracelsus*, etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm.

* * * Then there is a tale of his which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the rounds of the newspapers, about mesmerism, throwing us all into most admired disorder, or dreadful doubts as to whether it can be true, as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar.”

The prose narrative, “*M. Valdemar’s case*”—the story of which Miss Barrett speaks—is the most truth-like representation of the impossible ever written. *M. Valdemar* is mesmerized in *articulo mortis*. Months pass away, during which he appears to be in mesmeric sleep; the mesmeric influence is withdrawn, and instantly his body becomes putrid and loathsome—he *has been many months dead*. Will the reader believe that men were found to credit this wild story? and yet some very respectable people believed in its truth firmly. The editor of the *Baltimore Visiter* republished it as a statement of facts, and was at the pains to vouch for Mr. Poe’s veracity. If the letter of a Mr. Collier, published just after the original appearance of the story, was not a quiz, he also fell into the same trap. I understand that some foreign mesmeric journals, German and French, reprinted it as being what it purported to be—a true account of mesmeric phenomena. That many others were deceived in like manner by this strange tale, in which, as Miss Barrett says, “the wonder and question are, can it be true,” is very probable.

With Mr. Poe’s more recent productions I am not at all acquainted—excepting a review of Miss Barrett’s works, and an essay on the philosophy of composition. The first of these contains a great deal of noble writing and excellent criticism; the last is an admirable specimen of analysis. I believe Mr. P. has been for some time ill—has recently sustained a heavy domestic bereavement—and is only now returning to his literary labors. The public will doubtless welcome the return of so favorite an author to pursuits in which heretofore he has done so much and so well.

Unnecessary as the labor may be, I will not conclude this postscript to Mr. Lowell’s memoir, without making some remarks upon Mr. Poe’s genius and writings generally.

Mr. P.’s most distinguishing power is that which made the extravagant fiction of *M. Valdemar’s case* sound like truth. He has De Foe’s peculiar talent for filling up his pictures with minute life-

like touches—for giving an air of remarkable naturalness and truth to whatever he paints. Some of his stories, written many years ago, are wonderful in this fidelity and distinctness of portraiture; “*Hans Phaal*,” “a descent into the *Maelstrom*,” and “*MS. found in a bottle*,” shew it in an eminent degree. In the first of these a journey to the moon is described with the fullness and particularity of an ordinary traveller’s journal; entries, astronomical and thermical, and, on reaching the moon, botanical, and zoological, are made with an inimitable matter-of-fact air. In a descent into the *Maelstrom* you are made fairly to feel yourself on the descending round of the vortex, conveying fleets of drift timber, and fragments of wrecks: the terrible whirl makes you giddy as you read. In the *MS. found in a bottle* we have a story as wild as the mind of man ever conceived, and yet made to sound like the most matter-of-fact veracious narrative of a seaman.

But in Mr. Poe, the peculiar talent to which we are indebted for *Robinson Crusoe*, and the memoirs of Captain Monroe, has an addition. Truthlike as Nature itself, his strange fictions show constantly the presence of a singularly adventurous, very wild, and thoroughly poetic imagination. Some sentences from them, which always impressed me deeply, will give full evidence of the success with which this rare imaginative power is made to adorn and ennoble his truthlike pictures. Take this passage from *Ligeia*, a wonderful story, written to show the triumph of the human will even over death. *Ligeia*, in whom the struggle between the will to live, and the power of death, has seemed to terminate in a defeat of the passionate will, is consigned to the tomb. Her husband marries a second wife, “the fair-haired and blue-eyed Lady Rowena.” By the sick bed of this second wife, who is dying from some mysterious cause, he sits.

“I sat by the side of her ebony bed, upon one of the ottomans of India. She partly arose, and spoke, in an earnest low whisper, of sounds which she *then* heard, but which I could not hear, of motions which she *then* saw, but which I could not perceive. The wind was rushing hurriedly behind the tapestries, and I wished to show her (what, let me confess it, I could not *all* believe) that those faint, almost inarticulate breathings and the very gentle variations of the figures upon the wall were but the natural effects of that customary rushing of the wind. But, a deadly pallor, overspreading her face, had proved to me that my exertions to reassure her would be fruitless. She appeared to be fainting, and no attendants were within call. I remembered where was deposited a decanter of some light wine which had been ordered by her physicians, and hastened across the chamber to procure it. But as I stepped beneath the light of the censer, two circumstances of a startling nature attracted my attention. I had felt that some palpable object had passed lightly by my person; and I saw that there lay a faint, indefinite shadow upon

the golden carpet, in the very middle of the rich lustre thrown from the censer. * * * Finding the wine, I recrossed the chamber and poured out a goblet-full, which I held to the lips of the fainting lady. She had now, however, partially recovered, and took, herself, the vessel, while I sank upon the ottoman near me, with my eyes rivetted upon her person. It was then that I became distinctly aware of a gentle foot-fall upon the carpet, and near the couch; and in a second thereafter, as Rowena was in the act of raising the wine to her lips, I saw, or may have dreamed that I saw, *fall within the goblet, as from some invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant and ruby-colored fluid.*"

Again take this passage from the Fall of the House of Usher:

"From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued—for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. *The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure of which I have before spoken, as extending from the roof of the building, in a zig-zag direction to the base.*"

These quoted passages—the "white and ghastly spectrum of the teeth" in "Berenice"—the visible vulture eye, and audible heart-beat in the "Telltale Heart"—the resemblance in "Morella" of the living child to the dead mother, becoming gradually fearful, until the haunting eyes gleam out a terrible *identity*, and prove as in Ligeia the final conquest of the will over death—these and a thousand such clinging ideas, which Mr. P.'s writings abound in, prove indisputably that the fires of a great poet are seething under those analytic and narrative powers *in which no living writer equals him.*

This added gift of a daring and wild imagination is the source of much of the difference between our author and De Foe. De Foe loves and deals always with the homely. Mr. Poe is nervously afraid of the homely—has a creed that Beauty is the goddess of the Poet:—not Beauty with swelling bust, and lascivious carriage, exciting passions of the blood, but Beauty sublimated and cherished by the soul—the beauty of the Uranian, not Dionean Venus. De Foe gives us in the cheerful and delightful story of his colonist of the desert isles, (which has as sure a locality in a million minds as any genuine island has upon the maps,) a clear, plain, true-sounding narrative of matters that might occur any day. His love for the real makes him do so. The "real" of such a picture has not strangeness enough in its proportions for Mr. Poe's imagination; and, with the same talent for truthlike narrative, to what different results of creation does not this imagination, scornful of the soberly

real, lead him! Led by it he loves to adventure into what in one of his poems he calls—

"a wild weird clime
Out of space, out of time;—

deals in mysteries of "life in death," dissects monomanias, exhibits convulsions of soul—in a word, wholly leaves beneath and behind him the wide and happy realm of the common cheerful life of man.

That he would be a greater favorite with the majority of readers if he brought his singular capacity for vivid and truthlike narrative to bear on subjects nearer ordinary life, and of a more cheerful and happy character, does not I think admit of a doubt. But whether with the few he is not all the more appreciable from the difficult nature of the fields which he has principally chosen, is questionable. For what he has done, many of the best minds of America, England and France, have awarded him praise; labors of a tamer nature might not have won it from such sources. For my individual part, having the seventy or more tales, analytic, mystic, grotesque, arabesque, always wonderful, often great, which his industry and fertility have already given us, I would like to read one cheerful book made by his *invention*, with little or no aid from its twin brother *imagination*—a book in his admirable style of full, minute, never tedious narrative—a book full of homely doings, of successful toils, of ingenious shifts and contrivances, of ruddy firesides—a book healthy and happy throughout, and with no poetry in it at all anywhere, except a good old English "poetic justice" in the end. Such a book, such as Mr. Poe could make it, would be a book for the million, and if it did nothing to exalt him with the few, would yet certainly *endear* him to them.

Mr. Lowell has gone deeply and discriminatingly into Mr. Poe's merits as a poet. Any elaborate remarks of mine on the same subject would be out of place here. I will not, however, lose this opportunity of expressing an admiration which I have long entertained of the singular mastery of certain externals of his art which he everywhere exhibits in his verse. His rhythm, and his vocabulary, or phraseology, are perhaps perfect. The reader has perceived the beauty of the rhythm in The Raven. Some other verses from poems to which Mr. Lowell has referred, are quite as remarkable for this beauty. Read these verses from Lenore—

* * * *

"Come let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead, in that she died so young.

* * * *

"The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with hope that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild, for the dear child, that should have been
thy bride—

For her the fair, and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—
The life still there upon her hair,—the death upon her eyes.

* * * *

Avaunt ! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days !

* * * *

And take these, in the most graceful of all mea-
sures—they are from "To one in Paradise."

And all my days are trances
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams."

Along with wonderful beauty of rhythm, these verses show the exquisite taste in phraseology, the nice sense of melody and aptness in words, of which I spoke. We have direct evidence of this nice sense of verbal melody in some quotations which are introduced into the dramatic fragment "Politian." Lalage reads from a volume of our elder English Dramatists :

Lal. "It in another climate, so he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not 't this soil !"
(pauses—turns over some leaves and resumes.)
"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower—
But ocean ever to refresh mankind
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."
Again a similar tale (turning the leaves)
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea !
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—
"She died full young"—our Bossola answers him—
"I think not so—her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many."

I must conclude these insufficient remarks upon a writer worthy of high and honorable place amongst the leading creative minds of the age.

As regards the Wiley & Putnam publication of Mr. Poe's tales—a volume by which his rare literary claims have been most recently presented to the public—I think the book in some respects does him injustice. It contains twelve tales out of more than seventy ; and it is made up almost wholly of what may be called his analytic tales. This is not representing the author's mind in its various phases. A reader gathering his knowledge of Mr. Poe from this Wiley & Putnam issue would perceive nothing of the diversity and variety for which his writings are in fact remarkable. Only the publication of all his stories, at one issue, in one book, would show this diversity and variety in their full force ; but much more might have been done to represent his mind by a judicious and not wholly one-toned selection.

LINES,

*On beholding the Picture of L. E. L. prefixed to
her Poetical Works.*

BY ELIZABETH J. FAMES.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."—*Shelly.*

I.

O, yes ! thou wert the Lyre's transcendant Queen,
Bright child of beauty, poesy and song.
On fancy's radiant pinions borne along
And crownéd with the Laurel's glorious green.
Fair Poetess ! in these illumin'd pages
The spirit of thy song if fitly shrin'd :—
With the sweet minstrelsy of parted ages
Shall thy soft strains by flowery links be twin'd.
Meanwhile I pause to dwell on the dim sadness
That breathes in under-tones through all thy lays—
Oh ! fell there o'er the sunshine of thy gladness
A shadow haunting thee of darker days ?
Even 'midst thy boding fears of dreary destiny,
Could'st thou have dreamed that fate held such dark doom
for thee ?

II.

That thou a bride should'st cross the Eastern wave,
To make thy home beneath a foreign sky ?—
To find on Afric's coast an early grave :
Of this thou did'st not dream, and prophecy.
And such a death for thee ! thy young life quench'd
In sudden darkness—wrapt in mystery
No light can penetrate—the music wrench'd
From thy rich harp, while yet the harmony
Thrill'd on the strings ! Oh ! gifted child of song—
Oft as I gaze on this clear pictur'd face,
So full of feeling, intellect and grace—
I feel that happier they to whom belong
Less radiant gifts—more blest than such as thou
Is she who wins and wears no laurel on her brow !

GREY HAIRS.

Unbidden guests why come ye here,
Vexing the thought with omens drear,
Chilling the heart ere age can count
One icedrop in its gushing fount ?
Ere on the brow has been impressed
With heavy hand Time's iron crest ;
Whose stamp indelible betrays
The wreck of hopes, the flight of days.
Unwelcome visitors ! I feel
A gloom upon my spirit steal ;
A terror at your aspect drear,
As if eternity were near.

Yet I will pause, and calmly scan,
The changes in Life's narrow span ;
The pensive brow, the sallow cheek,

Full plainly of these changes speak.
 Tho' fleeting years have borne away
 The blossoms of life's early day,
 Yet is there left within my heart,
 A treasure that will ne'er depart.
 Won by the ceaseless toil of years,
 By brooding thoughts and anxious fears.
 As from rich streams in Afric's lands
 Are gathered grains of golden sands.
 So oft the patient lab'rer gains,
 From sorrow's streams such golden grains.
 Tho' dark the turbid wave may flow
 A hidden treasure lies below.
 From year to year, with patient toil,
 Life's pilgrim seeks the glitt'ring spoil.

Then why repine that Nature dooms
 To swift decay her choicest blooms,
 That on the brow appears so soon
 A halo! like the wat'ry moon?
 Ye silv'ry tokens of decay,
 I bow submissive to our sway.
 Meet counsellors are ye for one
 Whose earthly course is nearly run.
 I would not give the thoughts you bring
 For Nature's richest covering.

NAPOLEON'S CAPTIVITY.*

The craving after information concerning Bonaparte is not less intense now, that a quarter of a century has passed away since he yielded up his life like the commonest mortal, than it was when he breathed and lived a monarch, encircled with the "iron crown" and setting upon the thrones of Charlemagne and of Cæsar. This is natural, the world stood awe-struck and amazed at the brilliant meteor, that rising out of confusion and night, shot athwart the sky, irradiating its nethermost limits, and had time only when that meteor had sunk again into nothingness and night, to speculate upon the phenomenon it had beheld: then indeed awaking as if from a stupor, it began that searching enquiry into the minutest details of his history, which is still unended, now clutched at every fragment of information concerning him,—his birth, his parentage, his personal and moral character; his victories, his defeats, his civil labors and his diplomacy,—every possible source was eagerly explored,—nothing was too minute,—numerous were the truths, numerous the falsehoods that were published to the world.

* History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena. By General Count Montholon, the Emperor's Companion in Exile and Testamentary Executor. E. Ferrett & Co. New York, &c. 1846.

Very soon every man had his own theory of Napoleon. The hypothesis of this one was "genius," of that "good fortune." This one accorded to him lofty qualities and pronounced a hearty apotheosis, while that, with the self-same facts before him, recognized in him only a man of insatiate ambition, rushing with demoniac fury to the annihilation of peace and order and liberty, and quickly denounced him to Hades. The contest still goes on as vigorously as of old, though unquestionably more calmly. Partisan discussion has given way to philosophic debate, and the career of Bonaparte is about, we do not doubt, ere long to be written down into immutable History.

We are not about to attempt any thing new upon a theme at once so trite and so lofty, *non nostrum tantas* and yet fairly to present the claims of the Book under the title of which we write, it is indispensable that something should be said.

As a great moral study, awakening the profoundest emotions of the heart and challenging the acutest faculties of the mind, a prodigy, a wonder, a mystery, and yet a mortal, feeble as ourselves when touched by the power of the Eternal, the Exile of St. Helena must and will ever stand out in history marked, distinctive, unapproachable. Lieutenant, General, triumphant hero, Consul, Legislator, master of Europe, Emperor, what a gradation of rapid and unequalled successes, and from what beginnings! who is comparable to him? Alexander was young, but he inherited a throne. He acquired magnificent power and swayed well nigh a world, but the momentum with which he set out, the point from which he started, and which he had done nothing to erect for himself, gave him a comparatively easy and natural dominion over the nations he conquered. He sprang from a lofty point to points still higher. But the cadet of Brienne! If Cæsar be allowed to stand for a contrast, be it remembered Bonaparte closed his career at the age that Cæsar began his. Cæsar had all the advantages of social position and patrician birth. He encountered on the field mostly, uncouth barbarians with the proud cohorts of the mistress of the world. His battles were few, while Napoleon met on every field the best troops that combined Europe could produce, cheered with the fame and inflamed by the transmitted skill of Frederick and Marlborough. The odds of numbers, taken in the average, were so great against him as to have justified his courage had he declined to deliver battle. What a multiplicity of fields he fought—Italy, Belgium, Egypt, Spain and Russia—almost from Cancer to Capricorn—in the hot breath of summer and in the rude winter blast. The hero of the Sections, of Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz and the Pyramids will be in all ages a great military study.

The treaties of Campo Formio, Tilsit, Amiens, and the Concordat will ever claim for him the con-

sideration of diplomatists. His public works, done or undertaken in France, Switzerland and Italy, his civil code and his government of France, will extort the admiration of coming ages. In short, viewed in any light, tried by any standard, contrasted with any mortal, he looms up in History "grand, gloomy and peculiar." Right natural is it, therefore, that intelligent men should seize with avidity anything, everything professing to shed new light upon any phase of that extraordinary man. The last that has appeared, and perhaps the very last professing to contain anything new that will ever appear, is this somewhat voluminous book of General Count Montholon. It contains what must be considered the latest and most authoritative account of Bonaparte. It comes from the friend, companion, and testamentary executor, both pecuniary and historical, of the great Captain. It is not merely an account of what transpired at St. Helena, but contains dictations made by the Emperor himself, in which he expatiates upon, relates, or discusses the actions, distinguished as well as minute, of his eventful life. It comes to us with no cloud upon its authenticity, and subject to no other doubt or disparagement than the well-known fact, that the Count was an extreme Bonapartist and that old age has not had power to diminish the fervor of his zeal for the fame and the family of his imperial master. He has nourished it for a quarter of a century. He alleges that Bonaparte himself—as if looking to futurity for a juster judgment upon his career than was then probable,—interdicted its publication until twenty-five years had elapsed. We have not yet learned whether it has received the approbation of Gourgand or Las Cases, both of whom we believe to be still alive.

The limit of twenty-five years is perhaps not long enough. We apprehend that we are still too near Bonaparte. The generation of his contemporaries has not yet entirely passed away,—we are perhaps still too strongly tinged with hereditary prejudices for or against him. The glare of the meteor still lingers in the heavens and is still reflected too strongly for us to see with unblemished vision. We are unfortunate in being seduced, from the identity of our language with that of his inveterate foes, the British, into reading their indiscriminate condemnation and wholesale abuse of one to whom they accorded all ill and conceded no good, notwithstanding he declared them to be "the bravest and most magnanimous of his enemies." It is difficult to free our minds from this bias. The veneration which we feel for Walter Scott, betrays us into a sympathy with him in his history of Napoleon—a work, to say the least of it, unworthy of so distinguished and just a man. Even the otherwise lofty and chivalrous Byron, catching the spirit of his nation, with whom he had few feelings in common, carries captive our judgment by the vigor and impressiveness of his lines—

"His *game* was empire and his stakes were thrones,
His table earth, his dice were human bones."

Thus assuming at a bound the whole question of Bonaparte's character, and stigmatizing him with a criminal ambition for conquest, and cruel disregard of human life and happiness? imputations which he ever, and to the last moment of his life, indignantly repelled. *Tout pour la France*, was his motto, which he bequeathed to his son. While he did not disclaim ambition, nor cloak his love of power, he stoutly asserted that it was entirely subordinate to the honor and glory of France. What was demanded by these he did. They were at once the incentives and the limits of his ambition and his power. For them he assumed power and waged war—for them he was ready to lay aside the sceptre and hush the roar of his deadly artillery.

We do not mean herein to express any opinion on these points; we simply hint at the difficulty—nay, sheer impossibility, under the circumstances, of obeying that revered old maxim, "*audi alteram*." It is due to this most renowned of modern times that we should do this. Our prejudices will have little influence on the great facts, and quite as little on the sweeping current of history. We may deceive ourselves, but the impartial pen of future history will neither be guided by our passions, nor be restrained by our folly. Out of the chaos of contradictory facts and passions, about which we wrangle and dispute, the angel to whom is committed the guardianship of Truth is calmly recording on the everlasting tablets unalterable facts. It is of little concern whether we believe or forbear.

There is perhaps no more appropriate place to introduce some extracts from the work, than here. Bonaparte is speaking. He is speaking of the general charges which were current, to which we have so briefly alluded.

"I have always wished sincerely for peace, and always offered it after a victory. I have never asked it after a reverse because a nation more readily repairs its resources and finds new troops, than recovers its honor. I am wrongfully accused of having refused peace at Dresden. When history shall give publicity to the negotiations of Prague, the policy of Metternich will be unmasked and justice will be done me. I wished for a general peace, honorable to all parties, and such as would secure the repose of Europe." p. 85.

He then declares that had Fox lived, "England and France would have been united in the closest alliance since 1806." "Unfortunately for both nations, Fox died, and the ministry which succeeded him, adopted the shade of Pitt for its ægis." "In short, I have always wished for peace with England, by all means reconcilable with the dignity of the French nation. I have desired peace at the cost of all sacrifices consistent with national honor; I had neither prejudice, hatred, nor jealousy of am-

bition against England. It was of little consequence to me that England was rich and prosperous, provided that France was so also. I should not have contested with her the dominion of the sea, I repeat, if at sea she had been ready to respect the French flag, as the Emperors of Austria or Russia would have respected our standards on land. Had I been conqueror at Waterloo, I would have made no change in the message sent to London before passing the Sambre." This occurred in conversation with Col. Wilks, Ex-Governor of India, who touched at St. Helena.

"I wished to come here incognito, &c., but the proposal was rejected. They persisted in calling me *General Bonaparte*. I am not ashamed of that name, but I do not wish to receive it from the English Government. Had the French Republic never had a legal existence for England, they would no more have had the right to call me General than first Magistrate; in fact as Emperor I was elected by the French people and became their first Magistrate by compact." He desired to take the name of Muiron, or Duroc:—"I went to England with the most perfect confidence, either to reside there or in America, in complete retirement and under the name of a Colonel killed at my side, *resolved entirely to abstain from all connexion with political affairs of any kind whatsoever*." "I do not call myself Napoleon Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon, which is a very different thing because it is in accordance with the usage of sovereigns who have abdicated;" and he cites James II. and Charles of Spain. p. 95.

"My son will reign, if the popular masses are permitted to act without control; the crown will belong to the Duke of Orleans if those who are called liberals gain the victory over the people; but then sooner or later the people will discover that they have been deceived—that the white are always white, the blue always blue—and that there is no guarantee for their true interests, except under the reign of my dynasty, because it is the work of their creation." This language is in part prophetic, though not wholly so. The revolution of 1830 stopped short of its complete verification. "I did not usurp the crown—I picked it up from the gutter; the people placed it on my head. I wished the name of Frenchman to be the most noble and desirable on the earth. I was King of the people, as the Bourbons are King of the nobles, under whatever colors they may disguise the banner of their ancestors. When, full of confidence in the sympathy of the nation, I returned from Elba, my advisers insisted that I ought to take notice of some chiefs of the royal party. I constantly refused, answering to those who gave me this advice—'If I have remained in the hearts of the mass of the people, I have nothing to do with the royalists; if not, what will some more or less, avail me, to struggle against what would have become the opinion of the nation.'" p. 108.

He elsewhere says, "my throne rested on the mass of the people," and that this was the secret cause of the hatred and opposition of "the oligarchs of Europe."

"My object was to destroy the whole of the feudal system as organized by Charlemagne. With this view, I created a nobility from among the people in order to swallow up the remains of the feudal nobility. The foundations of my ideas of fitness were abilities and personal worth; and I selected the son of a farmer, or an artisan, to make a duke or a marshal of France. I sought for true merit among all ranks of the great mass of the French people, and was anxious to organize a true and general system of equality. I was desirous that every Frenchman should be admissible to all the employments and dignities of the state, provided he was possessed of talents and character equal to the performance of the duties, whatever might be his family. In a word, I was eager to abolish, to the last trace, the privileges of the ancient nobility, and to establish a government, which at the same time that it held the reins of government with a firm hand, should still be a *popular government*. The oligarchs of every country in Europe soon perceived my design, and it was for this reason that war to the death was carried on against me by England. The noble families of London, as well as those of Vienna, think themselves prescriptively entitled to the occupation of all the important offices in the state, and the management and handling of the public money. Their birth is regarded by them as a substitute for talents and capacities; and it is enough for a man to be the son of his father, to be fit to fulfil the duties of the most important employments and highest dignities of the state. They are somewhat like kings by divine right; the people are in their eyes merely milch cows, about whose real interests they feel no concern, provided the treasury is always full, and the crown resplendent with jewels.

"In short, in establishing a hereditary nobility, I had three objects in view:

"First. To reconcile France with the rest of Europe.

"Secondly. To reconcile Old with New France.

"Thirdly. To put an end to all feudal institutions in Europe by re-connecting the idea of nobility with that of public services, and detaching it from all prescriptive or feudal notions." Vol. I, p. 121.

"A King does not belong to nature, but only to civilization, and he must march at its head. The ancient crown of the Bourbons was broken and Louis XVI. brought to the scaffold because royalty had not kept pace with the progress of civilization. The French people said of Napoleon, *He is our King—the others are the Kings of the nobles*." [p. 184.

These few and meagre extracts will suffice to show the point of view from which Napoleon beheld the French people, France, the world, and his throne. Passing them by for what they are worth, with the remark that some of them are not new, nor unfamiliar to the reading world long since, we simply take occasion to notice that the remark, that "the French people put the crown on his head," might furnish, and has always furnished, argument for at least two sides. It has been charged that the election was contrived and controlled. That after the crown was placed upon his head, the

French people not only quietly acquiesced, but desired it to remain there, and that the great mass of the people looked with a feeling allied to horror upon the return of the Bourbons is matter of history. The return *from* Elba verified this. Nor is it any more doubtful that even after the allied armies had entered France the mass of the French people preferred Bonaparte as their ruler. Hence the secret steps, partly coercive, partly persuasive, which were taken to drive him out of the country, and which eventually drove him, in a fit of desperation, to throw himself into the hands of the English. That chalice of bitterness was to him the more bitter, that he was forced to drink it from the hands of princes and nobles into whom he had breathed the breath of life. In justice to these men, it may be said that it was quite evident to them that the allied powers had determined upon the forced or voluntary abdication of the Emperor, and that no efforts or sacrifices of theirs would avail to prevent that catastrophe. It is matter of debate, however, whether they ought not to have considered themselves in *foro conscientiæ* bound to follow the fortunes of that master who had found them obscure and made them rich and distinguished. There can be no debate about their taking active part against him. It was rank ingratitude.

To revert to the question of the "will of the French people," it may be well to remember that after the abdication and while on his way to the coast to take ship for America, strong demonstrations of the common people were made in his behalf, suggestions were made to him, which intimated that he ought, and which fully persuaded him that he could, reinstate himself by the aid of the army and the common people, but he exclaimed, "I do not wish to be King of the *Jacquerie*," and went on in silent, stern gloom to meet that uncertain and unfortunate future.

Whether Bonaparte was crowned by the will of the French people or not, it is certain that France the Empire was little less republican than France the Republic. Externals had changed—forms were varied—titles were altered, "citizen Consul" became "your Majesty" and "Sire." *General Davoust* was metamorphosed into Prince of *Eckmül*, but the democratic principle was everywhere present as before. The living informing potential spirit of the government was identical. In both cases it was Bonaparte. If he is condemned for advancing the government from a Republic to a Monarchy, he is also to be applauded for restraining the Empire to the same republican limits in all essential points that hitherto existed. The will and the interests of the masses were as much studied and cared for afterwards as before. The paths to distinction, place, power and wealth were as wide open to men of low degree when the Emperor Napoleon wore the purple, as when Consul Bonaparte was the impersonated head of the Re-

public. If any one object that the form of the government was altered, and that in becoming Emperor he freed himself from the check imposed by the two adjunct Consuls, it is sufficient to reply, that forms are powerless, for as first Consul, *Cambaceres* and *Le Brun* were but the buttons on his right and left breast—mere matters of adornment—utterly impotent.

The influence which he claims to have exercised—the undermining of Feudalisms on the throne and in the Barony—it seems to us is to be accorded to him. Who that is at all aware of the feudal oppressions of the French people prior to the revolution can fail to congratulate humanity upon their extinction? If it be replied that the revolution and not Bonaparte put them down, then the answer is equally at hand that Bonaparte kept them down and deliberately refused to restore them. His position as monarch—a plebeian Emperor—compelled him by all possible means to wage war upon the doctrine of the Divine Right, and his own practice in regard to the orders of nobility lifted up the heads and swelled with nobler aspirations the hearts of the peasantry of the world. He not only recognized, but acted on the words we so often admire in the mouth of Burns, "a man's a man for a' that and a' that," and the magic words tore the scales from the eyes and the social chains from the hands of millions of Frenchmen. Like a pebble thrown in the water, the pulsation of its waves was too extended and minute to be detected by the eye, but now all Europe has felt the sublime touch, and it is no longer a mere figure of speech to declare that the ancient and crumbling tower of Feudal Monarchy and Nobility topples to its fall. Who maintains the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings to rule with a grave countenance? What noble any longer looks upon the collar of his serf and finds figuratively, or verily inscribed the words, "Gurth the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon?" *Esterhazy* still scatters diamonds from his jewelled robe, where he treads the festal hall, or jostles in the crowd of suppliant courtiers, but as they fall they only symbolize the truth, that the feudal power which glistens on his very coat is fast yielding to the pressure of time, nay more, each diamond as it falls, reflects a richer light where it lies, than when it adorned his Serene Highness—a trophy for freedom against feudalism—never to be replaced to him.

It strikes us that those who contemplate Bonaparte as a warrior and shudder at the blood which he caused to be shed, are prone to overlook the great social and moral influence, which his battles brought about, and which Providence intended he should set in motion. They forget that at least in latter days the roar of cannon, like the peal of Heaven's artillery, clears the social and political atmosphere, opens avenues for the extension of trade, the interchange of commercial products,

civilization and Christianity. Arms have often, if not always, led the way to exchange of arts. Our consolation for these horrors is to be found in the reflective good they secure. The hoof of the war-horse, though it has trampled on the dead and the dying, has also stricken from the flinty earth sparks of consoling light. In this view, it may be said the battles of Bonaparte neither began nor ended with him. Their causes arose before him; their influences will long outlive him.

It has been matter of imputation with some, that Bonaparte reëstablished the Roman Catholic religion in France. In this book may be found the reasons clearly stated by him. They may be embraced in few words. He maintains the absolute necessity arising from man's moral organization for a religion of some sort. The anomalous condition of France in this respect at the time—the unsettled state and wrangles of the clergy—the prejudices and predilections of the French people, and above all, political reasons pointed him to that form of Religion, and were the efficient motives for making the *concordat* with the pope. Independently of these considerations, the establishment of any form of faith which settled the French mind, vacillating as it was, between the doctrine of "reason" and the "Etre supreme," as voted by the assembly, was merciful as to the subjects of it, and as to him who established it, a pious labor. It reëstablished the altars of God which had been overthrown, though perhaps under a less pure worship than was desirable; but considered with reference to the anarchy of Faith then prevalent, it was a sublime work. To say the least, it was all that could be expected of Bonaparte. He had himself been reared in that faith, and it was the faith of France so far as she had any, and it was not to be expected that he should turn propagandist.

Instead of condemning him for not going further, we should rather wonder that he went so far. For it was a step not without hazard. He had to steer between the party for religion and the party against religion—between Charybdis and Scylla. He deliberately and in spite of protestations and murmurings, in high places, staked his power and his influence upon the restoration of the Christian altars. He made a treaty with the Pope confirming the creed of Rome as the acknowledged religion of France, and yet leaving Frenchmen individually free to select for their private devotions that, or any other, or no other form of worship. We can perceive here no sinister motive; we do not deny that it is easy to suggest such. This is always easy. But taken in connection with the fact that whenever he seriously professed any religion, he declared himself a Catholic and that when in later and more unfortunate moments—nay, when about to quit the scene of his earthly triumphs and toils, he solemnly declared his belief in and received the consolations of that venerable faith, it forms a

chapter in his august history full of reflection and replete with solemn interest.

Those who maintain that he did wrong in this particular, are bound in justice to show that he could have introduced any other religion.

The death of the Duc D'Enghien is several times alluded to in this history. Even Count Montholon does not seem fully to justify the proceedings with regard to that unfortunate young prince. He nevertheless palliates them as far as possible.

We give here the Count's own words:—"The Duke D'Enghien lost his life because he was one of the principal actors in the conspiracy, formed by Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau. Pichegru was arrested on the 28th February, Georges on the 9th and the Duke D'Enghien on the 18th March, 1804. The duke took an active part in all the intrigues which had been carried on from 1796 by the agents of England; this is proved by the papers seized in the cartridge box of Klinglin, and the letters of the 19th Fructidor, 1797, written by Moreau to the Directory." * * * "Marshal Moncey, inspector-general of the Gendarmerie and Count Schœffer, prefect of Strasburg, confirmed by their reports the opinion that the Duke was the soul of the conspiracy, and had been invested with extraordinary powers to enter France in the character of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, in the name of the Pretender, as soon as the conspirators had succeeded in assassinating the First Consul. On receiving this intelligence, an extraordinary council was convoked at the Tuilleries. The ministers and the chief dignitaries of the Senate and of the Legislative body, were present, and all were of opinion that the safety of the republic demanded the adoption of extraordinary measures. The forcible capture of the Duke D'Enghien was decreed." * * * "The death of the Duke D'Enghien ought to be attributed to those who in London directed and commanded the assassination of the first consul, who destined the Duke De Berry to enter France through the District of Beville and the Duke D'Enghien by Strasburg. It ought to be attributed also to those who, by their reports and conjectures, forced the council to regard him as the chief of the conspiracy; and it ought to be made a subject of eternal reproach to those who, urged on by a criminal zeal, did not await the orders of their sovereign before executing the sentence of the Court-Martial."

Thiers, in his history of the Consulate and the Empire, presents pretty much the same view.

The best that can be said for Napoleon in this matter is, that he acted under misapprehension, and his orders were too hastily and summarily obeyed. He nevertheless assumed at a later time, the whole responsibility and justified the act. Having seen in an English Journal some harsh strictures upon Caulaincourt and Savary with regard to this unfortunate affair,—“He exclaimed this is shameful!” and ordered his will to be brought, opened it and interlined the following words: “I caused the Duc D'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest and honor of the French people, when

the Count D'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances, I would act in the same way."

The world has generally and indignantly condemned the divorce of Josephine. We look therefore with some interest to see what Bonaparte himself says about that subject. All the rest of his acts were acts either of war or diplomacy, they had to do with the head—here is a matter touching him in the tenderest recess of the heart. Barring such occasional differences as may occur between any wedded pair, the world saw only devotion and tenderness between Napoleon and Josephine. The widow of a nobleman, she had married the young Corsican before the sun of his glory had risen above the horizon, and while the haze of morning yet hung around his pathway. She had ascended step by step with him from obscurity to greatness, until they both sat down together loving and lovingly upon an imperial throne. She gloried in his fame and rejoiced in his prosperity. He had adopted her children for his own and with the instructive ambition of maternal love, she beheld her offspring the inheritors of his power and the perpetuators of his dynasty. The visions of her childhood, created by the prediction of a West Indian negress and sustained by a lively fancy and a life of adventure, had been realized. She was the wife of a monarch, the monarch of his age, before whom scholars and princes, men of all ranks, and ages bowed—in whose audience-chamber kings jostled each other to be seated; wealth surrounded her on every hand, the creations of nature and of art were congregated about her, palaces rose at her bidding. The volitions of her heart seemed spontaneously to realize themselves, and the lamp of Aladdin had no power, which the gorgeous fancy of Eastern fable has ascribed to it, which fortune had not poured with a liberal hand into her lap. She was, as most persons of her temperament are not, content; nay she was exuberantly happy. Joy kindled in all on whom she smiled.

But the bronzed face of that mysterious husband is thoughtful. She sees it—she divines it—there is one other point to be attained before he too can look around him and enjoy the magnificent sources of power and wealth with which he is invested—he must have children, heirs of his own body. The steel has gone into her soul, her hopes are crushed, the dream of glory is ended, the pageant of power fades away, tearful with sorrow and yet subdued by the faithfulness of her conjugal affection, she assents, signs the paper and is divorced.

The world has never before witnessed such a spectacle. Henry VIII. made and unmade wives with a facility which disgusted all the better feelings of our nature, but these were rather mistresses, than wives. Other monarchs had divorced their reluctant partners, but we remember no instance of a royal divorce where there was neither disagree-

ment, nor crime imputed on either side. It is a single instance of self-sacrifice to the ambition of a royal husband. It was a crime.

From that hour Bonaparte lost all hold on those great moral sympathies of his fellow men which alone can cheer the darkness of adverse fortune. But we let him speak for himself.

"My divorce," said he, "has no parallel in history; for it did not destroy the ties which united our families, and our mutual tenderness remained unchanged; our separation was a sacrifice demanded of us by reason, for the interest of my crown and of my dynasty. Josephine was devoted to me, she loved me tenderly, no one ever had a preference over me in her heart. I occupied the first place in it; her children the next; and she was right in thus loving me, for she is the being whom I have most loved, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind.

"Doubtless, two objections might be made to the necessity of a divorce. My brother Louis had sons, and the Empress had a son. The first were children whose education I could direct. The organic *senatus-consultum* of the empire summoned them to the throne, and my age justified a hope that at my death they would already be known to the French people, and esteemed by them worthy of succeeding me in default of my brothers, Joseph and Lucien.

"Then again, Eugene Beauharnais had made trial of his talents as a general and an administrator. My Italian subjects rendered him full justice; the French loved him and were vexed to see him excluded from inheritance to the throne of France.

"His mother had often urged me to adopt him as my successor; this was an idea constantly in her mind; the common law from that moment rendered him my heir apparent without its being necessary to change the organic *senatus-consultum* in any way; but should Eugene succeed me, I should not have formed a dynasty; for paternity by adoption is but a fusion of the law; the good sense of my subjects would reject; the blood of the fourth dynasty would be that of a Beauharnais, and not of a Napoleon.

"To this poor Josephine had nothing to reply; and the moment she could no longer entertain hopes for her son, her resentment against my brothers began to show itself as a necessity for the sacrifice of her position.

"To bring about my divorce, the double intervention of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities was necessary; the former was bestowed on the senate by the constitution of the Empire, the latter had been restored to the episcopal court of Paris by the concordat of 1801. A previous form was required by the civil law—the mutual consent of the parties: for between Josephine and me the question of divorce could not rest on infidelity or bad treatment; I had, it is true, at one time thought of taking, as an example for the motive of my divorce, the declaration made by Henry IV. when he separated from Margaret of Valois, and I sent for the registers of the episcopal court in which it was registered; but the indecency of the motive alleged by this king disgusted me, and I kept to the truth, telling my people, 'I sacrifice my domestic happiness to you.'

"The High Chancellor received in the family

council, which I convoked at the Tuileries, the paper announcing our mutual consent, and our mutual request for the dissolution of our marriage, and the senate pronounced the divorce in solemn sitting. The decree of the senate was presented in the prescribed form by the Council of Thirty to the tribunal of the metropolitan episcopal court; all the formalities observed in the divorce of Henry IV. were scrupulously observed, and this tribunal pronounced the dissolution of my marriage with Josephine in the same terms, and in the same manner as it had pronounced the divorce of Henry IV.

"The Empress Josephine received from the treasury of France a million francs a year, and the fine demesne of Navarre as a royal residence.

She received from my private treasury a million francs a year, and to this I added Malmaison as a country residence, and the Elysée as a residence in Paris whenever she should wish to sojourn in that city. To these gifts I added the Palace of Laeken, near Brussels, because a short time after our separation she expressed a desire to pass her winters at Brussels. I always thought that this idea was suggested to her by one of her ladies of honor, Madame Darberg, who being a member of one of the highest families in Belgium, was very glad of this opportunity of returning among her relations.

"I had long before secured the royal position of Josephine's children and family. Her daughter, Hortence, had married the king of Holland, and her children were heirs-presumptive to my crown. Eugene had been adopted by me to succeed me on the throne of Italy, in case I should die without leaving two male children. I had married him to the daughter of the king of Bavaria, and had given him domains worth more than forty millions of francs in the Romagna and the Venetian States. Stephanie de Beauharnais, her niece, was married to the Grand Duke of Baden, who is father-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Bavaria, and the ex-king of Sweden. Another of her nieces married the Duke d'Areberg, whose family was the first in Belgium. Her nephew, young Tascher, married the princess of Leyen, niece of the prime of France. I therefore had nothing to do but to continue my protection to all these objects of Josephine's affection, and I was never wanting in this; they all proved to me that they were worthy of it, except the Duchess d'Areberg."

As an evidence how true it was that he loved Josephine, and by way of enhancing the surprise of mankind at the ambition of Napoleon, who could so far trample upon all natural feeling, Count Montholon gives us, near the close of his book, the following incident, occurring the night before he died.

"The Emperor was pretty calm during the night until about four in the morning, when he said to me with extraordinary emotion, 'I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me; she disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated there; it seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening: she is not changed; still the same—full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again never more to part; she assured me that—did you see her?' I took great care not to say anything which might in-

crease the feverish excitement, too plainly evident to me. I gave him his potion and changed his linen, and he fell asleep; but on awaking he again spoke to me of the Empress Josephine, and I should only have uselessly irritated him by telling him that it was only a dream."

We have time and space only to say that with regard to the charge of ridding himself of his invalid soldiers at Jaffa, Bonaparte indignantly denies, and we think successfully refutes it.

Having long since transcended our proper limits it remains for us only to express the candid opinion that this book of Count Montholon will deeply interest and amply repay the reader of it. We think it well written as to style, and in the main frank and liberal. While he evidently gazes upon Napoleon as the "Gran Maestro" of war and government, and cherishes his memory with a devotion rare for its strength and constancy, he nevertheless, so far as he can, admits the reader into the very penetralia of Napoleon's heart. No one can read his book without modifying for the better his opinions concerning that wonderful man of whom, (in conclusion as it is so much better than any thing we can write,) another has said,

"No man had ever attained a higher rank and sunk from it to a lower. No man had ever been so favored and so utterly deserted by fortune. No man had ever possessed so large an influence over the mind of Europe and been finally an object of hostility so universal. He was the only man in History against whom a continent in arms pronounced sentence of overthrow; the only soldier whose personal fall was the declared object of a general war; and the only monarch whose capture ensured the fall of his dynasty, extinguished an empire, and finished the loftiest dream of human ambition in a dungeon."

He had seen all the phases of fortune, from its zenith to its nadir. Even when his mortal remains had slumbered a quarter of a century, they received posthumous honors such as mortal dust never before received. He rests now by a decree of France beneath a splendid mausoleum, as he desired in his will, "on the banks of the Seine among the French people whom he loved so well."

C.

Richmond, Nov., 1847.

THE LITTLE FLOWER WEAVER.

What art thou weaving there
So skilfully with thy small, dimpled fingers?
Bending thy silken hair
To the rich leaves. Fair one, methinks there lingers
A shade of sadness in that purple flower,
Which seemeth to mock thy girlhood's laughing hour!
Hyacinth and Laurel-vine,—
The one is glorious, and the other queenly.
Yet rather would I twine
The Violet with the Myrtle waving greenly.
The soft, meek Violet shedding perfume sweet,

And tender Myrtle is for thee most meet.
 What should a Laurel crown
 Do on thy brow, O fair, and fairy creature?
 Thou whose pure cheek doth own
 The wild rose bloom. Oh! soon from each smooth feature
 Would the bright gladness fade should'st thou e'er be
 Haunted with dreams which oft make life a mockery!
 Yes, oft in mockery
 Upon an aching brow green Laurels glitter,—
 Like Oderich's fruit tree
 Fair to the eye, but to the taste how bitter.
 Fling by the Laurel and that deep-hued flower,
 And weave another crown fitter for Life's young hour.

E. J. EAMES.

CAPT. SIBORNE AND ANGLO-AMERICANUS.

(Continued from the Dec. No.)

We were interrupted in our reply to the queries of Anglo-Americanus, just as we were proceeding to show that the French army at Crecy, Agincourt, &c., &c., was little better than an undisciplined rabble. At this point we take up the thread of our remarks.

The nature and machinery of the Feudal System are, doubtless, too generally understood to require a full exposition from us. Yet as they have a direct bearing upon the questions propounded, at least so far as they involve the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, we do not see how we can well avoid a brief recurrence to them.

The king, as the great Feudal lord, or lord paramount, was, strictly speaking, the owner of all the land, he being the only person in the kingdom who possessed allodial property in the soil. He granted immense tracts of country to certain great lords, who held it on the condition of rendering him certain services, mostly of a military nature. These lords again divided their possessions among others of inferior power, who stood to them in the same relation which they bore to the king. From these secondary lords others again derived their title, the division being from one to another almost indefinite, from the king on his throne down to the lowest hind or villein in the king's dominions. Each inferior was bound to render his superior, in case of war, a certain amount in military service, according to the value of his fief, from the baron who came to the assistance of the king with a thousand retainers to the peasant who had nothing to offer but his own muscles and sinews. In time of war the king called upon his great barons for their quota of men—the barons upon their feudatories for their proportions—these feudatories upon their immediate dependants, &c., &c. Such was the composition of a feudal army, each chief in his degree being entirely responsible for all the expense attendant upon his immediate array. This system, which had become universal on the continent, was

established in England by William the Conqueror, who invaded that country in 1066, and who having destroyed the Anglo-Saxon army in the battle of Hastings, took advantage of numerous insurrections among his new subjects, to seize upon the whole realm, and divide it among his officers, upon the principle of the Feudal System. In a very short time many of the Normans who came over with William becoming discontented, or for other reasons, retired into Scotland, where they offered their services to Malcolm, the son and heir of that Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth, who, in return, gave them certain lands to be held by military tenure; so that the Feudal System may be considered as universally established before the end of the 11th century.

Our readers are perfectly aware of the nature of a Feudal army. The nobles, or knights, fought on horseback, clothed in steel, with long lances, swords, and battle axes, or maces. Persons of inferior degree, fought on foot, armed with bows and arrows, cross-bows, &c., while the *peasant* brought along with him only such arms as were cheap and ready of access. A single knight was, in many instances, capable of routing and riding down hundreds of them; for these latter were clothed in complete armor, and, unless the horse, which was also sheathed in iron, should fall, when the knight could not rise without assistance and might thus be dispatched, were, literally, invulnerable.

It will readily be understood, that the arms, accoutrements, &c. of his vassals, all depended, in a very great degree, nay, almost entirely, upon the wealth of the great Feudal lords, for being bound to furnish a certain number of men, he was compelled to bring them into the field, let them be equipped as they might. It was an aim of the kings of France, from a very early period, to break down the power of the great nobles; but perhaps a system of finance, adopted by them in entire ignorance of the true principles of that science, precipitated their downfall with more certainty than, in a later period, did all the bloody measures of Louis XI., of Sully and of Richelieu. We allude to the wretched practice existing in France, long previous to the reign of Philip of Valois, (the same who was beaten at Crecy,) of debasing the coin and forcing it, under severe penalties, into circulation at its nominal value.

The principal weight of this disastrous measure fell always, of course, upon the great Feudal landholder, who failed not to make exactions to compensate for it, upon those who were immediately within his power. The principal effect of it, however, was felt in the military array of the kingdom, for the great barons had it not in their power, if they had the inclination, any longer to array their vassals as became the feudatories of a French king.

"The ordinary infantry of France," (says a writer, surely not deficient in national pride—we mean Sir Walter Scott—speaking of this very period, the invasion of France by Edward III.) "added much to the numbers, but little to the military strength, and a great deal to the unwieldy confusion of their great armies. These poor men knew that they were little trusted to, and cannot be supposed to have displayed much zeal in behalf of masters by whom they were contemned and oppressed. They wore almost no defensive armor except tanned hides, and were irregularly armed with swords, spears, or clubs, as offensive weapons. No kind of discipline was taught them, and when attacked by the men-at-arms, they seem frequently to have made no more defence than might have been expected of a flock of sheep." All this was occasioned by the fatal financial measures alluded to in conjunction with others of a like nature, all operating through the baron on the peasant, and recoiling, finally, on the king himself. The same author says, the "men-at-arms on both sides might be considered on an equality." That is to say, being equally treated, equally trained, and equally armed, there was no discoverable superiority. This is a very ingenuous confession from a writer so full of prejudices, and who was so wont to fill pages of what he called history, with vain-glorious laudations of British valor, to the thorough disgust of every impartial reader. The infantry, indeed, at that period, with the exception of the English Archers, seem to have been little regarded; at the battle of Crecy, they were an incumbrance, for they seriously impeded the attack of the men-at-arms. These things certainly argue no inferiority of race.

Far different was the education of the English Archer and bill-man. In the first place, they were less oppressed, and thought more of themselves as men. Secondly, they were better trained and armed, and in the third place, better care was taken to keep them in preparation for service. At this time, no weapon being in existence which possessed the advantage of shooting and striking, as the musket now does, the English infantry was divided into archers and bill-men. The first was the most formidable species of force known to Europe at that day, and was the cause of nearly every victory of consequence gained by the English, from the battle of Falkirk to that of Agincourt, a period of more than two hundred years. The education of the Archer commenced with his earliest youth, prizes of archery being customarily offered in all the villages, in order to keep up the English superiority in this formidable species of troops. The best Archers were thus well known, and they were selected for service in such proportions as the occasion required. Their dress was light, and their armament consisted of a bow and twelve forked arrows, at their girdles, which they were accustomed to term "the lives of twelve Scots," each of which

was a cloth yard in length. They drew the bow to the ear, and as they were of prodigious stiffness, and the men generally exceedingly strong, they flew an immense distance. The accuracy of their aim, if not exaggerated, surpassed anything known in the practice of fire-arms. When they made a discharge against an advancing column it resembled a shower of hail; and so rapid and accurate was the discharge, that the boldest column of infantry in Europe could not stand before it. The Archer was, himself, out of danger, his bow carrying so far, that no missile, in the possession of the enemy, could reach him before the column was fairly routed. The only possible way to neutralise his attack was by a sudden charge of men-at-arms as was practiced by Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn, when, being poorly provided against such assaults, they were of course obliged to give way. Provision was usually made for their retreat, as for that of skirmishers and light troops in a modern army, or else they were protected by the men-at-arms of their own army.

The bill-men carried long bills, or knives, shaped like pruning knives, and set upon long handles. They were very unwieldy, and by no means preferable to the spear.

Let us now come to the battle of Crecy, since we have cleared the way to the better comprehension of an issue otherwise altogether unintelligible.

In the year 1346, Philip of Valois being at that time king of France, Edward III., at the head of a large army, splendidly equipped, admirably trained, and having among them a large proportion of those terrible Archers who had so often decided the victory in favor of England, in Scotland as well as in France, landed in the latter kingdom and commenced ravaging the whole country on the borders of the Seine with fire and sword. After threatening the city of Paris for some time, he suddenly turned eastward, burning and destroying every thing before him. The French monarch followed with an immense force and came up with him at the field of Crecy, in the country of Ponthien, posted in immensely strong position. The weather was very warm, it being in the month of August, and the English had the advantage of a sound night's rest, while the French, in spite of the heat of the weather, had been hurried over fifteen leagues to attack the enemy. Their whole march was riotous and disorderly, resembling the inroad of a furious rabble, as in fact, for the most part, they were. Their total want of discipline is evinced by the fact, that when Philip, in compliance with the advice of some of his officers, halted the vanguard, in order that they might take some rest before entering upon such a serious adventure, the rear positively refused to stop, but pressed on, with the declaration, that "they did not mean to be left behind." The Genoese cross-bow-men, 15,000, occupied the front. They had been employed as a match for

the English Archers, but in the open field they were not. Their arms were heavy and unwieldy, and the bow, which was of steel, was so stiff that it was obliged to be bent by a windlass. The discharge was of course very slow, while that of the Archers was like a shower of hail. They discharged at least eight or ten arrows for one bolt from the cross-bow-men. The latter, when they came in sight of the enemy, halted, and insisted on resting, after a forced march of four or five leagues through a hot sun, under the weight of their heavy arms. This the Duc d'Alençon, the king's brother, positively refused, and they were forced into battle, fatigued as they were, with an enemy perfectly refreshed, in position, and prepared at all points.

The whole force of the French king was 115,000 men. Of these there were nine thousand men-at-arms, six thousand lancers, and fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bow-men, who might be called good troops. The rest were that species of rabble described by Sir Walter Scott in the passage above quoted. The king of England had with him about 35,000 troops all told; they were all troops of high discipline, and had been accustomed to arms. They were in fact veterans. Among them were nearly ten thousand men-at-arms, (as many as there were in the French army,) and at least as many archers. The bill-men were all veteran soldiers, accustomed to war from their youths, and, like all other veterans, able to beat the militia in the proportion of at least three or four to one. Such being the composition of the two armies, when we take into consideration the fact that one of them was commanded by a hair-brained and impetuous youth, (the Duc d'Alençon,) and the other by the most experienced warrior of the age, we are at no loss to account for the terrible disaster that ensued.

The cross-bow-men being forced forward in spite of their remonstrances by d'Alençon, had yet a further disadvantage to encounter. A thunder storm arising as they advanced, thoroughly wetted the strings of their cross-bows, while it did no injury to the English archers, who always carried a double supply in cases made for that purpose. It is almost certain, however, that, without this accident, they could not have withstood the terrible discharge of their opponents, for having made one discharge, the English, according to Froissart, who were formed in the shape of a *hurse* or harrow, made one step forward and simultaneously let fly such a volley of arrows that it seemed to snow. Every shaft found out its man, and as the archers fired eight or ten volleys while the cross-bow-men were loading their weapons, it may be conceived that no troops could long stand unmoved. They broke, in fact, without having been able to fire a second volley, and left the field in the wildest dismay, many of them cutting the strings of their bows, as an apology for flight! In their flight they came in contact with the French men-at-arms,

who were advancing to charge the archers, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The horror of this terrific moment was increased by an order given by the French king, who cried out to the men-at-arms to charge through and over the helpless multitude. This order was obeyed, and the men-at-arms became a mark for the archers, who slew them without mercy, and without their being able in the slightest degree to extricate themselves. A part of them having become disentangled, rode along the entire line, exposed all the way to the arrows of the enemy, and exhausted as they were, attacked the men-at-arms under the immediate command of the Prince of Wales, known in history as the "Black Prince." They were speedily repulsed, and the whole front line, which had advanced in the most unmilitary and disorderly style, was thrown back upon the rear, producing inextricable confusion, in the midst of which a terrible slaughter was inflicted upon them, two kings, eleven princes, eighty knights-banneret, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty-five thousand rank and file, having been stretched upon that bloody field, never to rise again.

It is apparent that this battle, so far from being a struggle for victory between men of equal appointments, was a mere massacre, for the English only lost a few hundred men. The bad equipments of the French, their total want of discipline, the ignorance, presumption and hasty folly of their leaders must have rendered them an easy prey to half the number of well-disciplined troops, English or any thing else. There is no necessity to call to aid any fancied superiority of race, to account for the catastrophe. It was as inevitable as was the defeat of our forces at Bladensburg.

The battle of Poitiers, which occurred five or six years after, was in every respect a much more remarkable affair. The French were there, to their enemy, in the proportion of seven or eight to one, and the proportion of men-at-arms was much greater than in the battle of Crecy. Yet the same disorder, the same want of consideration, the same absence even of common prudence is observable in both. The Black Prince had posted his little army in a position so strong, that it resembled a fortress. It was at the option of King John to have blockaded him until he surrendered at discretion, or to have attacked him at once. Prudence recommended the first; mortified pride, the worst of all counsellors, determined him to adopt the latter alternative. The English army was amply supplied with archers, that species of force to which so many of their victories were due, and the Prince placed these behind hedges in a position entirely unassailable by cavalry. But perhaps the best idea of his position may be formed from the account rendered to the French King, by Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont who had reconnoitred it. "Sir, we have seen the ene-

my. By our guess they amount to two thousand men-at-arms, four thousand archers, and two thousand other men; which troops appear to us to form but one division. They are strongly posted, wisely ordered, and their position is well-nigh inaccessible. If you would attack them, there is but one passage, where four horsemen may ride abreast, which leads to the centre of their line. The hedges which flank this access are lined with archers, and the English main body itself consists of dismounted men-at-arms, before whom a large body of archers are arranged in the form of a *hurse* or harrow. By this difficult passage alone, you can approach the English position. Think, therefore, what is to be done."

This is the description of a position utterly impregnable, except to artillery, of which there was none in either army. The Prince afterwards sent a body of men-at-arms around the hill to lie in wait and attack the rear and flank when it was engaged. The French King, deeming the position unassailable on horseback, for, as we have seen, not more than four could ride abreast, dismounted all of his men-at-arms but three hundred, and made them cut their lances to the length of four or five feet to act as infantry. The three hundred were ordered to enter the pass and clear away the archers. They had no sooner done so, than a volley of arrows from the hedges, not only slew half the men, but rendered the horses perfectly unmanageable. A large body of dismounted men-at-arms sent up to assist them, were routed by the arrows with prodigious slaughter, and falling back on the second line, threw it into confusion. At that moment it was attacked by the men in ambush, and the whole, falling back on the infantry, a disastrous route ensued. It is remarkable that in this battle, the French were assisted by a number of Scotch men-at-arms, over whom Bannockburn forbids England to claim any superiority, equal to the whole of that species of force in the English army. The loss of Prince Edward was very trifling.

These scenes were repeated sixty-five years afterwards by King Henry V., who with fifteen thousand men defeated nearly 100,000 at the battle of Agincourt. It is sufficient for the reader to know, that ten thousand gentlemen were killed and probably double that number of boors—that the English King made ten thousand prisoners—and that he lost only forty men, to enable him to see what sort of a fight this was and what sort of troops the vanquished must have been. It was in fact like Crecy and Poitiers, no fight at all, but a massacre by disciplined soldiers, of half-armed and half-naked boors. We recollect, some years since, in an English periodical, to have read an article upon American affairs, in which the author, speaking incidentally of the battle of New Orleans, said, that the small comparative loss of the Americans in that affair proved too much. It showed but too

plainly that the affair was a massacre rather than a battle. In that case 3,000 raw militia, with the advantage of strong works, beat so absolutely 12,000 Peninsular veterans, that they made them absolutely run off the field—not retreat in good order, nor even in a disorderly manner—but literally *run*. Now, if the small loss of the Americans proves too much, what does the insignificant loss of the English in these engagements prove? Why that they were contending with a rabble, or that they were so posted as to defy attack.

There was one battle, however, in the days of chivalry, only forty years before that of Crecy, equally remarkable with it, in which the defeated party could not claim the apology of being undisciplined and badly armed. We allude to Bannockburn, where the veteran army of Edward I. led on by his son and successor, the second of that name, and amounting to more than 100,000 men, was routed as signally by Robert Bruce at the head of 30,000 Scotchmen, as Philip, John, or Charles were, by Edward, the Black Prince, and Henry. Does any Englishman mean to say that the Scotch as a race are as far superior to the English, as the English are to the French? With great complacency the Englishman accounts for his defeat by saying, that Edward I. was no longer alive—that his successor was effeminate and unwarlike—and that the chances were unequal, Bruce being one of the most experienced warriors in the world. If such excuse be available, we would ask, when did England ever see such warlike monarchs as Edward III. and Henry V.?

Our theory with regard to the prowess of nations is far different from that implied in the question of Anglo-Americanus. We believe that all the nations of Europe—those at least who have not degenerated—are so nearly on an equality in this particular, that in a contest between equal forces of any two of them, (equal in every particular we mean,) in nine cases out of ten the genius of the commander is sufficient to turn the scale. The French under Turenne habitually defeated the Austrians; the Austrians under Eugene inflicted a severe defeat on the French. The Prussians under the great Frederick routed the French at Rossbach; on the very same ground fifty years afterwards, the French under Napoleon annihilated the Prussian army. The Englishman we consider equal to any soldier in the world; we see no reason to believe him any better. And these considerations lead us to the last battle for the event of which we are required to account; that namely of Blenheim.

We should feel prouder, were we English, of this achievement, and of the great man who performed it, than of all the victories gained by the semi-barbarous kings who made the earth a scene of havoc during the middle ages. Brought about by a series of splendid manœuvres, fought by forces between whom the disparity was so slight as

not to be perceptible except by a narrow scrutiny of the muster-rolls—fought, not by veterans against boors, but by trained men against those who were equally well disciplined with themselves—owing nothing to superiority of arms—it forms one of the most splendid chapters in English history. Here was no slaughter of a mere rabble. It was a fight between two of the bravest armies in the world. The loss of the British and German armies, (10,000 out of 55,000,) shows the stern nature of the work they had to do, and it shows too that they were men fit for such a task. But it was the genius of Marlborough which struck the balance. And that genius would have won the victory, had he and his men been French, and Tallard and Marsin English. How could Tallard and Marsin contend against Marlborough and Eugene? When did mediocrity ever oppose genius of the highest order with success? And what justice is there in drawing an argument in favor of British native superiority from the battle of Blenheim, when Tallard was opposed to Marlborough? As just, would it be, to draw an inference in favor of the superior nature of the Carthaginian over the Roman, from the result of the contest between Hannibal and Varro. Napoleon enumerates the campaigns of Marlborough and Eugene among the eighty-eight which he advises the student of military tactics to read with particular care.

It is observable that in all the battles of this great General, the loss on his side proves that he contended with men who were not his inferiors in physical courage or prowess. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, all exhibit a fearful list of killed and wounded. It is to his immortal honor, that with troops superior in no particular to those with whom he contended, his genius always enabled him to come off triumphant. Such is the true test of a great General. It places Hannibal above all those of antiquity; it places in the very highest niche of modern fame Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Marlborough, Eugene, Frederick, Napoleon and Wellington. To beat men where they are greatly inferior in numbers, or being equal, or even superior in this particular are yet badly armed, undisciplined, and have no commander worthy of the name, is an evidence of superiority neither on the part of the General nor his men. It is when all other things being equal, the superior intellect of the General strikes the beam that the great commander appears.

The historian Hume in accounting for the frequent advantages obtained by England over France, attributes it in a very great degree to her insular and inaccessible situation, which enables her to watch her opportunity, and land when she can be least resisted. This was eminently the fact during the wars of the French revolution. For eighteen years England did nothing more than commit legalized piracy, and seize and plunder sugar islands.

But as soon as the French affairs became involved in Spain, and Austria declared war against Napoleon, she struck in. When she came into the contest, France, from the immense force she had been obliged to keep up, was already exhausted. She had lost, since the commencement of the wars, more than a million of men. She had already anticipated the conscription of several years. The consequence was that the French army was not what it had been. France was under the necessity of keeping up a dozen large armies, and it followed, as a matter of course, that where their ranks, thinned by the sword, came to be supplied by the conscription, the materials were of a quality far inferior to what they would have been, had she been obliged to keep only one army, which she might supply at leisure, and without the necessity induced by a rapid drain from the very choice of the land. England was precisely in the latter condition. She had but one army, which acted on the continent, that of Spain. It was composed of the very pick of the nation. Had she been on the continent, struggling for existence for eighteen years as France had been, and compelled from circumstances to compose new armies out of such material as her necessities admitted, would her soldiers always have borne the same character with those commanded by Wellington in Spain? The thing would have been a literal impossibility. The manner in which the French army under all circumstances kept up its character is a subject of special wonder to Col. Napier, a military writer of great authority we believe with all men of the sword, who study their profession as a science. If the reader is desirous to see to what point the French army had been brought by the drains made upon it even as early as 1808, let him read that officer's description of the army under Junot which took Lisbon. He says they were, for the most part, boys, many of them badly grown, and all of them staggering beneath the weight of their heavy muskets and the fatigue of a long march. They were in fact conscripts fresh from home, few of them ever having seen a shot fired before this campaign, and it was the opinion of that sagacious writer, that if they had been attacked on entering Lisbon by a few resolute men, they must have perished. If an English army, selected as was that of Wellington, had attacked and beaten such a force as this, surely an inference in favor of British superiority from the fact would not have been fair.

A conspicuous feature in the history of all English military transactions, is the want of generosity in not acknowledging the assistance of allies, by which in many instances they have been enabled to gain their most famous victories. Louisburg was captured by a force almost entirely composed of American colonists; yet except for a speech of Lord Chatham, we never should have learned as

much from any Englishman. The remnant of Braddock's defeated army was saved from utter destruction by the Virginians under Col. Washington; yet it is remarkable that Smollet, who lived at the time, attributes their extrication alone to the valor of the British troops. Not even the tribute of an acknowledgment of the most trifling assistance is paid to the great Virginian, or his gallant brethren in arms. Col. Grant, when defeated and reduced to despair was saved, from utter annihilation by the gallantry of two Virginia officers and their men—Colonels Lewis and Bullitt; no English historian of the day alludes to the fact, and so far was Grant himself from acknowledging the obligation, that he denounced the whole people of America, in the House of Commons, as a pack of degenerate cowards. Even Col. Napier, the most impartial of all English historians, labors throughout his great work to prove that the Portuguese and Spaniards were of no assistance to the English in the campaigns of the peninsula, though they neutralized 250,000 men, all of whom might otherwise have been brought to bear upon the English General. The victory of Waterloo is ascribed entirely to English valor, though there were only 28,000 men engaged who spoke the English language, and though their allies numbered more than ninety thousand, and lost as many men in proportion to their numbers and the time they were engaged; a positive proof that they fought equally as well.

From these facts it may be inferred, that the accounts of English historians are always to be received with suspicion. Our own history is amply sufficient to convict them of the grossest exaggeration, in every case where the national vanity is concerned. After the battle of Monmouth, in the revolution, they state that the British army retired in good order after the moon had risen. The Almanac shows, that on the night in question there was no moon. The desperate encounter between Paul Jones in an *Old Indiaman*, which he had fitted up with 40, 12 and 18 pounders, most of which burst on the first fire, with a new British frigate mounting forty-eight guns, 18 and 24 pounders, in the course of which he was repeatedly fired into by the American frigate *Alliance*, has been, and is to this day, represented by British writers as a capture of a British frigate by two Americans of equal force. We all know the misrepresentations of the last war, both with regard to our land and naval actions. Commodore Perry, says that miracle of truth, James' Naval History, attacked the British fleet of six vessels with nine of his. He forgot to say that the six British ships carried more guns, and that those guns were far heavier than the American. The *Endymion* took the President, according to the same veracious authority; while every American officer present in the fight knows, that the *Endymion* stuck to the President—that she was afterwards captured by a whole squadron—and that on

arriving at Bermuda, the crews of the other English vessels contended, that they should be allowed prize-money, for both vessels. The conduct of Lieut. Chadds, of the *Java*, who threw his quarter book into the sea, and in his report actually made the force of his ship less than it was found to be after she had surrendered to the Constitution, is still fresh in the memory of all naval men. Nor is it in the war with us alone, that the spirit of gasconade has been allowed to overleap the merits of the case. The great battle of Trafalgar, was a contest between veteran sailors, and a crew, one-third of whom were soldiers and had never been to sea before, and another third Spaniards, who have so degenerated, as sailors, since the days of Columbus, that any officer in our navy would be broken for hesitating to attack their largest frigates in a sloop-of-war. Four years after, these Spaniards became allies of England, and the very same nation, pronounced to be at Trafalgar miracles of valor and of conduct, are set down by these historians as an incumbrance rather than a help. Unless it could be proved that the Spanish sailor is more effective than the Spanish soldier, such reasoning is evidently unfair, and that he is so, no man we presume, will undertake to assert. Take either horn of the dilemma, and the character of an English national favorite is involved. If the Spaniard is so effective as the admirers of Nelson would represent him, then Wellington's Peninsular glory is shorn of half its beams; if he is the weak, cowardly creature, painted by Col. Napier, and other English writers on Peninsular affairs, then the victory of Trafalgar was, altogether, but a very common affair.

In this country, we have been in the habit of receiving English accounts of their transactions and none other, and in spite of our independence, the press of London has preserved over our minds an empire, George III. and all his legions failed to establish over our persons. We know not the French accounts of the military transactions which precede the French Revolution. We have taken our notions of them from the narrative of English historians, who instead, have taken little trouble to examine the accounts of their neighbors across the channel. Perhaps the same distortion, perversion and suppression of facts may be found in these, that are known to exist in their relation of all events connected with the history of this country.

That Great Britain preserved her liberty while all the States of the continent lost theirs, is most true; and this forms the brightest view of her whole history. How much of this is owing to her insular situation, rather than to any superiority of race, and whether she could have succeeded to the same extent, had she been as accessible to the influences which wrought such baneful effects on the continent, as were France and Germany, we shall not stop to enquire. It is enough for us, that free-

dom was preserved, and that it has been transmitted unimpaired to us, her lineal descendents. There is enough for a Briton and his descendants to be proud of, in her history, without arrogating any superiority of race. Her language, her literature, her spirit of toleration, her enlightened views of commerce, her glorious colonies, her mighty men, these are themes on which a Briton might dwell forever with delight. It may well be a subject of pride to him, that his infant tongue is taught to lisp that language, which philosophy and poetry, in the persons of Bacon and Newton, Shakspeare and Milton, have selected to instruct and delight mankind. To him it must be a subject of just pride that his eyes first opened upon the same skies, which had beheld the glory of Hampden and of Sydney, of Elliot and Pym, of Chatham and of Fox. And while he justly congratulates himself upon these things, let him recollect, that the peculiar position of his Island, preserving her from contact with the corrupting influences which have worked so fatally on the continent, kept alive the flame of liberty, the only light in which the lofty qualities of his great countrymen could be exhibited to advantage, while others, whose natures were by no means inferior, but to whom fate was less propitious, have sunk beneath their pestilential breath.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY W. C. RICHARDSON OF ALABAMA.

Our life is like a fitful dream,
That passes, as the passing stream;
Or like the colors of the sky,
That fade and vanish suddenly;
Or like the crystal bells that swim,
Upon the breaker's foamy brim:
Or like the hues, that deck the flower,
But perish with the morning hour.
Creeping—creeping—creeping fast—
Wrinkled age creeps on at last!
All that's beautiful and gay—
All that's bright must pass away—
Not an angel's arm can save
The wreck of Beauty in the grave!
But when this brain is stilled and cold
No thought can stir the senseless mould,
No love can pain the aching side,
No fame excite the pulse of pride,
No passion fan the fires again,
That once consumed the glowing brain;
But there in glorious state we lie,
In "cold Obstruction's apathy,"
While sun, and moon, and stars go by
In silence, as if they did know
The dead of earth reposed below,

And they were charged to watch and weep
The dews of Heaven above our sleep!
And wars may rack this jarring sphere,
And armies gather far and near,
And stormy drums may loudly beat,
And crushing squadrons form and meet,
And the thunder's wrack and the earthquake's
shock
The ribbed and solid earth may rock;
But the angry sky, or the trumpet's clang,
How loud so'er they ever rang,
Are lost on the cold, dull ear beneath,
So sweet and sound is the sleep of death!

THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We deem the proceedings of this body, under its new and enlarged organization, of so much interest to the general reader, and particularly to every Virginian, that we gladly insert the following account of their late Annual Meeting. The very finished and elegant address of Mr. Rives, on taking the chair, as President of the Society, so much in character with his well-known style, has been published already in two of the daily papers of our city, but this does not at all preclude our own publication of it, as a paper that will well repay perusal.—[Ed. Mess.

The first Annual Meeting of the Virginia Historical Society, under its new organization, was held in the Hall of the House of Delegates in the Capitol, on Thursday evening, the 16th of December, 1847.

The President of the Society, the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, of Albemarle County, took the chair and delivered the following Address:

"Gentlemen of the Historical Society:

The spirit which has summoned this society again into activity, after a slumber of several years, is to be regarded, I trust, as one of the omens, and not the least significant, of a better day about to dawn upon our ancient commonwealth. Too long have we followed after strange Gods, and turned our backs upon those of our own household. The false glare of *national* honors has been wont to dazzle the eyes of Virginians, and make them forget the duty and service they owe, primarily, to their own State. At last a happy change has arisen, and we see them returning, with gifts and offerings, to their paternal altars.

From this Hall—devised and matured by the enlightened Legislative councils of State we have seen, within the present year, a generous system of State improvements go forth, answering to the demands of the age, and the wants of our people, and destined, we may confidently hope, to exert a powerful influence upon the future fortunes of the Commonwealth. A general attention has been awakened every where, to the intellectual wants of the State;

and the wisdom of its intelligent citizens and of its Representatives has been conjointly employed, and and will, doubtless, continue to be employed, in perfecting a system of public instruction which, with the liberality of its provisions, shall combine a just and practical adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of our situation, in regard to territory and population.

At such a moment of awakened State patriotism, and in concurrence with these noble objects of State concern, it is not to be wondered at that a reviving interest should have been manifested in our State History. To every people, its history—the stirring records of the deeds and trials of its ancestors,—is among the most precious of its possessions; and ours, I trust, is not less fertile in attractions and just motives to cherish and cultivate it, than that of other States. The State which was the first settled of our free Anglo-American confederacy—which in the very infancy of its colonial existence, endowed itself by its own instinctive sagacity and vigor with free Representative Institutions, and thus gave the example to the other colonies, of the only practical security for civil and political freedom—which, by the voice of its little assembly, in the primeval forests of America, enacted from time to time the great canon of British liberty, (immunity from taxes not imposed by the people themselves or their representatives,) in advance of its final establishment by the patriots of the mother country in their memorable struggle with the first Charles*—which founding itself upon this traditional birthright of English and American freemen, thus early proclaimed by its infant voice, was afterwards in maturer age the first to announce a determined resistance to the unconstitutional taxation of the British parliament—which, after sharing so largely in the labors, perils and glorious achievements of the contest for Independence, took an acknowledged and unquestionable lead in the foundation and establishment of our present happy Federal Constitution and Union—a State, whose history is illustrated by such bright and honorable traits and recollections as these, ought surely to feel some degree of interest and pride in her annals.

I do not refer to these things, gentlemen, in the indulgence of a vain-glorious spirit, or to minister to any unworthy feeling of self-complacency. Far otherwise. We have been too prone to repose upon the laurels of our ancestors, and to rely on

their fame as dispensing us from the necessity of winning a character for ourselves in the world by our own meritorious deeds and exertions. But the very renown of our forefathers serves only to reproach us with our degeneracy, if we do not show ourselves their worthy descendants by the practice of their virtues and the imitation of their noble examples. It is, then, to draw from them a lesson of useful admonition, a new and powerful incentive to vigorous action in our “day and generation,” that I would recur, daily and nightly, to the inspiring records of our past history.

In recalling what Virginia was, we can best form to ourselves a correct idea of what Virginia ought still to be, and the true measure of our own duties as present actors on the stage. We cannot but be painfully sensible of the fact that she no longer holds the proud precedency, not in numbers merely, but in consideration and influence, which she once possessed among the confederated States of the Union. Why is this so? Are not her extraordinary physical advantages the same? Is she not the same “delightful land” so poetically and rapturously described by Capt. Smith, when entering the bosom of the noble Chesapeake with the first colonists from England? “Within the capes,” said he, “is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places known: Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man’s habitation, were it fully cultivated and inhabited by industrious people. Here are mountains, hills, plains, valleys, rivers and brooks, all running most pleasantly into a fair Bay, compassed, except at its mouth, with fruitful and delightful land.” Such is the picture drawn by one, who had explored the four quarters of the globe, of the rich and beautiful heritage that nature has given us.

Are not our people the same? Are not the Virginians of the present day of the same generous race with those who laid the foundations of our History, in whom the various elements of Anglo-Saxon power and character were so mixed and blended as to give assurance to the world of *men*—a race composed of alternate emigrations from the two great opposing parties, whose giant struggles then convulsed the mother country—a race in whose veins flowed the mingled blood of Cavaliers and Republicans, tempering the zeal of liberty with the love of order, and the virtues of the patriot with the sentiments of the gentleman and the Christian. There is nothing of great achievement, in peace or in war, of which such a race is not capable, when its energies are properly impelled and directed. That the Virginians of the present day have not lost the high capabilities of their race when stirring occasions are presented to call them forth, we might, with excusable pride, point to recent events which have astonished the world by the magnitude of the results, contrasted with the smallness of the means employed in their

* Among the acts of the Assembly which sat at Jamestown in March 1624, 21st James I. (the earliest of which any record is now extant) is one declaring, “the Governor shall not lay any taxes or impositions upon the colony, their lands or commodities, otherwise than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and employed as the said Assembly shall appoint.” The same principle, in the same words, was thrice re-enacted by the Colonial Assembly in the subsequent reign of Charles I—to wit, in 1631, 1632, and 1642-3.—See Hening’s Statutes at Large.

achievement, and in which Virginians have borne so conspicuous a part, to bear witness: Why, then, has Virginia "fallen from her high estate?" It can only be because the faculties of her sons have not been strenuously exerted in *her* service and for *her* advancement. They have been unwisely devoted to other objects, or rusting in unprofitable inaction.

With the high qualities of the Virginian race, it has been generally observed of them that they are somewhat prone to self-indulgence, and not apt to persevere in what they undertake. To make a proper use of the study of our history, we must seek to derive from it a knowledge of our faults, as well as of our excellencies. The great genius of England, in a fragment he left behind him of the early history of his country, tells us most truly and pithily, "if it be a high point of wisdom in every private man, much more is it in a nation, to know itself; rather than puffed up with vulgar flatteries and encomiums, for want of self-knowledge, to enterprise rashly and come off miserably in great undertakings."* In tracing our history through successive ages, we shall, perhaps, find reason to conclude that the very bounties of nature with which Providence has surrounded us in a fruitful soil and climate and rivers teeming with abundance, by lessening the motives to industrious occupations, have insensibly formed us to habits of too much ease. The circumstances of our sister States of New England are, in this respect, strikingly different; and we see there a victorious and creative energy, nurtured in a constant conflict with the difficulties of nature, which has carried them far ahead of us in the career of prosperity and improvement. If, then, we have been heretofore too much disposed to content ourselves with the indolent enjoyment of what nature has done for us, it is now time that we should do something for ourselves. The spirit of the age summons us to progress; and our own self-respect, with the proud annals of our State unrolled before our eyes, can never permit us to take willingly the rear of our contemporaries.

In invoking a noble State ambition on behalf of our ancient Commonwealth, I am far from wishing to encourage any feeling of an anti-national character, which could cause us to regard, with either indifference or alienation, the common concerns of our glorious confederacy. Virginia must ever feel the deepest interest in the prosperity and preservation of that Union, which is, in a great measure, the work of her own hands, and for which, we may certainly say without boast or exaggeration, no other State has made, or had it in its power to make, such large and munificent sacrifices. It is for the sake of the Union, as well as for her own sake, that I would wish now to see her arouse her faculties in the vigorous prosecution of State interests, and in the development of all her domestic

resources, whether of mind or matter. Let her, by a wise and well-considered system of public policy, in which the means shall be proportioned to the end and the end to the means, push her railroads, her schools, her work-shops, her factories, public-spirited improvements of every kind, into the various quarters of the Commonwealth, and we shall soon see her raise her head again amid her sister States, and speak and act with her ancient influence in their common councils. The more strength and power she acquires at home, the more, undoubtedly, will she exert abroad. Every sentiment of patriotism, then, national as well as State, calls upon the loyalty of Virginians to devote their best energies, the first-fruits of their talents and their industry, to the service and ornament of their native Commonwealth.

I am not one of those, if such there be, who would indulge the apprehension that a fervent and devoted attachment to the particular State of our birth or adoption could lessen, in any degree, the sentiment of duty and affection we owe to our whole country. On the contrary, by a law of our moral nature, all our public affections take their origin in the small, but magic circle, which defines our home, and thence spread, by successive expansions, 'till they embrace and repose upon our country. The more intensely they glow at the centre, the warmer will their radiations be felt upon the circumference. The more we love our State, the more we shall love the Union of which it forms a constituent and honored part. While, therefore, we reverentially subscribe to the sentiment of the Father of his Country, that "the name of *American*, which belongs to us in our national capacity, must ever exalt the just pride of patriotism,"* let us endeavor so to be *Americans* as not to forget that we are also *Virginians*. In a system like ours, where the individuality and sovereignty of the States form the pillars upon which the massive edifice of national power and greatness reposes, the principle of State patriotism must ever be cherished as a primary element of general strength, and a potent incentive, (the most potent, perhaps,) to an emulous and onward career of progressive improvement.

If, then, the tendency of this Society, gentlemen, shall be, by the study and exhibition of our State history, to awaken a stronger feeling of State patriotism among us and to call it into vigorous action for the restoration of the State to her former elevated position, by such improvements of every kind as the spirit of the age demands, it cannot fail to commend itself to the sympathy, countenance and co-operation of all true lovers of their State and country. Nor is its instrumentality for this end confined to retrospections of the past, however animating and instructive. The contemporary history of our own times, in all that can influence national progress, or permanently affect the

* Milton, in his History of England.

* Farewell Address.

destinies of society, will necessarily challenge a careful and attentive consideration. Investigations of the diversified national resources of the State, modern improvements in the arts and the applications of science to the practical pursuits of life, educational reforms, ameliorations in the social economy, every thing, in short, which an active and inquisitive spirit, stimulated by patriotism and enlightened by knowledge, can draw from the history of the past or the present to minister to the future advancement and renown of our State, falls within the legitimate scope of this society.

It was the dignity and importance of these objects, appealing so strongly to every Virginian heart, which made the venerable and illustrious Marshall lay aside, for the moment, his judicial robes, and descend with alacrity from the Bench of the Supreme Court, on which his wisdom and virtues have shed a never-fading lustre, to preside in the meetings of this Society. The same noble objects early commended it to the favor of the Legislature, which bestowed upon it a liberal act of incorporation; and if we shall now pursue them with the steadiness, zeal and united effort, which the just claims of the interests at stake so earnestly invoke, they will secure for the society, I doubt not, the according sympathy and encouragement of the whole State. In any event, gentlemen, "the bread which you shall cast upon the waters," will one day or other, you may be assured, return in accumulated benefits to our ancient Commonwealth, whom it is the duty and proud privilege of us all, in private or in public station, to serve to the best of our abilities."

The Executive Committee, through Conway Robinson, Esq., their Chairman, then submitted the following Report:

The Executive Committee have entered upon their duties under a full conviction that a diligent discharge of those duties is essential to secure the objects of the society.

"The people of this state have taken so little care of their manuscripts, that many of great interest, there is reason to believe, are no longer to be had. And of printed matter, there is much less in our public libraries, relating to the early history of the state, than is to be found in other states in the libraries of their colleges and of their historical societies. The greater care taken by others than by ourselves in collecting books and documents illustrating the history of this country, will be of essential aid to us, in the attempt, to make known the History of Virginia as perfectly as we can.

The plan of the Committee is to publish in chronological order, whatever matter relating to our history it may deem worthy of publication. In preparing the matter for the press, a careful examination will be made, not only of Smith, Beverley, Stith, Burke and other books, with which a Vir-

ginian is familiar, but of other works hitherto not accessible in this State. What is taken from each will be given in the language of the original author. It will be a leading object to prepare the matter with such fullness that in each volume, published by the society, may be found all that is of value in the period of our history embraced by it. While, at the same time, it will be attempted to make the volumes less repulsive to the general reader, than collections of historical societies usually are. The plan of preparing the matter in the order of time will conduce to this, and entitle the volumes to the name which will be given them, of "Annals of Virginia." Each member of the society paying his annual quota, or the commutation, will be furnished with the volumes as they are published. It is expected that a volume will appear during the spring or in the first part of summer, and another annually afterwards.

These volumes will by no means be confined to what is now in print. A good deal of matter in manuscript has already been obtained, and we hope to obtain much more. Our purpose is to preserve with care all that is collected, and make public such of it as may be found sufficiently interesting.

With these views the committee authorized the Secretary to issue a circular letter inviting persons to send to the society, books, pamphlets, or documents relating to the history of the State and to make any communications to it which they might think calculated to promote its objects.

Considering it desirable that the society should be possessed of all the authentic information which can be obtained in relation to those who have been distinguished in the annals of Virginia, whether the same may be in letters, documents or otherwise, the committee, at its last meeting, adopted resolutions requesting such information from certain individuals named in the resolutions, and asking from some of them, memoirs or sketches of their own times or of particular persons. The resolutions declare also, in the most general terms, that in relation to all who have been distinguished in the annals of Virginia, or connected with its history, whether particularly named in the resolutions or not, authentic information will be gladly received from any persons who may have it in their power to furnish it. From time to time as communications are received, containing such memoirs, sketches or other information, the same will be read first by the committee, and then before the society, to such extent as may be agreeable to it, and be thereupon filed away and preserved, so that, (in printing the collections of the society,) such publication thereof may be made as the committee may deem advisable.

When matter is obtained by the society, relating to events which have occurred, or persons who have lived within a time comparatively recent,

some years may elapse before it can appear, in its chronological order in the annual volumes. And yet it will be desirable to communicate at an earlier day to members of the society, and to others, any information in respect to such matter which can properly be given.

For this purpose, the committee contemplate making use of the "Virginia Historical Register," a quarterly journal proposed to be published by *William Maxwell, Esq.* Such a journal, if it be encouraged by the public and properly conducted, (as it is anticipated it will be,) will preserve information as to events happening about the period of its publication, as well as in relation to occurrences of past times and as to the last, will be an additional security against the danger of loss or injury to manuscripts before the matter of them can be inserted in the volumes of annals. A copy of the journal will be furnished without charge to each member of the society residing out of Richmond, who may have paid his annual quota, or the commutation.

This distinction in favor of members residing out of Richmond, is thought to be just, because of the greater benefit which those residing in this city will derive from the library.

The largest room in Mr. Minor's new Law Building has been obtained at an annual rent of \$150. It serves for the committee to meet in and for meetings of the Society, called between the annual meetings, as well as for the Secretary's office and the library and cabinet. Some rare works have been obtained during the past year, partly by purchase, and partly by donations. And we shall endeavor to make the library a place to which a member of the Society may take pleasure in going, or in carrying a stranger.

Our progress in adding to the collection of books, must of course depend on the progress which may be made in obtaining contributions from members and other donations. To place the Society upon sure ground, we have thought it important to have a permanent fund, the interest on which may always be counted upon in aid of the admission fees and yearly dues of members, to pay the current annual expenses. The Treasurer has, therefore, been directed to invest from time to time, in certificates of debt of the State of Virginia bearing interest, all the commutation fees which may be paid by life members and all sums of money which may be given to the Society. These certificates are directed to be taken in the corporate name of the Society, and will constitute its permanent fund. After giving this donation, the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Maxwell, was appointed general agent of the Society until this meeting, and as such was directed to take measures to establish the permanent fund, increase the yearly income, and extend the operations and influence of the Society. To this end he was authorised to visit such parts of the

State as he might deem advisable to obtain donations to the Society and the coöperation of persons fit and proper to be elected members.

The proceedings of Mr. Maxwell under the authority so given him, have conduced greatly to the welfare of the Society and have met the cordial approbation of the committee. The persons whom he has seen, and at their instance proposed to the committee as resident members, have been all of them gentlemen whom the committee took pleasure in recommending; and the society has, by ballot, unanimously elected all brought before it.

Of the resident members, twelve have paid each fifty dollars as a commutation for all the regular fees and dues for life, amounting for the twelve to \$600, of which \$300 has been, and the rest will soon be, invested as part of the permanent fund. The example of becoming life members, it is believed, will shortly be followed by others; and the permanent fund will of course be enlarged in the same proportion.

Without the benefit yet of interest from this fund, there has nevertheless been received during the past year, from the admission fees and yearly dues of the other resident members, a sum sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Society.

We think the annual income may be expected regularly to increase and we hope from this income and by means of donations of books, to be constantly adding to the extent and value of the library, until it shall become not only an agreeable place to be visited by members of the Society, but a repository of ample materials for the investigators of history, and a just source of pride to every citizen of the State."

The Secretary of the Society, William Maxwell, Esq., then submitted a few remarks, giving further information concerning the Collections of the Society, in the course of which he presented a list of donations to the Society of books and manuscripts. Among the latter were a volume of autograph letters of General William Phillips of the British Army, written while a prisoner of war in the Revolution, the gift of Charles Campbell, Esq., of Petersburg, Va., and a Patent of Land, bearing date the 17th of August 1669, with the autographs of Governor Sir William Berkeley and Colonel Philip Ludwell, the gift of another member of the Society.

Wm. M. Burwell, Esq., of Bedford County, then offered resolutions thanking the President for "his eloquent and instructive Address," and the committee for "their zealous and efficient attention to the interests of the Society" during the past year, and directing that the Address, Report, and other Proceedings of the Meeting should be published; which were unanimously adopted.

The Society then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, when the following gentlemen were elected:

Hon. Wm. C. Rives, President.

Hon. Jas. McDowell, Wm. H. Macfarland, and
Jas. E. Heath, Vice Presidents.

Wm. Maxwell, Corresponding Secretary ; (also,
Recording Secretary and Librarian.)

George N. Johnson, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Conway Robinson,
Chairman; Socrates Maupin, Gustavus A. Myers,
Thomas T. Giles, Wm. B. Chittenden, Thos. H.
Ellis, and Chas. Carter Lee.

(The officers of the Society are, *ex officio*, mem-
bers of the Executive Committee.)

The Society then adjourned.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DAY AMONG BOOKMEN AND BIBLIOPOLDS.

"My library
Was dukedom large enough."—*Tempest*.

Within the experience of a twelve-month we do not re-
collect a day, which better deserves to be marked with a
white-stone, than one we spent in the month of November
among the bookmen of New York City. There is to us,
in a well arranged and orderly book-store, an attraction,
which we make no effort to resist. Our first impulse, on
reaching a large town, is to seek its best publisher, to find
out its Paternoster Row, and having established our liter-
ary localities with one visit, we do not allow a long in-
terval to elapse before paying them another. We love to
run our eye along shelves groaning under the weight of
handsome volumes,—to look down long vistas of vellum
and calf and turkey-morocco,—to pass in review before
the imposing array of authors, who have written "books,
which *are* books." We shall be told probably, that this
feeling is a discreditable weakness. Be it so, human na-
ture is weak, and we confess a passion for the curious and
the odd in books, akin to the *penchant* of a dowager for
poodle-dogs or the fondness of an ancient maiden-lady for
buhl furniture.

We trust, however, that it will not be set down as the un-
worthy conceit of a literary dandyism, when we broach the
novel doctrine that there is a physiognomy in books as in
men, and that as the disciple of Lavater forms his opin-
ion of the temper and character of his fellow-beings from
their features, so there are certain outward indicia, which
lie upon the surface of books, by which their contents may
fairly be judged. In both cases, we admit, appearances are
often fallacious, and as we sometimes meet in society a
chevalier d'industrie, who conceals beneath an elegant and
fascinating exterior a lurking fondness for his neighbor's
silver, so in the library or the bookstore you may not unfre-
quently find a literary sharper in costly raiment, making
pretension to a position it can never sustain. Against such,
Charles Lamb used to direct his ridicule. "I confess,"
says Elia, "that it moves my spleen to see those *things in*
book's clothing perched upon shelves like false saints, usurp-
ers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting
out the legitimate occupants." But the exceptions serve
only to establish the rule and we repeat that among a col-
lection of *original Editions*, the typography, the vignettes,
the binding and the *je ne sçais quoi* of each volume suffi-

ciently indicate its merit and character. As for certain
(cheap?) reprints of good old works in bad type and boards
or the parvenu in gilded livery, we leave them out of view
altogether. The lounge in libraries will recognize in the
rude black-letter of the early days of printing a *fitting* gar-
ment for a literature as yet unpolished and uncouth. In
the stout back and clear, bold type of an old copy of Mil-
ton or Shakspeare, he will see an appropriate dress for the
great work itself. There is a high moral tone in the ap-
pearance of Bunyan, with his odd embellishments, and the
quaint device of Democritus, Jr., which prefaces the Anat-
omy of Melancholy, conveys an idea of the quiet humor of
Robert Burton. In the old poets of England, we have

"Ode and elegy and sonnet,
Tricked in antique ruff and bonnet,"

and coming down to a later period, we may find the best
printed volumes of the Spectator to harmonize well with
the homely beauty of Addison.

It is partly from this notion that we have learned to look
with a sort of veneration upon old volumes, regarding them,
in some degree, as the physical representatives of their de-
parted authors. We could spend months in paying our
deferential regards to the folio inhabitants of the Bodleian
and we could have wished to ramble with Dibdin through
lofty cabinets, where the lore and poesy of early ages are
enshrined, and storied windows shed a "dim religious light"
on manuscripts and missals, whose writers have long since
mouldered in the dust.

Mais voilà une episode! We have been running off to
the Continent, when we should have simply strolled down
Broadway. We have digressed from our original design,
we fear, into an affected essay on Bibliography. We ask
pardon. We have to do with new books, not old ones, and
with your permission we will now speak of the inviting
shelves and tempting volumes of D. APPLETON & Co. The
store of this well known firm, which is situated in the most
crowded section of the great thoroughfare, is not re-
markable for a showy exterior, nor does it exhibit any thing
to catch the eye, through huge panes of French plate glass;
and yet there is no shop between the Battery and Grace
Church, in which we so delight to idle away an hour. We
never pass it without a disposition to go in and indulge the
luxury of *seeing*. The attendants too are so civil and obli-
ging, that one feels, as one of them hands him a book to
look over, that he has met a true friend. And now, what
book is this of royal octavo, 12 volumes, in the imposing
habiliments of "*calf gilt*?" We will not ask the price, until
we have feasted our eyes upon all its beauties, for
"\$125" may cause us to return it to the shelf unopened.
It is Waverley, the Abbotsford Edition complete. What ex-
quisite embellishment! Here is Cromwell in his ruff, as
described in Woodstock and Queen Bess and Leicester and
James I., and here we see the varied features of the Eng-
lish landscape, Warwick Castle by moonlight and "fair
Melrose" and the vale of Gala Water, all in the most deli-
cious steel engravings. But we cannot linger upon this
splendid work. It would be impossible to speak in this
place of all its gems, and here is another that tempts us to
purchase. Ah! what a quaint title. "The Poets Plea-
saunce or Garden of all sorts of Pleasant Flowers, which
our pleasant poets have in past time for Pastime planted—
by Eden Warwick." A parterre where daisies and violets
bloom, in the genial atmosphere of English rhyming. Each
floweret is represented in ornamental designs of the most
beautiful description and illustrated by choice extracts from
all the bards from Chaucer to the present time. Our au-
thor scatters his blossoms with the grace of sorrowing
Ophelia, "There's rosemary for you, that's for remem-
brance, and there's pansies, that's for thoughts."

Shall we look over the Annuals or Gift books? Here is

the Keepsake with sweet Jenny Lind looking out of the frontispiece and Heath's Book of Beauty full of queenly faces. But some of the most attractive among the "pretties" of the season are the publications of the Appletons themselves. We may mention the elegant Edition of Halleck, the uniform copies of Byron and Moore, the Booke of Christmas Carols and the unique illuminated volume of the Parables of our Lord. We could write much more of what we saw in this tasteful and extensive establishment,—of the courtesy and intelligence of the proprietors,—of seeing their English budget opened on the arrival of the steamer, and so on, but we must leave them and step across the street to the house of WILEY & PUTNAM.

We will not attempt to describe the magnificent folios of engravings—birds, flowers, landscapes and portraits—to be seen upon the tables of Wiley & Putnam. Nor do we design to speak of those works, (such as the superb work on the antiquities of Rome in ten vols.,) which are, (in price,) so far above the reach of our limited faculties, that we can only look at and admire them. But there are some of comparative cheapness, which may be noticed. And first among them is the Etching Club edition of Gray's Elegy, containing a most charming series of designs, one for each verse of the most charming of poems. Then we find Hogarth's Works, engraved by himself, and Holbein's Court of Henry the Eighth, and the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; the latter, indeed, being rather expensive for general circulation. Among Wiley & Putnam's own publications are many delightful books gotten up in the most splendid style. The Heroines of Shakspeare is well known as a work, in the highest degree creditable to America, and we do not hesitate to pronounce the Pearls of American Poetry, with illuminated embellishments by Mapleson, the most gorgeous specimen of the bibliographic art, ever brought out in this country.

But there is another establishment which deserves honorable mention, as the first publishing house in America, we mean of course the great *Harperian* depot in Cliff Street. No one who has not visited HARPER & BROTHERS can form any idea of the immense capital invested in their business. Statistics would fail to convey any notion of it and might provoke, at the same time, a smile of incredulity. When we say that the paper alone of the Pictorial Bible cost \$72,000, we fear many of our readers may not believe us.*

* We submit a few figures, of which we were put in possession by F. Saunders, Esq., the obliging gentleman, whose difficult office it is to decide upon the publication of original works and to select foreign ones for reprint. There are 22 presses in the establishment, of which 3 are Napier presses and 19 worked by steam. They work off regularly 70 reams of paper per day, i. e. 33,600 sheets, making 201,600 sheets per week and 10,483,200 per year! This is equal to 1,000 octavo volumes of over 500 pages per day, 6,000 per week and 312,000 per year. The fixtures in the bindery are valued at \$13,000. Here are used annually 52 barrels of flour for paste, 42 barrels of glue, 1,000 packages of gold leaf, 60 tons of paste-board and 750 pieces of muslin of 40 square yards each. Then 14,400 sheep must be slain yearly to supply skins for covers. Beneath the buildings (for there are 5 tenements) are immense vaults, where the stereotype plates are deposited. These have been accumulating for 25 years, and now amount to 500,000 pounds weight, worth $7\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound. 800 pounds of metal are used weekly for casting—making 41,600 pounds per annum. In the composing rooms there are from 60,000 to 70,000 pounds of type. The amount paid to employees, about 400 in number, (one fourth of whom are females) is \$200,000 per annum.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have paid to authors very large sums of money. Stephens has received from them

Perhaps a better idea of the extent and variety of the Harper's publications and the wide range of their operations can be obtained from their new Pictorial Catalogue than from any other source. This is really a most agreeable and attractive volume and displays well-selected specimens of the style of wood-engraving now employed in their works. It has been printed for gratuitous distribution and we are sure will make the public better informed with regard to the book-trade. In turning over its pages we shall find cuts from the Illustrated Shakspeare, a work, the London edition of which cost \$50 dollars, but which they publish at \$18. The Pictorial History of England is another notable example of their beautiful typography and at the same time of the great reduction in price from the original London publication. This magnificent work which contains many thousand wood cuts, of the most finished description, cannot be obtained in London for less than £8 sterling and yet is republished by Harper & Brothers, an exact counterpart in every particular, for \$14. For this acceptable service to the American reader, surely the Harpers deserve very high praise. We will not refer to their exquisite reprints of the Etching Club editions of the English poets, Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper and Milton, for in descanting upon their beauties, we should protract our present article to a tedious length.

In wandering through the many apartments of this labyrinthine establishment, and especially when looking in at the office, from which the books are sent off, one cannot help thinking how great a responsibility rests upon the owners and proprietors. They wield the lever of Archimedes, which moves the world. Every where throughout America, on the wings of every wind, are their publications disseminated. Who shall estimate the influence thus exerted for good or for evil? The refined lady of the world of fashion languidly peruses the last new novel from Cliff Street, in the retirement of her *boudoir*, and you shall find it in the hands of the passenger in the down steamer on the great Mississippi. The lawyer and the divine, the client and the parishioner, the physician and patient alike bend over the pages of their volumes. In the silence of the backwoods, you may see the pioneer with a well-thumbed number of the Family Library, and the volunteer in the interior of Mexico, beguiles the interim of camp duty with the feats and fortunes of James' heroes. How important is it, in view of this powerful influence over the public mind, that the energies of the *Harperian* press should be directed to proper ends? How vitally momentous to the morals of a great continent that good books alone should be sent forth under the sanction of their approval! To the credit of the Harpers be it said, they have published comparatively little to demoralize and corrupt. We can recollect but one book, emanating from their press, of essentially bad character, the "Illustrated Wandering Jew," and we must regret that the public taste called for so expensive a garb for the vilest and most detestable of modern romances. Other houses led the way to this state of things and in their wholesale re-production of French literature, have brought upon our land an infection, worse than all the plagues of Egypt, and opened a source of mental debasement which brings painfully to our mind that repulsive image in the opening of the Seventh Seal, "And the third angel sounded and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountain of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." Let us hope that a sense of their dangerous and fatal agency may cause the publishers of the land to pause in their course and that a

about \$50,000 and Prescott about \$25,000. Dr. Anthon, too, has received a fortune from them for his works.

pure and vivifying literature may be made to flow in the current of this swollen and desolating tide.

THE LATE GEORGE H. COLTON.

But a few weeks have passed away since we were called upon, under circumstances alike monitory and affecting, to deplore the loss of a Southern votary of literature and now, the destroyer, in his terrible visitations, has sought out a kindred spirit beneath a northern sky. Both are deeply lamented. But the death of Colton fills us with peculiar sadness. Wilde fell a victim to a distressing epidemic, but he went down to the grave full of years and full of honors, having well-nigh attained the allotted period of human life, and after having filled a large space in his country's history. The gifted Colton was cut off in the first flush of manhood, when he had just given rich promise of future usefulness and distinction. The cherished hopes of friends and the just expectations of his native State have been thus suddenly extinguished in the grave. "Those who knew him best," says the friend who announces his decease, "believed that had his life been spared, he would have continued to *'deserve well of his country'*; and that he would not have failed to leave behind him some imperishable works of genius."

Mr. Colton was graduated at Yale College, in the class of 1842, where he first became known as a writer in the pages of the Yale Literary Magazine. Soon after obtaining his degree, he published his poem "Tecumseh," a thoughtful and imaginative production, which admitted him at once into the brotherhood of recognised authors. But it was as founder and Editor of the "American Review" that Mr. Colton will be longest and most gratefully remembered. This work was commenced in January, 1845, and after struggling through many difficulties and embarrassments was placed at last upon a permanent basis by the untiring zeal and enterprise of its founder, who was taken away as he was about to enter upon the full fruition of his labors. The first number of the Review is now before us. From that time to the present, it has borne a high character as an elevated literary periodical. Of its political character it becomes us not to speak. We neither approve or condemn, for the Messenger recognises no party distinctions and no political creeds. It is not too much to say, however, that for lofty flight, sound criticism, and nice discrimination, it would compare most favorably with the best of the English monthlies. For how much the reader of the Review was indebted to Mr. Colton for direct contributions to its pages, those who remember the finished poems over the signature of "Earlden" may best judge.

He is gone. Let us emulate the example he has set before us of patient labor and uncomplaining study, and let us take to heart the great truth so impressively enforced in his untimely death, that

"As the long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to his side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them."

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER.

This established favorite, we perceive, is now under the editorial charge of John M. Daniel, Esq. To those who know Mr. Daniel, it is quite unnecessary that we should say a word with regard to his fitness for the task he has assumed, but we take occasion here to express to all our sincere conviction that the Planter could not have fallen

into better hands. We have every confidence that he will invest the science of practical agriculture, as treated in his monthly, with peculiar interest, by throwing around it that charm, which so pleases us in the Georgics, and presenting useful information in an attractive guise.

We look for the best results in Virginia from Mr. Daniel's labors. Of late years, the increased attention paid to husbandry, as evinced in the formation of Agricultural Societies throughout the State, has created a demand for good books and papers in that branch of investigation. The absurd prejudice, too, against theories and scientific experiments in farming, at one time so prevalent, is fast yielding to a more enlightened spirit, and the wonderful discoveries in chemistry have been brought to bear upon practical tillage. In addition to this, much valuable knowledge is diffused among the people by public addresses. We remember an admirable address, delivered three or four years since by the Hon. W. C. Rives, before the Agricultural Society of Albemarle, which association has, within a few weeks, been favored with a similar effort from the Hon. Andrew Stevenson. Copious extracts from this latter address have been laid before the public in the daily newspapers.

As a most efficient auxiliary in the cause of agricultural improvement we commend the Planter, with its excellent Editor, to the generous support of the public.

Notices of New Works.

"And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?"

"Oh, lud! yes, sir,—the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves, is very small indeed."

[The Critic.

Perhaps there is no duty more important in a Literary Magazine than that of presenting impartial critical notices of new publications. The influence thus exerted in directing public taste imposes on the critic a sense of serious responsibility. The conviction that others will be affected by his opinion and that the sale of an author's book is, to a greater or less extent, in his hands, is well calculated to impress him with the difficulties of his situation. If he boldly applies the lash to a work, which, in his judgment, deserves it, he may be told that he has been doing the grossest injustice from the grossest ignorance: if, on the other hand, he suffers a bad book to go altogether unwhipped, he will be considered unworthy of his vocation, for *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*.

The motives of the critic, too, are not unfrequently assailed by offended vanity, and while he has endeavored to divest himself of all unworthy prejudices, his intentions are liable to violent misconstruction. For it is his province to point out the blemishes, as well as to indicate the beauties of a volume, and never did writer undertake a more ungrateful task. Yet *malgré* this embarrassing fact, he should remember that a book is to be estimated of itself, that it must stand or fall by its

own merits, and recognising no personal considerations, he should come up manfully to the discharge of his critical labors.

With these views of the delicacy and importance of criticism, we propose to say a few words with regard to that department of our own magazine.

There was a day, not long consigned to the past, when all our decisions in literary matters were brought across the water by direct importation, and reached us under the green and yellow covers of the English Quarterlies. It exhibited, indeed, a slavish dependence on foreign opinion, but we are not certain that the revolution, which has taken place in public sentiment, is not likely to carry us into a worse extreme. In utterly disdaining the dicta, to which we had so long been accustomed to hearken with respectful deference, we have fallen into the habit of extravagantly praising every thing American and looking through a perverted and pleasing medium at all American productions. Let us here be distinctly understood. We mean not to disparage ourselves. We are incapable, (we trust,) of undervaluing our own writers and scholars. On the contrary we are proud of them, and we rejoice that we no longer show an abject subserviency to foreign judgment. But we cannot see the propriety of praising a poem, *because* it was inspired by our own scenery, without regard to its melody or its thought, nor do we consider that nonsense and absurdity shall be tolerated a whit the more, because they were nurtured at home.

Certainly, he who should go out into the field of American Letters to "shoot folly as it flies," will not complain in our day of a lack of game. A friend observed to us, a short time since, that in all the essentials of literary excellence, America was ripe for a Dunciad. The remark is not unjust. Wherever we turn we will find something to condemn. Dullness reigns supreme in every branch of literary effort. If we take up a scientific treatise we shall find it probably of a most superficial nature. If we read biography, we shall soon discover that our author pays little regard to the historical accuracy of his materials. And if we address ourselves to Urania and her legion of votaries, we shall see a race of bardlings as insipid as ever infested the purlieus of Grub street and a style debased by all the vices that are immortalized in the satire of Churchill. It is deemed sufficient by poetasters, now-a-days, to have their numbers musical and their rhymes correct:

"Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear,
Soft let them breathe, as zephyr's balmy breeze,
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas,
Perfect then only deemed when they dispense
A happy tuneless vacancy of sense."

The most annoying result of this abundance of bad volumes is that the critic must read them all.

He is not at liberty to select his own authors and to commune alone with those spirits, who are gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine." But an indiscriminate perusal of every thing, the undigested labors of the last month's printing—novel, epic, essay and poem—is an imperative duty. He must not only read the instructive story of Aztec civilization and the brilliant adventures of Cortes, as they are developed in the stately narrative of Prescott, but he must *endure* the tedious nothings which some *soi-disant* Waller will utter unbidden to his Sacharissa. He must turn from genuine inspiration to mixed figures and false quantities, and his labor is interminable in the multitude of "New Works." In this regard, we tremble to think of the "reading" before us. If their ears were open to the voice of pity, we could invoke the *genus irritabile vatum*, the throng of future authors which appears before our mind's eye, to deal kindly with us, in the suppression of many a volume, promised for the ensuing year. Hear us, ye mechanical versifiers and inexorable tourists!

"Visions of *foolscap*, spare our aching sight!
Ye *uncut quartos*, crowd not on our soul."

Amid this plethora of publication, however, there is a dangerous error in criticism, against which, he who wishes to deal justly may well be on his guard. It is the silly notion that the critic must always be severe, as a matter of course, or he will be thought wanting in acumen; a notion which induces a querulous, ascetic spirit, equally at war with courtesy and fairness. Since the time, when poor Keats was killed by the Quarterly, we have had no patience with your "slashing reviewer." He forgets that it is a much easier matter to find fault than to compose, and he cuts right and left, without pausing to consider where his blows may fall. It does not occur to him, that were he in the place of his luckless victim, he should look at least for civil treatment. He may have a discriminating mind and rare power of analysis, but it is clear he has no heart and is not worthy of his office. We commend to his consideration a remark of James Smith; "The pen," says that gifted writer, "is a weapon that may wound to distant ages: both policy and humanity require it to be wielded with caution." For while there are many books, which merit the severest reprehension, there are others whose faults should be suggested in a spirit of kindness and regret. And it should ever be the delight of the manly critic to commend, where in good faith, he can, to recognize genius in its first revealings, and with gentle words of encouragement and approval to reward patient application and research.

In the space allotted to critical notices in the Messenger, we shall endeavor in an humble way to render an impartial judgment upon such books as may come under our observation. We appreciate the obligations which rest upon the reviewer

and we are resolved that if our reflections are not at all times just, we shall at least execute our office with candor and fairness.

EVANGELINE; A TALE OF ACADIE: By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 3rd Edition. Boston, William D. Ticknor & Co.

This is another new poem, published by Ticknor of Boston.

Prompted by Longfellow's muse and crowded with exquisite fancies,

Such as we read in "Voices of the Night" and the "Belfry of Bruges."

Pleasantly told is the tale and Evangeline, fairest of maidens,

Wins, with her tranquil affections, a way to the heart of the reader.

Proud tho' we are of the poet and his old language majestic,

Never should vision so fair be writ in hexameter verses.

But to descend from our own halting hexameters and speak of Evangeline in a plain, critical notice, we will say that it is certainly a very graceful little performance, as full of melody as Hyperion and quite worthy of its gifted author. Still we think it marred by many faults and we shall endeavor, in some measure, to point them out.

First of all, we do not affect the hexameter verse. In the epics of Homer and Virgil, and, indeed, in satirical poetry as managed by Horace, it is very effective, but we submit that a verse, whose cadence depends altogether on *long* and *short* syllables, and which is constructed upon the principle of *quantity*, without regard to *accent*, is not adapted to the genius of our language. Many efforts have been made, in modern times, to introduce the ancient metres into general use, but they have not, in any instance, been crowned with success. The failures of Mr. Southey are too well known to need remark, and it will suffice, in his case, to quote the conclusion of Gifford's parody in the *Anti-Jacobin* on the laureate's Dactyls:

"Ne'er talk of ears again! Look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactyls, call'st thou 'em? God help thee, silly one."

In Germany, it is true, the spirit of the hexameter verse has been admirably caught by the masters of the language and many examples might be cited to show this; prominent among which, we might refer to the *Hermann and Dorothea* of Goëthe. Coleridge has translated with boldness and spirit a couplet of Schiller, which is at once the best illustration and description of the measure:

Schwindelnd tragt er dich fort auf rastlos stromenden Wo-
gen;
Hinter dir siehst du, du Siehst vor dir nur Himmel und Meer.

Strongly it bears us along, in swelling and limitless billows;
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

If the hexameter is to be attempted in English, however, we must protest against constructing it on the basis of *accent*, and insist on the principle of *syllabic quantity*. We must have a strict adherence to prosodic rules, we must be allowed legitimate dactyls and unexceptionable spondees, and the poet must observe that his last foot is invariably spondaic and his last but one dactylic. The hexameter composed on any other plan is farcical. It is a very easy matter, we admit, to write it *accentually*, but the sound of

such verses is execrable. We do not intend to say by any means that musical English hexameters are matter of impossibility, for Mr. Longfellow has reduced to a demonstration the composition of good ones in *Evangeline*, but we say that it is so difficult to compose them, that we look upon a long poem in passable English hexameter as impracticable. Accordingly we shall find in *Evangeline*,—open the book at random and read the whole page,—the most flagrant violations of all law and departures from established precedent.

In the very opening we have

"List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy."

where Mr. Longfellow wishes us to consider *happy* as containing *two long* syllables.

And again

"Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the *mighty*." (page 42.)

But the short syllables of Mr. Longfellow are not less remarkable. On page 46, we are told that

"Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village *curfew* and straight-
way, &c."

Now we are willing to admit "belfry" as a spondee if Mr. Longfellow demands it, but we cannot regard "few" in "curfew" as short, nor do we think it can possibly be made so. But enough of the metrical inaccuracies of *Evangeline*. We pass on to point out an offence against good taste.

In the following description of the heroine of the poem, we forbear to cavil at such a dactyl as "seventeen," but content ourselves with adducing the passage as the veriest specimen of bathos, that we have met with, since we read Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry.

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen sum-
mers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade
of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows."

Oh, Mr. Longfellow! was ever maiden of Acadie so libelled before!

And now we cease finding fault. It is an office not at all to our taste, and we dislike especially to find fault with those we love. If to be endowed with a lively sympathy with nature, in the visible universe and in the soul of man, constitute one of the highest attributes of the poetic mind, then is Longfellow a poet. He has an eye for the beautiful and holy everywhere. Whether he walks abroad in the rosy morning or beneath the cold light of stars, whether his wanderings are over the crags of Rhine-land or amid dim and silent cloisters, and through the dusky aisles of some old minster, whether he looks out upon the varied landscape from the Pincian hill or breathes the summer air under the shade of the ancestral elms at Cambridge, his heart is equally attuned to all that is pure and lovely. His mind is a crucible in which all the externals of life, the images that surround us, are transmuted into poetry. He regards the commonest thing as having a purpose and an end, for to him form is but the evidence of internal being. More than all, he teaches ever the lofty lesson,

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that *each to-morrow*
Finds us farther than to day."

The little volume of *Evangeline*, viewed apart from its cumbrous versification, is replete with beauties of thought and expression. The form of the poem is pastoral and its rustic pictures of flocks and herds, of agricultural life and domestic happiness are very simple and affecting. Most gladly do we turn to the pleasant task of transcribing the happy description of the warbling of the mocking-bird;

"Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird, wild-
est of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air, and the woods, and the waves, seemed
silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones, and sad: then soaring to
madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bac-
chantes,
Then single notes were heard in sorrowful, low lamenta-
tion;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in de-
rision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-
tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches."

Where is there a prettier conceit than in the following allusion to Philadelphia? We copy it with a *protestando* against the fourth line, for we have sometimes felt, in Philadelphia, "an eager and a nipping air."

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.
There all the air is balm and the peach is the emblem of
beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the
forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts
they molested."

We have no room for farther extracts: We now take leave of Mr. Longfellow, with the hope that we may soon hear from him again, in a style more natural and unaffected than he has adopted in *Evangeline*. Let him disrobe himself of such awkward and antiquated habiliments, and he will always be sure to please. Let him not disdain as the vehicle of his thoughts the measure that has become endeared to us in the classic poets of England and we are confident he will command that admiration, to which his genius so justly entitles him.

SKETCHES OF OLD VIRGINIA FAMILY SERVANTS. *With a Preface by Bishop Meade. Philadelphia. 1847. pp. 126.*

A pleasing little volume, by a lady of Hanover, Virginia, giving slight sketches of the lives and characters of twelve negro servants in several old Virginia families. Whenever we see one of the sleek, happy-faced darkies who abound so much on our plantations, our first thought is, "what a silence that negro's looks would be, to the croakings of Abolitionism!"—And just such, too, is the effect of this little book. It exhibits pictures of comfort, intelligence, and honored old age, in slaves, which prove a state of things utterly irreconcilable with the barbarity which that stark fanaticism attributes to the slaveholding region. No one can read these "Sketches," without seeing that (unless they are pure fictions) many slaves here must breathe a moral atmosphere full-charged with humanity and Religion.

The belief is general in the North, and not uncurrent even in Virginia, that our laws forbid the teaching of slaves to read at all. This is a great mistake. The law forbids only teaching them *for compensation*. So that any one has a perfect right to teach even the slaves of another gratuitously. Of course an owner may teach those who belong to him. Several of those whose "short and simple annals" are chronicled in the sketches before us, were readers of the Bible; and some of them could write.

Large extracts might be made from the book before us, with pleasure and profit to our readers. "Aunt Betty," who used to read the Bible to her mistress, the widow of Gen. Thomas Nelson—"African Bella," who was a king's daughter, seized by slave dealers and brought over to Yorktown, where a benevolent master purchased her, and where she lived to a great age, blessing the Providence that had brought her from heathen darkness to Christian light—"Springfield Bob"—"Aunt Margaret"—"My own Mammy"—and others, might be made to fill several volumes, agreeably. But we must be content with a few paragraphs from the sketch of "Mammy Chris."

"Ninety-one years have passed over the head of Mammy Chris; and yet is she found in the discharge of all the duties she has strength for. Her 'strength has not abated, nor her eye grown dim,' in proportion to her days. She is seen at evening and morning 'in the house,' as in early life, acting the part of chambermaid to one she delights to call her son: and when not too feeble, the other part of the day is employed at her needle: and all this she does from principle. She finds her pleasure in doing her duty.

"All the members of the large family she serves have been nursed by her; and her affection for them is only surpassed by their mother's. And warm is the regard they entertain for her. On the return to the family mansion of those who have ceased to reside there, though still loving it as a *home*,—after parents and sisters are greeted, "Mammy" is always next inquired for; and it is pleasant indeed to see the respect and affection she is received with. If you were only to hear the warm 'How-do you-do,' and see the affectionate kiss, and the offered chair, you might suppose she was the grand-parent, instead of an old servant honored for her virtues.

"One of her 'dear children,' as she calls them," having died a few years ago, Mammy Chris was offered a portion of his clothing. "She chose his Guyaquil hat, and his black silk cravat; and always on Sunday is the cravat added to her best dress; and the large hat serves to shield her gray head from the summer's sun."

It is remarkable, that all or most of the servants mentioned by our authoress are Baptists, though the families to which they are so devotedly attached are Episcopalian. The Baptist Church, in all the South, we believe, wins to its bosom five times as many colored people as all other churches put together. The probable causes are *extempore* preaching, and immersion: the latter rite having a palpable significance as a type, which naturally suits the comprehension and draws the regards of Africa's unsophisticated children. Let no one suspect us of broaching theological discussion. We mean to express no opinion whatever as to the merits of churches, or modes of induction into them.

Bishop Meade's Preface to the "Sketches" confirms their drift, and heightens their value. He states some striking instances of cultivated mind, and of trusted integrity, in slaves. "I mention one," says he, "which has come under my own observation. The late Judge Upshur, of Virginia, had a faithful house servant, (by his will now set free,) with whom he used to correspond on matters of business, when he was absent on his circuit. I was dining at his house some years since, with a number of persons, himself being absent, when the conversation turned on the subject

of the Presidential election, then going on, and about which there was an intense interest: when his servant informed us that he had that day received a letter from his master, then on the Western Shore, in which he stated that the friends of General Harrison might be relieved from all uneasiness, as the returns already received made his election quite certain."

"Of course," adds the Bishop, "it is not to be supposed that we design to convey the impression that such instances are numerous, the nature of the relationship forbidding it—but we do mean emphatically to affirm, that there is far more of kindly and Christian intercourse, than many at a distance are apt to believe."

A NARRATIVE OF AN EXPLORATORY VISIT to each the Consular Cities of China and to the Islands of Hong Kong and Chusan. By the *Rev. George Smith, M. A., &c., &c.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. 1847.

We have found this work, upon perusal, a highly interesting and well-written account of the author's travels and labors in China. The style is exceedingly chaste and free, and the information given is of an important character, especially in a moral, or rather a religious aspect. Since the opening of the ports of China has let in the light of the Gospel upon the benighted followers of Confucius, we have read with interest everything concerning them. Mr. Smith's sketches of men, manners and things indicate an enlarged and liberal mind, while the catholic spirit, everywhere manifest, proclaims him a worthy teacher of that Holy Religion, whose ends are peace and good-will. We commend the book and its author to public regard. The book has reached us through Messrs. Drinker & Morris.

AN ANALYTICAL DIGESTED INDEX of the *reported cases* of the Court of Appeals and General Court of Virginia—from Washington to 2nd Grattan inclusive, with a repertorium of the Cases doubly and systematically arranged. By Benjamin Tate, Counsellor at Law, 2 vols. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, 1847.

A Digest of the Virginia Reports has been long needed by the legal profession in Virginia. Considering the number of volumes which our reports have reached, a digest is an almost indispensable requisite to a library. This labor has been happily achieved by Mr. Tate, and in a manner highly creditable, considering the kind of labor and the difficulty of attaining perfect accuracy in such a work. There are a few, very few, errors which have crept into it, notwithstanding the most assiduous labor and regular care. These, however, will be readily detected by the practitioner and can be easily corrected. The editor and the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Drinker and Morris deserve, as we trust they will receive, the consideration and patronage of the Virginia Bar.

A LIFE OF GENERAL TAYLOR; *Comprising a Narrative of Events connected with his Professional Career, Derived from Public Documents and Private Correspondence; By J. Reese Fry; and Authentic Incidents of his early years.* From materials collected by Robert T. Conrad. With an original and accurate portrait and eleven elegant illustrations of the battles of Fort Harrison, Okee-cho-bee, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista, &c., &c. Designed by F. O. C. Darley. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co. No. 14, North Fourth Street. 1847. pp. 332.

This interminable title-page reminds us of the autograph

of Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, which Hood mentions as having been published in a quarto volume. We suggest to the author the propriety of abridging it materially and issuing it in 12mo. for his next edition.

The length of a title-page, however, is but a trifling objection to an excellent book; in our judgment, the best life of General Taylor that has yet appeared. The memoranda, supplied by Mr. Conrad, were obtained by him during the past summer in Kentucky, where he went to make himself acquainted with the early history of General Taylor, with a view to preparing an entire life for the press. With this valuable *materiel* and by constant reference to public documents, Mr. Fry has admirably carried out the original purpose. We trust he will reap an abundant reward in the rapid sale of the book, which is published in excellent style and contains many spirited illustrations by the well-known Darley. It has been transmitted to us by Messrs. Nash and Woodhouse.

THE ROSE; OR, AFFECTION'S GIFT: For 1848. Edited by Emily Marshall. Illustrated by Ten elegant Steel Engravings, &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a very tasteful and appropriate little gift-book, and will meet with a ready sale in the holidays. The literary contents are attractive and well arranged and the engravings, we think, are far better than those of any American Annual we have seen. The style of the volume is well sustained in the binding, which is of the best morocco embossed in gilt.

THE CONVICT; or The Hypocrite unmasked. A Tale. By G. P. R. James. Esq. Author of "Russell," &c. &c. &c.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in their Library of select novels, publish a novel of Mr. James about as regularly as we issue our magazine. The wonderful sameness of plot and reflection, which distinguishes Mr. James' works, supersedes the necessity of a monthly analysis of them, for the criticism of one will equally apply to all, and it may be said of his last hero, in connection with his first story,

Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.

We deem it only necessary to announce the appearance of the "Convict," which may be found at the store of Messrs. Drinker & Morris.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES; With biographies of Distinguished Officers of all grades. By Fayette Robinson, late an Officer in the Army. In two vols., Philadelphia. Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1848, pp. 664.

A very useful book, embodying much acceptable information with regard to the Army. Indeed the author could not have treated his subject respectably without producing something of interest to all classes of society. "I have written this book," says Mr. Robinson in his preface, "to fill a vacuum in the history of our country—to preserve, if possible, the memory of the services of many distinguished men, the achievements of whom are apt in the general annals of the United States to be overlooked." In the prosecution of this design, Mr. R. has supplied us with accounts of individual gallantry on many memorable occasions, bringing down the narrative to the present war with Mexico, and presenting detailed accounts from the most reliable authorities of the recent victories under Generals Scott and Taylor.

The style of the book is good and it is embellished with "thirty-six portraits," which the title-page tells us are "authentic." We are disposed, however, somewhat to doubt their *authenticity*. We have seen but a few of the officers, whose portraits are given, but judging from these few, we could place but little confidence in the general accuracy of the likenesses. The plate of Col. Payne, for example, is by no means faithful, and that of the late Capt. Walker, we do not hesitate to declare the worst likeness we have ever noticed. Those of Generals Gaines and Scott are better, and would be recognized at once.

The book may be found at the store of Messrs. Drinker and Morris.

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS, ILLUSTRATING MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. By Rev. H. Hooker, Author of the "Portion of the Soul," "Popular Infidelity," &c. &c. Philadelphia. John C. Clark.

This is a modest little volume from the pen of an Episcopal clergyman, who has written many popular works of a devotional character. His "Thoughts and Maxims" are excellent little sermons, breathing a reflective spirit and expressed in clear and forcible language.

The unpretending style in which they are published would induce many to lay the book aside as a juvenile production. To enable our readers to judge for themselves, however, we make a few extracts, which may be taken as fair specimens of the whole.

"Nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself."

"The soul without action is like an instrument not played upon, or like a ship in port, knowing no process while it stays there, but that of decay."

"Depravity, without intelligence, makes the human condition most hopeless; the darkness there, is such often, that nothing better can be seen by its victim."

"Vanity, rather than malice, is the prevalent reason why men take so little pleasure in the praise and gifts of others."

"Life is short, and they mistake its aims and lose its best enjoyment, who depend for happiness on outward things, and not on the state of the heart. The affections, reposing and sweetly twining round their just objects, are a never failing source of improving delight; but condition, show, power and riches, or envy, pride and contempt, the common retinue of them all, do but burn out or burden our nature, so that what we call happiness is but a poor and starving imitation of it."

"The rights of women take the best care of themselves. They receive no strength from the assertion of others. They are, in their nature, so delicate and sacred, that our defence of them seems but an unwary rudeness, which more impairs than supports them."

"True greatness beams from a lowly lot all the more nobly. The reason of this is, that in our vulgar thoughts we are so apt to associate it with certain external advantages. Hence the surprise and pleasure we feel on seeing it where we had not been accustomed to look for it."

"An ardent sensibility to the impressions of great virtues and abilities, accompanied with a generous oblivion of the little imperfections with which they are joined, is one of the surest indications of a superior character."

"No beauty strikes so deep, or leaves such work done, as that of the mind and heart. It delights not more than it

improves us, and the more it is gazed on, the more shall we be drawn to it and become as one with it."

"Genius has one trial which finds no sympathy; it is the trial of being measured as coarse things are; of seeing its jewels accounted of no value, its inspirations lost for want of interpreters, or used up as fit mixtures with common things."

"A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any."

"It is a low view of knowledge, to make it an instrument to an end: knowledge of what is true and excellent is a substantive good, a blessedness realized without looking to further ends; it is itself its best end, and they do but make a trade of it who seek it as a means of gaining things below itself, or see aught in it but the body and glory of an unchanging good."

This book is for sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

ADDRESSES.

We have received from the authors and publishers the following addresses, for which we return our thanks.

An Introductory Address, delivered at the opening of the Session of 1847-8 to the students of the Memphis Medical College, November 1, 1847. By George R. Grant, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Memphis Medical College. Published by the class.

An Introductory Lecture on the Relations of Chemistry to the Vital Force; Delivered in the Philadelphia College of Medicine. By D. P. Gardner, M. D. Professor of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence. Published by the Class. Session of 1847-48.

An Address Delivered before the Grand Division of the Order of the Sons of Temperance of North Carolina, in the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, on the evening of the 19th of October, 1847. By Charles F. Deems, Professor in the University of North Carolina. Published by the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, N. C.

An Address Delivered at Columbia, South Carolina, before the State Agricultural Society, on the 25th of November, 1847. By R. F. W. Allston. Published by order of the Society.

In the January number of the Ladies' National Magazine for 1848, (edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, and published in Philadelphia,) we find the Historical Ballad of "Bertrand du Guesclin," which our readers will remember was contributed to the October number of this magazine for 1847, by Miss Mary E. Lee of Charleston, S. C., published *verbatim* as original.

Among the editorial items we find also this announcement:

"OUR COPYRIGHT. We are forced to copy-right our continued stories, in order to prevent their being stolen as heretofore by certain book publishers. We have no desire to restrict the newspaper press from copying them!"

We submit the facts without comment.

We are not in the habit of making out a list of *Errata* for our work, as it is generally printed with correctness and we hope for the future to avoid all blunders of the type. We must ask the reader, however, to read *sitting* for *setting* in the first sentence of the article on "Napoleon's Captivity." This awkward error escaped us in reading the proof.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1848.

NO. 2.

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM OF VIRGINIA.

The following article was designed as a review of the First Volume of Mr. Howison's History of Virginia, and may be thought perhaps somewhat late in the day, in view of the fact that this work appeared more than twelve months ago. As the writer, however, makes Mr. Howison's book but the vehicle of his thoughts on the true spirit of philosophical history and the "Social System of Virginia," and as his treatment of these subjects is distinguished by enlarged and original views, we take great pleasure in laying his article before the public. The chaste and flowing style, in which the writer's reflections are conveyed, will not fail to commend itself to every reader. He discovers a mind well trained in the best schools of reasoning and a command of language, that is rarely met with. We trust he will ere long resume his pen in behalf of our magazine.

The Second Volume of Mr. Howison's History will be published, perhaps, even before our present number is issued from the press. We are happy in being able to promise a review of it, from a gentleman of high and well-deserved literary reputation.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

It has long been a matter of surprise and regret, that the people of Virginia have manifested so little interest in regard to the early history of their State. The amount of ignorance which prevails in the commonwealth upon this subject is absolutely astonishing. It is by no means confined to the illiterate. Our educated men—men of intelligence and general information—are equally amenable to the charge. Young gentlemen, who have been to college, and who are reasonably well-read in general history, are yet, (with some few honorable exceptions,) profoundly ignorant of the State whose soil they tread and whose air they breathe. They have been carefully instructed in the annals of Greece and Rome—every phase of French and English history is familiar to them—they know by heart the whole line of Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Guelphs and Capets, and yet can tell you nothing of that race of men from whose loins they have sprung, and if they have heard, by accident, that such men as Smith and Bacon have lived and died, this is the extent of their information in respect to these colonial heroes.

This neglect of their early history by the Virginians is altogether unpardonable. Even were the subject uninviting, its dignity and importance would entitle it to their consideration. But nothing could be further from the truth. No such re-

proach as this attaches to our colonial history. Upon the contrary, we venture to affirm that the annals of no people whatever, ancient or modern, more abound in interesting incident. The mere fact that the early annals of Virginia present to us two distinct states of civilization and two distinct races of men placed in direct juxtaposition to each other, and that, too, under the most novel circumstances, must invest them with an interest which attaches to the history of few countries. They present to us barbarism and civilization—the red man of the American forest and the cultivated European, thrown face to face upon the shores of the Western world, there to wage a war of extermination—the one in defence of his country and his home—the other to make conquests, settle colonies and amass wealth. The history of such a struggle, and of a society compounded of such strange elements, and in which men occupied such novel relations to each other, could not, in the nature of things, be otherwise than entertaining and instructive. And we accordingly find that new phases of human life—novel and striking developments of the individual man—romantic adventure, bold achievement, and thrilling incident, meet us at every step of colonial progress. The simple story of Smith and Pocahontas, if there was nothing else, would redeem the annals of any people from the reproach of dulness.

But it is the importance, rather than the romance of our colonial history, which claims for it the attention of every educated man—particularly of every educated Virginian. It was upon the banks of our favorite river, not many miles from the present capital of the State, that the Anglo-Saxon race first took root in the soil of the Western world. We do not hesitate to pronounce this one of the most memorable epochs in modern history. In our judgment, the landing of Smith at Jamestown, followed, as it was, by the subsequent occupation of the country by men of Anglo-Saxon origin, has exercised, and is destined to exercise, in its remote consequences, a greater influence over the destinies of the human race than any event which has occurred since the Reformation. It would not be difficult to make good this proposition, but it would lead us too far from our present purpose. We believe, however, that it will be generally conceded, and, if so, how recreant has Virginia heretofore been to her early history.

It is gratifying, however, to find that there has been some improvement in this matter. A disposition has recently manifested itself in several

quarters to wipe away this reproach from the Ancient Dominion, and rescue, as far as is now practicable, her early annals from oblivion. The Virginia Historical Society has been recently re-organized under new auspices, and with flattering prospects of success. This Society, if it can once be established on a permanent basis, will no doubt prove a useful institution. It deserves the patronage of the State, and we should be pleased to see an appropriation made for it during the present winter by the Legislature, if such appropriation be fairly within the scope of its legitimate powers. Virginia, even yet, abounds in rich historical fragments, which must soon be lost, unless they be collected and arranged with some regard to order and system. New York, Massachusetts, and, we believe, several of the other States, have similar societies, which are in a prosperous condition. Their collections are already large and interesting, and have been found valuable in illustrating the colonial history of the country. There is no good reason why the Virginia Historical Society should not also prosper, and we feel confident that, with equal industry and enterprise, it will meet with equal success. We believe that the loose material yet floating about in the commonwealth is quite as valuable as that either of New York or Massachusetts, and if diligently collected and arranged, will be found no inconsiderable contribution to our historical literature. Let our people then, for once, at least, lay aside their repugnance to combined action—let them come to the aid of this public and patriotic enterprise—let them send in their interesting historical manuscripts and other documents to the Society, where they will be preserved; let them do this and the Virginia Historical Society will be placed upon an enduring basis, and its labors will redound to the honor of the State.

Valuable contributions to Virginia history have also been made from other quarters. Within the last year or two, we have been favored with a volume from R. R. Howison, Esq., upon the colonial history of Virginia, and a history by Charles Campbell, Esq., covering very much the same ground.

We have only had it in our power to read the first two or three chapters of Mr. Campbell's history. With the part which we have read, however, we are much pleased. Indeed, we shall be greatly disappointed if Mr. Campbell's book does not prove to be the most valuable history of Virginia which has yet been given to the public. We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with that gentleman, and know that the best energies of his life have, up to this time, been devoted to its preparation. It has been with him, for many years, a labor of love—every faculty of mind and body has been enlisted in the undertaking; and, in the collection of material, he has been indefatigable. We are persuaded that there is no man in Virginia

so intimately acquainted with her colonial history as Mr. Campbell, and we believe that his industry has led to the discovery of matter which has never before been published and which will enable him to present some portion of Virginia annals in a new point of view.

We have read Mr. Howison's volume, and can, with pleasure, bear testimony to its merits in many respects. It is a clear and interesting narrative of the most prominent facts connected with the colony of Virginia from its first settlement in 1607 to the peace of Paris in 1763. And, so far as our limited information enables us to judge, it is a correct narrative. We know of no book which we would sooner place in the hands of one who desired to make himself acquainted with the general outline of Virginia history in the shortest possible time and with the least possible trouble. Matter which is elsewhere spread over a large surface and dispersed in books, some of which are out of print and others not readily accessible to all, is here compressed into a single volume of moderate size, arranged in chronological order and the whole woven into a narrative, conducted with no inconsiderable skill. As a mere record of important public events—the settlement of Jamestown—the early adventures of the colonists—their bloody battles with the savages—their "moving accidents by flood and field"—the laws which were at various times enacted—the revolutions through which the colonial government passed, and the relations which subsisted at different times between the colony and the mother country—as a record, we say, of these and such like external matters, Mr. Howison's book leaves us not much to be desired. But at this point we must stop. Having pointed out what we believe to be the merits of Mr. Howison's history, the laws of independent criticism demand that we should next point out what we conceive to be its defects. And, in the first place, the style in which his book is written is open to many objections. It is upon a key altogether too high for historical writing. Mr. H. will, by no means, consent to tell us what he has to say in plain English. But whatever he is narrating, however trivial and unimportant it may be, must be set down in the swelling periods of Johnson or Gibbon, and the consequence is, that Mr. H. is frequently eloquent upon occasions when it would have been much better to have been merely natural. This is, however, in our eyes, a very venial offence; for style, after all, is not the body, but the mere outward vestment, and we care not much for the setting, if the diamond itself be genuine. In our judgment, a bold, manly utterance of the honest convictions of one's own intellect, is the best style in which a man can write, and, dismissing this whole matter of style, we proceed immediately to what we esteem to be the great defect of Mr. H's history: and in order that we may be distinctly understood, it will be

necessary to premise a word or two in respect to the revolution which has taken place in historical literature within the last half century.

He who has observed, with any degree of attention, the progress of modern civilization, must have noted the rise of a new spirit which presides over the investigation of truth in all the departments of human life. It is a spirit of strict reserve, rigid analysis and cautious deduction—a spirit which observes facts carefully, and admits generalization slowly. This spirit has, for some time, prevailed in the conduct of those sciences which employ themselves in the material world, Natural philosophy, chemistry, geology and astronomy. It explains their progress and has been the source of their glory. And it is a spirit which is now extending itself to all those sciences which have for their object, the investigation of *facts* and the ascertainment of *truth*, as it exists in the world around us. But where the object is not so much the investigation of facts and the establishment of pre-existing truth, as the improvement of the social relations, there a very different tendency prevails. In political economy, government and the administration of public affairs, for instance, we no longer observe that servile subjection to *facts*, as they were called, which was once manifested. These general ideas, reason, principles—what are called *theories*, are introducing themselves and causing themselves to be respected. The movement of which we speak is, therefore, a double movement. Facts are intruding themselves into the intellectual order, and ideas are intruding themselves into the social order. The outer world is governed more according to reason and the intellectual world more according to reality. Thus, in our times, are fact and theory brought together and made to move in company. This is the last and greatest intellectual achievement of the age—the glory of modern civilization. It was not so a hundred years ago. Then, in the intellectual order—in abstract science and philosophy—little respect was paid to reality, and the imagination of men, refusing to be controlled by facts as they existed in the world around them, ran into the wildest excesses of theory and hypothesis. On the other hand, in the social order, general ideas found no place at all, and he who attempted to assert for them any influence in political economy or the administration of public affairs, was forthwith branded as a visionary and a dreamer. The provinces of facts and general ideas were then entirely distinct and independent—each was supreme in its own dominion and would tolerate no intrusion by the other. The consequence was, as has just been stated, that speculation ran into the wildest excesses and the intellectual world was filled with fantasies and chimeras; while the social world remained a dead chaotic mass. The progress of modern civilization has, at last, corrected this state of things. We now find fact and theory

every where moving in company, acting and reacting upon each other—modifying each other—fact controlling the excesses of theory, and theory expounding and interpreting fact. Guizot, in his History of Civilization, (whence we have borrowed it,) has developed so fully and forcibly the idea which we have been endeavoring to express, that we will take the liberty of quoting the passage.

He says:

“We are now compelled to consider—science and reality—theory and practice—right and fact—and make them move side by side. Down to the present time these two powers have lived apart. The world has been accustomed to see theory and practice following two different routes, unknown to each other, or at least never meeting. When doctrines, when general ideas, have wished to intermeddle in affairs, to influence the world, it has only been able to effect this under the appearance and by the aid of *fanaticism*. Up to the present time the government of human societies, the direction of their affairs, has been divided between two sorts of influences; on the one side theorists, men who would rule all according to abstract notions—Enthusiasts; on the other, men ignorant of all rational principle—Experimentalists, whose only guide is expediency. This state of things is now over. The world will no longer agitate for the sake of some abstract principle, some fanciful theory, some Utopian government, which can only exist in the imagination of an enthusiast; nor will it put up with practical abuses and oppressions, however formed by prescription and expediency, when they are opposed to just principles and the legitimate end of government. To ensure respect, to obtain confidence, governing powers must now unite theory and practice; they must know and acknowledge the influence of both. They must regard as well principles as facts; must respect both truth and necessity—must shun, on the one hand, the blind pride of the fanatic theorist, and, on the other, the no less blind pride of the libertine practitioner.”

This scientific method of investigating truth is extending itself in every direction. It has, as we have seen, taken possession of science and philosophy, it prevails in political economy, government and the administration of public affairs generally, and is now reaching into the domain of history. Indeed, the revolution which it has wrought in historical literature, within the last half century, is unprecedented. The historian of the nineteenth century is no longer, a mere *Gazetteer*, and his history a dry record of battles, treaties and public acts of government. He feels that he has a higher province than that of merely collecting public facts and setting them down in chronological order. Besides these outward and material facts, open to the inspection of all, there are other moral and hidden facts, which, although we cannot attach to them any precise name or date, it yet concerns us quite as much to know as those battles, treaties and public acts of government, of which we have spoken. To bring these hidden facts to light, to evolve those

general principles which lie buried under the chaos of innumerable isolated facts—to elucidate those great moral problems which connect themselves with the social progress of every people—this is the mission of modern history. And it is this recent alliance between *philosophy* and *history* which precisely measures and characterises that revolution in historical literature, which it is our purpose to note. The results of that revolution have been immense. It has, indeed, changed the whole course of history, and given a new direction to the labors of the historian. Heretofore, history has been occupied almost exclusively about courts, camps and battle-fields, forgetting that it is not in courts or camps, nor yet on battle-fields that the life of a people is spent, or their true history discovered; but far away from scenes like these, in the field, the work-shop, and the factory—on the highway and in the retired valleys of the world, causes which few eyes see and which are chronicled in no records, are silently, but steadily and irresistibly moulding the destinies of the human race. To detect these latent causes, and record them for the instruction of the present and future generations, is the province of history, and, hereafter, he who does this will alone be esteemed an historian; while he who writes to us about courts and camps and battle-fields—who collects and sets down in chronological order, under their appropriate heads, so as to be of easy reference, the *remarkable events* of the past, such as the birth of princes, the death of kings, the dates of battles, the change of dynasties, political revolutions, general laws, and public acts of government, may be regarded as a more or less instructive Gazetteer; but nothing more. Mankind, if they could only be induced to think so, have a much deeper interest in those arts, sciences, discoveries and inventions, by which the comforts of human life have been extended and civilization advanced, than in those wars, revolutions and public acts of government by which the world has been so often scourged and whole nations devastated.

With much force and beauty does Carlyle ask—

“Which was the greater innovator, which was the more important personage in man’s history, he who first led armies over the Alps, and gained the victories of Cannæ and Thrasymene; or the nameless boor who first hammered out for himself an iron spade? When the oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war-tumults, which for the time din every ear, and with joy or terror intoxicate every heart, pass away like tavern brawls; and, except some few Marathons and Mogartens, are remembered by accident, not by desert. Laws themselves, political constitutions, are not our life, but only the *house wherein our life is led*: nay, they are but the bare walls of the house; all whose essential furniture, the inventions, and traditions and daily habits that regulate and support our existence, are

the works, not of Dracos and Hampdens, but of Phœnician mariners, of Italian masons, and Saxon metallurgists, of philosophers, alchemists, prophets and all the long train of artists and artisans; who, from the first, have been jointly teaching us how to think and how to act, how to rule our spiritual and our physical nature.”

It is these “Phœnician mariners, Italian masons, and Saxon metallurgists, philosophers, alchemists, prophets, and all the long train of artists and artisans; who, from the first, have been teaching us how to think and how to act,” who have been the real benefactors of mankind. It is this hitherto neglected and despised class, who only appear on the pages of history, when they are gathered together on some battle-field to be slaughtered for the glory of their masters, who have given to the world those arts and sciences which have redeemed the world from barbarism, and preserved civilization as a trust for their children and future generations. Honor and glory are attached to their names; but we know nothing of them; for history, which should have recorded their praises, was in the service of those who lived by their toil, and rewarded them with oppression. Their very names lie buried in the dark untenanted places of the past, while every school-boy knows by heart the genealogy of a whole line of barbarian kings. Truly has the world been slow to recognize its benefactors! These men have a history—it is the history of art, science, discovery, invention, philosophy, and literature—in a word, the history of civilization itself. Though long neglected, it is yet destined to be written. The honor of doing so has been reserved for our times. We have histories in abundance of kings, rulers and statesmen. We are now, at last, to have a history of the PEOPLE.

We return from this long digression. Our object has been to point out the revolution which has taken place in historical literature within the last half century. We have done so, though in the most crude and imperfect manner, and found that revolution to consist essentially in an alliance, which has never before existed, between philosophy and history, and in the new direction which has been thereby given to the labors of the historian. We are now prepared to state in a very few words what we regard as the great defect of Mr. Howison’s book. It is not written in the spirit of modern history. There is none of that blending of philosophy and history which, as we have seen, constitutes the characteristic feature of modern historical literature. The volume before us is, as we have stated, a clear, consecutive narrative of the prominent public events connected with the colonization of Virginia, and it pretends to nothing more. It nowhere attempts a solution of those many interesting social problems which are indissolubly interwoven with our early progress, nor does it seek to evolve those important general principles which lie buried under the rubbish of colonial

civilization. We regret this very much; for those problems and general principles lie directly across the path of the Virginia historian, and if, instead of evading them, Mr. H. had taken them boldly in hand and treated them with success, as he might have done, he would have entitled himself to the gratitude of the people of Virginia, and have secured for his book a position in the historical literature of the country, which, we fear, it is not now destined to attain. For all must admit that the Social System of Virginia is, in many respects, a peculiar system—unlike most of the social systems by which it is surrounded—a sort of anomaly in our times. It has no parallel except in the other slave-holding states of the union, and, when closely inspected, looks very much like the remnant of an older civilization—a fragment of the feudal system floating about here on the bosom of the nineteenth century. As we have just stated, many novel and interesting problems necessarily connect themselves with such a system—problems the solution of which will, we believe, throw much light upon our past history and future career as an independent people. If Virginia has always been poor—if she has accomplished but little for the improvement of man's social and material well-being—if she has fallen behind her sister states in the accumulation of wealth; if, upon the other hand, she has done much for the melioration of man's moral and intellectual nature, if she has been eminently fruitful in great men and general principles, if she has given to the nation those warriors whose valor has led its armies to victory, those statesmen whose wisdom has guided its councils in peace, and those principles of civil and religious liberty upon which our institutions are founded—if all this be true, an explanation of it and of every other problem connected with the past history or present condition of the commonwealth, will be found in the peculiar elements which prevailed in her social organization during the colonial period. We repeat, therefore, that it is a source of regret to us that Mr. H. has not entered somewhat into this interesting subject. It would, in our judgment, have greatly increased the value of his history. Bancroft is the only writer who has undertaken any thing like an analysis of the Social System of Virginia, and the consequence is that, although he has performed his task but imperfectly, and has fallen into some errors of fact, yet, every thing considered, he has given us the best History of Virginia which we have yet come across. He does not tell us as much as some others, but he tells us more that we want to know.

We have one other objection to allege against Mr. H.'s book. He tells us nothing about the *people* of Virginia; gives us no new insight into their character, habits, and mode of life. He has written a history of the *Government* of Virginia, and not much more. The King, Parliament, Lon-

don Company, Governor, Council, and House of Burgesses are his dramatis personæ. The *PEOPLE* rarely appear upon the stage. This is a great omission. We have heard much of those old-time Virginians, and have long desired, above all things, to make their acquaintance. It is certain that they were, in many respects, a remarkable race of men. They are illustrious in colonial annals, and were, beyond question, the master spirits of the age in which they lived. We sometimes imagine that we can see them standing in the twilight of those early times, a head taller than their cotemporaries. These men were our fathers, and what we, their lineal descendants, desire is to know something of them—to be placed face to face with them—to visit them at their homes in the country and set with them around their fire-sides and at the social board. We desire to see what manner of men they really were—what they did, thought and felt, and how they spent their daily being. A race from whose loins have sprung a line of warriors and statesmen—such men as Washington, Henry, Marshall, Jefferson, Madison, and a hundred others—all names,

“Worthy on fame's eternal bead-roll to be filed,”

deserves to be studied and remembered. We do not think that Mr. H. has paid attention enough to this branch of his subject. He might well have devoted a whole chapter to the *people* of Virginia, and it would have been the most interesting chapter in his book.

We have now, in the discharge of that duty which is due to the public, and in the spirit of independent criticism, pointed out the defects of Mr. H.'s History of Virginia as they have appeared to us. Of its merits we have already spoken, and they are such as are not likely to be overlooked. They are of a character which will commend the book to the public, and cause it to be generally read. And while we think that Mr. H. leaves much yet to be accomplished, we cannot withhold from him the credit of having made a valuable contribution to our historical literature. Although his book does not go all the way, yet it is certainly a step in advance, and will do much to clear the way for those who may come after him. And we here dismiss Mr. H.'s history, with the remark already made that it is, so far as we are able to judge, a correct and interesting narrative of the important public events connected with the colonization of Virginia, and, as such, we take pleasure in recommending it to all who desire to acquaint themselves with the general outline of colonial history with the least possible expenditure of time and trouble.

We have said that there were many interesting questions connected with the Social System of Virginia. We propose, briefly, to call public attention to one or two of these questions. We can only do so in a very imperfect manner; for although

the views, which we are about to express, have been long entertained ; yet, for the want of time for arrangement, they must necessarily assume a crude and undigested form, and we send them to press, rather with the view of calling attention to an interesting subject, than with any expectation of illustrating it. He, indeed, who shall present the public with a thorough analysis of the Social System of Virginia will have performed a useful task, and made an invaluable contribution to the State. It is unnecessary to say that the crude matter which follows has no such pretension.

When the confusion, which necessarily attended the conquest and occupation of the country by the English colonists, had, in some degree, subsided, and the Social System of Virginia began to develop its true features, the first thing which attracts attention is the division of society into two distinct classes—*Masters and Slaves*. Under the latter denomination, we include *indented servants*. We do so, because there was really little or no difference, in social position, between the slave and the indented servant. They both stood in the same relation to their master, and the indented servant was, to all intents and purposes, a slave, during the period of his servitude. And the only important difference in the condition of these two classes of men was in the *duration* of their servitude—the slave, in almost every instance, being doomed to servitude for life ; while the indented servant was only bound for the time mentioned in his indenture. But, during the period of servitude, their social position was, in all important particulars, the same. Mr. Jefferson, speaking of the early population of Virginia, says :

“ Indented servants formed a considerable supply. These were poor Europeans, who went to America to settle themselves. If they could pay their passage, it was well. If not, they must find means of paying it. They were at liberty, therefore, to make an agreement with any person they chose, to serve him such a length of time as they agreed on, upon condition that he would repay, to the master of the vessel, the expenses of their passage. If, being foreigners, unable to speak the language, they did not know how to make a bargain for themselves, the Captain of the vessel contracted for them, with such persons as he could. This contract was by deed indented, which occasioned them to be called *indented servants*.”

1 *Jeff. Works*, p. 406.

But Bancroft has described, with more minuteness, the social condition of this class of the early colonial population of Virginia, and we make a short extract from his history—

“ Conditional servitude, under indentures or covenants, had from the first existed in Virginia. The servant stood to his master in the relation of a debtor, bound to discharge the costs of immigration by the entire employment of his powers for the benefit of his creditor. Oppression early ensued :

men who had been transported to Virginia at an expense of eight or ten pounds, were sometimes sold for forty or fifty, or even three score pounds. The supply of white servants became a regular business ; and a class of men, nicknamed spirits, used to delude young persons, servants and idlers, into embarking into America, as to a land of spontaneous plenty. White servants came to be a usual article of traffic. They were sold in England to be transported, and, in Virginia, were resold to the highest bidder ; like negroes, they were to be purchased on shipboard, as men buy horses at a fair. In 1672, the average price in the colonies, whose five years of service were due, was about ten pounds ; while a negro was worth twenty or twenty-five pounds.”—*Bancroft's Hist. U. S.*, vol. 1, p. 175.

Again :

“ The condition of apprenticed servants in Virginia differed from that of slaves chiefly in the *duration of their bondage*.”—*Ibid*, p. 176.

We thus see that the relation subsisting in Virginia between master and indented servant was, during the period of servitude, the same with that subsisting between master and slave, and that the only material difference in the condition of the two classes was in the *duration* of their bondage—the slave, in almost every case, being bound to servitude for life, and the indented servant for the time specified in his deed of indenture. We have, therefore, for the sake of brevity and perspicuity, classed them together, and we now return to the proposition with which we started—viz : that from an early period in colonial history, the population of Virginia was divided into two distinct classes—*Masters and Slaves*. With the relation subsisting between these two classes, all are familiar, and it is only necessary to remark, in passing, that it was a relation of perfect control on the one side, and of complete subjection on the other. The master was the absolute lord of the slave. And this *relation*, so far as we have been able to discover, was nearly universal. Almost every man who was not himself either a slave or indented servant, was the owner of slaves or indented servants—some of many, others of few—each man according to his means ; for, at that time, property in Virginia almost always assumed the form of land and slaves. And, between the lord of thousands and the proprietor of a single slave, there was every variety of gradation, as there is in the apportionment of property in other communities. Almost every man, we repeat, then, who was not himself a slave or indented servant, was the owner of slaves or indented servants. Such a thing as *free labor*, or an *independent body of laborers*, was not known at that time in Virginia. If a man was compelled to rely exclusively upon his own labors to support him, he labored in subjection to another—if, upon the other hand, he had capital to invest, however inconsiderable it might be, he invested it in land and slaves, or indented servants. This was the form

which labor and capital almost universally assumed at that time in the colony—the laborer was a slave and the capitalist was his master, and thus the relation of master and slave became almost universal. At all events, if this relation was not so nearly universal as we believe it to have been, it was certainly so general as to prevail over all other relations and constitute a controlling element in the social system of the colony.

The relation, thus established between these two classes, was confirmed by the fact, that almost every slave owner was, at the same time, a landed proprietor, and the laborer, therefore, became a *serf of the soil*. Most of the colonists of Virginia were men of Anglo-Saxon descent, and love for the soil is said to be an Anglo-Saxon passion. On the shores of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, this passion had ample room for indulgence. Land was cheap and large tracts could be procured at low prices. Not only so, but, for the purpose of encouraging immigration, the government of the colony had provided, at a very early period, that each planter should receive fifty acres of land for every person whom he should transport into the plantations. Thus the Virginia planter, by the same operation, increased the number of his serfs and enlarged his territorial possessions. The result was, as we learn from authentic documents, that there existed in the colony, from a very early period, a body of wealthy landed proprietors, who cultivated large tracts of country with African slaves, or European serfs. Along the banks of James river, York river and its tributaries, the Rappahannock, Potomac and other water courses of the country, there resided, in almost baronial state, the *Gentry* of Virginia—as they were styled in the language of those times—a class of men holding vast landed possessions, rivalling in extent and fertility the estates of many of the English nobility, and controlling, with absolute despotism, a body of serfs, which a feudal lord of the middle ages might have envied.

And here the question naturally suggests itself—who were these lords of the soil and masters of slaves, whom we find, in those early times, standing on the summit of society, and controlling the social and political destinies of the colony? Our records furnish satisfactory information upon this point. A considerable portion, in point of numbers, and a much larger portion in point of wealth, education and influence, were Cavaliers, and younger branches of noble English houses. As was to be expected, they brought with them, into the colony, the feelings, habits and principles in which they had been educated at home. Nothing had occurred to wean them from the mother country. The colonists of Virginia, were not, like the Puritans of New England, fugitives from persecution. They embarked, upon the contrary, under the auspices of the crown and the nobility—their emigra-

tion was voluntary, undertaken, for the most part, to repair their broken fortunes, and, not unfrequently, with intentions of ultimately returning to the land of their nativity. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the affections of the first colonists should have clung, as we know they did, for a long time, to England, and that, in the wild forests of Virginia, they should have pined for their homes across the ocean. They could not divest themselves of the idea that they were sojourners here, and were ever looking forward to the time when, their pilgrimage being over, they would return to their country and their friends. The consequence was that society in Virginia was, as far as circumstances would admit, a *continuation* of English society. From the beginning, a decided preference for England and her institutions manifested itself every where, and there was a disposition among all classes to conform the infant colony to the model of the mother country. So strong was this partiality for old England, and so loyal were the colonists to her ancient institutions, that they never manifested the slightest sympathy with Cromwell in his effort to erect a commonwealth on the ruins of monarchy. The Virginians were always true to the Stuarts, and, through all the vicissitudes of that ill-starred house, they never, for a moment, abandoned its fortunes. They did, it is true, submit, for about eight years, to the dominion of Cromwell; but it was through necessity, and, immediately upon the restoration of Charles II., the fact was proclaimed in Virginia, which heartily responded to the passionate joy manifested by England on that memorable occasion. Berkeley, who then governed the colony by virtue of powers delegated by the *people*, now, by common consent, issued writs for a new Assembly in the name of the *King*, and the royalists carried the elections every where. The first Assembly which convened after the restoration was composed of royalists and cavaliers—men loyal to the house of Stuart and devoted to England and her ancient institutions. And this Assembly was the type of those which succeeded it for many years.

We thus discover, in the very infancy of the colony, the elements of a *Landed Aristocracy*. There existed, from the first, a class of men, descended from the nobility of England—imbued with the tastes, feelings and principles of their order, and confirmed in power by their superior culture, the extent of their possessions, and the character of the laboring classes. These men naturally aspired to the government of the colony, and we accordingly find that all the important offices were filled from their ranks. They were made Councillors, returned as members of the Assembly, commissioned as officers in the militia, and appointed by the Governor to be justices of the peace. In this latter capacity, their powers were large and anomalous, as are to this day the powers of

Justices of the peace. Men, in no manner, delegated by the people, but commissioned by governors, who were themselves, in turn, commissioned by the Crown, were authorized, contrary to the first rudiments of American liberty, to fix the amount of the county levies, which are generally much larger than the State tax, to apportion those levies, and control their collection and disbursements. We thus find power of every sort—legislative, executive, judicial and military, uniting in the hands of a class of men who, as descendants of the ancient nobility of England, had been educated in aristocratic habits and feelings, and who, as proprietors of large estates, masters of indented servants, and lords of slaves, controlled the social destinies of the colony. And the influence thus acquired by this order was confirmed and augmented by the lamentable state of education among the great mass of the people. Indeed, there seems to have been no provision whatever for general education at that time—common schools were unknown—and each man had to instruct his children at home as best he could. The consequence was, of course, that, as a general rule, they grew up in absolute ignorance. Not only was this so, but it seems to have been the good pleasure of the government, that it should continue so. This certainly was the case during the administration of Berkeley, which lasted for about thirty-six years. We quote from Bancroft's history :

"The system of common schools was unknown. 'Every man,' said Sir William Berkeley, in 1671, 'instructs his children according to his ability;' a method which left the children of the ignorant to hopeless ignorance. The instinct of aristocracy dreaded the general diffusion of intelligence, and even the enfranchising influence of the preaching of the ministers. 'The ministers,' continued Sir William, in the spirit of the aristocracy of the Tudors, 'should pray oftener and preach less. *But I thank God, there are no free schools, nor printing*; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best governments. *God keep us from both.*"—Vol. 2, p. 192.

With this disposition upon the part of the government, and that lamentable ignorance among the masses, of which all the co-temporaneous writers speak, it is easy to see that the administration of affairs must necessarily have fallen into the hands of those wealthy proprietors, who had brought with them into the colony the culture which belonged to the English gentry of that day, or into the hands of their children, who had been sent to England to be educated—as was the fashion of those times.

In this connection, we should not omit to mention the laws of *Primogeniture* and *Entails*, as they exerted great influence in building up the aristocracy of Virginia, and confirming its power. It can scarcely be necessary to say that these laws

were brought into the colony by the first settlers as a part of the laws of the mother country, and that, down to the period of the Revolution, their policy was much favored. Indeed, the principle of entails was carried much further in the colony than it had ever been carried in England. In the first place, nothing but *land*, or something issuing out of, or appurtenant to, land, could be entailed in England. But, by an Act of Assembly passed in 1727, *slaves*, as well as land, could be entailed in the colony. There was another most important distinction between the law of entails in Virginia and in England. In England, fines and recoveries, as they were called, were always a part of the law of Entails. This was a provision which put it in the power of the tenant in tail, at any moment, to defeat the estate tail, and vest in himself an absolute fee simple, over which he had complete dominion, to alien, devise, or transmit by descent to his heirs general, as he saw fit. And when the law of entails was received into the colony, fines and recoveries, as a part of that law, were, as a matter of course, received with it. But, as early as October, 1705, it was enacted by the Assembly, that "fines and recoveries, and every other act for the purpose of avoiding and defeating estates tail," except by act of the General Assembly, "shall be utterly null and void." And, although this restraint was so far removed in 1734, as to allow the entail of lands not exceeding £200 in value to be defeated on certain conditions, yet all entails of estates over £200 sterling in value were indestructible. And, if our memory serves us aright, this continued to be the law until 1776, when all entails were abolished. By this course of legislation, restraints upon the alienation of property in the colony became more burdensome than in the mother country, and it was in the power of the owner to bind up his property in a particular line of transmission for an almost indefinite period. All this, of course, favored the growth of wealthy families, and tended to confirm and perpetuate their power.

From these elements, and others which it is not necessary to enumerate at this time, sprung the *Landed Aristocracy* of Virginia, which, for more than a century, controlled her destinies—in many respects, a remarkable race of men, illustrious first in the annals of the colony, and afterwards in the history of the commonwealth and the councils of the nation.

We have now pointed out, in an imperfect manner, what we understand to have been the character of the population of Virginia during the colonial period, as also the relations subsisting between the two great classes into which that population was divided. Let us next ascertain, if we can, how the people of Virginia lived in those times—what manner of life they led. And here the first thing which attracts our attention is *preponderance*

of country life over town life. We find that the people of Virginia were, from the first settlement of the colony, an agricultural people. They lived isolated upon their farms, at long distances apart, rarely congregating together in towns or cities, as did the Puritans of New England. We learn from the best authority that, as late as 1660—fifty-three years from the foundation of the colony—“*Virginia possessed no considerable town.*” And Bancroft, writing of the year 1674, says—

“There was scarcely such a thing as a cluster of three dwellings. Jamestown was but a place of a statehouse, one church, and eighteen houses, occupied by about a dozen families. *Till very recently the legislature had assembled in the hall of an alehouse.* Virginia had neither towns or lawyers.” Vol. 2, p. 212.

And again describing the manner in which the Virginians of that period lived, he says—

“The generation now in existence was chiefly the fruit of the soil; they were the children of the woods, nurtured in the freedom of the wilderness, and dwelling in lonely cottages, scattered along the streams. No newspaper entered their houses; no printing-press furnished them a book. They had no recreations but such as nature provides in her wilds; no education but such as parents in the desert could give to their offspring. The paths were bridle-ways rather than roads; and the highway surveyors aimed at nothing more than to keep them clear of logs and fallen trees. We doubt if there existed what we should call a bridge in the whole dominion, though it was intended to build some. Visits were made in boats, and on horseback through the forests; and the Virginian, travelling with his *pouch of tobacco for currency*, swam the rivers, where there was neither ferry nor ford.” Vol. 2, p. 212.

Let us, for a moment, visit one of these Virginia farmers in his forest home—let us see the course of life he leads there, and the society by which he is surrounded. Having selected a suitable location, generally on an eminence and “in sight of a lovely river,” he builds his mansion. Here he locates himself and family. In addition to his wife, children and other relatives, he has around him a few menials—sometimes indented servants, but generally slaves. These constitute his household. At a distance from the mansion-house, in some retired corner of his estate, we find huddled together, in log huts, the serfs who cultivate his lands. The number of these will, of course, vary in each case according to the wealth of the proprietor and the extent of his possessions. Here, in the depths of the forest, with no society but that of his family, surrounded by slaves and indented servants, the Virginia farmer spent his life, seldom leaving home except to visit the horse-race, the county court, and sometimes, perhaps, the parish church. *Isolated country life was a controlling element in colonial society.*

We have now described what we conceive to have been the three most prominent features in the Social System of Virginia during her colonial existence, and which still continue such, though in a mitigated form. *First*, the general prevalence of the relation of *master and slave*. *Second*, the existence of a *Landed Aristocracy*, who gave tone to society and controlled, for a long period, the destinies of the colony. *Third*, isolated country life.

And now a deeply interesting problem presents itself. What was to have been expected of a social system thus constituted? What progress was such a system likely to make in civilization? What would be its probable fate among the other systems by which it was surrounded? No more interesting problem could possibly be presented to the consideration of the present generation of Virginians. For we believe that a truthful solution of it will throw a flood of light upon our past progress and future destiny as an independent people. If, as has been already stated, Virginia has hitherto done little for the melioration of man's social condition—if she has made but inconsiderable progress in material greatness, and, notwithstanding her rich soil, her genial climate, and vast natural resources, has always been, and is to this day, poor, *very poor*; if, upon the other hand, she has been always fertile in general ideas, if she has abounded in great men and striking developments of character and passion—if all this be true, as we believe it is, it may, in our judgment, be traced directly to those elements which, as we have seen, preponderated in her social system during her colonial existence. Let us then return to this system, and, by an examination of those elements, ascertain, if we can, what progress it was likely to make in civilization.

A word or two, by way of explanation, before we attempt a solution of this problem. In order to ascertain what progress the social system of Virginia was likely to make in civilization, it is necessary that we should first get some distinct idea of what the thing we call *civilization* is. And the first idea comprised in it, as it seems to us, is that of improvement in *civil life*—of melioration in man's outward condition and social relations. When applied to a community, it awakens at once the notion of general prosperity, social progress, and increase in the means of subsistence, comfort, and material well-being. This much is certainly implied in the term *civilization*; but is this all? Our nature at once rejects the definition as too narrow—it tells us that man was formed for a higher destiny than this—that the full development of his nature involves something more than progress in material well-being and social melioration. To feed and clothe the body, and keep the social relations well adjusted are very excellent things; but man has a soul as well as a body—he has a spiritual nature as well as a carnal nature, endowed with moral and intellectual faculties, the cultivation, of

which is quite as essential to his development and civilization, as eating, drinking, dressing, house-building and keeping the social machine well adjusted. And when we come to look closely into the matter, it will be found, we think, that civilization consists essentially of two elements—the improvement, first, of the *individual*, and then of *society*. Neither of these elements alone is sufficient—neither the development of man's social condition, nor of his inward and personal nature, taken separately, constitutes civilization. Its progress pre-supposes their union and combined movement. In proof of this, let us imagine, for a moment, a society abandoned to the absolute dominion of either one of these elements, and trace, if we can, the probable destiny of such a society. In this manner, it will appear, we think, that our definition is correct, and that civilization presents itself under the double aspect which we have described.

First, let us imagine a society where the moral and intellectual elements prevail. We will suppose that this society has made eminent progress in the development of the individual man—that his moral and intellectual nature have been highly cultivated, and that general ideas and striking manifestations of character abound. Looking at the individual man, one would say that this people possess the elements of a fine civilization. But when we come to look at their *social* condition we find that it has not kept pace with their moral and intellectual progress—the individual is greater than society. Among this people there are few common ideas, but little public feeling, and such a thing as a general interest is scarcely known. Individualism reigns almost supreme. The principle of association, if it exists at all, exists in its weakest form, and men's powers and faculties are exhausted in isolated effort. There is force enough to carry society forwards, but society does not move, because that force is dissipated over a large surface, and there are no means of collecting it and directing it to a common purpose.

It is obvious that such a social system cannot advance. There is much effort but no progress. Generation after generation sweeps by and leaves no trace of its existence. This society contains *one* of the elements of civilization, but the other is absent, and, until it arrives, immobility, if not dissolution, is its necessary condition. The development of man's inward and personal nature, without a corresponding progress in his social condition, can do little for the cause of civilization. It prepares the way, and that is all.

Let us now reverse the hypothesis. Let us suppose the case of a people whose outward condition is easy and agreeable. They have made vast progress, we will suppose, in material well-being—all their physical wants are supplied, and their social relations happily adjusted. They are well fed, well clothed, well housed and well governed—in a

word, their whole physical existence is comfortably regulated—they eat, drink, and are merry. But the moral culture of this people has been neglected—their intellectual energies are in a state of torpor and inertness—their whole inward and spiritual nature has remained barren and unimproved. They resemble a well-kept flock of sheep more than any thing else. Society has made prodigious progress, wealth has rapidly accumulated, material comforts have multiplied—the social relations have been perfected; but in the midst of this general movement, man himself has remained stationary—his moral and mental faculties have withered and decayed. It is manifest that this civilization is unsound, precarious and illegitimate—that it has no just foundation to stand upon, and that, however imposing it may be for the time, it is destined to be short-lived. Such is the aspect generally presented by those countries whose civilization, after a long and prosperous career, has at last exhausted itself, and, its vital elements having deserted it, is verging to speedy dissolution.

We repeat, then, that civilization consists essentially of two elements—that it manifests itself under two forms—the improvement of the exterior and general condition of man, and that of his inward and personal nature—in a word, the improvement both of society and humanity. We do not pretend that these two elements always move *abreast*. The reverse is much more frequently the case. We sometimes find one in advance, sometimes the other. Sometimes man's moral and intellectual nature progresses faster than his outward and social condition; at others, society, taking a start, far outstrips man's moral and intellectual development. But these two elements, however they may separate for a time, must ultimately come together and advance shoulder to shoulder. For, so soon as one progresses any great distance without the other and their union has long been interrupted, a painful hiatus is produced—a general conviction of unfitness, illegitimacy and incompleteness takes possession of the minds of men. They feel that the relation of things, and the harmony of society, have been disturbed. If any important social improvement, any great progress in material well-being, manifests itself among a people, unaccompanied by a corresponding mental movement, such improvement and progress seem to us strange, unaccountable and almost unjust. One desires immediately to know how it has been produced—upon what foundation it rests—to what principle it attaches itself. Not only so, but men feel that an obligation rests upon them to correct this state of things—to conform their inner nature to this new improvement which has manifested itself in the outer world, and thus restore the relations which should subsist between man's mental progress and social condition. So, on the other hand, if any great moral and intellectual movement makes its

appearance in the world, unaccompanied by a social progress, we find this same uneasiness, restlessness and discontent. Men feel the necessity immediately of carrying this new improvement, which they have experienced in their inward nature, into their outward, social condition, to conform the external world which they inhabit to this new truth which they have conceived, nor can they rest satisfied until this has been accomplished—so closely are man's social and intellectual development bound together and so essential are both to his civilization.

We thus perceive that civilization consists essentially of two elements—the development of man and the improvement of society—that these two elements are strictly connected and act reciprocally on each other, that man's moral and intellectual nature may be instructed by his social condition and his social condition elevated by his moral and mental progress, that these two elements, though they may separate for a time and impress their peculiar character upon the age or country over which they preside, must, by the laws of their own movement, ultimately come together and advance in company. We also believe that it is upon this union that the hopes of civilization rest, which, though it is often delayed for long intervals, is not, for that reason, any the less certain. An eloquent modern author says,

“The movements of Providence are not restricted to narrow bounds: it is not anxious to deduce to-day the consequences of the premises which it laid down yesterday. It may defer this for ages, till the fulness of time shall come. Its logic will not be the less conclusive for reasoning slowly. Providence moves through time, as the gods of Homer through space—it makes a step and ages have rolled away! How long a time, how many circumstances intervened before the regeneration of the moral powers of man by christianity exercised its great, its legitimate influence upon his social condition? Yet who can doubt or mistake its power?”

Having now got some distinct idea of what the thing we call civilization is, let us return to the problem which we have in hand, viz: what progress was the Social System of Virginia likely to make in civilization, what its probable success as compared with the other social systems by which it was surrounded. And, if the definition which we have given of civilization be correct, in order to solve this problem, it will be proper that we should put to that system the two-fold question—what was it likely to do for or against the development of *man* for or against the development of *society*. And we remark in the threshold that no one at all acquainted with the Social System of Virginia, during the colonial period, can fail to discover immediately the preponderance of those elements which favored the development of *man* at the expense of *society*. We have seen that, from the first settlement of the colony, *isolated country life* constituted a prominent feature in Vir-

ginia. There were no towns or cities, and the inhabitants of the colony lived in the woods, scattered in dwellings along the streams and water-courses of the country, at long distances apart. Many of them, much the most considerable for power and influence, were large landed proprietors and the masters of slaves. There they collected around them a little society, of which they were themselves the center, and over which they presided with absolute sway. That these men should come to be regarded as of great importance, not only by themselves but by all around them, was naturally to be expected. Observe for a moment, if you please, the social position of the Virginia farmer. He was the head of a family, a landed proprietor, the master of indented servants and the lord of slaves. Above him no superior, near him no equal, beyond the influences of general society, with no rule of conduct but his own good-will and pleasure, he lived in his forest home like a feudal baron in his lonely castle. He was everywhere supreme in the sphere in which he moved and which he rarely left. That a feeling of consequence and superiority, together with a sentiment of personal independence and individual liberty should have sprung up in the bosom of this society was unavoidable. And what the Virginians of that day meant by liberty was quite a different thing from the modern acceptance of that term, and what their cotemporaries, the Puritans of New England, meant by it. The liberty for which the men of New England labored so zealously was civil, political, or religious liberty—the liberty of the *citizen*; but the liberty to which the Virginians were so passionately attached was personal liberty—the liberty of the *individual*. And while our northern neighbors were devoting every faculty to the improvement of their social relations and condition as citizens, our ancestors in Virginia could, with difficulty, be induced to submit to the restraints of society at all. They loved their free forest life, and cared infinitely more for their liberty as men than their franchises as citizens. They could not understand why they should abridge their natural rights for the improvement of their social relations, when they felt society to be a burden, and only desired to be relieved from its trammels. They asked nothing from it, and were willing to concede nothing to it—they felt able to protect themselves, and did not lean upon the arm of government for safety. Aversion to much government has been, from the settlement of the colony, and is, at this day, a Virginia instinct. Listen to Bancroft.

“Shall the Virginians be described in a word? They were Anglo-Saxons in the woods again, with the inherited culture and intelligence of the seventeenth century. The major part of the House of Burgesses now consisted of Virginians that never saw a town. The Anglo-Saxon mind, in its sereneest nationality, neither distorted by fanaticism, nor subdued by superstition, nor wounded by per-

secution, nor excited by new ideas, but fondly cherishing the active instinct of personal freedom, secure possession and legislative power, such as belonged to it before the reformation, had made its dwelling place in the empire of Powhatan." Vol. 2, p. 454.

This isolated country life, together with that love of liberty and personal independence which it fostered, has, beyond doubt, been one of the controlling elements of our civilization. It meets us at every point of our progress—has moulded our institutions and lays at the foundation of our political creeds.

No one can fail to see that a social system thus constituted was admirably adapted to the progress of the individual man, to the development of his sentiments, affections and ideas. His secluded life favored meditation; and that independence, that love of liberty, that conscious superiority and habit of command, which we have just described, gave power to his nature and elevation to his views. And we accordingly find that, when the Virginia farmer left his native forests, it was to be translated to some higher sphere of action, either the cabinet, the legislative hall, the rostrum, or the field of battle. For the counting-house or the factory, he never manifested any taste or talent. In addition to this, society did not then present the chess-board uniformity of modern times. The people of Virginia had not yet submitted themselves to that Procrustean operation by which all the inequalities of nature are corrected, and mankind reduced to one stature. In the depths of the forest they recognized no common social standard to which they were obliged to conform, nor had they been subjected to that modern system of grading, by which it is sought to equalize every thing, to "make all mountains and valleys exactly of the same level, plane down universal creation into a Westphalian flat, and metamorphose the irregular grandeur of nature's Alps into a methodical circumvallation of Dutch dikes;" but society, like one of nature's own landscapes, was broken into hill and dale, mountain and valley, where the royal oak and the stunted pine grew side by side, and man walked abroad in his native majesty. The air he breathed was free, the soil he trod was his own—relieved from all conventionality, his sentiments, passions and ideas had ample space for expansion, and his nature full room for growth and development. All this was eminently favorable to individual progress; nor has the civilization of Virginia been false to its constituent elements. If, as we have seen, those elements preponderated which favored the development of the individual man, we find that they have produced their legitimate results, that the fact has corresponded with our expectations. It is impossible to deny that the civilization of Virginia has exercised a vast and salutary influence upon individual progress—upon the development of man's sentiments, passions and ideas.

At every page of her annals we meet with a crowd of noble sentiments, elevated ideas, and striking manifestations of character and passion, evidently generated in the bosom of that country life, so peculiar to her people. No where has man risen to greater moral and intellectual grandeur—warriors, statesmen, orators and civilians seem to be the natural products of her soil. The men who have ruled in the cabinet, who have guided the legislative councils of the country, and led her armies to victory, have most of them come from the woods of Virginia. The greatest statesman, the greatest warrior and the greatest orator that America has yet produced, have each been Virginia products. Washington, Henry and Jefferson are the true types of her civilization—she claims them as peculiarly her own. In the bosom of that country life which we have described, far away from towns and crowded cities, in the solitude of the forest, were their great virtues cultivated and their natures developed. These men, and others almost as great, have been the contributions which Virginia has made to the nation. Indeed, no impartial man can read the history of the country without discovering the vast influence which Virginia ideas and Virginia men have exerted over its destiny in peace and war. Truly has the great statesman of South Carolina said, that "Virginia, like the mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her jewels, points to her sons."

But Virginia has not only abounded in great men,—she has been equally fruitful in general ideas: her soil has been the hot-bed of political creeds. Those great principles of civil, political, and religious liberty, upon which all our institutions rest, grew naturally in the bosom of that society which we have described. And no one can fail to see that those principles are eminently characteristic of our civilization—they are just what might have been expected from its constituent elements. Their object is to "preserve, as far as possible, the independence of individual action and pursuit; and they reject all limitations upon this independence, which are not essential to the great ends of social organization. They regard all those powers which man wields in his aggregate or corporate capacity as so many limitations upon his individual rights, and they yield those which are indispensable to the institution of society as so many concessions which necessity has extorted from liberty." These are the principles which lie at the foundation of the political creed of Virginia, and upon which her own constitution and the constitutions of almost all the States of the Union are based. We conscientiously believe that those early Virginians—those "Anglo-Saxons in the woods," understood the nature of government better and did more to solve that great social problem by which individual liberty shall be reconciled with social order, than any race of men that have ever lived.

We must now reverse the picture—from the bright side we must turn to the dark side of our civilization; for, like the civilization of most other countries, it is Janus-faced. We have seen the ascendancy of those elements which favored individual progress; but unfortunately those very elements, which were thus favorable to individual progress, were hostile to social improvement. That isolated country-life—that love of liberty and personal independence which were so propitious for the development of character and passion, were every where opposed to general order and the establishment of society. The very notion of society implies the existence of a certain number of ideas and sentiments common to a majority of the members. Not only must there be a common stock of ideas and sentiments, but there must be a disposition to rally around those ideas and sentiments and a willingness to make sacrifices for their advancement. Where individualism reigns absolute and each man insists upon all his natural rights, it is manifest that there can be no society. This was too much the case in Virginia. Not only was the stock of common ideas small; but there was no disposition to rally to their support—the principle of association, if it existed at all, existed in its weakest form. The Social System of Virginia was at that time, substantially a federative system—it was composed, as we have seen, of a number of little societies scattered through the country, each with a distinct organization, and it proceeded upon the principle of leaving in each of these little local societies all the power which could abide there, and carrying to the great central society only so much as was absolutely necessary to the ends of social order. It is manifest that the success of such a system presupposes a very advanced state of civilization—a strong conviction of the necessity of society, and a general disposition and willingness upon the part of individuals to submit to social restraints; for it possesses in a less degree than any other system, the means of coercion. The general society was, in point of fact, the creature of the little local societies of which it is composed, holding its powers by no other tenure than their sufferance, and stood to them in very much the same relation that the Federal Government does to the States of the Union. It is manifest that such a system, however beautiful it may be in theory, and salutary, sometimes, in practice, was not adapted to a society composed of such elements as was the colonial society of Virginia. It was altogether incapable of maintaining its ascendancy and establishing general order among a people to whose tastes and habits the restraints of government and the conventional arrangements of society were so repugnant; who valued their natural rights more than their civil franchises, and cared for nothing half so much as personal liberty, and we accordingly find that these little local societies

resisted all encroachments by the general society of which they were a part, and maintained their independence and individual importance with the same resolution and pertinacity that a modern nullifier resists all encroachments by the General Government upon the reserved rights of the States. We doubt whether any society, laying claims to civilization, has ever existed, in ancient or modern times, where there was so little government, and the citizen enjoyed so large a liberty, as in this early colonial society.

We have now shown, by an examination of its elements, that the early civilization of Virginia did not favor *social improvement*. A further analysis will also show, if we mistake not, that it was equally unfavorable to the production of *wealth and progress in material greatness*. And we are now prepared, we think, to answer the question which has been so repeatedly asked—*Why has Virginia, with her great natural resources, always remained so poor?* In the beginning of this article, we remarked that the population of Virginia, from a very early period, was divided into two great classes. *Masters and Slaves*. The Slaves were the producers and the Masters the consumers. The relation, as we know, subsisting between these two classes, was that of absolute control on the one side, and perfect submission on the other. The slave was the *property* of his master, as much so as his ox, his ass, or any thing else that was his—he and his latest posterity were bondmen, and, like any other chattel, the slave might be sold, made the subject of devise or bequest, and, in case of intestacy, passed with the rest of the intestate's estate either to the heir at law or the distributee—according as slaves were declared to be realty or personalty for the time being. There is no relation, so far as we know, which has ever been established between man and man, either in ancient or modern times—not even that of lord and serf—which theoretically implies such absolute despotism on the one side, and servile subjection on the other, as that of *master and slave*. And this was the relation which prevailed almost universally in Virginia between the two great classes into which the population of every country is divided—*producers and consumers*—the producers were slaves, and the consumers were their masters. As we have already said, such a thing as free labor, or an independent body of laborers, had, at that time, no place in the social system of the colony. It is not difficult to estimate the influence which this fact was likely to exert over material progress. History is full of admonition upon this point. The great truth stands recorded on every page, in letters of living light, that, so soon as one part of the population of a country reduces the other to subjection, and the system of *castes* succeeds to that of *classes*, that moment all further progress is at an end, and society becomes stationary, if it does not retrograde.

Take the history of any people—it matters not what—and you will find that the conquest of one class by another, and their reduction into subjection, has been invariably followed by torpor or decay; while the periods of greatest progress have always been periods of greatest emulation and struggle. So certain is it that rivalry, competition and effort are every where the conditions of progress and improvement. You see this clearly illustrated in Asiatic civilization. No one can fail to observe the simplicity and unity of that civilization. It seems to be the development of a single principle, which has excluded every other principle, and taken possession of society. It is sometimes the theocratic principle, as in India; sometimes the democratic principle, as in the republic of Phœnicia; sometimes the despotic principle, as in Turkey and Persia; in other quarters, other organizations have obtained. But the aspect of Eastern civilization is every where the same—the dominion of an exclusive power, which admits no rival, proscribes every other power, and takes into its own hands the absolute control of government and society. The consequence of which is that monotony, torpor, decay, every where characterise that civilization. It seems as if society, having exhausted its vital energies, was about to lie down and die. How different from this has been the civilization of Europe. Diversity, complexity, emulation and struggle are every where met with in its history. For the last thousand years, it has had scarcely a moment's rest. Its whole career has been stormy and adventurous. All the social elements—all classes and conditions—every gradation of wealth and influence—political creeds and religious creeds—powers temporal and powers spiritual—every conceivable form of organization—the theocratic principle, the democratic principle, the aristocratic principle, the monarchical principle; all these diversified elements have been thrown together in incessant rivalry, each struggling for victory and none able to secure it. This, beyond doubt, has been the productive, and, at the same time, the conservative element, in European civilization. It has been at the same time, the source both of its strength and of its glory. If that civilization is superior to all others which have preceded it—if it has done more for the melioration of man's personal and social condition—if, after the lapse of fourteen centuries, it still retains all the vigor of youth, and manifests no symptoms of exhaustion—it is because of that emulation and rivalry, which we have noticed. Society has never, for any considerable time, fallen under the dominion of any single principle; no one class has ever been able to conquer all the others and reduce them to subjection; but all have advanced together, and developed themselves side by side, amidst undying jealousies and rivalries. And it is this emulation between contending principles and classes—this

desire to conquer without the ability to do so—this effort for victory unaccompanied by success—which chiefly distinguishes European from Asiatic civilization, and gives to the former its vast superiority. It is obvious that a society, thus agitated by conflicting elements, can never fall into repose and inertness. It may, perchance, be overwhelmed in the storms of revolution, but can never sink into torpor and gradual decay.

Thus history teaches us that emulation and rivalry, which liberty encourages, is every where the condition of progress, while that lethargy and inertness, which follows upon the subjection of one class by another, leads to a stagnation, if not a dissolution, of society. And the voice of history is, in this matter, as in most others, but the echo of reason. The masses of mankind are not *amateurs* in labor. To induce them to labor, *motives* must be addressed to them, and, as a general rule, the amount of exertion which they will make will be in exact proportion to the weight of the motives to which they are subjected. This principle will scarcely be denied. Let us, then, apply it first to the case where the producing classes of a country are free and independent, and next, to the case where they are in bondage and subjection; or, to come at once to the case in point, let us apply the principle to the *systems of free labor and slave labor*, and see what result it gives us. It informs us that that system of labor is best, and will prove most productive, which supplies to the laborer the strongest *motive* to exertion. Now, the strongest motive which can be addressed to the laboring masses is, beyond doubt, the *hope of reward*—the reasonable prospect of improving their material well-being. All experience demonstrates that, with the vast majority of the human race, this motive takes precedence of all others; indeed, there is none which can enter into competition with it. The *fear of punishment* is, it is true, in many instances, a powerful motive to effort; but no one at all acquainted with human nature, and the springs of human conduct, will venture to compare it, for a moment, with the hope of reward. Taking it, then, as true, that the hope of reward is the most powerful motive which can be addressed to the laboring masses of mankind, it follows necessarily that the system, which adopts this motive and establishes the most intimate connection between labor and the rewards of labor, must be the most productive. Now, free labor presents, in its strongest possible form, the hope of reward as a motive to exertion; while slave labor rejects it altogether, and substitutes in its stead, the far inferior motive of the fear of punishment. And it has always appeared to us, that the superiority of free labor over slave labor, in point of productiveness, is just precisely that superiority which the hope of reward has over the fear of punishment, as a motive to human exertion. Where labor is free, the laborer is rewarded in

exact proportion to the amount of exertion which he uses. What he sows he reaps; if he sows much, he reaps much; if he sows little, he reaps little; if he sows nothing, he reaps nothing. While, therefore, the prospect of comfort and abundance invites the laborer to industry, the apprehension of destitution and want deters him from idleness. He is placed, therefore, in a position which, of all others, is best calculated to elicit exertion. Rewards surround him on one side, and penalties on the other. Industry is the highway to comfort and happiness, and idleness the certain road to want and misery. But how is it with the slave? *What motive to exertion has he?* Does his condition in life depend upon the exertion which he shall use? By no means. His condition is determined by causes over which he has no manner of control, and it is not in his power, by any conduct of his, to affect it materially, either for good or for evil. He can neither improve it by industry nor impair it by idleness. The great and universal motive to honest industry, that of bettering one's lot, is lost upon him. The great law of human progress is not for him. As he is born, so must he die. "Why, then, should I toil and sweat?" the slave may well ask himself. "I am not to eat the bread which my own hands have sown. If I plant, another gets the increase. It is a matter, therefore, of indifference to me whether I work or am idle. The most industrious slave, and the veriest drone in the hive, upon a common footing—they share pretty much alike their master's bounty—they are fed alike, clothed alike, and housed alike. Seeing, therefore, that whether I work or am idle, my condition is the same, I have a direct and positive interest to be idle." Is it not obvious that a system, which thus takes from labor its legitimate rewards and relieves idleness from its proper penalties, is fatal to exertion, and, consequently, to production. It is true that the fear of punishment is substituted for the hope of reward as a motive to exertion; but, as we have already stated, it will be readily admitted by all acquainted with the motives of human conduct, that the substitute is a very imperfect one.

It can scarcely be necessary for the writer of this article to remark, in this connection, that he has no sort of sympathy with that false philanthropy which, both in this country and Europe, has expended so much indiscriminate sympathy upon the condition of the African slave in the Southern States. We have never been able to discover why that portion of the laboring mass should be made the *peculiar* objects of sympathy. It is true that the slave is doomed to labor, and, at the same time, realize but a small proportion of the products of his labor. But this, as every reflecting mind must see, is the condition of the laboring masses every where. One portion of the community always has and always will live upon the labor of the

other portion. In every age and country *capital* has held labor in subjection, and always must hold it in subjection and no where has the laborer received, or is he ever destined to receive, more than a very small proportion of the products of his own labor. And we are firmly persuaded, after a somewhat careful examination of the subject, that the distribution of the products of labor between the laborer and the capitalist is no where more favorable to the laborer than in the Southern States of the union. For it can be demonstrated from immutable general principles, and it is confirmed by experience, that bare subsistence, together with the means of perpetuating the race, is all that simple labor has ever received or can ever expect to receive. And, if so, it seems to us that the slave has reason to rejoice, rather than repine, over his lot. He is well fed, well clothed, well housed, and secure in the enjoyment of all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. And this, as we have recently had much melancholy reason for knowing, is more than can be affirmed of the laboring masses of Europe. It is in the name of the *master*, therefore, and not of the *slave*, that we assail the institution of slavery. It is political economy and not humanity which raises its voice against it.

We have now pointed out, in a very imperfect manner, the preponderance, from a very early period, of those elements in the social system of the colony which favored the development of man's moral and intellectual nature, but were hostile to the melioration of his material and social condition. And the fact, as we all know, corresponds, in every particular, with what might have been expected from this state of things. We are prepared, did space permit, and could we believe that it would be acceptable to the public, to carry this analysis of the Social System of Virginia yet further, and show that, whatever there may be characteristic in her present condition or past history—whatever she may, at any time, have done for the development of man, or whatever she may have failed to do for the improvement of society, is fairly attributable to those elements which, as we have seen, have always controlled her civilization. But this article has already extended to an unreasonable length, and we must bring it to an end. We cannot, however, dismiss this subject without calling attention, in a very few words, to one other feature in the Social System of Virginia, an explanation of which will be readily found in the preponderance of those elements which we have already described. We allude to *Domestic Manners*. This, from the first settlement of the country, has been a remarkable characteristic of the civilization of the colony, and, afterwards, of the commonwealth. No where have domestic manners ever been more prevalent—no where have they ever arrived at greater perfection. This was the necessary result of that iso-

lated country life, of which we have so frequently spoken. Placed beyond the reach of general society, the only refuge of the Virginia farmer was in the bosom of his family. Here he found his wife and children, and but few besides—they alone were his companions—they alone divided his sorrows, and shared his joys. Whatever concerned him, deeply interested them, and the members of this little circle became gradually united to each other by the strongest ties that can bind human beings together. And we accordingly find that the ties of family and kindred, the associations which connect themselves with *home*, and make it a shrine in after years, and “all the charities of father, son and brother,” acquired a force in Virginia that is seldom seen elsewhere. The preponderance of domestic life in the colony, and, since, in the commonwealth, is not, therefore, to be wondered at. It was, as we have just stated, the necessary consequence of that retired country life which the people then led, and still lead, to a great extent. By force of his position, the affections of the Virginia planter were obliged to center in his *Home*. Here his life was spent, here were his only friends and companions, here all his visions of happiness in this life clustered. Feelings which, under other circumstances, would have been weakened by diffusion, were here strengthened by concentration, and, almost, by exclusiveness. And here we remark, in passing, upon the *social position of woman in Virginia*. No where is it more exalted—no where is woman held in higher respect. And this is attributable to the prevalence of those domestic manners which we have just been describing. Here her importance and value became manifest. Woman, at one time man’s drudge, and, at another, his toy, in the bosom of that isolated country life which the people of Virginia have always led, became at once his friend, companion and guide. And, as is always the case, this improvement in her social position, has been accompanied by a corresponding improvement in her moral and intellectual faculties. As her influence and importance have increased, her mind has been expanded, and her virtues illustrated. And it will, accordingly, be found that if woman has always commanded cordial and unfeigned respect and admiration in Virginia, this has been but a just tribute to her many virtues. No where, in our judgment, has the female character ever attained to greater excellence—no where has woman ever been more chaste, more lovely, more self-devoting. A Virginia mother, in the circle of her family, with her children around her, is the noblest specimen of her sex.

A word in conclusion. We have now pointed out, though in a very imperfect manner, what, in our judgment, constitutes the strength and weakness of the Social System of Virginia. We have seen that its strength consists in the preponderance

of those elements which favor individual development, and its weakness in the subjection of those elements which favor social progress. But, if we be right in another proposition of ours, this latter evil will, in time, cure itself. For we have argued that the two great elements of civilization—individual development and social melioration—however they may separate for a time, must, by the laws of their own movement, ultimately come together, and advance *abreast*. And, in the meantime, until these two movements shall become parallel, there is, as we think, nothing discouraging in the present condition of the commonwealth. She is, at least, in possession of one, and that the most valuable of the great elements of civilization. And, indeed, grave doubts have been entertained by wise and reflecting men whether, after all, the prodigious progress, which modern society is making towards perfection in social organization, is the *summum bonum* which it has all along been supposed to be. It is argued that order and harmony in the social arrangements are very beautiful things, and, in no wise, to be neglected; but, upon the other hand, it is said that the tendency of the present system is to destroy all *individuality*, to make men mere conventional machines and respectable drudges. And thus, while you erect a grand and imposing social edifice, with all its parts adjusted in perfect harmony and order, you sap the foundation upon which it rests. Society progresses for awhile with wonderful rapidity, but the individual man deteriorates. It is not difficult to predict the ultimate fate of such a community. And in respect to progress in material wealth, it is argued that, while it is certainly a very good thing that men should be well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, and that their external condition, in every respect, should be comfortable and happy, yet that society has now passed that point, and the tendency of the present order of things is to engross men exclusively in the miserable work of accumulation, and to chain down their minds to low and perishable interests, to the neglect of higher and more enduring interests and the cultivation of those spiritual and intellectual faculties which distinguish man from the brute, and connect him, in the gradation of being, with higher intelligencies. They say that Mammon is the “Great God” of the age, and that it has none other God but him. We must not be understood as approving these views—upon the contrary we, for the most part, reject them. But yet we have thought proper to state them for the encouragement of those who are inclined to regret and despair over the present aspect of civilization in Virginia. For ourselves we need consolation from no such source. We find it in the Social System of the State itself. We believe that that system, while it has its imperfections, is full of hope and promise, and destined to future greatness. And we found this opinion upon that pre-

ponderance, which we have so often pointed out, of those elements which favor the development of the individual man. While the constituent members of a community remain sound and healthy—their moral and intellectual natures improved and cultivated—however imperfect its social organization may be, it possesses the materials for a fine society; for, after all, it is the noble people that make the noble government, rather than the converse. Institutions are much; but they are not all. And it is a truth which should never be forgotten, that those memorable revolutions in religion, morals and government, as well as those important inventions and discoveries in art and science, which have added so largely to the stock of human comfort and happiness, have resulted, not from social or political mechanism and organization, but from isolated and individual energy and devotion. They have, each and all of them, been either the legacies which some silent thinker has bequeathed to his country and his age from the retirement of his closet, or the achievements of some bold reformer, who, overflowing with love for his race and burning with indignation at their wrongs, has fired the human soul with new hope and new daring, and changed the course of history. And now, perhaps, when we least expect it, some such thinker or reformer may be in our midst. In the bosom of that isolated country life, which still constitutes a distinguishing feature in Virginia society, there may linger, obscure and unknown, and only awaiting a fit occasion to develop his priceless worth, some Jefferson, who shall expound to his country and the world the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and teach mankind how individual liberty may best be reconciled with social order—some Henry, whose burning words shall again stir up men's souls, and whose voice, as of old, shall sound to arms in the hour of peril—or some Washington, upon whose broad shoulders his country may again repose in the day of need, and feel that his constant soul and outstretched arm are a better safeguard than fleets and armies. "The glory of an age is often hidden from itself."

H. A. W.

Westmoreland county, Va.

IRELAND.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. CONYNGHAM.

Oh! land of beauty, thou art far away,
Sleeping upon the Ocean's heaving breast,
The kingly eagle and the wild osprey,
Amid thy beetling crags exalt their nest,
And scream their wild war music to the blast
Which urges on the wave more foamingly and fast.

How mighty are thy marvels!—whose the hand
That shaped and reared with wondrous power on high
Those basalt columns, side by side which stand
In desolate grandeur between sea and sky:
Towering in height, in skill all unsurpassed,
A barrier impregnable and vast.

Is it a record of the skill and power
Of giant nations, passed away from earth?
E'er man immortal breathed in Eden's bower,
These palisades of wonder had their birth.
The first born sun shone on them:—and the flood
Swept earth from pole to pole—yet still they stood.

The Power which calls and guides the stormy cloud,
The bow of promise pictures in yon heaven;
Which wakes the thunder, pealing long and loud—
Which sendeth forth the quiet stars at even;
This Power Almighty, into being called
Thee, and thy strange, wild beauty, Ocean's Emerald!

The pride of Wicklow's wooded hills, and fall
Of rushing light, is beautiful to see,
And where the fragments of St. Kevin's wall,
Stand 'mid Glendalough's lone serenity,
I've watched the harvest moon-beams on the pile
Descend in semblance of an Angel's smile.

Where the old kings of Munster held their court,
In Cashel's palmy days of power and state,
The peasant children gayly now may sport
In all their reckless gleefulness elate;
For the bright morn and evening's suns are shed
O'er roofless dwellings of the crownéd dead.

But with less lightsome mien their steps they trace,
Where on the rock precipitous arise
The crumbling ruins of the holy place
Of their own land's religious mysteries:
For every little heart hath thrilled at tale
And fairy legend of the Lia Fáil.

Sport on,—while yet the days of brightness be;
E'er hunger's iron fingers grasp the heart,
And all secure in helpless infancy,
In toil and torturing care ye have no part;
No portion in the bitter thoughts which try
The elder-hearted with fierce agony.

Where are the lords, the owners of the soil,
Who should the shelter of their vassals be;
Their rescuers from misery and toil,
Imposed by the oppressor's tyranny?
Alas! though Erin's voice is one of wail,
What ear is open to her piteous tale?

But many a gallant spirit yet is thine,
Green Isle of loveliness! The brave, the good,
The noble and true-hearted round thee shine
Like "lights within a tempest"—and a flood
Of hallowed memories, thou well may'st claim,
With the loved echo of each patriot name.

As to the aged Prophet's wistful eyes
Over Judea's parched and suffering land
In ancient days a little cloud did rise,
A little cloud as it had been a hand;
Blest harbinger of life-reviving rain,
So read I, "joy to Ireland comes again!"

A purer, holier joy than that of yore,
A brighter honor, a more fair renown,
Joy, which dispels the anguish of the poor;
Honor which hath salvation for its crown;
Fame whose green laurels bloodless all shall be,
A glorious wreath of immortality.

'Till then, let children raise their hands and bless
In humble adoration, God, who here
A haven opens wide, to which distress,
And desolate poverty, may safely steer
Their frail and sinking barques :—aye let them come,
Unto our Forest-land the Exile's Refuge home !

Oh ! would that I could all unlink the chain
Of wretchedness, and set thee, Erin, free,
Wipe from thy annals every dark'ning stain,
Light up thy heart with fire of liberty;
And then beneath the sky no Ocean gem
Were brighter in old Neptune's diadem.

BRIEF EPISTLES.

1. The letter of Lentulus to Catiline, in Salust's account of the conspiracy of Catiline, certainly is a model of brevity; consisting, in Latin, of but 31 words, which in English it is difficult to avoid expanding into 38. In view of the bloody convulsions which that letter was designed to produce, it used to strike my boyish fancy as having a touch of the sublime in its awful and mysterious conciseness :

"You will learn who I am, from him I send to you. Reflect, in what peril you are, and remember that you are a man. Consider what your circumstances require—seek help from all, even from the lowest."

2. But that letter was as a President's message to a speech of Queen Victoria, compared with a missive which Julius Cæsar wrote to his lieutenant, Quintus Cicero. The latter, with a small force, was beleaguered in an isolated camp, or fortress, by an immense host of Gauls, or Germans,—no matter which. They guarded all the approaches to him so closely, that with extreme difficulty and hazard, he conveyed news of his peril to Cæsar. The great leader instantly posted off, with 7,000 men, to relieve Cicero; but sent forward a nimble courier, with a note in two words, which must have been to the distressed lieutenant one of the most delicious of *billets-doux*. It was in Greek—that the enemy might not understand it, should it fall into their hands :

"Καίσαρ Κικερωνί
Βυθείαν προσδεχόν."

The two upper words were only the address, or direction of the letter. The whole, in English, was—

"Cæsar to Cicero :
Expect help."

It was thrown over into the camp, affixed to a javelin: for the barbarians prevented all personal access. Hardly had it been received, when the hearts of the garrison were made to leap with a yet livelier joy by the sight of the smoke from Cæsar's camp-fires, surging above the woods. They were seen also by the savage besiegers; who left the siege to attack him, and were utterly routed, with great slaughter.

3. It is well known that an English dandy, who courted the familiarity of Lord Chesterfield, eloped to Gretna Green with an heiress, and after having the nuptial knot tied, wrote thus to his lordship :

"MY DEAR LORD—

I am the happiest dog alive.

Yours,

JACK * * * * *

To which the wit responded—

"DEAR JACK—

Every dog has his day.

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD."

Our own times have afforded samples of epistolary brevity, that may compare not badly with Cæsar's. I do not allude to the breathless dispatches by the lightning-horse, lately harnessed and made to bear "winged-words" with a celerity that Iris or Mercury never dreamed of, however Jupiter might hurry them. The instances I am going to cite, were before the magnetic telegraph had been invented.

4. One was a New England mother's letter to her son, who had roved away to Louisiana. It was as follows :

"DEAR TOM—

Come home.

YOUR MOTHER," &c.

Tom's answer, quite as laconic, ran thus :

"DEAR MOTHER—

I won't.

YOUR LOVING SON," &c.

5. Virginia, some half a century since, furnished a correspondence briefest of all. It had but one word in each epistle. The eccentric Doctor Honeyman, of Hanover, had contracted to buy, from Captain Robert Dabney, of Louisa, some live pork, which the latter was to drive down and deliver. It did not come, however, so soon as it ought: and the doctor, in a fit of mingled impatience and waggery, folded a large sheet of foolscap into a very complicated letter-form, having written in its innermost recess the single word "Hogs!" This he dispatched by express to Captain Dabney—a humorist also, of the first grain. In half a day the messenger returned, bearing in reply a similarly folded sheet, in the very *penetra-*

lia whereof was written, only the word used by swine-drivers to urge along their grunting herd—"Houy!"—pronounced *hoo-y*!—By this, the doctor was given to understand that the pork was coming on, with all speed. And he had hardly done laughing at the retort of his joke, when the Louisa captain appeared, with his hogs and drivers.

Would that all tellers of stories (myself included), and all makers of speeches, writers of essays, and builders of books, would learn from the heroes and heroine of my narrative, one among the most important rules of man's brief and busy life—BE SHORT.

M.

SONNET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

When in the temple at still eventide
The young priest said in firm and moving tone,
That human love was sacredly allied
To that which God proclaimeth as his own:
And bade us all remember how the hours
Of trembling sympathy, intense though fleet,
Awoke devotion's most exalted powers
As flew the soul its counterpart to meet;—
Then o'er my spirit, like a sudden flame,
The memory of our love exultant grew,
I turned to thee,—no answering glances came
For thy sweet head was bowed as flowers with dew;
Yet my veiled eyes I felt were deeply fraught
With a responsive beam of kindling thought.

RICHARD III. *

Genius, like the rays of the sun, illuminates every thing it touches; yet, like those very rays, it often presents the objects on which it falls in a false light. Perhaps the truth of this observation was never more fully illustrated than in the history of the character, whose name stands at the head of this article. Like many others, who have fallen upon evil times in their generation, and become the scape-goats of history, the probability is growing every day stronger that he has been greatly misrepresented—that he was, by no means, the monster we have been taught to believe—that he was at least as good as any of his contemporaries—and that many of those contemporaries are responsible

for much of the crime he is said to have committed.

The genius of Shakspeare first sanctioned the general impression against the unhappy Richard III. Shakspeare was a poet, and he wanted a subject; he was a Lancastrian, and he wished that subject to be the enemy of the House whose cause he had espoused. He was a very curt narrator of events (though Marlborough did say that he was the best of all historians; in some respects, such as giving a vivid impression of the times in which his hero lived, beyond all doubt he was;) but after this Shakspeare was but a poet; he drew upon his fancy always when it was necessary to supply his facts.

After him came a historian more generally read than any other that has written our language, who seems, strangely enough, to have taken up the cudgels for the house of Lancaster, three hundred years after the quarrel had been extinguished in the death of all the parties and who perverted history even more than Shakspeare. This may be accounted for, in a very great degree, by Hume's inattention to business. There are still existing, it has been said, in the Foreign Office, piles of documents, which were ordered to be copied out for him—they stand just as the clerks copied them—they were never examined by him and there they will remain to the end of all time, a monument of a historian's indolence and a warning to those who put their faith in history.

When Horace Walpole first published his "Historic Doubts," Hume was placed in a very awkward attitude. The proof of it may be seen in his Notes to the second edition of his history. The advantage was evident; the man of letters—the *mere scholar*—had beaten the professed historian at his own weapons—upon his own field of conflict—and, evidently, under all the disadvantages which superior opportunities could afford to the latter. The fact was sufficient to prove that though David possessed some of the highest requisites for *making* a historian—though he had the most insinuating and most delightful of all possible styles—he was yet deficient in one particular, which of late, and only of late, has begun to be thought an important ingredient in the character of him who writes history. David had no sort of care or predilection for facts; not more than Livy had, whose history we have always thought one of the most splendid romances we ever read. The two men were alike in one particular; they were both men of genius—they resembled each other also in another, they took no pains to find out whether they were writing truth or falsehood, but only followed the bent of their own fancy. A splendid work, not a historical record, seems to have been equally the object of both. Livy, to gratify the prejudices of his nation, chose to perpetuate numberless antiquated Roman lies with regard to Hannibal the Carthaginian; Hume, to tickle his own country-

* RICHARD III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England. By Caroline A. Halsted.

men, seems to have resolved that no slander that had ever been propagated against Cromwell should find its grave, at least in his day. Hume would not look at the records after they were copied out; Livy, we doubt not, never took the trouble to examine whether there was even any record of the events he describes or not. Livy wrote most eloquently and most musically; so did Hume. The Roman's introduction of Hannibal, on the stage, surpasses *almost* all we have seen in history; we say *almost* because we mean to give place to his great rival's description of Cromwell's death.

We only compare these two great national historians, for the purpose of showing that the highest elements which enter into a genius for *writing* history, that is for making history agreeable to the man who reads it, are very apt to be wanting in him who attends to the more important part of recording facts as they really are, and *vice versa*. They seem also, in part, to illustrate the cause why the character of Richard III. has been always pursued with execration by all the readers of English History. Let us now return to that monarch—to Mrs. Halsted's book—and to the various chronicles that have recorded the wars of the Two Roses.

Richard, as the reader very well knows, was the last monarch of the illustrious house of Plantagenet, and fell in battle at the early age of thirty-two. He is represented, by the great dramatist, as showing an instinctive thirst for blood two years before he was actually born,—as committing many crimes at a period when he must have been in his nurse's arms. The poet was excusable—he had little to do with facts—all he wished was a position to show off his *hero*—but for the *historian* there is no excuse.

We regard the present work—that of Mrs. Halsted—as a real acquisition to literature, not for its *style*, but for two qualities which would have stood very low in the eyes of the two great national historians to whom we have already alluded, Hume and Livy. Her book is distinguished by deep research into the history of the age on which she professes to descant, and she never speaks out of the record. She has the advantage of Walpole in one particular, while she is behind him in another; she cannot speak in the same style of simple, easy elegance, by which all he has written is marked, and which, in our opinion, has never been rivalled by any *male* writer who ever existed; but she has had an opportunity which was denied to him; that of more thoroughly inspecting the records of the eventful times of which they treat than was ever afforded to any other person, or at least to any other person who has thought proper to take advantage of it. Our limits forbidding us to *extract* from the book, we merely propose to give the reader some general idea of its contents.

Edward III., it is well known, had seven sons and five daughters, all by one marriage. The

BLACK PRINCE, who was the eldest of them all, and upon whom the crown would of course have devolved, having died, his son, (Richard II.,) succeeded to the throne. In the year 1399, this prince, who seems to have inherited none of the qualities of his father, or grandfather, was deposed by his own near relation, Henry of Bolingbroke, who was the oldest son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, whose name is so familiar to all the readers of Shakspeare.

It is proper to mention in this connection, that before the dethronement of Richard II., Parliament taking matters into their own hands, had already nominated as his successor Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, which Lionel was the elder brother of John of Gaunt, the “time honored Lancaster,” who has become so famous as the progenitor of the family of Lancaster. It is evident, therefore, that the claims of those who were descended from the Duke of Clarence, according to the feudal ideas of the rights of property, were superior to the claims of those who were descended from John of Gaunt. The house of Lancaster, however, was powerful and wealthy, far more so, for the time, than any other of king Edward's descendants. It retained possession of the crown for three reigns, Henry IV., V. and VI, all having successively worn it. The reign of the last of these monarchs was one of the longest recorded in the whole history of England—we believe the very longest with the exception of George III.

Lionel, Duke of Clarence, left an only child, Philippa, who married Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, and whose son, Roger, inherited all the titles thus concentrated. This son, however, died before the deposed monarch; and Henry IV. imprisoned his heir, a child of seven years, at Windsor Castle, in order that his rich possessions might enure to the benefit of his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V.; one of the most famous monarchs in English history, and especially well known to all readers of Shakspeare, as the “mad prince”—the companion of Falstaff and Poinso—the especial favorite, in one word, of the great dramatist himself, who seems to have derived his affection for, and prejudices in favor of, the family of Lancaster, from this splendid creation of his genius. That “Hal,” as Shakspeare calls him, in some degree deserved the enthusiastic devotion he always manifested for his memory, there can be no doubt; and the fact that a most intimate friendship sprung up between him and the imprisoned Edward Mortimer, is sufficient to establish it. Mortimer made no opposition to him, though his claims were in law superior, but on the contrary was through life a devoted friend and follower. Things stood thus during the reigns of Henry IV. and his son.

The fifth son of Edward III. was Edmund Lang-

ley, Duke of York, who married Isabella, daughter and co-heiress of Peter, King of Castile and Leon. John of Gaunt had married her sister, so that there was a double connection between the houses of York and Lancaster, which for a brief period served to keep them from coming to any direct issue. York, however, could not forget the usurpation of Lancaster. The Earl of Cambridge, the Duke of York's second son, married the lady Ann Mortimer, sister to the Earl of March and granddaughter of the Earl of Clarence, mentioned above. They immediately began to advocate the rights of primogeniture which had been abandoned (tacitly) by Edward Mortimer. This nobleman had died childless, and his rights became vested in Richard Plantagenet, the only son of the Duke of Cambridge, (mentioned above,) and the lady Ann Mortimer. This prince, having entered into a conspiracy with the Lord Treasurer Scroop and Sir Thomas Gray to dethrone Henry V., was tried for treason and beheaded, in the year 1415, at Southampton.

The Duke of Cambridge was much beloved, particularly by his own race, and his death begot a degree of hatred between the two families, which never subsided. The families of York and Clarence, already united by marriage, formed an alliance against the house of Lancaster, which led to that struggle, well known in history as the war of the Roses. The son and heir of the Duke of York, (Edmund Langley) was killed at the battle of Agincourt; he left no issue and consequently the infant heir of the Duke of Cambridge, recently executed, became the heir of all the family honors, titles and estates. In consequence, however, of his father's rebellion, his honors and titles were suppressed by the strong arm of an act of Parliament. This Duke of York was the father of Edward IV., of Clarence, and of Richard III., all characters perfectly well known to the readers of Shakspeare.

The fate of Henry VI. has excited much commiseration from the graphic representation of Shakspeare. This in connection with the death of his son, prince Edward, is the first crime with which Richard, at that time Duke of Gloucester, is charged. At the time of the battle of Barnet, the same in which prince Edward was slain, the Duke of Gloucester was eighteen years old; an age at which cruelty is not natural to the mind of most men, and at which there is no reason to believe that it had taken possession of that of the person in question. As to the murder of the young prince, it is sufficient merely to say, that the eldest of the chroniclers who has mentioned the event, represents him as having been slain by the "king's servants." The Tudor historians substituted the word "brothers" for "servants;" and thus the whole offence is laid upon the Duke of Clarence and Gloucester, but more especially on the latter. Shakspeare, following Holinshed, adopted his prejudices, and

Hume, writing without any great regard to the accuracy of his statements, or the contrary, follows both. There does not *seem* to be the smallest reason to believe that either of the "king's brothers" had the slightest share in the death of the young prince. The probability is that he was killed in the battle, no person, particularly, being responsible for his death. The grand author of the imputation was Polydore Virgil, who was employed by Henry VII., to write the history of the period, and who, of course, gave it such a color as would suit his royal patron.

The next charge against Gloucester is that he murdered, with his own hand, the unfortunate Henry VI. That monarch, who was confined in the tower, certainly died on the day of the battle of Tewkesbury; but there is no reason to believe that Gloucester had any particular share in his death. The scene in Shakspeare, in which he is represented as holding his final interview with the aged monarch, is one of the most powerful he has drawn, and one from the effects of which it is least easy to disabuse the public mind; yet there has never been any direct testimony that the duke of Gloucester ever saw Henry VI. after the battle of Tewkesbury. That monarch died on the night of the battle; Gloucester commanded his brother's forces on that day. Is it probable that he would have left so important a command, travelled post to London, through the midst of people, many of whom must have belonged to the enemy, and all for the purpose of assassinating an old and feeble man whose cause, at the best, was entirely prostrate, and who had nothing farther to oppose to the claims of his rival? It is impossible to believe it!

The interview between Gloucester and the widow of the young prince of Wales, (the lady Ann of Shakspeare,) is described with glowing effect, undoubtedly, by the poet. It is not known to the majority of readers, that "the lady Ann" was the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, (the King-maker,) that she had been raised from her infancy with her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester,—that she had been only betrothed, and never actually *married* to the young prince of Wales,—that there is every reason to believe, that an attachment had been formed between the cousins from early childhood—that the Duke of Clarence, who married the elder sister, in order to secure the property of the younger, had left her in the condition of a scullion, and that she was found in that situation by the Duke of Gloucester, who not only relieved her, but married her. The play of Shakspeare makes Richard accost her as she was attending the corpse of Henry VI. to Tutbury; that was clearly impossible, since the body was conveyed, by water, and at midnight; thus rendering it utterly incompatible with all that we can imagine of the true characters of Shakspeare's description. If the reader will only take into consideration the fact,

that at the time of all these transactions Richard was in his *nineteenth* year, he will be able to estimate the value of *history*, especially history of the middle ages.

The next crime, of magnitude, attributed to Richard is, we believe, the murder of his brother, the Duke, (or Earl as it was at that day,) of Clarence. It is certain, however, that at the time of Clarence's death, the Duke of Gloucester had been for six years in the north of England—that he had been engaged in no possible manner with any political party—and that he had no earthly object, as things then stood, to gain by the perpetration of such a deed. Clarence appears to have been a light, wavering, uncertain character—a man of little principle and of no common sense. His desertion of his own party and his alliance with Warwick are evidence enough of this truth. But that the Duke of Gloucester ever entertained any fear of him, is too absurd for consideration. It may give the readers of Shakspeare and of Hume, who have been in the habit of indulging their sympathies at the expense of Richard, some pleasure to know, that after all, he was not drowned in a butt of malmsey. He was regularly executed, on the contrary, according to law—left the world “quietly,” to use a phrase of Captain Dalgetty, by *suffocation*, after the manner of a great many of his fathers. We learn not from this book, nor from Walpole's, the nature of the cord which served to extinguish the line of so many heroes. All we know is, that Richard had no hand in twisting it.

The most singular of all the misconceptions connected with the name of Richard III., is the idea that he was ever in any way unkind to his wife—that he ever had the most remote intention of murdering her. It is established by Mrs. Halsted's testimony, collected from the most approved records, that he lived in wedlock ten years with her—that the harmony of their lives was never interrupted, and that she died a natural death, after having borne several children. From the same testimony we are induced to believe that the attachment between the two commenced at an early age, and that it never subsided. It certainly was never interrupted for ten years, the whole period of Richard's residence in the North of England as Governor of that portion of his brother's territories.

The charge of Richard's having murdered his nephews, the young sons of Edward IV., is deserving of far more notice. The popular ballad of the “Babes in the Wood” is derived entirely from this. One good song is enough to neutralize all history. “Give me,” says Swift, “the ballads of the nation, and I care not who writes its laws.” How much truth is there in this simple paragraph! This very ballad, understood as it was by the people of England, was of itself enough to set the hearts of the English people forever against Richard III.

Violent prejudice was thus, of course, excited against him who had been the perpetrator of so foul a crime. The ballad-writer, who was no doubt a strong partisan, did not venture to mention names; he did what was far more effectual; he threw the thing into rhyme and left room for the imagination to work. At the same time it was perfectly understood, all over the nation, who was meant. The cruel uncle who, in order to obtain possession of his brother's property, carried his children to the woods and there left them to perish—even the robin red-breast, which covered them up with leaves when they were on the point of death, was all understood at the time to bear directly upon the treatment supposed to have been extended by the Duke of Gloucester to his nephews. The theme was a popular one. It possessed all the qualities which could make it run “like wildfire.” There was pathos in it—there was interest for the young friends in it—there was political feeling in it—there was every thing, in short, to make it popular; and yet we think any person who will read Mrs. Halsted's book will discover in a very few hours, that there is not the slightest reason to think that Richard was ever guilty of any of the acts attributed to him, so far as the fate of his nephews, at least, is involved. We should be glad, if for no other reason yet for the sake of Shakspeare, and our old friend Booth, to believe, since the thing happened so long ago, that Richard actually was the scoundrel that Shakspeare made him out, and that Booth, occasionally, represents him to have been. But we bow to Mr. Booth; we ask pardon of Shakspeare; and we say to both, speaking as though we were lawyers, make out your case gentlemen, before you call the witnesses into court; and after they are there, see who it is that you examine. There is a rule of law, we have always heard, that when a witness comes into court, he should come with clean hands. What sort of hands would they exhibit, who have testified against Richard III.?

The truth is, and we think it will be so understood by any candid man, that there is no proof of Richard's having murdered his nephews; that Perkin Warbeck was really the son of Edward IV., we have not the smallest doubt. But look at the motives for suppressing the fact! Henry VII., the avowed heir of the whole Lancasterian faction—not only of their property, but of their prejudices also—was on the throne at the time Warbeck made his appearance and was received by the king of Scotland as the true heir of the English crown. He is said to have borne every trait of having been the son of Edward III.; yet he is denounced in all the English journals of those eventful days as an impostor! What was the reason? Is it not obvious to all? Henry was of the house of Lancaster. His disposition was very imperious—he could not bear opposition, and the historian who wrote concerning him, his enemies, or his acts,

was bound to keep a sharp lookout, or he might chance to wake up some morning and find a "lion playing with his head," just as the English gentleman who kept a tiger as his pet, woke up and found that interesting specimen of the quadruped family, dandling the head of his valet, as though it were nothing more than a trap-ball, for which he retained the fondness natural to one who had ever been addicted to that manner of sport. Civilized beasts, however, are more dangerous than even those of the forests; and so, beyond doubt, did Sir Thomas More find it. He might have gotten out of the way of a tiger; he would have found it very hard to escape the long claws of the Tudor lion. He thought, beyond doubt, that there was little wisdom in trifling with a creature who possessed such terrific powers; his *instinct* would have kept him out of reach of the tiger. Something very much of the same nature kept him beyond the spring of the beasts that walked upon two legs. It was his aim to vilify the house of York. It has never been the aim of other historians to correct it. He was the man to whom all this vilification of Richard has been owing. "As Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man.'" A brief statement of the evidence, we think, will be sufficient to satisfy any, even the most sceptical, on the subject of this very interesting passage in history.

In the year 1674, (during the reign of Charles II.) it was found necessary to rebuild the "White Tower": at the foot of the stairs, in the precise spot where the sons of Edward IV. were represented to have been buried, one hundred and ninety years before—two skeletons were found, which were *thought* to correspond to the age of the two children, (one of them was thirteen and the other eleven.) Sir Thomas More had suspected—Holinshed went a little farther—Shakspeare, like a true dramatist, had no doubt, and to *clinch* the matter, Sandford actually saw the skeletons of two children which were disinterred at the foot of the "Tower Stairs!" Here is a case for a lawyer!! and if any from any portion of our country—Philadelphia or elsewhere—(we say Philadelphia because we have always heard them spoken of as men scarcely less skilled in the solution of knotty propositions than *Ædipus* himself)—will undertake to convict any human being for any offence, however slight—upon such testimony, then we must confess that their notions of law are very different from ours. Richard may have murdered his nephews or he may not, we pretend not to be positive upon any such contested point—all we say is "prove before ye print." Harder things even than that may be proved against the "NOBLE RICHMOND;" in other words, King Henry VII., the very worst man who ever sat on an English throne. It is astonishing to what degree prejudices will carry us all! Richmond, with the readers of Shakspeare, was a

hero; Richard, his opponent, was a tyrant of the very worst description. The history of Henry VII. is before the world; that of Richard III. is involved in impenetrable darkness. The friends of the house of York did not dare to express their sympathies for their fallen chief; the friends of the House of Lancaster did not hesitate to cast every epithet of horror and hatred upon the unhappy representative of the House of York. Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, Holinshed, Shakspeare, and last of all, Davy Hume, have done more to damn all modern history in the eyes of men who have been accustomed to look on it as a true representation of things that actually *did* occur, than all the other falsifiers of history combined.

The death of Richard III. as is proved by Mrs. Halsted, was as undeserved as his life had been misrepresented. Betrayed by his pretended friends—meeting with nothing but enemies abroad, and traitors at home—he fell sword in hand at the head of his array. How should so gallant an enemy have been treated by the brave and magnanimous Richmond? When Sir John Moore fell at Corunna the French commander, Marshal Soult, raised a monument to his memory. When Richard, the last monarch of the race of Plantagenet, fell, his body was borne to Leicester—not on the back of a horse but under his belly—and there buried with every mark of hatred and scorn which it was possible to conceive.

We have already said that there have been scapegoats in history through all time; when Hannibal invaded Italy, and Varro with his ninety thousand men fell before him, the fault was attributed entirely to Varro; perhaps if any man had been allowed to take a look behind the scenes, he might have found that there were other persons as much to blame as Varro.

Upon the whole, after having read, many years ago, the "Historic Doubts" and more recently the history of Mrs. Halsted, we are led to the conclusion that history has been guilty of much injustice to this *very* celebrated character—celebrated perhaps in a way no man would particularly desire. It seems to us to prove how little faith is at best to be placed in history. The very personal appearance of the man in question has been a subject of reproach; he has been called by many historians "Richard Crookback." By Queen Margaret he is represented in the play of Henry VI. as

"Hard favored Richard,"

and yet there is no reason to believe, from any contemporary evidence, that Richard was either deformed or more "hard-favored" than the generality of persons. The truth is that he has been *unfortunate*, and that with the majority of the world is a sufficient warrant for any degree of infamy it may be pleased to attribute to the unhappy party. The times in which he lived were highly excited—he

was on the very edge of that new dawn which broke upon the world in the great discovery of Faust—his rival enjoyed all the advantage of that discovery—while he, on the contrary, felt all the evil that could be felt, by a person against whom were employed weapons which he could not use, and the full capacity of which he was consequently unable to estimate.

NOTE.—We would take great pleasure in publishing the whole of the famous ballad of the "Babes in the Wood;" but we have only such portions of it at hand as are printed in Mrs. Halsted's book. The tale, we believe, however, is well understood. A father dying left two infant children under the guardianship of an uncle; the uncle, in order to come into possession of their property, which was very large, seduced them from the guardianship of their mother, who anticipated their fate and parted with them with many tears and loud lamentations. The uncle afterwards, under pretence of sending them to see the city of London, entrusted them to the care of two professed murderers, with directions to put them to death. The men having carried the babes into a forest, were about to execute this commission, when the beauty and helplessness of the innocents softened their hearts, and they contented themselves with leaving them to perish in the woods. They died in the night, in each other's arms, and were covered by a robin-redbreast as we have related. The whole story bears a striking resemblance to what is generally believed of Richard's conduct with regard to his nephews, and was evidently designed as a political article. We give a few extracts.

Speaking of the conduct of the mother on parting from her children, the ballad says—

"With lippen as cold as any stone,
She kist her children small:
God bless you both, my children deare,—
With that the teares did fall."

Here is a striking resemblance between the conduct of this mother and that of Edward IV.'s widow, as represented by Shakspeare on parting with her sons.

Then (we quote from Mrs. Halsted's appendix,) it tells us of "the avarice and ambition that tempted the uncle to commit the crime, and its being perpetrated in so short a time after their father's decease, and in utter disregard of his oath to him,—

"He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But for their wealth he did devise
To make them both awaye ;"—

his hiring two ruffians for a large sum of money to destroy them,—

"He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
And slay them—in a wood ;"—

the compunction felt by the two ruffians, as related by Shakspeare, in very similar terms to those in the ballad,—

"So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent ;
And they that took to do the deed
Full sore did now repent ;"—

the completion of the "piteous massacre," yet the mystery attending the manner in which it was effected, typified in the ballad by the wandering of the children in the wood,—

"Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their griefs ;"

and so cautiously reported by the cotemporary ecclesiastical historian; the very attitude in which the children met their death,—

"In one another's arms they dyed,
As wanting due relief,"—

corresponding as it does with perhaps the most exquisite description in the whole of Shakspeare's immortal tragedy; the uncertainty attending their interment,—

"No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives ;"—

their uncle possessing himself of their inheritance, and the wretched pangs of remorse which he suffered prior to his death,—

"And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yes, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell ;"—

together with the retribution which followed the crime—the death of his wife—of his sons—and the desertion of his followers,—

"And nothing by him staid ;"

the confession eventually of the surviving ruffian, and the premature death of the uncle himself,—all facts in a great measure correct as regards the actual fate of Richard III., are very startling coincidences, to say the least, between the nursery legend and the reputed tragedy which is believed to have been thus obscurely perpetuated."

MUSIC.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Pearl of the heart's mysterious deep,
In whose pure realm thy breathings lie,
Soft as the dream of infant's sleep,
Or thought in high festivity.

Thou comest with new joy to lay
Thy hand on the cold heart of care,
And fill the sunny aisles of day
With light such as they seldom share.

Upon the soul thy yearning falls
Like summer winds on whispering flowers,
And from the buried past recalls
The memory of her golden hours.

Thou roam'st the cold, wide world afar,
Clothed in the many hues of sound,
Triumphing, like the morning star,
Within its bright and azure bound.

The ritual of the sullen main,
That lingers in the murmuring shell,
Repeats with many a solemn strain
The wondrous influence of thy spell.

The anthem the resounding sea,
Sings wildly on the lonely shore,
Is burthened with the mystery
Which all thy varied voices pour.

Like fires within the northern climes
That light our own with roseate glow,
Through earth's remotest bounds thy chimes
Of love and beauty ebb and flow.

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE ROSE.

A FANTASY.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

Deep in the bosom of the earth
 A murmuring sound was heard—
 The crystal fountain's gushing birth
 The virgin silence stirred;
 But oh! on Nature's *hidden* breast
 The pining waters could not rest.
 They could not rest—though rainbow gleams
 From priceless gems were on them thrown,—
 They panted for the fairy dreams
 To earth's green surface known.
 'Mid Nature's hid and mystic things
 The Fountain welled its way,
 Until among the flowers it springs
 Forth to the realms of day.
 Oh! what a scene of beauty burst
 On the unfettered Spring,—
 The wildest dreams that it had nursed
 Seemed vain imagining,
 When on its waters, pure and free,
 Was glassed the bright reality.

As twilight flung her modest veil
 Upon the brow of day,—
 And the crimson cheek of the West grew pale,
 It mourned, the vanished ray;
 Unheeding, that the Star of Eve
 Shone brightly on its breast.
 What spells did jewels ever weave
 To soothe the heart's unrest?

Oh! as in awe the Fountain gazed
 Upon the regal Night,
 The shadowy fringe of its eye it raised—
 What glories met its sight:
 Upon *her* brow in grandeur shone,
 Of countless stars a sparkling crown;
 While silvery moonbeams brightly fell
 Above *its* bosom's heaving swell;
 Their softest strains the zephyrs chose,
 To lull it to a sweet repose;
 The flowerets brought their treasures sweet
 And laid them at its dewy feet;
 The streams with bending willows crowned,
 Gave forth their most melodious sound,—
 So still the billows stole along,
 That echo scarce gave back their song.

Oh! this, the raptured Fountain thought,
 This is the boon I long have sought!
 How could the gold and gems that lie
 In Nature's hidden treasury,

With the sweet sights and sounds compare
 Which haunt these realms of upper air?

Just then the Fountain heard a sound,
 As sweet as zephyr ever gave—
 With earnest eye it looked around
 The margin of its own pure wave,
 A lovely flower was bending nigh,
 Crimson as smile of sunset sky—
 'Twas from its lips of purest flame,
 These low, mysterious, accents came:
 "List, Fountain, List!" the sweet voice said,
 As low the flower bent its head,
 "Oh! listen to my warning lay,
 Fast comes the golden car of day,
 And if upon thy placid stream
 Its dazzling glories brightly gleam,
 They'll wake those rays of burning fire,
 A wild unrest, a strange desire.
 This little spot where now thou art,
 No more can hold thy yearning heart;
 Adown the mountain's rugged steep
 Thy swollen waves will wildly sweep;
 On, on they'll rush, 'till far away
 They join the billows' madd'ning play.
 But, Fountain, thou wilt never meet,
 In all thy roving, spot so sweet
 As that where now thy waters rest,—
 The stars are mirrored on thy breast,
 The trees above thee shadows spread,
 The flowers their odours round thee shed;
 Each gentle thing, each murmur sweet,
 Is gathered in this calm retreat;
 If from the Sun-God thou wouldst hide
 Thy lambent waves—at morning tide
 I and my sister flowers will hold
 Above thy breast our cups of gold,
 Our emerald leaves will form a shade,
 His brightest beams cannot invade,
 Until that peaceful hour returns,
 When spirits light the starry urns,
 And love and silence seem but made
 To haunt the green sequestered shade."
 As the rapt Fountain looked and listened,
 Within the Rose's eye there glistened
 A dew-drop tear, and from her breast,
 ('Twas gentle July gave it birth,)
 A fragrant sigh stole softly forth:—
 How could it leave a place so blest?

In murmurs low the Fountain spoke,
 Sweet were the accents, as the stroke
 At midnight heard of fairy bells,
 By watcher in the forest dells,
 Whose peals all formed of flow'rets bright
 Call round their Queen each Elf sprite.
 "Oh! lovely flower, do not grieve,
 Let all thy sorrows be forgot;
 Dost think, fair Rose, that I could leave
 Where thou dost dwell, the favored spot?

Oh! think not I could ever pine
 For any other lot than this;
 While o'er me bends that brow of thine,
 How *could* I dream of *other* bliss?
 The Sun, of whom thou speak'st, may ride
 His path of fire in regal pride,
 But *I* will rest beneath the shade,
 By thee and thy twin roses made,
 Until the quiet evening weaves
 The spell which bids the Sun depart;
 Then, with my spray, I'll kiss the leaves
 That cluster round thy crimson heart;
 And *thou* wilt fling upon my breast
 The sweets that in thy bosom rest."
 The trusting Rose was lulled to sleep,
 By the sweet words the Fountain spoke;
 Awhile it watched her slumbers deep—
 But soon within its heart awoke
 A half-formed wish, a vague desire
 To see the day-spring's living fire.
 The wish was crushed—again arose—
 Alas! 'twas brighter than before—
 The flower still lay in sweet repose,
 Light dreams her bosom hovered o'er.
 Just then the beauteous Dawn appeared,
 With golden feet the East she trod,
 High in her beaming hands she reared,
 The banner of the coming God;
 And as its foldings she unfurled,
 The stars were from their fair thrones hurled.
 Wrapped in her veil the still night fled,
 The shadows followed in her tread,—
 As brighter grew the blushing sky,
 Pale silence raised his ebon wings;
 Sleep, with her train of dreams rushed by,
 Forth in the track of Night she springs;
 The Rose awoke—"hide, Fountain, hide!"
 In wild dismay and woe she cried.
 Alas! the warning came too late;
 The East flung back her golden gate,
 And the first smile the Sun-God gave,
 Fell on the Fountain's trembling wave.

Night came again—can I tell the tale?
 The crimson cheek of the Rose was pale,
 She mourned for the Fount with its smile of light,
 It had passed away from her yearning sight,
 And while her sweets on the breeze were shed,
 She bowed in death her queenly head.

Thus, like that Fountain in the earth,
Love has its hid and mystic birth.
 E'en thus, in woman's heart, it springs,
 Amid all bright and beauteous things.
 The flowers of Innocence there lie
 Watered by dews of Modesty;
 The stars of Hope shine fair above
 The newborn fount of virgin love;
 Of Joy, the fresh and budding rose
 Upon the wave its shadow throws.

And thoughts, as pure as moonbeams bright,
 Fling on the stream their hues of light.
 Alas! that passion should intrude
 To mar the sacred rest,
 That haunts the holy solitude
 Of woman's virgin breast.

Independence, Missouri.

JOHN CARPER,

THE HUNTER OF LOST RIVER.

CHAPTER I.

There are many smaller valleys lying beyond the mountains which make the western limit of the great valley of Virginia. For instance, in the counties of Berkeley, and Morgan, are Back creek, Sleepy creek, and Cacapon valleys, not to speak of many still smaller, which channelled by mere rivulets, narrow in places into glens, sometimes indeed into ravines. This alternation of mountain and vale extends along the western side of the great valley, very generally, from the northern to the southern line of Virginia.

One of the prettiest, and most fertile, of these subordinate valleys is that of Lost River. It commences near Brock's gap in the county of Shenandoah, extends twenty-five miles in a northern direction, and terminates at the foot of Sandy ridge, under which the river disappears, to rise again, three miles farther on, as the head-spring of the Cacapon. The name "Lost River" suggests the idea of a great chasm, and of the plunge and mysterious disappearance of a turbulent stream into it. We are apt to imagine something like the strange picture which Coleridge has given us in *Kubla Khan*:

"And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean."

Whoever imagines anything so grand of Lost River, will find the reality very disappointing. It has indeed its spring-head, course, and termination all amongst mountains, like the "sacred river Alph," but there is no "seething," and there are no "caverns measureless to man." An inconsid-

erable stream rising quietly, running in no remarkable manner, and sneaking away, at last, through a number of little holes in the ground, with a noise no louder than a gurgle—this is all that Lost River really is. I need scarcely say, after this, that the historian of the valley, my old friend Mr. Kerchival—a rare lover of traditions, and as earnest an itinerant as ever hunted out natural curiosities—is a little hyperbolical in calling Lost River “a stupendous evidence of the all-powerful arm of God.”

On an instep, if I may so speak, of the mountains, west of Lost River, and within a few hundred yards of it, lived in the year 1781 a substantial Quaker named Joshua Blake. His house was a log cabin of one story, divided into two large rooms by a great central stone chimney. The roof was of clap-boards, held in their places by poles pinned across them. A long porch fronted the river. In this porch, hanging from pegs driven into the hewn logs of the cabin, were generally ranged the Quaker's saddle, the side-saddle of his niece, Nelly Blake, sets of plough or wagon harness, linsey hunting-frocks, and other minor articles of housewifery, or farm-thrift. Here, too, Nelly Blake's spinning-wheel had its permanent summer-place. A few young and vigorous apple and other fruit trees flanked the house. A wide meadow lay in front, between the foot of the hill and the tree-skirted river; and on the line between hill and low-ground, just within the yard enclosure, was a range of bee-gums, whose busy occupants, at the date of my story, were in full enjoyment of the apple-blossoms. In the rear of his rude, but comfortable dwelling-house, Joshua had expended his entire stock of taste in the erection of a barn, with high blank gables, painted into a perfect blaze of Dutch red.

It was late in April, 1781, that Nelly Blake, the little Quakeress, worked at her spinning-wheel on the porch, in the sunshine of a very pleasant morning. Whilst she worked away, intent only, as it seemed, upon her thread and the fitting of the coil to the spindle, a young countryman, dressed in homespun, came to the bannister at her back, and leaning an arm on it whilst the other held a rifle in its curve, looked at her for some minutes without letting his presence be known. A tall, brindled dog, with a sharp nose and feathered tail, stood at his heels, as motionless as if he had the cue to be quiet. Forward passed the Quakeress with a spring of the instep, and a bend of her pretty neck, back she came, her little feet fairly twinkling as ankle passed ankle, her bust expanded, and her dimpled chin thrown up; whilst the surly wheel, shifting from a dismal groan to a furious roar, accompanied with such variations her coming and going. In the midst of this din which her industry made, she heard her name called. The wheel stopped with a clatter of the check-stick upon its

spokes, and Nelly, assuming a prim look, turned to face the young countryman.

“Is it thee, John?”

“I have some doubts as to that, Nelly.”

“As to what, John?”

“As to whether or no I am John Carper.”

“Thee is in a gay humor this morning, John.”

“No, Nelly, only out of my head with thinking of you. But listen to me for a little while. I left Broad-brim salting his cattle in the hills, and came down to have a word or two with you. This is what I have to say; I love you, and you love me”—

“Thee is not overstocked with modesty to say as much as that.”

“Come, Nelly: you know that I am only speaking the truth. It is not so long since you gave me to understand that you did love me; to be sure you did not say so, which, as an honest girl, I think you might do without doing any harm—but you did enough, and I kissed you, which made it a bargain. Now Nell, I am as grave as the lean parson at Morefield; so put off that pretty bantering humor, and hear me like a true-hearted girl as you are. I have tried to live without you, but I find it isn't possible. Old Broad-brim has three hundred pounds of yours which he must give up when you are married, or come of age. Now he puts himself between you and me, and gives me the cold shoulder, because if we are married, the law will make him give up the money. You are hardly eighteen; three years are an age to wait; besides, something may happen to keep us from ever getting married. Now, Nelly, let Broad-brim have the three hundred pounds, and let me have you—or you have me—it is the same thing. I will work for you, and we will never miss the money. It would buy cattle to bring money in again, but I and Sharpnose here can find you venison enough, and keep the wolves from the sheep, and you can spin the wool, and sing at your spinning. How I should like to hear you singing in my cabin, Nelly!” The speaker had by this time left his position outside of the porch, and stood very near the Quakeress. “Nelly—dear Nelly,” he said in a coaxing tone, as he took her hand, “do say yes—give up the money to Broad-brim, and be my wife at once: be my dear little wife. I will take such good care of you, and love you so much.”

“John Carper,” said the girl, become now quite grave, “thee knows very well that there is love between us. If uncle Blake will take the money, and thee will take me without it—here is my hand. But John, uncle Blake will hardly do so wicked a thing. He will be ashamed to rob the child of his brother. He will be ashamed to take the money; and not generous enough to give it up before the end of the three years. I am afraid that thee will have to wait for me. Is that so hard to do John?”

“Hard? yes, Nelly, impossible. If you love

me, and Blake is such an old hunk as to refuse the offer to take the money, and give you up, run away with me. We can ride in a night to Morefield—be married—come back—beg Broad-brim's pardon—go to house-keeping, and be as happy as the bees here in the apple blossoms. Say the word, Nell, or if you mean yes, but can't say it for smothering the crying fit that makes your eyes look away from me, turn your mouth a little, and let me kiss you."

"It is a grave word, John, to speak between a kiss and a cry. Thee must not be so swift and peremptory with me. My duty is not clearly before me. The thread is tangled. Give me a little time, John. We can speak of this when thee has sounded uncle Blake upon the matter of giving up the money. Thee must leave me now."

After some farther speech, and a kiss, John Carper called to his dog Sharpnose, who had gone off on a foraging expedition amongst the outhouses, shouldered his rifle, and was about to depart. Nelly, however, called him back.

"John," she said in a low tone, "I have my troubles to day; and thee seems to me to be a fitting person to communicate them to."

"Speak out, Nelly."

"Thee remembers the Indian boy, Girty?"

"To be sure. I remember all about him, from the time that drunken scoundrel, old Girty, brought him in and bound him prentice to Blake, to the time Broad-brim gave him a beating and drove him off. Old Girty was the arrantest white rascal west of the mountains, and the boy's mother was a squaw; so that, if young leather-face didn't deserve the beating, there is nothing in blood."

"He did deserve the beating, John. But does thee not know the cause of it? The boy showed me disrespect."

"How? I never heard of that."

"He asked me to be his squaw, John," said Nelly with a laugh and a blush.

"The infernal copper-skin—the leather-faced rascal! Why didn't you tell me all about it, before he ran away? By the"—

"Thee should not swear, John, and there is no use to be so savage. But this is what I have to say: I think young Girty has come back, and is hiding in the neighborhood."

Carper pricked up his ears, as did his dog Sharpnose. The dog had shown a singular attention at the calling of the Indian boy's name.

"Why I think that the lad is here," continued Nelly, "is this: I went this morning to the sycamore spring, to fill uncle Blake's pitcher; I saw, in the mud the print of a moccasin."

"But I wear moccasins myself, Nelly, and was at the spring yesterday."

Nelly looked down at her hunter's feet and laughed. "Thee has a larger foot, John—as well befits so strong and large a person. Besides thee

has not the skill to make moccasins like the slim-fingered lad. There is the difference between the track of Girty and such as thee would make, that there is between the tracks of a buck and an ox."

"Hum!" grunted John, not much pleased with the illustration.

"But this is not all," continued Nelly; "I picked up this knife at the spring." Here she pulled a knife from the pocket of her dimity apron. "I knew it at once as Girty's knife. He bought it of the pedlar when he came on his rounds, last fall, a little before uncle Blake drove the lad away. What advice, John, does thee give in these matters?"

"My advice, Nelly, is that you keep in-doors, unless it is pleasant to have the lad asking you to be his squaw. I can't see any danger of worse. The Indians have not come in on us for ten years; since the peace was made with the chiefs. They are killing and stealing on the Ohio again, but it is a long way from there here. Smith, the surveyor, is to be at my cabin to day; but I will take Sharpnose to-morrow, and scout in the hills until I learn something of the lad."

"There is another matter, John," said the Quakeress, but then paused, and seemed to consider very busily for a minute.

"Speak it out, Nelly, like an honest girl."

"Does thee know anything of the movements up the river? Uncle Blake is riding to William Mace's, and elsewhere, in a very unusual manner. I heard him tell William Mace, who was here last night, that the young men must fight it out here, if they were interrupted, but that the movements ought to be very quiet, and the companies ought to get down over the Blue Ridge, and join the *true men* in some county there; that Cornwallis was in those parts. William Mace laughed and called uncle Blake the 'fighting Quaker,' but uncle said that it was for putting down arms that arms were taken up, and besides, that he had no idea of fighting himself. What is the meaning of it all, John?"

John Carper laughed. "For a knowing man, I must say that Broad-brim is working into a considerable difficulty. You remember the twelve Philadelphia Quakers that Congress sent to Winchester, because they were so hot in preaching against our fighting, * that at last it looked as if they were ready to fight us for fighting?"

* Some of our politicians, when measures go against them, are as ready with their "protests" as notaries public. But the most extraordinary case of protesting on record is furnished in the conduct of Mr. Fisher, one of these arrested Quakers. "Among the prisoners were three of the Pembertons, two of the Fishers, an old Quaker preacher named Hunt, and several others, amounting in all to twelve, and with the druggist and dancing master, fourteen. One of the Fishers was a lawyer by profession. He *protested* in his own name, and on behalf of his fellow prisoners, against being taken into custody by Col. Smith; stated that they had *protested* against being sent from Philadelphia; that

"Yes," said Nelly, "Uncle Blake took me with him to Winchester, whilst they were there. Thee should have seen the respectable persons. John Pemberton was a grave, great-looking, elderly man. There was a Master Swift, a dancing master, came on with them, whom they admonished sharply for teaching the people frivolous things. Master Swift was dressed in pink and blue, and was a very light, frolicksome person."

"You were something of a little minx then, Nelly, and no doubt admired the dancing man very much. But it would have been much better if your uncle Broad-brim had put his slim shanks under the fiddle of Master Swift, instead of slipping his crafty head into John Pemberton's noose. He has been an evil wisher to the country ever since, and now, Quaker as he is, there is no man doing more than he does to stir up a tory insurrection."

Nelly Blake looked greatly surprised, and then infinitely distressed. The word *tory* had in that day, and indeed retains to this, a horror of its own as a mere word, apart from the horrors of the bloody civil strife of which it was a type. An intense popular feeling will consecrate or desecrate words, until, from sounds, they become *things*—saving or fatal things, as the case may be.

"And is uncle Blake a tory, John?" said Nelly, with a pale face and unsteady eye.

"A sort of half-tory, Nelly; because he is principled against fighting with his own hands—which may mean that he is principled against being shot at. But he is doing his best to make full tories, and is likely to get himself into trouble. General Morgan is at home, down below Winchester, and there can be no rising here that he could not put down with a pile of stones* at a cross-roads. At any rate the crack of his rifles would clear Lost River."

"What would thee advise me to do in this, as in the rest, John?"

"To attend to your spinning, Nelly, until the day comes for running away with me."

they had again *protested* at the Pennsylvania line against being taken out of the State; had repeated their *protest* at the Maryland line against being taken into Virginia," etc., etc. Kerchival's History of the Valley, p. 191. It was a natural remark of one of the Pembertons—"Friend Fisher, thy protests are unavailing; thee should dispense with them." The stout-hearted Quaker, requiring to be lifted over state lines, and, clamoring out his protests, would make a good comic picture.

* General Morgan fought a great many battles after the Revolution with these homely weapons. "Peace hath her victories," etc. Battletown, a village within a few miles of this spot, acquired its name from Morgan's street-fights in it. He would take post at a central spot, with a pile of stones at his feet, and throw them with such effect as to put all hostile comers to rout. His residence, to which John Carper alludes, was Saratoga, six miles south of Battletown—at present the seat of Mr. N. Burwell, senr.

CHAPTER II.

John Carper gained his cabin, found Smith, the surveyor, there, spent the day in running the lines of his farm, to set at rest a dispute which had arisen with a neighboring land-holder, slept from dark to dawn in so hearty and sound a manner as to cast some doubt on the reality of that unhappiness which he had pleaded in his suit to his Quakeress, and by sunrise was well-advanced on his way back to the house of Joshua Blake. Sharpnose followed the long swinging walk of his master at a brisk trot, and was evidently greatly disturbed by something. Carper saw, without much observing, the whimsical passion of his dog; he was very intent on a speech which he intended to make to the Quaker. "First," said he to himself, "I must drop the Broad-brim and call him Mr. Blake; we must not set the old man horns foremost. Then I must smooth down that matter of the money. It would be barefaced knavery to take Nelly's portion just so. Blake is not a downright rascal—only too close to be always fair. I must propose a loan of the money to him, without interest or security—something of that sort. What's the matter, Sharpnose?"

The hunter and his dog had approached within sight of Blake's house. No smoke issued from the pyramid of a chimney. There seemed to be no movement about the barn or stables. Joshua Blake was striding up and down on the long porch, his coat tails straightened by the rapidity of his motion. Sharpnose bristled, crept in front of his master, nosed the ground eagerly, gave a low whine, and looked up into his face.

"What are you telling me, dog?" said Carper, beginning to feel an alarm for which he could not account. The dog, in answer, moved away rapidly toward a gorge in the western mountain, evidently carrying a scent breast high. Carper called him in and hurried to the house. Joshua Blake gave him no time for the first question.

"Thee is slow, John Carper—slow. Does thee know the truth? Fire off thy gun, and raise the country."

"What's in the wind, Broad-brim?—Mr. Blake, I mean."

"The Indians have stolen away Nelly—killed old Abel in his loft—carried off the boy Tobe—killed my six fat beeves in the cattle pen—robbed my chest—ruined me. Fire thy gun, John Carper, and raise the country."

The Quaker's speech told the truth, which Carper was slow to comprehend in its full force.

"Where have you been all night, Mr. Blake?"

"Up at Mace's. But why does thee stay to question? Fire thy gun."

"Carper roused himself, and rapidly, but with extraordinary calmness, made an examination of

the premises. Nelly was gone. Her little closet, boarded off in a corner of one of the two great rooms, like a college dormitory, was empty, and stripped of its few articles of ornament. Abel, an old working man, crippled with rheumatism, and bed-ridden, was certainly dead, and lay horribly mutilated and scalped, upon the floor of his loft, in an outhouse. Tobe, his grandson was missing. An oaken chest had been dragged from under Joshua Blake's bed, forced open, and rifled of its contents—amongst the rest, Joshua said, of a bag of dollars. The wooden trenchers, and other utensils of the kitchen had been broken and tossed about. The servant girl, to whose province they belonged, had fortunately gone, the evening before, to spend the night with her mother, on the other side of the river. Her brother, a half-witted lad, who had been in the house, and present throughout the visit of the Indians, had been spared, probably from the superstitious reverence, common amongst the tribes, for such unfortunates. He now sat in the kitchen, upon a wicker-chair, mending the broken trenchers and wooden bowls, with an awl and shoe-maker's thread. Carper gained no information from him, except that Girty was one of the party, that there were many others, and that Nelly and the boy Tobe were trudged off loaded with bundles. He examined the cattle pen. Six large beeves, culled from Joshua's herd, and penned and housed for grain fattening, were killed; pieces of flesh were cut from them, and from some singular whim many of the colored spots had been carefully cut out from the skins, and carried off. The matted frontal skin and horns of one of the largest of the oxen had also been removed. The horses, except the Quaker's dun gelding, which he had ridden to Mace's, had been at pasture over the river, and were still visible, feeding quietly, knee-deep in the plentiful grass of the flats.

"Joshua Blake," said Carper, after making rapid but full examination of the premises, "I am about to set off after Nelly. You can raise the country and follow on. But before I go, one thing must be settled. If I bring her back, I must have her for my wife."

"Thee may surely have her, John, and an old man's blessing if thee bring the child back. But, John, whilst thee is up and doing, thee will do well to get back also the bag of silver dollars. Thee shall have a just portion for compensation of thy trouble."

"D--n the dollars," exclaimed Carper rather irreverently; "this mixing up of your money bags with poor Nelly is not decent, and it makes me bold to ask for a word from under your pen giving her to me for my wife if I bring her back."

Blake assented to this, declaring, however, its unimportance, and suggesting to Carper that his suspicions lost him time and a mile of his journey.

"I will make it up with my legs," said the hunter,

bringing a bit of dingy paper which he had torn from a blank book, and an ink horn from the adjoining room. "Whilst I am writing down the pot-hooks, do you cut me off ten pounds of jerked beef in strips of a pound, as near as you can come to it. I filled my powder horn last night, and put four dozen bullets in my pouch. The beef will make me ready."

Whilst the Quaker went to procure the beef, Carper cast about writing an agreement as to Nelly's hand.

"Every thing of this sort," said he, "should begin with 'in the name of God, amen'—no, that begins a will. This should begin with a 'whereas' I think," and he wrote—realizing the prodigious difference, to men like himself, between talking and writing.

"Whereas, Joshua Blake and John Carper are wishing to get back my dear Ellen Blake from the felonious Indians, in whose blood-thirsty hands she is fallen, and whereas John Carper mistrusts in my mind, the said Joshua Blake of a promise he has made of Nelly to me for a wife, if I bring her back; now the said Joshua Blake binds himself and his heirs to said John Carper, to give my dear Nelly Blake to said John Carper for a wife."

Carper mused over this production, which he wrote in a large, awkward hand, and for the punctuation of which he is indebted to his historian, for some moments as if not altogether satisfied with it. His countenance, however, presently became assured.

"There is a mixing up," he critically communed with himself, "somehow of *John Carper* and *me*, and *me* and *John Carper* that makes it a little clumsy, but the meaning is pretty straight, and when Broad-brim signs it, all will be right enough."

Blake presently brought the beef, and after formally reciting the paper, signed it. Carper stowed the provision about his person, pinched the agreement into the corner of a pocket, enjoined on the Quaker, whom his own steadiness had almost restored to a clear state of mind, to collect the neighbors without losing an hour, and put them on the way to the head waters of the Youheganey, shouldered his rifle, gave Sharpnose a sign to go before, and struck for the mountain.

[To be continued.]

THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

The Germans for learning enjoy great repute;
But the English make *letters* still more a pursuit;
For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames
To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M's*.

Hood.

TO A BILLOW.

Child of the mighty deep!
 Heaving thy snowy crest,
 Forever in thy sportive glee,
 On the ocean's changeful breast.

Say, whither dost thou roam,
 Oh wild and restless wave,—
 To the distant shores of sunny climes,
 Or the secret ocean-cave?

Hast thou swept the coral strand
 Of India's far-off shore,
 Or joined thy voice with a giant's power,
 To Scylla's mighty roar!

Hast thou borne within thy breast,
 The bright and sparkling gem,
 Whose brilliant hue might lustre cast
 O'er a monarch's diadem?

Or laved the coral boughs
 Of the ocean-caverns bright—
 Or curled in the heaps of mouldering bones
 With which the deeps are white?

Perchance then, sportive wave,
 Thou hast swept in rippling play
 Some beautiful and unknown shore,
 Some island far away,—

Where joys and beauties dwell,
 Which elsewhere have no birth,
 A home of light and loveliness,
 The fairy-land of earth.

Hast thou wandered 'mid the halls
 Now desolate and lone,
 Which once resounded joyously
 To music's thrilling tone?

Oh wild and restless wave—
 Child of the mighty deep!
 What are the hidden mysteries
 That in its bosom sleep?

What life, what forms of light,
 Are in its depths concealed,—
 What secrets strange and terrible
 Ne'er to the eye revealed?

Come back from ocean, come!
 Oh fancy wild and free!
 For vainly dost thou seek to pierce
 Its wondrous mystery!

Richmond.

SUSAN.

(From the American Review.)

A MORTO AT ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTES BY THE ROAD.

—I am sitting in my little room on the Corso.
 The Corso, you know, is the principal street of Rome: nothing like Broadway or Regent street, but narrow and long—gay enough in the sunshine, and gayer than the gayest in the Carnival, but dreadfully dreary at night.

Tall palaces, with iron grated windows, flanked with brown, dusty cherubs, rise up here and there; and between them, are gray and dirty shops, with balconies above them. The pavement is rough, and a narrow side-walk—the only side-walk in Rome—stretches along, under the eaves of the houses and under the shadow of the palaces. Sometimes the little side-walk has a creditable breadth, so that four may walk abreast; then, where some cumbrous old house leans out of the line, the side-walk is narrowed to a foot breadth, and you would have to step into a door-way, to let a lady pass.

The house I lived in, crowded out into the street, in just this awkward way, and I could step from the door stone straight into the carriage-track. And at the Carnival time, (I have done it often) I could drop a handful of Confetti from my balcony straight down upon the bare necks of the riding girls; and they would look up, half angry—half smiling, and shake their little fingers at me, in a way so prettily threatening, that I would fling my best flowers at them.

Well—I am sitting in my room on that very Corso—have finished my evening cigar, and the clock at Monte Citorio has struck three times after the Ave Maria. It is dark; a few sticks from the Albanian hills are burning smokily on the hearth, and my landlady is arranging the curtains, when the quick ear of little Cesare detects the hoarse music of a death-chant, and he comes running in, crying *Un Morto,—un Morto!*

Directly we go through into my bed-room, that looks upon the Corso, and opening the windows, see the great train approaching from far down the dark and narrow street. We are in the third story, and hear windows opening below us, and in the dim old palace opposite, and on either side. And we see heads thrust out of the houses down the street, standing out in bold relief against the red torch-light of the moving and mournful train. Below, dim figures are gathering each side the street to look at the solemn spectacle.

The hoarse chant comes louder and louder, and half dies in the night air, and breaks out again with new and deep bitterness.

Now, the first torch-light shines plainly on faces in the windows, and on kneeling women in the streets.

First, come old retainers of the dead one, bearing long, blazing torches. Then comes a company of priests, two by two, bare-headed, and every second one with a lighted torch, and all chanting.

Next, is a brotherhood of friars, in brown cloaks, with sandaled feet—they too bare-headed, and the red light streaming full upon their grizzled heads. They add their heavy, guttural voices to the chant and pass slowly on.

Then comes another company of priests, in white muslin capes and black robes and black caps, bearing books in their hands, wide open, and lit up plainly, by the torches of churchly servitors, who march beside them; and from the books, the priests chant loud and solemnly.

Now the music is greatest, and the friars take up the dismal notes, from the white-caped priests; and the priests before, catch them from the brown-robed friars, and mournfully the sound rises up between the tall buildings—into the blue night sky, that lies between Heaven and Rome.

"*Vede—vede*," says Cesare; and in the blaze of the red torch-fire, comes the bier, borne on the necks of stout friars—and on the bier, the body of the dead man, habited like a priest. Heavy plumes of black, wave at each corner of the bier.

Hist! says my landlady. The body is just under us. Enrica crosses herself—her smile is for the moment gone. Cesare's boy-face is grown suddenly earnest.

He could see the pale, youthful features of the dead man. The glaring flambeaux sent their flaunting streams of unearthly light over the face of the sleeper. A thousand eyes were looking on him, and his face, careless of them all, was turned up straight towards the stars.

Still rises the chant, and companies of priests follow the bier, like those who had gone before. Friars in brown cloaks, and prelates, and carmelites come after—all with torches.

Two by two—their voices growing hoarse—they tramp and chant.

For a while the voices cease, and you can hear the rustling of their robes and their foot-falls, as if your ear was to the earth. Then the chant rises again, as they glide on in a wavy, shining line, and rolls back over the death-train, like the howling of a wind in winter.

As they pass, the faces vanish from the windows. The kneeling women upon the pavement, rise, mindful of the paroxysm of Life once more. The groups in the door-ways scatter. But their low voices do not drown the voices of the host of mourners, and their ghost-like music.

I look long upon the blazing bier, trailing under the deep shadows of the Roman palaces, and at the stream of torches, winding like a glittering scaled serpent.

The notes grow more and more indistinct, ex-

cept a little gust of the night air catches up the hoarse sound, and brings it back with a fearful distinctness.

"It is a priest," say I to my landlady, as she closes the window.

"No, *Signor*—a young man, never married, and so by virtue of his condition, given the robes of the priest-hood."

"So I," says the pretty Enrica, "if I should die, would be dressed in white, and have flowers scattered over my body, and be followed by the nuns as sisters."

"A long way off may it be," said I.

She took my hand in hers and pressed it.

An Italian girl does not fear to talk of death; and we were talking of it still, as we walked back—my hand still in hers, and sat down by the blaze of the alder sticks brought from the Albanian hills.

EXCERPTA.

In Sir Thomas Bodley's Remains is a curious letter to Lord Bacon, in which Sir Thomas remonstrates with Bacon on his *new mode of philosophising*. Sir Edward Coke wrote some miserable, but bitter verses on a copy of the *Instauratio*, and James I. declared, that "like God's power it surpassed all understanding."

There is a curious work by the emperor Julian entitled "The Misopogon, or The Antiochian, the Enemy of the Beard." It is a reply to some lampoons of the Antiochians on the beard of the monarch.

Plato compares Socrates to the gallipots of the Athenian apothecaries which were painted on the outside with the figures of apes and owls, but contained within a precious balm.

Goldoni, in his drama of *Torquata Tasso*, thus contrasts the poet's writings and conversation:

Ammiro il suo talenta, gradisco; carmi suoi;
Ma piacer non trove a conversar con lui.

Gibbon observes that some singular errors have been occasioned by the use of the word *mil.* in MSS., which is an abbreviation for soldiers as well as for thousands.

Milton in *Paradise Lost* has this passage—

—when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance.

Gray in his *Ode to Adversity* has the following—

Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour
The bad affright.

HOFFMAN'S POEMS.* A REVIEW.

What is the Poet?—what is Poetry? : questions, to us, of high and solemn import. The developments of the last few years have given something to solve the problem, something to enable both friends and foes to their influence to meet on definite, tangible ground. The Poet, in olden time, was the political guide, the inciter to heroic devotion for country and female protection; the attendant on every festal occasion in old baronial castle; the companion of the knightly spirit at home, as on the battle-field his clarion-voice was ever the first note of victorious conflict.

The Poet, now, is one whose spirit must commune with the Past—must “shake hands,” (as it were,) with the present, and *live for the future*. In his own pure lines, retracing and mirroring forth for the inspection of future years, those shades of action and sublimities of suffering which his spirit hath pointed out to him. He is the Priest of Nature—abstracting from her richly-filled temples the elements of natural beauty, it is his to add to these the sublime dispensations of the age *for which he lives*—the eloquent teachings of his own mission. Not to the battle-field, nor the cabinets of princes are the strains of the bard confined. They reach through all, and actuate all, the simple peasant as well as mail-clad hero. They individualize the feelings of the bard, but, not less representing the promptings of social effort, they chain the attention and enthrall the feelings of the mass.

Poetry, we are told, is the language of exquisite feeling—the essence of intensified thought. Poetry, rather, is the language of Effort—the representation, the *embodiment* of action, both in the world of matter and mind. Sharing largely in the vivifying energy of the bold, aspiring spirit, it wreathes a fresher luxuriance round the flowers of present expectation for present elevation. It is both subjective and objective,—corporeal in form, spiritual in essence. We are fast approximating to more intimate acquaintance with its homogeneity, its vitality in both particulars. Poetry, *in its highest sense*, is the impersonation of the yearnings of the inner life. While the shadows of our history come out from Memory's depths, she throws a halo over every dim-remembered scene of passion or of feeling;—but in the hour of gladness, retiring to those “deep fountains” never unsealed except by the touch of sweet-soothing Nature, her strains can be but faint—but faintly chiming in with the lays of pleasure. True as it is, that he only who now speaks to the people to persuade them of their better traits, can hope to gain even a

hearing in this rail-road age—it is equally true, that our mission is yet but imperfectly appreciated, that it is but the “radical tendencies” of the age, (destructive as they are to all incentives for the higher destiny awaiting us,) which seem so reproductive, so closely entwined with every hope which dares to look beyond the turmoil of the present hour. True, the mellowed fragrance of antiquity has not yet embalmed the memories which purify a nation's yearnings while they shrine a nation's history,—but there is another, a higher faith, which, while reverently gazing into the past, finds its fullest *inspiration* in this, the age of progress, the age of action. *Heretofore*, as now, from the absorbing strifes of the busy world we have found a few meek spirits retiring to commune with nature, or to seek a more intimate acquaintance in their own hearts, with this mystical thing we call life. Some few have arisen, even in the period of our national troubles,—in the roar of “the Revolution, and the mighty upheavings of human society which marked its coming and hastened its progress,—some few who improved the hastily-snatched hour of relief from physical toil and mental anxiety, and stirred their souls to “build the lofty rhyme.” It is the agitation of the social elements produced by war alone, which stimulates the poetical spirit, which breathes more exquisitely in one the feelings thrilling through the mass, and affords scope for their development. It is immediately preceding or subsequent to some great conflict that we find the evolution of the true poetic spirit, vast in its energy and rapid in its scintillations. But they were few;—and, to a polished ear, their effusions, (though not destitute of spirit and a condensation wherein few words were wasted with the strong Saxon tone pervading them,) seem little worthy of praise for eloquence or taste. Of measure almost nothing was known;—the feats of arms, the lays of love, and the high endeavor for fame, either in “Hall of State,” or by the Pen, found few Campbells or Longfellows to consecrate their triumphs.

From these slight prefatory allusions we shall not be thought to pass over a very great chasm by returning to the poetry of a later period. While too much stiffness of expression—too much *imitation*, were the natural appendages to the Ballads as well as the works of a more aspiring character, (such as Barlow's “Columbiad,” the “Fredoniad,” &c.) the reproach of English Reviewers, (at least great part of it,) was somewhat merited. For,—despite the occasional rising of a star in the literary hemisphere which traced a higher path in the fields of intellect than European poets had attempted—which held up the misgovernment of a prince as the bane of a generous people, and lashed the crimes of both through the pen of the ballad-writer, or the *Improvisatrice*,—there were few who could emancipate themselves from subjection to

* Songs and other Poems, by C. F. Hoffman. 5th Ed. complete. New York. Harper & Brothers.

English models and dependence on antique fooleries. They found it no easy task to lure their spirits to a height whence the breathings of "unwritten poësy" should charm to newer views—to higher conceptions of the value, the majesty of *individual* effort—to have their verse expressive of their faith in the beauty of human virtue—to make it the type, the manifestation of their aspirations for a richer harvest of intellectual strength and energy than had yet rewarded them. In fine, the poetry—if such it might be called—of those days was practical, was domestic, was jejune, was *mediocre*.

But another war had closed; and from this period, [1815,] as indicating the more extensive diffusion of the best works of continental genius, we date the growth and prevalence of a more earnest love for the true ideal of poetry. Avoiding the strife of warring hosts, the courts of kings and the foibles of cabinets, our American mind then first began to evolve the better features so long slumbering—it became Americanized; it learned to appreciate the lessons of *self-reliance* impressed upon it by the events of the national struggle—it learned to turn a watching eye to the struggles of long enduring humanity in every land, as well as to commune with waving woods and placid lakes and sun-embrowned rocks, those sentinels of antiquity, which were the refuge of hunted freemen. While not destitute of the precision and strength strongly characteristic of its predecessor, it became distinguished for elegance, *uniqueness*, vigorous expression and *naïvete*. It spake to the *people*; and, reflecting as much as before the tone of popular feeling, *elevated* the aims of the people by infusing into them much of the true conservative spirit; the reverence for those perfect models in Art and Letters which every age had carefully transmitted to its successors—which now can scarcely contend with the fanaticism of the day. What they lacked was, a greater *number* of poets—a more facile means of communicating with their fellow-poets in Europe, a more *ready* appreciation by their fellow-countrymen, and more *self-confidence*, both in style and purpose, for their works and themselves. All this we have supplied, and *more* than supplied. The village journal—the fashionable periodical, the grave Review and the book-press are teeming with the effusions of thousands, who in number, if not in energy, may be called *legion*. The packet and steamship are annihilating the distance which separates us from the shores of our father-land; and the booksellers of our large cities are flooding the land with the poems of our best writers in former days as well as those of "rising genius." *Eheu, helluo fugax librorum!* We are overburdened with the crowds of volumes which our publishers weekly, daily send forth, through the thousand channels of national intercourse, to gladden, inform and strengthen the national mind. To resist these cur-

rents were idle—to guide and direct them requires such a combination of enthusiasm, knowledge and discretion as rarely discloses itself to our view. *Poetry for the million* will be the great characteristic, the land-mark of this age when its years give place to another century; and *knowledge for the mass* now thrills the watchword of the nineteenth century. Nor will it be forgotten that the virulence of faction, the truckling to a so-styled "expediency," and flattery of the ignorance of "the masses" which so often disgrace the political campaigns of our country and dare to take the specious guise of patriotism, have shrouded the developments of the last few years in mourning. In spite of the baser lust for gold, a few of our publishers have "cast" the *better* literature of the day "upon the waters, and we shall "find" its fruits "after many days." Some of the volumes issued allure us by their splendor and beauty, some by their careful editing, and most of them amaze us by their cheapness. Spreading over the length and breadth of the land are these volumes, which cost their authors years of toil and nights of suffering; which were sent out from musty convents, and the dungeon, to give token that their writers were yet alive, although by the malice of Kings and priests living but for an *after* immortality. The past and the present are laid under contribution, and the matchless plays of Shakspeare, ranged side by side with the glowing songs of Scott, are sold for a shilling: while the son of poverty, (struggling through the tide of adverse fortune,) finds in each a ready stimulant to the guerdon of intellectual renown. Fertilizing the popular mind, and stimulating the popular zeal for 'rising' above their present station which has been said by a learned writer* to be the main feature of the *individual* among the American people,—are many of these volumes with which the day-laborer and the retired scholar are equally wont to solace their hours of cessation from toil, their times of quiet communing with the mighty minds of the Present and the Past, their hours devoted to improvement by reflection. Knowledge, then, has here become popular—universal—limitless and unceasing in its diffusion; furnished to the poor and the rich, it has been—it shall be the principal "factor" in American civilization.

From these incidental references to the tendencies of our country and age the enthusiastic mind will readily recur to the Future, bright as it is with the foreshadowed vigor and beauty of a better era. It is the Ballad-Poetry of a nation which most clearly reflects the tone of national feeling,—most harmoniously evolves the aspiration for popular equality, most beautifully embodies the finer shades of national thought. It is our ballad-poetry, which, cheapest in its form, is most rapidly permeating the mass; most rapidly bringing forth fruit, which,

* De Tocqueville, *Democratie dans l' Amerique*.

for better or worse, will not leave slight traces to impress the destinies of the future. Among all the viler literature (!) which the press throws among us, we have an extensive and well-circulated selection of useful works, both prose and poetry; works which, appealing to the perfect models of the past for their rhythm and standard of expression, are becoming expounders of the more spiritualized yearnings of the age, of *the mass*, of the world; which strive to lead us to those benefits where the dust of centuries is swept away beneath the trumpet-blast of civilization, to lure us from these vain aspirings for wealth, and show us something more substantial, more true, more spiritual. As an evidence, an auxiliary to this improving tone of sentiment we hail every collection of poems, which unstained by meretricious ornament, and undefaced by mawkish sentiment are light in their structure, and yet graceful and vigorous, although fugitive. Fugitive in *form* alone; for their *spirit* shall outlast the frail monuments of physical beauty, if it be the realization of individual triumph over suffering and affliction; of *personal endeavor*, of hope in despondency, and *rational exultation* in the glare of prosperity; if it be capable of passing from these realizations of human energy, in its most godlike developments, to the features of nature that strengthen and *illuminate* them—if it be the record of the nobler feelings of our meekly-suffering nature seeking their consolation *in nature*; going from the inward heart of man to the great heart of nature, and if, by consequence, it perpetually renews the ties that bind us to the good of all ages who have been most eager to seek for her distinctions. So far, then, only is poetry efficient as it moves *along with* and among the people, so far valuable either as the exponent of their virtues, or the inspiration of their efforts.

Reluctantly abandoning the farther consideration of these sentiments, we now approach the volume before us. Epics and dramas we have had,—but it is rarely that a volume of songs greets us which would justify the misjudging confidence of their author by the reception given to it among the better informed classes of the country: which were *fit* for a more permanent shrine than the columns of the newspaper in which they first appeared. Our best ballad-writers rarely have *ventured* to collect and republish the transient effusions they had hardly found time to search after and revise. But much of them (on this very account) have gone into irretrievable oblivion—have left their impress, but faint and transient as the brief-lived periodical in which they were presented to the world.

The thoughtful reader will not chide us for so long delaying our notice of Mr. Hoffman's Poems. *Poems* they are, though blushing under the modest title of "Songs." Poetry, because they disclose their parentage from that faithful, earnest, truly-conservative spirit upon whose prevalence

and aims we have animadverted. Unpretending in appearance, we much doubt whether they have not in them somewhat of the true beauty of poetry, if a pure, devoted love of country, and susceptibility to the teachings of nature, of the true historic spirit, which, reverently gazing through the records of the past, finds its better yearnings irrepressibly swelling up to meet the future, which regards the present as but the stepping-stone to a loftier height, (where bloom the undiscovered flowers of genius,) and becomes not altogether absorbed in its cares and duties,—if these be worthy of the name of patriotism. The poet, chanting his vesper-song to the memory of high-souled men and vanished years, is here. What thrilling pleasure does he enjoy when thus gazing on the face of Nature in her loveliest, wildest moods! Or if by the silvery Hudson, or gazing on the placid lake where Champlain's waters gush in calm sublimity, is there no strength of mind imparted—no pure outgushings of those feelings which poets seek, and often seek in vain? Here life has seen its pure imaginings more than realized, and the poet becomes somewhat alive to the promptings of that spirit which blends both nature and truth in its clearest manifestations, with religious energy and the love of his country and kind.

Mr. Hoffman has divided his poems into "Songs." "Early Miscellanies," "The Vigil of Faith," (which we are inclined to fix upon as the gem of the volume,) and "Occasional Poems." One thing, we believe, made certain by the fugitive pieces of this collection, (fugitive in the sense above illustrated,) that Mr. Hoffman does best when yielding himself to the moulding of Nature's plastic hand, and following the promptings of his own wayward spirit. On the banks of the Hudson, and among the recesses of his native mountains, his lyre is strung to a more sweetly-murmuring strain than in the city's crowded walks. The "wind-tone" of softly-breathing forests and upland vale finds its truest echo in his heart when climbing over his favorite "Adirondach mountains," or, in careless huntsman-garb, wandering near the shore of Lindenmere, or bright Champlain. He has "written much," and, (with the exception of the Anacreontics, which, forming a considerable part of the collection, will hardly heighten the favorable impressions derived from his more lengthed and *polished* productions) "written it well." He has mirrored the high traits of character and native nobleness of spirit which marked our aborigines, and has given *voice* to his inner promptings of reverence for the nature so triumphant even in its degradation, a nature whose more prominent characteristics are but invigorated even by the ruin of her chosen children. He has wreathed the "immortal bays" of poetry with the soft, spirit-stirring names which, to all of us, have not lost their beauty in the rush of a money-getting, rail-road age: which are still

sonorous, still inspiring as when lisped by dark-eyed chief, or Indian maiden beneath the silent stars of heaven. For this we thank him; for we are old-fashioned enough to believe that it is the *first* duty of the poet in this country, to inspirit his lays with the fervor of a generous enthusiasm for the fast-fading sons of the forest; to hold them up as not altogether vile, not wholly lost to the higher impulses of humanity.

According to their *subject-matter* and *style*, these Poems are susceptible of a more numerous division than Mr. Hoffman has given to them. They are Anacreontics and Sapphics, Forest-Lays; Poems, founded on and illustrative of Indian character or history; some commendable for their high moral tone and chastened sentiment; together with a few translations, and miscellaneous productions. Of the first, specimens occur at pp. 10, ("Rosalie Clare," a pretty illustration of the flowing grace and sweetness of the Amphibrach-Anapæstic) 11, 14, 19, ("L'Amour sans ailes,") 20, (an "Anacreontic," whose tone of sentiment hardly meets our approval,) 22, 30, 32, 37, ("The Remonstrance," where a transition "from grave to gay" is very skilfully introduced,) 40, 41; and, likewise, at pp. 31, 81, 96, 162, 165, 168. The series of songs named, "Eros and Anteros," comprise 20 pages, but our sketch of them shall be but brief. Varied in measure, there is a fine undertone of sentiment running through them—the hopeless, oft repeated struggle of Love with the harsher revealings of every-day Life; the unquestioning devotion of the heart to one, who, if too wildly loved, was perhaps not unworthy of the strongest affection the fond spirit lavished upon her. We have marked the following chaste and simple metaphor.

VII.

"As he who, on some clouded night,
When wind and tide attend his bark,
Waits for the North Star's steady light
To shine above the waters dark,
Will often for its guiding beam
Mistake some wandering meteor's ray,
But wildered by that fitful gleam
Doubt yet to launch upon the stream,
Till wind and tide have passed away,
So I, if ever Life's dark sea
Is swept by some propitious gale,
Look for my guiding light in thee,
Before I e'er can spread my sail:
So, while thy smiles deceitful shine,
Then leave all darker than before,
I for some surer beacon pine,
'Till breeze and flood no longer mine,
I'm stranded on the barren shore."—(p. 46.)

The last stanza of No. XII, is equally beautiful; and that of No. XVII, (p. 51,) instinct with the true philosophy of existence.

"As, parted here, we dare not think
Of wearying years to come between,

Nay, start not, love, as on the brink
Of what may be—as it hath been—
We only part like twin-born rays
Diverging from the morning sun,
Again within his orb to blaze
When fused in heaven into one."

Our poet seems to have learned some of sorrow's most valuable lessons, and, though we know little of his private history, to have been chastened by the rough buffetings of experience: to have been somewhat of a sufferer here—

"Devotion is most deep and pure
In souls by sorrow shaded,
And love like ours will still endure
When brighter ties have faded."—(p. 58.)

The closing stanzas of this Poem, which possesses many inspirations of a high and solemn beauty, we give entire—

XXXIII.

"The conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have look'd—I have loved—I have worship'd my last;
And now back to the world, and let fate do her worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nursed—
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;
I blame not—upbraid not, one motive of thine;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
I reckon not what chances have doomed us to part;
I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one—oh! loved but too well,
Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell—
Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!
But if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!"—(p. 66.)

The first and second stanzas of "Love's Vagaries," (p. 72,) remind us of some beautiful passages in the *Lalla Rookh*, but we can only refer to them in passing. "Byron," "The Waxen Rose," "To a Lady," &c., to p. 96 inclusive, might, perhaps, have been omitted without materially injuring the selection. "Thy Name" is vastly superior to any of these, and not unworthy of Mr. Hoffman's muse. With those found on pp. 158, 162, 166, etc., we have little sympathy. There is pervading them that obliquity of moral sentiment which is so closely interwoven with Moore's Poems of a similar stamp, and still much of that purity of thought which, as yet, has been the proud characteristic of American poets. We leave the "Songs," therefore, to the well-earned popular favor many of them have secured, as we find other selections in the volume which fall more naturally within the scope of our present undertaking. Such are the Forest-lays,—poems of almost equal merit; but many of them are well known, and with others

we can linger but a moment. Among them, we find "the Brook and Pine," (p. 18,) "Room, Boys, Room," (a poem, which, in the restless love for solitude, that chiefly individualizes the American hunter or Backwoodsman, affords a key to many of those manly principles not found among the peasantry of any other land.) "Hunter's Matin," (p. 36,) "Away to the Forest," (p. 39,) "Forest-Musings, (p. 98,) whose general freshness and purity of taste we may discover in the following, from his "Indian-Summer, 1828," (p. 148.)

"Oh Nature! fondly I still turn to thee,
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
Still—still, childlike I come, as when in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deem'd the world like her, all truth and purity."

Besides, "The Bob O' Linkum," (not altogether a stranger to the wanderer in the forests of New York,) and the thoughtful Poet's musings in "Primeval Woods," (p. 161,) which we can here only commend—the second stanza particularly to those who look for a glowing Future in the annals of our beloved country—not extract.

But Mr. Hoffman has given us others, of a more elevated caste, which, in sentiment and feeling, have contributed to endear him to many in other lands as well as his own country; and which mainly distinguish him from the school of Moore and Byron. He looks, with a kindly eye, upon the strivings of man for his release from the bondage of a cold and sensual philosophy—he looks not on death as a cheerless, bleak inanity; witness his "Song of the Drowned," (p. 24,) and "Where would I Rest," (167,) also that other, ("What is Solitude?") which speaks, in solemn tones, to the heart that has long yearned for human *companionship* in these high "imaginings" which spring up but to mock it with visions never realized on earth; and the one we here insert.

"OUR FRIENDSHIP.

"It *will* endure! It hath the seal upon it
That once alone in life is ever set;
It will endure! we both by suffering won it;
It will endure—for neither can forget.
It *must* endure! for is not Truth immortal?
And those same tears which saw our hopes depart,
Brought her, the comforter, from Heaven's bright portal,
In rainbow radiance spanning heart to heart!" (p. 157.)

In his sketches of the more eminent traits, (the high sense of honor and fiery valor,) of Indian character, there are a freshness, pathos, *empressement* and life-like individuality rarely equalled. There are "The Ambuscade;" *Miscellanies*, pp. 28, 33, 34, 146, etc; "Brunt the Fight," and "The Vigil of Faith," to the last of which we devote

our few remaining pages. The former, however, is such a truthful commentary on the latter that we present it entire.

"BRUNT THE FIGHT.

"Suggested by an embalmed Indian head, presented by the writer to the Lyceum of Natural History, New York."

"Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band;
Life is to them a battle field,
Their hearts a holy land."—*Tuckerman*.

"Not to the conflict, where those death wounds came
That still discolor thine undaunted brow,
Not to the wildwood, where thy soul of flame
Found vent alone in deeds—all nameless now,
Though startled fancy first by these is caught—
Not, not to these dost thou enchain my thought!

"The tuft of honor, streaming there unshorn,
The separate gashes, every one in front,
Prove knightly crest was ne'er more bravely borne
By charging champion through the battle's brunt.
While those old scars, from forays long since past,
Bespeak the warrior's life from first to last.

Bespeak the man who acted out *the whole*—
The whole of all he knew of high and true,
All that was vision'd in his savage soul,
All that his barbarous powers on earth could do,
Bespeak the being perfect to the plan
Of Nature when she moulded such a man.

"His simple law of duty and of right—
Oneness of soul in action, thought and feeling,
His mind, disturb'd by no conflicting light,
His narrow faith, so clear in each revealing,
His will untrammell'd to act out the part
So plainly graved on his untutor'd heart:

"Envy I these? Would I for these forego
The broader scope of being that is mine?
His bond of sense with spirit once to know
Would I the strife for truth and good resign?
How can I—when, *according to my light*,
My law, like his, is still to BRUNT THE FIGHT!" (p. 163.)

But it is "The Vigil of Faith, a legend of the Adirondach mountains" that affords the best scope for our appreciation of these poems. It is pure, simple in conception, and energetic in tone—taken altogether the most polished and elegant of Mr. Hoffman's poems, it yields to none of our best productions, either in imagery or correctness of rhythm. We shall give a brief synopsis of the ground-work of the poem, prefacing it with the following "Inscription:"

"The fragile bark whereon the Indian traces
Rude tokens of his path for other eyes,
Sometimes outlasts the tree on which he places
Anew the birchen scroll he thence had peeled,
And while he wanders forth to other skies,
Some curious settler, ere his axe he wield,
The frail memorial careful bears away:—
So I have freely traced a woodland lay,
In lines as quaint as chart of forest child,
Content, like him, if passing on my way,
I cheer some friendly heart in life's dull wild,

A birchen scroll from birchen tree y' cleft,
A trail of moccasin in wildering forest left." (p. 102.)

The introduction will best speak for itself.

"'Twas in the mellow autumn time,
That revel of our masquing clime,
When, as the Indian crone believes,
The rainbow tints of Nature's prime
She in her forest banner weaves;
To show in that bright blazonry,
How the young earth did first supply
Each gorgeous hue that paints the sky,
Or in the sunset billow leaves.

"'Twas in the mellow autumn time,
When I, an idler from the town,
With gun and rod was lured to climb
Those peaks where fresh the Hudson takes
His tribute from an hundred lakes;
Lakes which the sun, though pouring down
His mid-day splendors round each isle,
At eventide so soon forsakes,
That you may watch his fading smile
For hours around those summits glow
When all is gray and chill below;
While, in that brief autumnal day,
Still, varying all in feature, they,
As through their watery maze you stray,
Will yet some wilding beauty show.

"For he beholds, whose footfalls press
The mosses of that wilderness,
Each charm the glorious HUDSON boasts
Through his far-reaching strand—
When sweeping from these leafy coasts,
His mighty march he seaward takes—
First pictured in those mountain lakes,
All fresh from Nature's hand!
Some broadly flashing to the sun,
Like warrior's shield when first displayed,
Some, dark, as when, the battle done,
That shield oft blackens in the glade.
Round one that on the eye will ope
With many a winding sunny reach,
The rising hills all gently slope
From turfy bank and pebbled beach.
With rocks and ragged forests bound,
Deep set in fir-clad mountain shade,
You trace another where resound
The echoes of the hoarse cascade." (p. 103.)

The poet floats along the dimly-defined shore; and, looking out for a "deer-track," through an aperture in the branches, espies an aged Indian, who had come out on a similar errand. He drags the poet's skiff on shore, and stations him at this "deer-stand" while he himself speeds away to "another near way." After an hour's fruitless watching he returns. They make a fire of the fragments of bushwood around them and prepare for a sound slumber.

"Of hemlock fir we made our couch,
A bed for cramps and colds consoling;
I had some biscuit in my pouch,
A salmon-trout I'd killed in trolling;
My comrade had some venison dried,
And corn in bear's lard lately fried;
And on my word, I will avouch

That when we would our stock divide
In equal portions, save the last,
Apicius could not deride
The relish of that night's repast."—(p. 108)

They "talked that night" of Indian mythology; one of whose most consolatory articles of faith is the idea of transmigration. The Indian throws off his sullen reserve,

"And looking toward the Milky Way,
Which he the Path of Spirits named,
He told how half the soul would stay
Around its early haunts to play,
When God the other half had claimed;
And how all living red men stand
With half their shade in shadow land;
And how *all life* to Red men known
Once walked in shapes just like our own;
And though doomed now as brutes to walk,
How spirits still to brutes will talk,
And whisper blessed words of cheer
From brush or tree they're browsing near,
Saying that *none* at last shall go
Down to the fiend MACHINETO,"

Next, they talked "of fish and game"—of the beautiful lake INCA-PAH-CHO, (the Indians favorite lake.)

"There was a sadness in his tone
His careless words would fain disown;
Or rather I would say their touch
Of mournfulness betrayed not much,
Much more of deep and earnest feeling
Was through his wither'd bosom stealing:
For now far back in memory
So much absorbed he seem'd to be,
I'd not molest his revery:
And when—in phrase I now forget—
When I at last the silence broke,
In the same train of musing yet,
Watching awhile the wreathed smoke
Curl from his lighted calumet,
He thus aloud half pondering spoke."

His favorite lake, because the spot where his childhood was nursed, and where his beloved maiden lived with her father, "on one of Inca-pah-cho's islands." She kept love's watch-fire burning, while he wandered off, and often climbed "the cliff upon the main" to watch his return; the cliff, from her, called the *Maiden's Rest*. He narrates further that he has a rival whose footsteps have followed his own through every hunter-path and ravine of the Adirondach mountains. The Indian now (p. 115) begins "the tale," by describing Nulkah to the listening poet. He descants on the bliss they enjoyed in the fleeting days of young Love's first dream. "From SACANDAGA's fountain head:" whither we had gone on some marauding expedition, and where he was confined in camp by a wound; he sends a friend to bear her tidings of his welfare,—who spake not of him for long, long weeks,—but, enraptured with the beauty of Nulkah, forgets his message. Nay, more,—he endeavors

to wean her affections from the narrator by a specious falsehood, and strives to excite her jealousy, but in vain. She is proof against all his wiles. Here the poem becomes invested with a wild and thrilling interest. The narrator at last returns. Recovering from his wound he reaches her habitation, while his dark-eyed maiden warns him of the falsely-named "friend" who wanders away. He chooses a sequestered spot for their wigwam; and she,

"Learn'd full soon to love the spot,
For who could see and love it not!
Why, Morning there had newer splendor,
There, Twilight seemed to grow more tender,
And Moonbeams first would thither stray,
To light Puckwudgees to their play.
And there, when I the isle would leave,
And sometimes now my gun resume,
She'd shyly steal the mats to weave
Which were to line our bridal room,
Happy we were! what love like ours,
Blossoming thus as fresh and free,
As unrestrained as wild-wood flowers,
Yet keeping all their purity!"—(p. 119.)

They are about to be united when, on the "bridal morn," his secret foe is brought, by one of his kinsmen, to their home. The Indian here gives voice to the following fine imprecation against this "fateful kinsmen."

"Just MANITON! O may the boat
That bears him to the spirit land,
For ages on those bleak waves float
Which catch no light from off its strand,
Float blindly there, still laboring on
Toward shores 'tis never doomed to reach;
Float there till time itself is gone,
And when again 'twould seek the beach
From which, with that lone soul, it started,
Baffling let that before it flee,
Till hope of rest hath all departed,
And still when that last hope is gone,
A guideless thing float on, float on!"

As the forms of that unhappy eve flit through the dim recesses of Memory, the aged Indian speaks in tones of solemn energy; and his narration is more beautiful and interesting—

"Our friends, they all stood gravely round
Waiting until that moon should rise,
The bridal moon whose aspect crowned,
For good or ill our destinies:
The signal too, the hour had come
When I could claim my bride and home."

She, going forth to meet him, receives the deadly plunge of his false friend's knife. The narrator grasps his throat, and turns to his bleeding Nulkah:

"Aided by that untimely beam,
Which harbingered such bridal woes,
I watch'd its ebbing current gleam,
And, watching, would not, could not deem
That blessed life's too precious stream
Growing each moment darker, colder,

E'en while I to my heart did fold her,
Already at its close.
She tried to speak—then press'd my hand,
And look'd—oh, looked into my eyes
As if through them the spirit-land
Would first upon her vision rise;
As if her soul that could not stay,
Through mine might only pass away."

He swoons away, and after long days of stupifying agony awakes,—

"Awoke to know some joys had been
Which now to me could be no more;
Awoke to know that life to me
Was henceforth but a *girdled* tree
Whose tough limbs still must bide the blast
Until the trunk to earth be cast,
Though fruit nor blossom ne'er can smile
Upon those wrestling limbs the while."—(p. 122.)

Over him is watching the murderer of his bride, who hopes that some sudden impulse of vengeance will prompt the narrator instantly to slay him, so that in the spirit-land *he* first shall meet her, by both too well, too wildly loved. In the glistening moonlight an airy form appears to him,

"With palm reversed it seemed to say,
'If yet thou wilt not with me go,
Keep him—oh keep but him away!'

"And did I not? ay, while the knell
Of youth and hope yet echo'd by,
Did I not then allay thy fears,
Perturbed soul that his was nigh?
And o'er the waste of dreary years,
On which heart-withered doom'd to dwell,
I look with wearying vision back—
Have I not on that desert track,
Sweet spirit, kept love's vigil well?
Oh have I not? Yes—though no more
I see at night those moon-touch'd fingers,
Still beckoning as they did of yore;
And though the features of my love.
As near me still in dreams she lingers,
Look bright as yon bright star above,
And peaceful, as in that blest time,
When our young loves were in their prime—
I know that from the land of shades,
When wandering thus to haunt these glades,
The vigil to her soul is dear,
I kept, and still am keeping here!
—Enough of this, thou still would'st know
How dealt I with my mortal foe!"

The wretched murderer exerts every effort to tempt the narrator to slay him. At a certain time he rushes before him and bares "his bosom to the charge"—which the narrator, though almost mastered by his strong, impulsive feelings, restrains—for the remembered vow yet thrills his heart—

"At last with low, half-smothered cry
And quivering frame, he gain'd his feet,
And to the woods began to fly,
Growing at every step more fleet:
But from that hour where'er he fled,
There too my shadow darkened!"

He binds his weapons to his head and pursues him through the deep "strait," and over the mountain torrents until,

"At length within a broken dell,
Where a gnarl'd beech the tempest shock
Had parted from the leaning rock,
Among its cable roots he fell;
Where, panting, soon I saw him lie,
Shrivelling against the blasted trunk
With knees drawn up and cowering eye,
As if my avenging tread had shrunk
The miscreant there as I drew nigh.
I spoke not, but I gazed upon
That wolf with fangs and courage gone,
Gazed on his quailing features till
Their furtive glance was fix'd by mine,
And I could see his writhing will
Her feeble throne to me resign.
He rose, an abject, broken man,
He dared not fight—he dared not fly;
His very life in my veins ran,
Who would not let him cast it by!
And still he is the thing that then
He wilted to, within that glen:
Living—if life be drawing breath—
But dead in all that last should die,
For him there is no further death
Till from the earth he withereth."

Terrified and lonely he becomes the meek servant of his master. We present the following as an example of our poet's observant eye to one of the most remarkable traits of character that lights and enshades the mouldering spirit—which, cowering in the presence of its master, recovers the fitful energy of former independence in the mind's decay—

"With me he now is alway meek,
But sometimes, chafing in his thrall,
He to my dog will sharply speak,
Who comes, or comes not at his call.
They both are in my camp below,
From which I now in hunting weather
For days can often safely go,
Leaving the two alone together.
But in those years my watch began,
His limbs were agile as my own,
And sometimes then the tortured man,
For weeks beyond my search hath flown
In shades more deep to breathe alone."

But one watchful eye tracks him every where through the forest and islands; one strong arm

— "Snatched him o'er and o'er again
From death he sought by fell and flood."

Spiritless and timid the punished Indian drags through life, with but one light gleaming through long and dreary years—the lightning-glance of his vigilant guide reveals his own desolation and the ceaseless doom that awaits him. At midsummer he sought for death, amid the blazing woods, but his watcher snatched him from the devouring flames, perilling his own life to acquit himself of his solemn charge. In the chilling snows of winter he warms

the flickering spark of life, by flinging his arms around the cold frame of his enemy, and through the dreary midnight hours often "wakes" to see if his pulses yet betrayed the existence so bound up with his own.

LVII.

"And thus as crowding seasons changed,
When many a year was dead and gone,
I round these lakes in manhood ranged,
Where yet in age I wander in,
And still o'er that poor slave I've kept
A vigil that hath never slept;
And while upon this earth I stay,
From her I'll still keep him away—
From her whom I at last shall see
My own, my own eternally!

LVIII.

White man! I say not that they lie
Who preach a faith so cold and drear
That wedded hearts in yon cold sky
Meet not as they were mated here.
But scorning not thy faith, thou must,
Stranger, in mine have equal trust:
The Red-man's faith by Him implanted,
Who souls to both our races granted.
Thou know'st in life we mingle not,
Death cannot change our different lot!
He who hath placed the white man's heaven,
Where hymns on vapory clouds are chanted,
To harps by angel fingers played;
Not less on his Red children smiles,
To whom a land of souls is given,
Where in the ruddy West array'd
Brighten our blessed hunting isles.

LIX.

There souls again to youth are born,
A youth that knows no withering!
Theré, blithe and bland the breeze of morn
Fresheneth an eternal Spring
'Mid trees, and flowers and waterfalls,
And fountains bubbling from the moss,
And leaves that quiver with delight,
As from their shade the warbler calls,
Or choiring, glances to the light,
On wings which never lose their gloss:
There brooks that bear their buds away,
From branches that will bend above them,
So closely they could not but love them,
To the same bowers again will stray
From which at first they murmuring sever,
Still floating back their blossoms to them,
Still with the same sweet music ever,
Returning yet once more to woo them;
There love, like bird and brook and blossom,
Is young forever in each bosom!

LX.

Those blissful ISLANDS OF THE WEST:
I've seen, myself, at sunset time,
The golden lake in which they rest;
Seen, too, the barks that bear the Blest
Floating toward that fadeless clime:
First dark, just as they leave our shore,
Their sides then brightening more and more,
'Till in a flood of crimson light

They melted from my straining sight.
 And she, who climb'd the storm-swept steep,
 She too the foaming wave would dare,
 So oft love's vigil here to keep.
 Stranger, albeit thou think'st I dote,
 I know, I know she watches there!
 Watches upon that radiant strand,
 Watches to see her lover's boat
 Approach the Spirit-Land."

LXI.

"He ceased, and spake no more that night,
 Though oft, when chillier blew the blast,
 I saw him moving in the light,
 The fire, that he was feeding, cast;
 While I, still wakeful, pondered o'er
 His wondrous story more and more.
 I thought, not wholly waste the mind
 Where FAITH so deep a root could find,
 FAITH which both love and life could save,
 And keep the first in age still fond,
 Thus blossoming this side the grave
 In steadfast trust of fruit beyond.
 And when in after years I stood
 By INCA-PAH-CHO's haunted water,
 Where long ago that hunter woo'd
 In early youth its island daughter,
 And traced the voiceless solitude
 Once witness of his loved one's slaughter
 At that same season of the leaf
 In which I heard him tell his grief—
 I thought some day I'd weave in rhyme
 That tale of mellow Autumn time."

We envy not him who can rise from the perusal of this poem without feeling more deeply impressed with the solemn, thrilling *earnestness*, which has invested Indian character and Indian love in all the hues of sunlight or of shade, that are woven through every portion of their history.

We note some defects in measure, occurring at rare intervals, but neither frequent nor very gross. Such are the lines italicized.—(p. 55.)

"Why should I murmur lest she may forget me?
 Why should I grieve to be by her forgot,
 Better, then, wish, that she had never met me,
Better, oh far, she should remember not."

And,

"In one mad impulse, pour my soul
 Far beyond passion's base control,"

Together with the following (from the Bob O. Linkum,) p. 157.

"Caught'st thou thy carol from *Otawa* maid."

In all these cases the rhythm and accent are at variance. But there are some cases in which we think Mr. Hoffman is at variance with good taste, and yet we hardly know how to speak of what cannot escape the notice of the most casual reader. Thus, the separation of words by throwing part into the beginning of the next line as *dust-y*, (p. 76,) and filling out a line with a word to *make a rhyme*, as is seen from the first line of stanza iii, p. 138, together with some unusual expressions like "death-besetted," (p. 66,) and the repetition of words like

"soulfulness," (p. 151,) hardly comport with our notions of arrangement. There are, frequently, expressions and verses which remind us of other Poems, by various writers, especially Moore. Thus the sublime "Morning Hymn," (p. 23,) seems quite similar to Bacon's

"God said let there be light—'with sunny glance'
 The light waves wooed ye as ye passed along," etc.

Which the reader may find extracted in Mr. Everett's memorial to Bacon, in the Southern Literary Messenger, April, 1841;—The "Room, Boys, Room," (p. 27,) has much the same tone of sentiment as Morris' "O'er the Mountains;" and, on p. 55, the first stanza like Moore's on "Music." "They say that thou art altered, Amy," of similar *measure* to the popular song, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary." So on page 68, (the close of the ambuscade,)—

"Within whose bosom as they fell,
 Arose as hideous, wild a yell,
 As if the very earth were riven,
 And shrieks from hell were upward driven,"

sounds very much like "the Gheber's Death," in Moore's most wild and terrible tragedy. "Thy Name was once the magic spell" is not superior to the beautiful extract on p. 152. To those who think these are grave defects, Mr. Hoffman's *complete* edition will appear somewhat defaced. But we are reminded that "the course of true" Poetry "does not always run smooth," or free; and he only is capable of extending that indulgence to slight errors of this kind, who has experienced the need of such indulgence himself. Those who think that these are enough to "damn a poem," may see, in the increasing popularity of these brief Poems; at once the rebuke and disproof of their fond imaginations. We have aimed to let him speak for himself—and think the reader has been disposed to believe, with us, that there are few more capable of doing so with honor to himself and his country than the author of the "Vigil of Faith," and the "Verses to West-Point."

TO ELIA.

BY ALTON.

A year hath fled—a year—what is a year?
 It is a thing composed of months, weeks, days—
 Which doth at first fond expectations raise,
 E'en at the end, to mock us with despair.
 When dawn'd that, which, is now with those that "were,"
 For thee I felt my ardent bosom burn
 With fervent love: and fondly hop'd in turn,
 To clasp thee to this truthful breast fore'er—
 But ah, how bitterly my hopes have been
 Like Autumn leaves—all *wither'd* in a year!
 Oh! if my *future* years like those I've seen
 Must be—I would not wish to linger here—
 The single thought, that we have lov'd in vain,
 Will darken all my days, of life, that yet remain!
 Charleston, S. C.

DIES IRÆ

This noble remnant of Mediæval poetry is invested with the most interesting and touching associations. We make no apology, therefore, for devoting to it a place in our pages. A production which has been deemed worthy of translation into every modern European language, and has received the applause of the first scholars of the age, will fully repay our readers for the time and attention which they may be disposed to give to its examination. The authorship of this hymn, like that of the Imitation of Christ, is involved in some obscurity; but the best authorities concur in ascribing it to Thomas de Celano, the friend and biographer of Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Order of Minorites or Franciscans. It is generally supposed to have been composed about the year 1250.*

The readers of Goethe's *Faust* will recollect the powerful impression which was made by some stanzas of this hymn upon the mind of Margaret, in the cathedral scene. Walter Scott's admiration of it is well known. He incorporated some of its opening stanzas into his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, from which they were transferred by Bishop Heber into his *Hymns of the Church Service*. So powerful a hold had it taken upon his memory that, during the few lucid intervals of his last days, its cadences lingered upon his lips, as was the case with an earlier and less gifted poet, the Earl of Roscommon.† The *Dies Iræ* suggested to Mozart his celebrated *Requiem*, the production of his dying bed, and left incomplete, because the intense excitement which the theme evoked snapped the cords of life, before his work was done.

The Latin original is now accessible to American readers in several publications. It is found in the *German Selections of Edwards and Park*; *The Catholic Melodies*; *The Catholic Harp*; *Thoughts in Past Years*, (the production of Rev. Isaac Williams,) and *The Encyclopædia Americana*. From this last source we transfer it to our columns.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti Crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu, bone, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta
Et ab hædis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis.
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex, et acclinis
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lachrymosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla.

Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem. Amen.

In some of the copies of this hymn, there is a variation in the reading of the third line of the first stanza, *Crucis expandens vexilla*, being substituted for *Teste David cum sibylla*. The latter is the [reading at Paris; the former is the reading at Rome; and it has been adopted by Williams, as might be expected from his well-known predilections. The Parisian reading is manifestly the correct one, since the other destroys the accentual rhythm of the verse. The Sibylline Oracles constituted an acknowledged authority in Mediæval

* Gieseler's Ch. Hist. II. 283.

† Lockhart's Life of Scott, i, 430.

times ; and their genuineness has found a staunch advocate in modern times, in Bishop Horsley. Xystus Betuleius and Sebastian Castellio, in the Basil edition of 1555, admit their genuineness ; but they are now universally exploded.*

The first peculiarity of this hymn that arrests the attention of the reader, is that the verse is accentual, and not metrical, as is the case in classic poetry. A second peculiarity consists in the fact that the lines terminate with rhymes. In both these respects, the hymn partakes of the characteristics of modern rather than ancient verse. Each of these points is worthy of examination.

Accent is not accidental, but essential to words, being "part and parcel" of language itself. Although it may vary at different periods in the history of a language, yet at any given epoch, it must be uniform among all who employ words as an intelligible medium of intercommunication. In the reduction of language to writing, the spoken accent must, of course, be preserved, and therefore the pronunciation of prose and of poetry must be identical. Prose being the result of the regular and quiet operation of the intellectual faculties, it is the form of expression which a writer naturally employs when giving utterance to unexcited thought and solicitous only to express definitely his meaning. But poetry is the offspring of passion, and seeks utterance in the music as well as the meaning of language.

It follows from the nature of the case, that the first attempts of a people at rhythmical expression of thought would be very simple, confined to the utterance of alternate sentences of similar length, and thus forming an equipoise of sound. It would be a system of parallelism. This is in fact the form in which we find the oldest and simplest poetry in the world—the Hebrew.† The next improvement would consist in the regular recurrence of accents, irrespective of the number of syllables, in two or more successive lines of a poem. Of this we have a specimen in the rhythm of Coleridge's *Christabel*, in which the number of accents in each line is the same, although that of the syllables varies. The approach to unity and harmony made by this arrangement would soon lead to another, and the poet would restrict his verses to a certain number of syllables as well as accents. This is the form of modern poetry. The last and

most artificial form which poetry assumes, is that which demands not only a certain number of syllables in each verse, but a regular and complicated alternation in the quantity of these syllables. In this state we find the classic compositions of Greece and Rome.

If we possessed those old Roman ballads and songs, the loss of which was so vainly regretted by Cicero, and which constituted the only national literature which Rome ever had ; and could by means of them trace the history of versification among the Romans, we should most likely find that it passed through just the phases which we have described. In the song of the *Fratres Arvales*, the oldest specimen of the language extant, we seek in vain for any trace of metrical, or even accentual arrangement.* The same may be affirmed of the lines which compose the *Duillian* and *Scipian* inscriptions.† The *Saturnian* measure, in which these verses are said to have been composed, is, according to the specimens given by the grammarians, sufficiently regular, but it is impossible to accommodate to it the ancient fragments that remain. Terentianus Maurus has furnished us with the very line in which the *Metelli* threatened their satirical persecutor, the poet *Nævius*.

Dabunt Melum Metelli Nævio poetæ.‡

This verse consists of an iambic dimeter catalectic and three trochees. It is probable, however, that the poets allowed themselves very great license in the use of this measure, even if they aimed at any metrical regularity at all. That this latter supposition is not destitute of authority, we may learn from those lines of *Ennius*, in which he tells us that the *Saturnian* measure was used by the Roman poets before they had scaled the heights of *Parnassus*.

Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat,
Nec dicti studiosus erat.§

According to Hermann's description of this measure, even the verse just quoted is not correct, for it would require the last syllable in *Metelli* to be short.|| The failure of critics to coerce these old *Saturnians* into any recognized arrangement of metrical feet favors the supposition, that at the period of their composition, the accent of prose still predominated in poetry, and that the quantity of the syllables was a matter of inferior consideration. It is remarkable that in some of our English nursery rhymes, which were, of course, composed entirely on the accentual principle, regular *Saturnian*

* *Sibyllinorum Oraculorum*, Libri. viii. Basileæ. Xyst. Bet. Epist. Mayer rejects them, as *manifeste interpolata*. *Historia Diaboli*. Tubing, p. 527. They were probably composed about A. D. 138, by some well-meaning, but indiscreet Christian. Mosheim. *Eccl. Hist.* (Ed. Murdock) i, 159.

† Nordheimer's *Heb. Gramm.*, B. iv. ch. 1. Lowth's *Lectures*, iii., with the corrections of the Am. Ed. Knobel's *Prophetismus der Heb.* i, § 34. De Wette's *Introduc.* to the *Psalms*, Translated in *Biblic. Repos.*, iii, pp. 478, 514.

* See the song in Dunlop's *Hist. Rom. Lit.* i, 44, and in *Penny Cyclop.* xx, 112.

† About A. U. C. 492. Dunlop. i, 48, 51.

‡ Pseudo-Asconius on Cic. mentions the verse. Vide Niebuhr's *Rom. Hist.* iv. 24. (Am. Ed.)

§ See Niebuhr's view of the *Saturnian* verse in *Hist. Rome.* i, 137. (Am. Ed.)

|| Hermann, *Elementa Doctr. Met.* p. 395. Dunlop, i, 77.

verses occur. Here are some which every one will recognize—

The king was in the parlor counting out his money,
The queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey.*

After the introduction of Greek literature among the Romans, the measures of poetry became still more artificial and further removed from the simple rhythm of prose. Yet even here the influence of the prose accent is apparent, especially where we might naturally expect it, in the drama, which must, as far as possible, be conformed to the spoken language of a people. The old comic writers endeavored to combine the arsis and thesis of metre with the accent of prose, so that in their lines, the metrical and rhythmical intonation might coincide. Hence the prosodial licenses at which their critics have been so scandalized. Many of the lines of Plautus defy all attempts to coerce them within the limits of any assignable metre; so that while some critics have given him up in despair, and even denied to him all knowledge of prosody, others have been compelled to apply a *procustean* process, to bring him within any thing like orthodox dimensions † Terence is in an equally bad predicament, as any one may see by consulting Bentley De Metr. Teren., or the interminable prolegomena to the Delphin edition of his plays.‡

This artificial characteristic of Roman poetry, superinduced by Greek culture, finally became predominant, and succeeding writers carefully sought a discordance between the metrical intonation and the ordinary accent. In Virgil, the most artistic of the Roman poets, their coincidence is studiously avoided. It is very clear, however, that a system of versification so entirely artificial must have been restricted to the educated, and could never have been adopted by the mass of the people. They adhered to the old system. Disregarding the metrical quantity of syllables, they pronounced them according to their accentual value. Suetonius quotes some satirical lines on Julius Cæsar—pasquinades composed by facetious citizens and soldiers—in which this neglect of quantity is very apparent.

It may not be improper now to inquire whether the prose accent, which, as we have remarked, is essential to a language, was observed in the pronunciation of poetry. Assuredly this must have been the case, unless we suppose that the Romans spoke one language in prose and another in poetry.

* Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Preface.

† Bähr's Geschichte der Röm. Lit. §42.

‡ We find Bentley's tract appended to the second volume of Scheller's Latin Grammar; and as the prolegomena aforesaid of the Delphin Editors were among the troubles of our youthful days, we fully concur with him in his astonishment and horror at their doings: quasi tantæ molis esset Romanam nunc licentiam, quantæ olim erat Gentem condidisse.

This is so manifestly true of Greek, that we do not see how it can be questioned. In that language the meaning of a word frequently depends upon the accent. Coleridge has given it as his judgment, that the "common conversation was entirely regulated by accent;"* and there exists no just reason for supposing that this essential feature of the language was lost in the recitation of poetry.

The well-known anecdote related of Demosthenes whose false pronunciation of *μισθωτός*, with the accent on the antepenultimate, was corrected by his audience, illustrates the fixed position of the Greek accent. This is the practice of the modern Greeks; and their poetry is entirely accentual.

Longinus, Fragment 3, has cited two passages from Demosthenes, one in heroic, and another in Ionic measure. These are poetic verses, although undesigned. Were the prose accents neglected in their pronunciation? No more, we may presume, than they are in the accidental hexameters that occur in our English Bible,

"Bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron."

"Husbands! love your wives and be not bitter against them,"

or in the Greek hexameters in James I., 17, and Heb. 12, 13.† In what way the ancients contrived to combine the metrical intonation—arsis and thesis—with the prose accent, we are unable to determine; but we do not believe that this latter was ever separated from the spoken language.

These remarks will suffice to show that the metrical arrangement of syllables in verse is an artistic refinement, alien to language in its natural state, and appertaining only to a condition of high literary cultivation. The Oriental tongues have never reached this state. It has never been possessed by the languages of Modern Europe; for as far back as we can trace their poetry, it is accentual, not metrical. It is even doubtful whether they are capable of it. It must be confessed we have an abundance of German and English hexameters, in our day; but they are not constructed after the classic model. Milton, who was, perhaps, as familiar with the power and compass of our noble tongue as any who have ever used it, has given us his opinion on this point, in his "sonnet to Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires."

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long."

This opinion of the great poet derives importance from the fact that his Latin poems, with the ex-

* Table Talk, ii, p. 127.

† Winer's Grammar of the N. T. Appendix. Patton on the Greek Accents. American Bibl. Repos., vol. ix. Comp. Quintil. Just. 9. 4. 52.

ception of a few mistakes in quantity, are among the most *classical* of modern compositions in that language.

In the decline of a literature, the process which we have sketched above will be reversed, and poetry will descend from the highly artificial metre of prosody to the accentual method of ordinary speech. This is precisely the course which Latin poetry followed.

Traces of the neglect of quantity appear as early as the time of Hadrian, even in the productions of educated men. The well-known lines of Florus, to the Emperor, and his reply are, in the judgment of Hallam, accentual trochaics.*

Ego nolo Cæsar esse,
Ambulare per Britannus,
Scythicas pati pruinas.

Ego nolo Florus esse,
Ambulare per tabernas,
Latitare per popinas,
Culices pati rotundos.

This reply, and the lines of Hadrian to his soul, are all that remain of the emperor's effusions. The latter commencing : *Animula vagula, blandulo*, are regular, being iambic dimeter acatalectic ; but the former, which were *improvised*, are accentual.

"The laws of quantity," observes Hallam, "were forgotten, and an accentual pronunciation came to predominate before Latin had ceased to be a living language."† *Commodianus*, a Christian writer of the third century, attacked the pagan superstitions with accentual hexameters. Of this philological curiosity we give a specimen :

Præfatio nostra viam erranti demonstrat,
Respectumque bonum, cum venerit sæculi meta,
Æternum fieri, quod dissredunt inscia corda.

Augustine, in the fourth century, employed similar weapons against the Donatists, substituting for the hexameter, the more lively trochaic. The following are the first lines :

Abundantia peccatorum solet fratres conturbare ;
Propter hoc dominus noster voluit nos præmonere.

Auspicius, in the fifth century, salutes his friend, Count Arbogastes, with lines in which all quantity is outraged.

Præcelso expectabili bis Argobasto comiti
Auspiciis, qui diligo salutem dico plurimam.

Yet Hilary and Ambrose, in the fourth century, composed very fair verses. Take of the latter the following specimen of iambic dimeter, the beginning of his celebrated hymn,

Æterna Christi munera
Et martyrum victorias

Laudes ferentes debitas
Lætis canamus mentibus.*

Prudentius, in the fourth century, composed very good verses, but his productions evince the inattention to prosody which was rapidly gaining ground. Coleridge (H. N.) cites two passages in which the penultimate of *eremus* and *idola* is shortened.‡ We add a third :

Idolium, longe purgata ex urbe fugandum. In Symm. 612.

Fortunatus abounds in false quantities. Aldhelm, at the commencement of the eighth century, complains of the difficulties encountered in learning prosody.‡

Among the remains of these early poems, which are extant at the present time, there is a song which was sung in honor of the victory gained by Clotaire II, over the Saxons in 622. It is written in a loose accentual rhythm, which compares very well with that of our old English ballads and nursery rhymes. We quote the following stanza, cited by Hallam.

De Clotario est canere rege Francorum,
Qui ivi pugnare cum gente Saxonum,
Quam graviter provenisset missis Saxonum,
Si non fuisset inclitus Faro de gente Burgundionum.

Sismondi has given us, in the first volume of his *Hist. Lit. of Europe*,|| a Latin song, which was sung by the Modenese soldiery, whilst guarding their walls against the invading Hungarians, A. D. 924. The verse is accentual iambic.

O tu qui servas armis ista mænia,
Noli dormire, moneo sed vigila !§

There is little ground for doubt that at this period accentual verses had become very common. The popular poetry which had never partaken of the artificial character of the classics, was fast gaining the ascendancy, and poets were beginning to adapt themselves to the popular ear. Metrical composition was still cultivated as a species of literary refinement or luxury ; but the people were addressed in accentual verses. Of this popular poetry, we have a very amusing specimen in the squib which was thrown out against Calixtus, in the twelfth century. Our readers may form some conception of this *jeu d'esprit* from the following stanza :

Paulus cælos rapitur ad superiores,
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores :
Ad nos tandem rediens, instruensque mores,
Suas (inquit) habeant quilibet uxores.¶

The same period furnishes us with a specimen of

* See the entire hymn in Coleman's *Chr. Antiq.*, p. 225.

† Table Talk, 1, p. 129.

‡ Hillmann, *Städtewesen des Mittelalt.* IV. § 299.

|| English Edition, 1, pp. 39-40.

§ Hallam's *Hist. Lit.* I, 37. *Southern Review* II, 49.

¶ Theiner's *Cölibat der Geistl.* Th. II, Abth. 1, § 296.

* *Hist. Lit.* i, 38.

† *Middle Ages*, p. 457.

metre in which, although the quantity of the syllables is usually retained, the cæsura is entirely neglected. It is the philippic of Hildebert against the fair sex. We must give a portion of it to our readers, as it is a curiosity, philological and anthropological.

Fœmina perfida, fœmina sordida, digna catenis.
Mens male conscia, mobilis, impia, plena, venenis
Vipera pessima, fossa novissima, mota lacuna;
Omnia suscipis, omnia decipis, omnibus una;
Horrida noctua, publica janua, semita trita;
Igne rapacior, aspide savior est tua vita.

Sed oh! jam satis—enough from this illustrious misogynist.

The foregoing specimens will enable our readers to trace the history of accentual Latin poetry, and thus account for the rhythmical structure of the *Dies Iræ*. A similar change took place in Greek poetry. The earliest accentual Greek poem was written by Ptochoprodromus, about A. D. 1160. But this is foreign to our present theme.

We should be glad to examine the other peculiarity of the *Dies Iræ*, and trace the history of modern rhyme; but we fear that we have already exhausted the patience of our readers on this very dry topic. We may recur to it at another time.

Among the translations of this hymn which have come under our notice, we select the following, and offer them to our readers. In each of them the double rhymes of the original are imitated. The English version was published some time ago, in the Newark Daily Advertiser. The other is taken from a small anonymous collection of poems published in 1842, entitled "*Inni Canzoncine E Poesie Minori*." Our readers will find the version of Mr. Williams in the work referred to above, and another by the Rev. R. C. Trench, in "*The Conservative Principle of our Literature*;" By Rev. William R. Williams, New York. 1844. p. 125.

Day of wrath, that day of burning,
All shall melt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by Seers discerning.

O! what fear it shall engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render.

Trumpet, scattering sound of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast when Death shall shiver,
And great nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Book where every act's recorded;
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

What shall I say that time pending?
Ask what Advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

King Almighty and all knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of good o'erflowing.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou endur'dst earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

Seeking me, Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross, Thy soul death tasted,
Let such labor not be wasted.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

Culprit like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard the dying thief's petition,
Cheer with hope my lost condition;

Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside Thee.

When th' accurst away are driven,
To eternal blessings given,
Call me with the bless'd to heav'n.

I beseech Thee prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

On that awful day of wailing,
Human destinies unveiling,
When man rising, stands before Thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory.

SEQUENZA DEI MORTI

composta da Tommaso da Celano.

DIES IRAE DIES ILLA.

Transportata in verso italiano.

Quel gran di, di che ira stilla,
Sciorrà il secolo in favilla:
David vide lo e Sibilla.

Quanto allor sarà il tremore,
Quando giugnerà il Signore,
Di ogni colpa indagatore.

Pien di orror di tuba il suono
Per le tombe, u' morti sono,
Corrà ognuno innanzi al trono.

Morte stupirà e natura,
Laseiando ogni creatura
La sua trista sepoltura.

Scritto un libro fia spiegato,
In cui tutto stà notato
Onde il mondo sia giuggiato. *)

Dunque assiso ivi il Signore,
L'opre occulte apparse fuore,
Vendicato fie ogni errore.

*) Voce dantesca: per giudicato.

Lasso, oimè, che dirò io?
Qual padrone sarà il mio,
Se anche il giusto teme e il pio?

Rè di tremenda maestade;
Tu che salvi per bontade,
Salva me, somma pietade.

Ti ricorda, o Gesù pio,
Del tuo andar son cajon' io,
Fammi grazia del mio rio.

Nel cercarmi già sudasti,
Con tuo sangue mi comprasti:
Tanti affanni non sian guasti.

Degno io ben son del supplizio,
Ma ti mostra a me propizio,
Anzi al giorno del giudizio.

Io son reo fra pianti accolto,
Cui la colpa arde nel volto,
Fammi, o Dio, per grazia assolto.

Tu che assolvesti Maria,
E il ladron da colpa ria
Desti speme all' alma mia.

Di pregarti indegno io sono,
Ma, Signore dolce e buono,
Dammi il ciel, non fiamme, in dono.

Tra le agnelle un luogo presta,
E dai capri mi sequestra,
Dammi posto alla tua destra.

Confutati i maledetti
Giù nel fuoco eterno astretti,
Chiama me coi benedetti.

Prego supplice e prostrato,
Quasi in polve il cuor spezzato,
Il mio fin rendi beato.

Lagrimoso il dì, che in fuoco
Farà desto in ognun loco
Pel giudizio l'uomo rio:

Deh, perdonagli, gran Dio.
Gesù, dolce e pio Signor,
Da riposo e pace a lor.

Amen.

J. L. R.

Richmond, Va.

THE NOTED FIRM.

BY NASUS.

"There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world."

Measure for Measure.

How strangely complex in its nature and intricate in its construction is the machinery of society. The most minute component part bears an important relation and dependence to the great integral,

while its propelling powers and principles of motion are wonderfully subtle and pervading. Although, in towns and villages, its dimensions and operations are less extensive than in those great thoroughfares of life—cities—yet the same properties and peculiarity of construction exist, and one can become better initiated in its mysteries by a more limited and immediate observation.

In the quiet old town of P—— this curious machine was most actively propelled and sustained by a certain firm, Stander, Gossip & Co., which not only boasts of *authentic* antiquity, but immense influence in its widely extended branches. From time immemorial it has maintained a busy progress, flourishing midst the disruption of long established plans and systems of secular origin, and never suspending its operations because of commercial panics or heavy bankruptcies.

Miss Dorothy Gleaner had made considerable investments in this noted firm, and was, doubtless, ruminating upon some new speculation as she sat buried in the cushions of her three-cornered chair, gazing with fixed intensity into the fire, which almost made her lonely parlor cheerful with its noisy hickory blaze. Judging by her statue-like attitude, the process of "fancy linking" was of a most absorbing nature, for not even the repeated pricking up of her poodle's blue-bowed ear, or the wooing glance of his twinkling eye as he lifted his snowy, tiny head from her softly-slippered feet attracted her slightest notice. As this species of the canine race is proverbially jealous, the pampered Juan very naturally became indignant that all his waggings should be thus unheeded, so he tried the effect of a shrill bark and then sprang suddenly towards the window. It was nothing save the moonlight glancing through the parted curtains, but as if to shame his mistress' insensibility to its heart-softening beauty, he seemed determined to evince *his* sentimental appreciation by sundry gyrations in the mellow rays and then complacently rested upon his hind legs to indulge in *heavenly* contemplations. But Miss Dorothy had no taste for the "melancholy element," and in her present mood, the chaste smiles of full-orbed Cynthia seemed too coldly bright; so she forthwith arose to exclude them. The flowing folds of embossed damask soon swept obliviously from the gilded cornice, and the chagrined Juan soon fell into a snooze. But notwithstanding Miss Dorothy's effort to resist a soul-subduing influence, the keen whistle of Boreas reverberated so mournfully from his dreary caverns, that it quickly conjured images of thought clothed in hues not the brightest or most desirable to her mental ken. The spectres of the past glided before her in slow and solemn distinctness, echoing through the hushed stillness that strange "Nevermore," which fell as startlingly on her fancy's ear as if uttered by that "ominous bird," when the lover of the lost Lenore

craved a "respite and kind nepenthe." The present was but a dread array of crumbling structures over which the rainbow wing of Hope scarce hovered to give *one* bright promise of the future. Now as the "tinkling footfall" of retrospection rarely wakes delight in such minds as Miss Dorothy's, it is not surprising she should have made another oblivious effort, and soon the "ominous echo" was stilled by a survey of her person in the octangular mirror, which rapidly brought those most prominent features in her mental constitution, vanity and curiosity, into their usual restless play. Electromagnetism, phonology, photology, nor any other ism or ology, seemed half so wonderful and inexplicable to her, as the simple problem, why old Time had nearly wheeled through another winter, when Cupid's abundant harvest is garnered in by Hymen, without even beginning a sheaf for her. She was younger than the youngest of the four Miss Snapalls,—Miss Jemima, who would soon be Mrs. Long—richer than the widow Simper, who had just doffed her weeds, more attractive in appearance, if not in beauty, than Rachel Crusty, whose last visit to the West had secured her a Jacob, and far more imbued with the milk of human kindness than her friend and school companion, Mrs. Adder, who had been a *something* more than a better half for many long years. But withal, the remembrance of several rejected offers was still too vividly cherished for utter despair, and if one could believe that the hoary-haired sire ever was considerate enough to remain in *statu quo*, Miss Dorothy was a living example of his mercy. Although she had reached that certain age which, without the aid of the family chronicles, or the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," is apt to continue a most *uncertain* age, still she was determined to expunge from her vocabulary that ugly monosyllable which is only desirable to a disciple of Bacchus, when snuffing the flavor of an opened cask. The sure gait and wonted course of the said venerable were, therefore, seemingly arrested; for none were more successful in supporting every charm that came within the range of girlish fascination than Miss Dorothy, who was perfectly conversant with all the arts and appliances of taste so prevalent in the nineteenth century. The work of transformation affected her given name, if not her surname, for not only was the olden-time "Dolly" decidedly dropped, but also the last syllable of the original, leaving the more euphonious and youthful abbreviation "Dory" to salute the ear with a sort of pet-like sweetness. Now, it was true, that, compared to many in P——, Miss Dorothy was not naturally deficient in amiability, but as every faculty of the mind is improved by exercise, so is every faculty of the soul deadened by disuse or neglect, and while curiosity and vanity received such a magical impetus in her efforts at juvenility, they gradually superseded the more

ennobling qualities, thus rendering her a noted member of "the noted firm."

But hark! Miss Dorothy was thrown into a state of trepidation by a loud knocking at the front door.

"Bless me! perhaps it is the great catch, Robert Preston, for whom all the girls are setting caps, I must see that mine is becoming. How provoking, the lamp is not lighted! Oh me! there is a second knock, be still you noisy pest," and poor Juan felt an unkind thrust from the slippered feet as she reached the bell to give a more furious pull. Fortunately for Jerry the entrance of Mrs. Adder allayed the storm of vexation, which otherwise would have been visited upon him for his remissness in portal duty.

"Where have you kept yourself, Dory? I really could not resist the temptation of a sociable chat this cold evening, for I have heaps of strange news."

"Do open your wallet as speedily as possible, my appetite for news has increased from being immured by a cold for nearly a week."

"But you surely have heard the wonder of the day, for even my poor dolt of a husband kept awake from his evening nap long enough to discuss its probability?"

"In mercy to my patience cut short such provoking preliminaries," said Miss Dory impatiently, "my ignorance is not so surprising, since I have missed seeing *you* several times lately."

"True, dear," returned Mrs. Adder, regardless of the irony expressed in her friend's tone and countenance. "You know wives always possess in their husbands a key to many secrets relating to people and things in general, which are fast locked to the single. But I must confess mine is of little use in this respect, being too dull for any thing save the price-current and the rise of stocks—though, as I say, for a marvel, even he has heard the last rumor. Ah me! I know a *something more* which, if I were the least malicious, I could convert into a whirlpool of mischief."

Mrs. Adder's self-importance was, if possible, greater than Miss Dory's impatient anxiety, as she drew still closer and continued.

"Well I will tell you all about it, and the 'something more' too if you promise inviolable secrecy, as I would not have it to go any farther. It is said throughout the town that Robert Preston and Gertrude Lewis are to be married? though I can't believe it, for they say the aristocratic old Mrs. Preston is in a perfect fury about the mere report."

"Oh! my, what a gay deceiver he must be, for it was not more than a fortnight ago when you talked of nothing but his devotion to your niece. Pray how does Caroline relish such inconstancy?"

"She, like myself, won't believe it, though, as my husband says, the 'stocks' in her favor have

sensibly declined, not having seen Preston for a week. His attentions were certainly such as to induce the suspicion of a matrimonial proposal. Ah! Dory, how times have changed since *we* were girls, then the beaux didn't dilly-dally all their time in meaningless talk, but soon came to the point like honorable men. As to flirting, you know such nonsense never was practised save by the girls, who, if they were at all attractive, soon found husbands. Indeed I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry, for I might have made a better 'spec' than marrying a grocer."

"I don't wonder at it, for *I* had rather live and die single than accept the very *best* offer from any other than the most *romantic* reasons," replied Miss Dorothy triumphantly.

"Well, after all, perhaps as large a share of happiness falls to me as you, for although you are blessed with sufficient of the wherewithal, still it is a sorry business to enjoy it alone. My wedded dolt is at least a good listener, which makes him far more endurable than a noisy poodle. I declare it seems so strange when I contrast my plain, matronly proportions with yours, the very counterpart of fashion and delicacy, and then think we were slender, giddy girls together."

Miss Dorothy's brow contracted, while her thin lips puckered, and then drew down into an horizontal line as she said, "I really wish, Sophy, you would cease that eternal '*we*' when speaking of your girlhood, it sounds so unkind; for so long as I am thought to look young, and I *feel* so, your frequent attempts to convince me of the reverse are quite annoying."

"Pshaw, dear! I always use it in private, but *you* need not fear the march of Time, for I've often heard husband and others say you possessed the coveted boon of immortal youth. However, we will not discuss the past, since the present demands so much more of my attention; besides, I have come to solicit your aid in a certain matter."

Mrs. Adder drew a little closer to Miss Dorothy, who was evidently relieved by the turn in the conversation, and looked intensely curious.

"But you haven't told me *all* about the astounding rumor. 'Tis too bad to treat Caroline so, and I know if I were Gertrude Lewis I would be a little more than uneasy, for fear of a similar fate."

"So I say, and Caroline would be less than *my* blood relation if she didn't resent such trifling with her young affections, for you know Preston is well calculated to attract any girl. Just before Kate Nelson left for the city we called on her, and determined to be sociable on his account, as he had often expressed a wish that Caroline and his cousin would be more intimate; but she seemed unusually reserved, though *he* was as cordial as ever. We had not been there long, when Gertrude Lewis was announced, and really the attention paid to her seemed to make her so conceited that we soon left in dis-

gust. Now I would not admit this to any one but *you*, being too sensible of the honor of ranking amongst the visitors of such folks as the Prestons, though I don't care the least about the Lewis', every body knows *their* blood is not as *pure* as it might be."

"You are right, for if the Braggs and Leakes had the slightest suspicion of your reception from such 'swells,' they would spread it all over the town; they are forever questioning me about your visitors, as if they doubted your standing. But was that the first time Gertrude had seen Preston?"

"No, I believe they had met accidentally. Several days passed after our visit without his calling, and when he did, his manner seemed very abstracted, though Caroline played the captivating to perfection. Then we staid at home several more for fear of missing him, but he didn't call, so I proposed a walk in the evening; when, whom should we meet, very late, sauntering along quite suspiciously, but Preston and Gertrude. The next day we made a regular exploring tour to hear the news, and sure enough, there was nothing talked of but the engagement. Poor Caroline winced under many a banter about being supplanted, which, by the way, is rude in any one. As to the spiteful Snapalls, they looked more like dragons, I mean gorgons, when they jested her about being 'cut out' by a poor teacher. No wonder old maids are so detested; they are the very quintessence of malice and envy."

Happily Mrs. Adder observed in time the straightening of Miss Dory's neck, and added half apologetically,

"How I wish all girls, young or old, were like you dear, for if you *are* rather on the wane, you still seem to delight in the company of young folks, and never look malicious when you see or hear a girl admired. No wonder you are a general favorite."

Though there was an objectionable *if* in Mrs. Adder's last remark that caused Miss Dorothy's brow to again corrugate, the conclusion brought back its complacent smoothness.

"Well, I do hope if I ever do live to be a *positively* acknowledged old maid like the Miss Snapalls, I may use more policy in concealing the cloven foot, or become an absolute recluse. They are always snarling at young girls' dress, actions and every thing else. I have heard of many spiteful things they've said about *me*, but I don't care a rush for them, they never were admired and never had a real beau in all their lives, so I've *heard*." (Ah, Miss Dory, how easily you might have asserted that fact upon your own contemporaneous authority.) "But about what matter is my aid required?" added she patronizingly.

"Oh! I want you to find out whether this report is generally believed, as I am dying to know the truth. You have such winning ways, and are so good at fathoming secrets, and ingratiating yourself

into the full confidence of every one. I have a particular reason for knowing what people say to *you* about it. I heard Kate Nelson was perfectly delighted, though she kept it a secret from her aunt, but if she only knew what *I* do, she would hurry home to break off the match she has helped to make so fast."

"She would, indeed," cried Miss Dory; "her tone would change very soon and there would be a shifting of scenes if both parties even knew what *I* could reveal. Mrs. Preston is toweringly aristocratic and thinks no body good enough for her only son; it would be terrible for her maternal pride if all they say about his college pranks and city life be true."

Miss Dory was "up this time" to her intimate in implied knowledge, and as her last remark acted like a magic "Sesame," all that was held in reserve by both, soon became a theme of confidential discussion. They held their conference until very late, and when they separated, Mrs. Adder enjoined the strictest secrecy upon Miss Dorothy, who promised it upon her word of honor, as also to faithfully report what she heard during the morrow's visiting. Now, as Mrs. Adder was a considerable capitalist in "the noted firm," and, in certain respects, more efficient than Miss Dorothy, we deem it due to her importance to present a more complete analysis of her character. Her ready capacity of shaping into practicable dimension a complex system rendered her of inestimable use in a business consisting of so many minor details, while her vigilance and acuteness in every species of *collecting* always secured an inexhaustible revenue. Belonging to a more honored fraternity than Miss Dorothy, she was invested with greater dignity, and could issue notes and receive checks with more impunity. In her domestic establishment she was the acknowledged head, for, except on cards of invitation, it was always Mrs. and Mr. Adder, and save in writing up "husband's" ledger, hers was the guiding hand. It is so common to decry and stigmatize old maids as the fountain and source of all malice, that even the most charitable are disposed to thus prejudge the whole sisterhood. This is both unjust and ungenerous, and did not exist respecting the two partners introduced to our notice, for the cognomen of "walking bulletin," deservedly bestowed upon Miss Dory, was far less objectionable than that of "serpent-tongued," justly awarded to Mrs. Adder. While we admit gossip to be a mischievous emissary of evil, often employed by a Miss Dory, we are equally candid in asserting that the deadly fang of a slanderous Mrs. Adder, has as often poisoned the peace and destroyed the character of many an innocent victim. When such passions predominate in either maid or wife, they not only evince some decided moral taint, but also the deficiency of some proper magnet for the affections, which deficiency never

fails to engender disappointment and produce an "aching void." This disappointment in Miss Dorothy was somewhat mitigated by her soothing vanity, while Mrs. Adder's was increased by her inordinate envy, which always

———"withers at another's joy
And hates the excellence it cannot reach."

The conjugal tie formed in early life proved anything but soft and silken, and as no "olive branches" of blooming growth enhanced the dignity of her matronly crown, Mrs. Adder was forced to view the domestic happiness of every one through a distorted medium, or to cavil at its existence altogether.

The morrow dawned with a spring-like brightness, almost banishing the remembrance of old February's farewell groans and chilling grasp on the previous night, and while Miss Dorothy's fastidious toilet is in busy progress, we cannot forbear glancing into her mirror for the benefit and encouragement of the re-juvenized. The short, crisped curls were arranged here and there amidst the beds of varigated flowers, beautifully hedged in by a Parisian bonnet of the deepest pink velvet, while a few were flattened into the circumference of a dime, and suffered to kiss her *now* glowing cheek so gratefully indebted to the inventor of "*elastic plumpers*" for their present roundness. A richly embroidered white crape shawl gracefully coucealed all angular lines, and the pliable cotton, interlining the arms and bust, gave a delusive fulness to the *tout ensemble*. Thus finished, Miss Dorothy sallied forth to enjoy the gossip of morning calls. Her step was so elastic that had Flora been awakened by a soft lay from Zephyrus, she would have imagined her a sister spirit, ready for a butterfly chase after crocuses and irises. Although the fair goddess is rarely lavish of her fragrant kisses to lordly March, yet she never boasted of a softer or more balmy breath to waft such favors than that which gamboled amongst Miss Dorothy's shaded plumes and imparted a vigor to her agile frame.

"It is entirely too early to call at any of the fashionables so I'll step in to see the Hydes. They are brought into contact with such a variety of people by taking in work, I'll be sure to hear some news, besides, it is such a gratification to be a target for longing eyes when well dressed." So Miss Dorothy triumphantly drew the white crape a little higher, that the costly chameleon brocade might gleam more conspicuously in the sunlight, and after coaxing the little curls out of their always provoking coil, and giving the lace-bordered handkerchief a flutter so as to display its gossamer texture, she ascended Mrs. Hyde's steps. While waiting for admission, which tested her patience not a little, there being no door bell, we will assume our ubiquitous prerogative and act her herald. "Only think, mama, it is prying Miss Dory

Gleaner, arrayed in all her peacock glory," cried Lucy Hyde, peeping through the shutter and then hurriedly summoning a servant girl from a back window to answer the knock. "For mercy sake let us hide our work or she will publish, far and wide, that we take in sewing. Do pray, Jane, throw something over that basket of shirts and bosoms, and here let us seem busy winding worsted colours."

"I suspect she has long since had more than a mere inkling of our working for a living," interposed Jane.

"Nonsense, child," returned the mother quickly concealing a shirt, "she never saw any work going on, and she ought to know *my* family pride is too great to do it publicly. I wish she had staid at home, and really if she was not on a familiar footing with many rich and influential persons, I would not encourage her gossiping visits."

Just then Miss Dorothy was ushered in midst the rustling of silk and nodding of plumes.

"How delighted I am to see you!" cried Mrs. Hyde with a cordial smile, "I am sorry you knocked so long, but our dining-room servant has unfortunately gone on some errand."

"Ah! I see you are too superbly dressed for us to enjoy *other* than a fashionable call," added Lucy.

"True, I merely dropped in to exchange a few words; as you live in a bustling part of the town, I always hear some bit of news. What are you so busy about, Jane?"

But ere Miss Dory received an answer, the equally prying Juan upset the basket and dragged the numerous collars and bosoms about the floor with a mischievous delight. Poor Jane was too much confused to do any thing else but replace the unluckily contents, which had hardly been done, when several shirt sleeves, dangling from a lounge, attracted Juan's eye, and soon his tenacious pull succeeded in displaying them to Miss Dory's full gaze.

"My girls are so fond of embroidery they do little else; are not their ottomans beautiful?" asked Mrs. Hyde, so as to give Lucy time to repair damages. "I always encourage their refined tastes—for as I told Mr. Preston the other day, it was a very correct criterion to judge a young lady by her domestic avocations"—

"Speaking of Mr. Preston reminds me of his reported engagement. How comes it, Lucy, you have suffered such a plain, unpretending girl like Gertrude Lewis to bear off such a prize?"

"Wait until she has fairly borne him off," replied Lucy. "I must confess a perfect incredulity that an 'upper ten' like him should fall in love with a girl who teaches school."

"Yes, and independent of that objection, they say there are others equally serious," added Mrs. Hyde.

"So *I've* heard," returned Miss Dory—"but I

think it would be dreadful if all these ugly rumors should reach the Prestons, as the old lady is already violently opposed. Mrs. Adder and I wondered last night how some people could believe and repeat all they hear."

"And so do we," exclaimed Lucy, "though Mrs. Adder said here there were very good grounds for such, as she had heard from the best authority many objectionable things about the Lewises."

And Miss Dorothy, with her usual adroitness, soon gathered all the Hydes knew and thought, which convinced her that their credulity was much more assailed by those serious objections, hinted at by Mrs. Adder. After promising to bring her purse knitting next time, and spend a *whole* evening, she left them, charging them to find out by that time all about the engagement.

"What a pitiful pride some people have," soliloquized she; "every body knows the Hydes take in work, and yet they are silly enough to conceal it. Ah! Juan, you are as useful in finding out secrets as your mistress. Humph! do nothing but embroidery indeed! I guess they know more about shirt-stitching than refining their tastes, and as to dining-room servant, I know they don't keep any but a cook. I wonder if the Miss Snapalls are at home."

"Jemima, yonder comes the 'walking bulletin,' juvenile Dory," cried Miss Patsy Snapall, entering the parlor, where sat her three sisters. If you want the town to know about your nice wedding fixings, now is a fine chance to spite her by a display."

The delicate hem-stitched frills, bands of linen, and fine edged caps, were thrown into a sort of accidental confusion about the table and sofa near Miss Jemima, who seemed almost too busy to rise when their visiter was announced.

"I was afraid I would not find you *all* at home this charming day; but as I had heard, Miss Diana, you had had a slight attack of neuralgy, I thought I would step in, if it was only a minute. How cheerful you look, and so *quiet* compared to the Hydes, who are as busy as bees with the quantity of sewing they take in. Poor things, they would work themselves to death for a little finery."

There was not the slightest neuralgic contraction in the tough, lean face, or the pike-staff person of Miss Diana, when she replied, in a voice as keen as a December blast, "Thank Heaven, I am not afflicted with any of the new-fangled diseases of the day; but if I were to make a fool of myself, and dress like some would-be young people, I would have the neuralgy I am sure. The truth is, I am not sensitive about my years, and I think it a great sin to make them appear fewer than He who numbers them."

"Ah! Miss Diana, your piety always educes good from every evil," returned Miss Dorothy

sweetly. Well may you be regarded an ornament to your church. I hope as good people are so scarce, you may be spared to that age, which is only allotted to a few 'by reason of great strength.'"

"Yes, I often tell sis Di if she had been as pious in her youthful days, she would certainly have been some eminent pastor's wife," remarked Miss Jemima, trying her very best to blush as she added, "but, as Mrs. Adder said, when jesting *me*, there ought always to be one old maid in the family to take care of the sisters' children."

"By the way, what do you all think about the strange and sudden match of Robert Preston and Gertrude Lewis? If it were not for some things I might believe it,"—and Miss Dory looked ever so significantly.

"Well, they say it is so; but one thing is certain, if Mrs. Adder can prevent it, no marriage will ever take place," said Miss Patsy prophetically.

"Dear me! I wonder more matches are not broken off, for when a girl is going to be married, her merits and demerits are as much canvassed as those of a political office-seeker," quietly remarked Miss Hannah, as she laid aside a newspaper, having sated her love for politics by devouring the last proceedings of Congress.

"Ah! if Providence did not superintend all matrimonial, as He does all earthly events, they certainly would be, and Mrs. Adder's tongue would be a first rate sword to sever the Georgian Knot."

"Gordian, sis Di," interrupted Jemima; "you know Mr. Long used the word last night."

"Well, it's all the same," continued Miss Diana, her nose retreating in scorn. "It is very evident Mrs. Adder don't want people to credit the match; she shakes her head so knowingly when she bets it won't take place. But this is a degenerate age, full of quackeries, for when they *are* broken off, the new fashioned 'breach of promise suit' patches up the heart gaps, and prove a panacea for all the ills of inconstancy. I am rejoiced I learnt my a, b, c, in morals and manners when all such healing arts were unknown. What say you, *Dolly*?"

Miss Diana's holy horror seemed too illiberal, nay, insulting to Miss Dory's refined taste, who had so much reason to respect the present age and its multiform discoveries, so she thought a timely exit was the most effectual refutation, which she did not long postpone.

"I was determined not to tease Jemima, or to notice all her premeditated show of wedding gear," said she after leaving the time-honored dwelling of the antiquated maidens. "What a quarto of snapping turtles! perfect vinegar cruets in form and use!—for not all the concentrated bliss of matrimony would ever prove an alkali to such acidity as they possess."

"Well, here is the showy mansion of the Braggs; I'll see what they have to say."

Miss Dorothy's white-gloved hand had hardly

touched Mr. Bragg's shining bell, when a whiskered, smartly dressed porter bowed her into the door, and opening the parlor with a flourish, quickly presented a silver waiter to receive the card of announcement for "my lady."

"Pshaw! I thought it was somebody: I wouldn't take the trouble to dress for old Dory Gleaner—she is aged enough to be my grandmother!" cried a young girl, tossing the card to Mrs. Bragg, who speedily tumbled the squalling baby into a cradle, slapped a toddling one from her side, and shook another into a chair, as she hurriedly adjusted her dress.

"Bless the children, I say! no one can have any peace where they are! Nurse, dress them to go into the parlor. Indeed, daughter, her visits are as disagreeable to me, as to you; but you must go down too, for Miss Dory is intimate, they say, with the aristocracy, and if you were to offend by not appearing, she would overhaul your whole genealogy, which would not be agreeable."

"So we at last have the pleasure of seeing you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bragg, pressing Miss Dory's hand most warmly. "Anne Boleyn and I were wondering to day what had become of you. Here she comes with the darling children, who must all make their appearance when you are announced. Speak to Miss Dory, Victoria Adelaide: where is your bow, Louis Philippe?"

Anne Boleyn's smile was as sweet as mama's; but Victoria Adelaide and Louis Philippe seemed much more delighted to claim acquaintance with Juan, for which he suffered no little in their sundry pulls at his golden collar and ribboned ears.

"It is indeed a pleasure to visit you after the Miss Snapalls, who actually make me quarrel with my sex," returned Miss Dorothy, affectionately patting the little white-haired Braggs. "I really hope it is true that Jemima is going to be married, for they talk of nothing else but making and breaking matches, though I can't admire poor Mr. Long's taste."

"Nor I, for I tell mama if I were 'fairly out,' an hour in their company would be a sufficient warning against old maidenhood," remarked Anne Boleyn, who, although the eldest of a brood of nine more than fledged, never owned her *debut*, unless some tempting bait appeared worthy of her hook, as mama was still too youthful and fashionable.

"I suppose the rest of the dear ones are at school? You really ought to feel proud of showing such perfect specimens of health and beauty."

Miss Dory had struck the right vein this time, which would ensure some vibrating answers relative to the new match, as she knew that several of the Braggs were Gertrude's scholars.

"Yes, they all go but those two and this babe, Arthur Wellesly. Cleopatra Antonia and Isabella Arragon are charmed with their boarding-school in the city. Really, as Kate Nelson says, my 'ten-

der nest of soft young hearts' engrosses me so much, I have no time to visit her aunt, but I always tell her and Anne Boleyn they never will experience any solid, home-felt happiness until they are wives and mothers."

"I am glad you differ from Mrs. Adder, who rails against all mankind because she is linked to a non-entity. For my part, I believe with Byron, who says, 'Happiness was born a twin,'"—and Anne Boleyn simpered so artlessly.

"I dare say that is the reason I am so proud of my precious duplicates, Virgilia and Valeria," replied the fond mother laughing. "Dear darlings! I don't know how I shall pacify them when Gertrude gives up her school, they are so devoted to her."

"When is the wedding to be, as I presume she has apprized her patrons of her intended resignation?" asked Miss Dory.

"I think it is not *decided* yet, though Mrs. Adder insinuates that the course of true love will not run very smooth with poor Gertrude, if certain reports were to reach Mrs. Preston. I believe the Leakes know more about the matter, being intimate with the Lewises, than even Mrs. Adder, though she says it is in her power to make wonderful disclosures. Maria Leake seems to think Caroline Hasty has been badly treated."

"Oh! of course she has heard Mrs. Adder's side of the question; for between us, she, as well as Caroline, thinks every young man that enters their house must have serious intentions. It is a pity they talk so much."

Just then one of the "upper ten," Mrs. Trenton, was announced; and Miss Dory perceiving her star was not the ascendant, soon made her adieu.

"What pretension!" exclaimed she. "I wonder if the Braggs do think people can forget that old Tim was a maker of shoes. Every thing they say and do, begins with 'I' and ends with 'we.' What an ugly, uninteresting set of children; real miniature cuts of snub-nosed papa—rude things, to treat dear Juan so, for they have actually pulled all the bows out and soiled the ribbon with their dirty hands. As for visiting the Prestons and speaking so intimately of Kate—I do not believe they exchange an annual visit. But I see Maria Leake on the portico, dressed as if for a walk. I must hurry on, or my budget will miss the most important contribution, as they take boarders and always know so much."

"Run here, mama, and look at the blithesome gait of Miss Dory Gleaner. Instead of being a link of the past, she is the very prototype of the present, a second edition of Graham's fashion-plate. She is coming to hear if we have any new boarders; I have a great notion to pretend I don't see her, and turn down the next street."

"What, after wishing to hear some of her gossip about the talked-of match. Now, if she had not

seen you looking towards her, it would make no difference about leaving, but as I do not want all the trouble of entertaining her, you must remain. If we do take in a few boarders, it is too unfashionable and ungenteel to receive visitors on the portico."

But Mrs. Leake had hardly time to escape into a back room when Miss Dory reached the Venetian door.

"Don't let me prevent you from going out, Maria. I was really doubtful whether I would ask for you, you are so unsociable. Is dear mama in?"

"How unfriendly," cried Maria, seizing Miss Dory's hand and giving her a sweet kiss, "the very moment I saw you, I thought how fortunate I was in not going out. I would have been too vexed to have missed this pleasure. I'll go and see if mama is at home."

"My irresistible Maria must have brought *you* here, as I heard her say she hoped to meet with you during her walk," said Mrs. Leake with a graceful bend, as she thus saluted her guest.

"I used to think I was something of a favorite with dear Miss Dory, but Anne Boleyn Bragg has entirely supplanted me."

"What a notion! I have just been there, and the more I see of them, from old Tim down to the young Arthur Wellesley, the more I am disgusted with the Braggs. Show and pretension are their constant study. They say their chambers are but poorly furnished, while below one would think their style of living almost as royal as their children's names. Are they not ridiculous?"

"Oh! you know their taste is altogether aristocratic," sneered Mrs. Leake. "What would my dear departed Major Leake say to Tim Bragg's family aiming at the best society. When he used to come to see my husband on business, he never dared to step farther than the portico. Mrs. Bragg's conceit and Anne Boleyn's affectation are insufferable, though they never exhibited such to *us*."

"If they did, I would soon remind them of their father's occupation" interrupted the scornful Maria. "Did the 'bread and butter' Anne make her appearance; for I have often heard her ridicule your visiting *her*?"

"She is a vain, deceitful thing. I never do care to see her, though I don't call a girl past eighteen so very infantile;" and Miss Dory's lips puckered with indignation.

"No indeed;—she and I were school-mates, though mama always forbid my associating with her, the daughter of a shoemaker. Gertrude Lewis was the only girl in the whole school who treated her with respect. Oh! I suppose you've heard about the engagement and what a fuss old Mrs. Preston is making at the idea of any one's believing it? It is a pity some people are so open in expressing their opinions."

"It is, indeed! to be straight-forward in speech or action, always subjects one to so much miscon-

struction; for it is a lamentable truth, that people will add and subtract what they choose regarding every report." Miss Dory tried to look innocent, but curiosity could not forbear its impatient twinklings and inward throbbings.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Leake, "I am always cautioning dear Maria against Mrs. Adder, who possesses the tact of drawing every thought from a body. She gossips so much, which I do abhor."

"But mama she is so insidious and confidential, that a candid person like myself cannot always be on the *qui vive*. She should stop talking of Robert Preston's dissipation and revealing such disgraceful things about the Lewises. If I were to tell Kate Nelson what she has confided to me as a great secret, it would soon be sifted to the very last grain; and perhaps old Adder would have to make larger sales of groceries to pay the damages of a slander suit. But *I* believe it will be a match in spite of every thing; indeed, they say Kate has gone to the city to make some purchases for Gertrude and herself."

"You don't say so," cried Miss Dory, but a servant interrupted her by handing Maria a note.

"It is from Gertrude, who wants to see me on important business. I hope you will excuse my leaving;" and Maria looked ever so knowing as she hurried away, but Miss Dory lingered to hear much more from the equally loquacious Mrs. Leake.

"I wish I knew what Gertrude wants with Maria," said she on her way home. "What a pity I didn't wait until to-morrow, when I would have heard all about the 'important business;' for the Leakes let out every thing they know. Detest gossip! bless me! it is their very sustenance. Maria Leake tells so many stories about her age, when she was in society years and years before Anne Boleyn."

As it was late, Miss Dorothy thought it best to suspend her exploring movements, for she was really bursting to tell her dear friend what people said about *her* and to hint the danger of letting that 'something' get out from her, as she would lose caste with the Prestons, and then miss an invitation to the wedding, which *she* believed would take place, as Maria seemed to know more than any one else, and of course it would be quite a gay time. Just as soon as she re-knotted new ribbon in Juan's dear little ears—revolving all the time what sort of a dress to wear to the great wedding—and then bestowing upon him a dozen kisses, Miss Dory hastened to report the morning developments to her dear, but too imprudent Sophy.

"So you really think people are rather inclined *not* to believe it will *be a be*," asked Mrs. Adder, after listening eagerly to her intimate, occasionally venting her own incredulity in sundry interjections and interrogatories.

"I do; but still I would advise you to be very

careful what you in future say, for Maria Leake threw out some very significant threats about you, should Kate or Preston hear the least breath of harm against Gertrude."

"Maria Leake threaten *me*," exclaimed Mrs. Adder contemptuously; "she knows very well she extracted every thing from me, and added a few more items herself. She never could have the assurance to give up her authority to Kate after all her vows of secrecy. I owe some visits among the 'best society,' so I'll circulate myself to-morrow, and see the state of the market there. It is always best to hear news from the fountain head, and not trust to the muddy channels which flow among people of mediocre standing."

"Well, I hope you will return the favor I've conferred, for it was a no small one to interrogate such people as I did. Poor Juan's precious ear will hardly ever recover from the effects of his Bragg visit, though his mistress was most warmly welcomed everywhere. I am almost induced to think what you said about my being a favorite, is true, though I'm sorry to see that *you* are the reverse."

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us," cried Caroline Hasty as the door closed upon Miss Dory, after a long confidential chat. "I can readily imagine how every body sneered at her girlish dress and ways. But Aunt suppose any of the reports were to reach the Prestons and they should trace them to you, as old Miss Dorothy says, we would miss the wedding and it might jeopardize my stock in the 'Berry' speculation."

"Tush, child, you are always too suspicious and over anxious where beaux are concerned, which is one reason they don't propose. I don't care if the Prestons *do* hear what is said about the Lewis family, so *my* name is not called. I told many things to Maria Leake purposely, because I knew they would soon be afloat; though she promised faithfully, if she mentioned them, not to reveal the source. This she dare not do, for I have her in my power. As to Gertrude, I never did like her; she gave herself so many airs when I once asked her how it came to be reported that her father killed himself;—ever since, she has borne herself very haughtily towards me. I'll see Maria about that note as soon as possible."

We will anticipate Mrs. Adder's conference with Maria, having also a preference for learning the truth always from the fountain head, and will forthwith put into honest practice the wise theory. The note received by Maria was an affirmative answer to one from herself, requesting a *private* interview with Gertrude, as she had something very important to communicate, touching her welfare. It was with considerable self-complacency and alacrity that she hastened to discharge the duty of what she deemed real friendship—that of acting both mentor and sentinel to one so injured and innocent. The propensity to tattle and disclose any thing secret

was a sort of passion which, by constant indulgence, had become an unconquerable Hydra, gradually perverting and closing every avenue of the heart against all that might otherwise have been estimable in her character. Too surely is the tongue a "fire," a world of iniquity, and over none of our members can the tempter gain so frequent, imperceptible, sudden and dangerous control. To disclose what is confided to us in secret, merely to gratify a wicked, or even a weak desire, is a paradox in our moral constitution—a sin against God—against society—and against one's self. It is a sin against God, because it cannot be committed without lying,—against society, because of the numerous evils which grow out of it,—and a sin against one's self, because of the loss of character which must necessarily follow.

But we will not detail the private interview; prefaced, interlarded and concluded by Maria, with the warmest assurances of her most disinterested, sincere regard; suffice it to say, sundry rumors were rife respecting Robert Preston's dissipated life at college and in the city, where he was said to be the Beelzebub of gamblers, as well as the most notorious of libertines, and every body wondered that any girl, and least of all a pious one, should even countenance such a character. But objectionable as these terrible things were, the *crowning*, most *humiliating* one, (O! tempora, O! mores,) was Mrs. Preston's violent opposition to the match, for she had freely and publicly declared not only that she considered Gertrude beneath her son, in fortune, position and education, but that the bright escutcheon of their honored lineage would be *indelibly* tarnished by the alliance. These remarks were so notorious, and told by the very "best authority," that the friendly and considerate Maria could not withhold them any longer from her, who ought forthwith to resent such an indignity. Ah! who can calculate the mischief that is created by such a friendship! How many hearts are made to bleed,—how many ties of real affection are severed,—how many evil contentions and impressions arise, and how many innocent persons suffer!

Although Gertrude had ever cherished an utter abhorrence for every species of tattling—carefully shunning the society of those who practised and delighted in it—still she could not remain insensible to its effects. While she indignantly and readily made considerable deductions from the charges against him she loved so confidently, and was disposed to doubt the reported opposition of his mother, she did not long parry the many strokes her pride had received from the latter. Maria had left her but a few hours, when her mother received a letter from Mrs. Preston announcing her decided and unalterable aversion to any connexion with Mrs. Lewis' family, which she deemed it incumbent on her as a mother to make, and though

the duty was both painful and disagreeable, her own sense of propriety and prudence demanded its strict fulfilment, to prevent further evil or misunderstanding.

"Golden clouds, like islands of the blest," stretched their gorgeous canopy o'er the mighty day-god as he glanced his parting smile upon the thoughtful face of Gertrude Lewis, which evinced a depth of sadness and feeling when silently watching his glorious departure. Hers was a beauty that came from the heart and went to the heart. It was the very spirit of love which reposed upon her open brow, beamed in her dark hazel eye, smiled upon her delicate lip and murmured in her low, melodious voice, while kindness and unsuspecting truth colored her every thought. It was the elevating influence of religion that enlarged her mind, softened her heart and gave a value and dignity to her character, while it threw a heavenly brightness over all the graces of her person. The vivid hues of sunset had gradually faded into a faint, shadowy line on the horizon when Gertrude aroused suddenly from her abstraction, as if some point of decision had been attained by her deep intensity of thought. The soft sadness passed away from her gentle face, a quick glow came to her pale cheek, and a flash shot from her humid eye as she murmured,

"What dreamy weakness I have suffered to overshadow my womanly pride. Be it so, it is well the veil has been lifted, for I never could accept the love of any man, when the bestowal of that love elicited maternal condemnation; never could I wear a name of which I was deemed unworthy. No, Gertrude Lewis cannot thus sacrifice her innate pride and independence. Poverty may be her destiny, but self respect is her heritage."

"Methinks I have never seen the fair face of Gertrude wear so strange an expression," said a low, clear voice, whilst the small, delicate hand which had fallen nervously at her side was tenderly pressed, and lifted to lips that trembled as her own. Gertrude gazed into her lover's eyes, and Robert Preston again spoke.

"I received your summons with aroused suspicion, and the interview I have just had with your mother has more than overwhelmed me. What means this change? Can it indeed be true, dear Gertrude, I have been thus deceived, and that your love is refused me forever?"

"We have both been deceived, and perhaps I even more than yourself," replied she proudly.

"How—in what respect? Is my character impugned, or my love unworthy?" asked he with equal pride.

"The first is, and the latter may be, since the object that excited it is regarded so by —," but the sentence was left unfinished.

"And the slanders so unaccountably circulated against me are believed by you; you, whom I

thought too pure-minded to even listen to impurity, too true to doubt another truth, and too kind to be capable of unkindness. But I cannot, nay will not resign my claims upon your love when it is withheld on account of allegations as base as false, which I can entirely refute."

"For your own sake I rejoice that you can," replied she in a somewhat subdued tone, though her eye again flashed as she held towards him a letter, saying, "but you cannot refute this, nor can you wonder that I refuse, nay, utterly erase from my heart the faintest trace of the love you claim."

Robert Preston's proudly curved lip became bloodless and firmly pressed by the force of his emotions, as he read its contents, then clenching it in his hand he lifted his bowed head to the face of his beloved.

"Alas! no, I cannot, dear Gertrude," replied he mournfully, "I grieve to say my mother has conceived unworthy and unfortunate prejudices against you, which I have used every endeavor to eradicate. I had hoped that time and a more thorough knowledge of your character would not fail to effect all I desired. I need not assure you this letter is as mortifying as unexpected, but I am ready to resign all and every thing to make you proudly mine."

"That I can never be; my own sense of filial duty is too strong to sanction in another any departure from a law so sacred, that Heaven has ranked it prominent amongst its divine code. The feelings of abhorrence and disappointment, aroused by the imputations cast upon your reputation, were held in abeyance by my trustful confidence, but those of self-respect and just indignation cannot extenuate and passively endure the cold and haughty rejection of your mother. For your sake I forgive her, but we must part forever."

There was a gentle dignity blended with the proud majesty of her mein as she arose and extended her hand, but ere she had retreated a step Robert Preston stood before her as firm and lofty as herself, whilst he answered,

"We have indeed been sadly deceived, for the strength of a true love could never thus yield to every obstacle. I may bear the loss of an *earthly* Gertrude, but I more deeply mourn over the fallen image which my too fond fancy had so blindly deemed *angelic*. Oh! Gertrude"—but the sorrowful exclamation was unanswered, for she dared not trust even one glance as she left her lover, whose every word, look and tone she feared would vanquish her dignity and her resolution.

Dark clouds rolled hurriedly along the vast firmament, obscuring the various clusters of stars which occasionally gleamed above the billowy ridges as if not unmindful of their glorious destiny in the absence of a superior light. But all were unheeded by Robert Preston as he wandered through retired pathways, where he had

so often breathed his love and drank in those silent but eloquent assurances of its return from her who had so proudly and coldly rejected him. The brief "dream was done" and its tumultuous awakening, demanded every adjunct of filial affection, respect and esteem, ere he sought her whose parental authority had thus shipwrecked his dearest hopes.

Mrs. Preston's cold, stern face relaxed into a fond, beaming smile, as she lifted her eye from the book before her, when the word "mother" broke upon the pervading stillness of the apartment.

"Mother," repeated Robert Preston, "for the sake of the tie that binds us, and for the memory of him whose name I bear, atone for the cruel steps you have taken, by healing the wound your prejudice has inflicted. Much as I venerate and cherish your love, it cannot fill the vacuum created by the loss of one as tenderly beloved."

"You have seen Gertrude Lewis I presume?" returned she with a stately air.

"I have, and it is your hand that has severed the bright chain of our present and future happiness. Tell me why have you suffered your natural kindness and generosity to be obscured by such feelings, as could alone have dictated these lines."

"Mrs. Preston took the extended letter from her son, calmly smoothed its crumpled folds, and then pointing to a chair she said somewhat soothingly,

"Sit down Robert and listen to my reasons, which, however unsatisfactory to wounded affection, the most impartial judgment must admit to be proper. Neither Gertrude Lewis' poverty, character or station has aught to do with my opposition, but I can never receive as my daughter one on whose birth rests the indelible stain of illegitimacy. Although I have generally regarded great disparity of position and education as inimical to that entire congeniality, so necessary to the happiness of the conjugal state, yet such may be successfully challenged by a pure, disinterested love. To such, in your case, I would yield, but let the moral character be unblemished, or at least let it be undeserving of public scorn and condemnation. It is said the legal ceremony was too late for the purity of Gertrude's mother and the honor of her father, who was a man of loose principles and habits. He died the victim of such by his own suicidal act, a few years after his marriage. Hence Mrs. Lewis' deep melancholy and shrinking sensitiveness."

Mrs. Preston paused, then tenderly taking the hand of her silent but agitated son, she asked gently, "Can the severed chain be re-united in defiance of this insuperable objection, and ought a mother to be regarded unkind and ungenerous in not wishing her son to be thus enchained?"

"Your opposition is both natural and pardonable, but still, dear mother, does not your sense of justice plead in behalf of her who surely ought not to be visited with the parents' sins, when she is so

pure and worthy of the purest heart? Besides is this an established fact? Mrs. Lewis was a resident here some years before you, and she may be one of the many innocent persons who are assailed by the aspersions of 'crooked malice,' or calumny, which 'the whitest virtue strikes.' All may be disproved by an explanation which justice demands, and which your generous delicacy might effect."

"It is a sufficient barrier to me that such calumnies should have ever had an existence, for I would have the posterity of my son free from the very breath of suspicion. No, the blood of a Preston could not minglingly flow in ignoble and impure veins. It would, therefore, do violence to my feelings of self-respect and family pride to exercise such a generosity."

The same sun which shone so brilliantly upon Mrs. Adder's circulation amongst the fashionables, witnessed the departure of Robert Preston for the city, without one farewell word to the unfortunate object of his noble, disinterested love. The "serpent tongue" was as much in need of that power or "giftie" of sight as the "walking bulletin"—for in her eagerness to collect some information or truth from the fountain head, or the many babbling streams of rumor, she was quite blind to the cool, scornful "cut" of some, the cautious reserve of others, and the decided indifference of all, whose aristocratic thresholds she dared to pass. That species of slander, vented in insinuation and detraction, is, perhaps, more dangerous than direct malicious falsehood, for the simple reason that the law of the land takes cognizance of the latter, while the former is amenable to no earthly tribunal. He, who operates by such, invariably possesses the base cunning of the serpent with a no small portion of his venom, which preys upon the character as a malignant fever upon the body, and poisons the very vitals of society. Alas! that the number of such moral pleonasms should be so large, though we do not presume to question the wisdom of Providence in allowing them to exist, for He has, doubtless, some wise purpose to subserve, by the indulgence which he extends to lives that are but little better than *death*. In view of all social and civil preservation it should therefore be the duty and employment of the good and useful, who seem destined to fulfil the office of moral scavengers, to clear off the conglomeration of impurity, which the insidious harpies of slander ever strew in the pathways of life. But it would be a picture too revolting to expose the workings of Mrs. Adder's heart when Robert Preston's departure was certified and the match entirely broken off, while poor Gertrude became the target of her loudly expressed pity, for it was really unjust and unfeeling in any one to treat her with contemptuous neglect. Her triumph over Miss Dory was complete, as it regarded the suc-

cess of their exploring movements, for though the latter was an adept in sales and retails, the services of Mrs. Adder in affording the necessary capital, slander, were of greater importance to "the noted firm," without which the business would inevitably suspend, while the responsibility of closing and rendering accounts would fall too heavily upon Gossip and the rest of the company.

The excitement, appertaining to the famous match, which had so briskly propelled the wondrous *machine* in P—— was succeeded by a period of stagnation. Miss Dorothy's spirits became somewhat depressed that all her intended efforts of securing, at the gay wedding, some *conjugal* customer, were thus frustrated. The Hydes still pursued their shirt-making in a tenor too even for her lively interest, Jemima Snapall's wedding passed off too quietly for her active notice, the Bragg race continued too uninteresting for her endurance, and the Leakes had no new boarders to arouse her curiosity, in fine this dull state of the market proved well-nigh ruinous to her mental energies, as well as detrimental to the interests of Juan, whose claims upon her tender affections and interest were almost forgotten in the dread torpor. Not so with Mrs. Adder, her powers and efforts were zealously employed in behalf of Caroline, whose success in the Berry speculation required her constant and immediate supervision. But happily for those whose interests were so seriously involved in either the *rise* or *decline* of the business, a terrible sensation was created amongst the creditors and "the noted firm," by the sudden return of Kate Nelson accompanied by Robert Preston. What a nodding of wise heads, opening of eyes, and gabbling of tongues! Miss Dory scarcely took time to adjust her toilet or bow Juan's ear, for she must see "dear Sophy" every day as she had unfortunately sprained her ankle and was of course deprived of all exploring researches. Caroline and the Leakes were brought into dear, familiar intercourse every evening, though Maria had so many little commissions to execute she could hardly spare a sociable evening with Mrs. Adder, who frequently charged Caroline with pressing invitations, but after repeated failures, she at last succeeded in securing her for a few precious hours, and never was a long-looked-for steamer hailed with such intense interest as the irresistible Maria. The usual preliminaries of business had hardly been entered upon, when who should be announced but the veritable Kate Nelson and Robert Preston. What an awful panic and suspension of breath prevailed! Kate's lustrous eye glanced witheringly upon the astonished group, while her graceful height seemed almost terrific as she approached Mrs. Adder, whose offered hand was untouched, when she said in a clear, calm voice;

"I have called, Mrs. Adder, for the simple purpose of enlightening you, with regard to an impor-

tant matter, upon which it appears you have speculated largely. Here is the certificate of one of the several friendly witnesses present at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, which took place some twenty years ago. Gertrude, I believe, is scarce nineteen,—a little younger than your niece,—of whose genealogy I claim no further knowledge, than that your sister's offspring claim an *uninherited* name, which might have remained in its tarnished obscurity, but for the 'serpent tongue' of her worthy aunt. It would be wiser in you hereafter to look more at self and in your own heart, ere you dare to calumniate the character and crush the feelings of others. I doubt not," added she, with a meaning smile, as she glanced around and addressed her consin, "but the ladies present will exercise the same charity in circulating the *facts* I have proved, as they have in retailing your slanders."

We dare not break the gasping silence that followed the retreating step of Kate Nelson and Robert Preston; nor can we depict the extent of the shock sustained by "the noted firm." But notwithstanding this ominous fluctuation, there was no suspension, and soon countless notes and bills were issued, filled with important items respecting the *revived* match. The few particulars involved in the astounding denouement demand our courteous attention, and for the gratification of those who have a greater taste for the course of true love than the dark, sinuous one of slander, we will present as brief a summary as possible.

When Robert Preston communicated to Kate the unfortunate issue of his love suit, from the rumors afloat, she immediately devised its speedy and complete renewal. Having accidentally mentioned the name of Mrs. Lewis in connection with some event in P——, to a lady, Kate learned that she was an old and intimate friend of the family. She therefore called on her immediately and received all the necessary information respecting Gertrude's parents, as also the certificate mentioned. This precaution she regarded essential, as she well knew the malice of many persons in P—— might cast a doubt upon her veracity, because exercised in favor of her friend and cousin. It was true that Mr. Lewis had early led a life of reckless dissipation, being the heir of an uncle, whose wealth afforded him every indulgence, but whose lasting displeasure he incurred, by an union with a poor clergyman's daughter. The marriage was clandestine, and when all hope of appeasing his uncle's wrath expired, in the final transfer of his wealth to another nephew, the chagrined and incensed Mr. Lewis left the city, and no intelligence reached his former friends, either of his residence or welfare, until the papers of P—— announced his sudden death from an affection of the heart. This information was sufficient to stimulate Kate to farther exertions, and full of hope that all would be well with two

persons whom she so affectionately loved, she accompanied Robert to adjust all matters with her stately aunt. Mrs. Lewis received the advances of Mrs. Preston with dignity and courtesy; and though she admitted with her usual meek candor, that there was just cause for the latter's prejudice, she gently rebuked her pride, in suffering such to influence her conduct, ere the calumnies were thoroughly investigated and the truth well established.

It was a joyous and brilliant assembly, that gathered in the old ivied church of P——, and as the bridal train swept down the aisle, the majestic beauty of Kate Nelson, attended by a manly looking stranger, attracted the gaze of every one. She, too, wore the *mystic* wreath, for although the bridesmaid of the gentle Gertrude, her attire was also that of a bride, and as soon as the venerable minister pronounced his prayerful blessing upon Robert and Gertrude Preston, the impressive ceremony was again read, which united the destinies of the noble-minded Kate Nelson and the honored and honorable Edwin Mercer.

"The noted firm" and busy customers were again thrown upon the troubled estuary of wonder and curiosity. As there was no blessed telegraph to communicate the news of Kate's bridal purchases in the city, or to announce the *expected* coming of Mr. Mercer, which she so wisely kept *secret*, they actually hesitated to accept the drafts or endorse the notes of those, whose names were too respectable and secure, to doubt the authenticity of the two marriages.

Although no heavy damages were awarded against Mr. Adder in a slander suit, it soon became apparent that some other equally heavy demands jeopardized his business, until he finally became a ruined bankrupt. The public exposure of his wife's disgraceful agency in calumniating the Lewises, filled him with the deepest mortification, which, with the domestic bickerings and unhappiness of his home, soon drove him to that enticing Lethean cup, whose dangerous foam and sparkling hue serve but to decoy its victim into the power of congregated fiends and lead him down to a horrible and maddening death. The ruinous failure of Mr. Adder, followed by his wretched death, deprived Mrs. Adder of even the common necessities of life, and so vivid was the remembrance of her "serpent tongue," that not one friendly hand extended her aid, nor one voice breathed a word of sympathy for her misfortunes. She was thus forced to toil for even the coarsest bread, alone, neglected and despised. To escape the tyrannical railings of her aunt, Caroline married some miserable impostor, who abandoned her to the fate of destitution and humiliating woe. Miss Dorothy continued her efforts of subjugating time, until his inroads became not only too terrible for all the expedients and prowess of art, but also for the preservation of her health. She was doomed to mourn the irreparable loss of

dear Juan, who was interred with all due respect under her chamber window, where it was her melancholy pastime to sit and gaze upon the sacred spot and sigh over the blue bows still treasured in her work-box. The chronic rheumatism gradually rendered her a peevish cripple, as voracious after the last veritable quack, or authenticated cure, as she ever was after strange news and suspicious rumors. The measure Maria Leake had so often meted to others, by the disclosure of secrets, was fully measured to her in the manifest contempt and public avoidance she continually met with, not only from those she had basely betrayed, but from all whose friendship she imagined secured by her deceitful designs.

Seneca says "malice drinks half its poison," but the *whole* draught will assuredly be the portion of all who do not make a speedy, full, and unconditional surrender of their interest in "the noted firm" of Slander, Gossip & Co.

Fredericksburg, Jan., 1848.

Notices of New Works.

THE FAIRY OF THE STREAM, and other Poems; By C. M. FARMER, Richmond, Va. Harrold & Murray,—177 Broad Street. 1847. 8vo. pp. 167.

This is a *home book*, published by home booksellers, descriptive of Virginia scenery and written by a Virginia lawyer. As such, it bespeaks our favorable opinion, by assailing us in the tenderest point—that of State pride—and the reader will not wonder that we have read it with some attention. The impression it has made upon us we are reluctant to acknowledge, and yet, in discharging the office of independent and impartial criticism, we cannot see how to avoid doing so, and we therefore give it as our opinion, based upon the present effort, that if Mr. C. M. Farmer was born a poet, his natal star has, somehow, "shot madly from its sphere."

Mr. Farmer tells us, in his Preface, that "the poems composing this volume" (like those of ninety-nine out of every hundred passengers up Parnassus) "were written 'more with the view of beguiling the author's leisure hours, than of ever presenting them to the public.'" "Indeed the latter was not at the first his intention." We regret very much that the author should have changed a determination, wisely formed, of confining his musings within a circumscribed and friendly circuit. But he resolved to print. "Reflecting," says he, "that from some of the most

beautiful and poetic spots of Virginia, no song, but that of nature's own minstrels, who sing not to 'numbers and the harp,' has ever come, notwithstanding the many of her sons and daughters, (meaning, among the former, to include Mr. Farmer himself) whose pens *could* do her classic tribute," he concluded "despite the herd of *soi disant* critics (and among them, doubtless, Mr. Farmer would include us) to lay his humble (!) verse before the world in the shape of a book." Having thus clearly explained himself, Mr. Farmer commends his verses to the consideration of all "who love Virginia with her hills and streams and romantic scenery," "without a care or regard for those who may be inclined to cavil or condemn." Mr. Farmer is fortunate in this indifference to censure; for we fear that if he were disposed to be annoyed by the cavillings of the aforesaid "herd," his existence, for some time to come, would be anything but a pleasurable one.

For ourselves, we took up the volume in the kindest spirit and with the hope that we might find in it something worthy of Virginia and her sources of inspiration. Much of her most majestic scenery has had no harp strung to its praises, and we have long wished that some natural-born subject of her soil, breathing the divine *afflatus* and animated by that glow of patriotic feeling, which distinguishes the poet of Mossgiel, for the sake of his native State,

Some usefu' plan or book might make
Or sing a sang at least.

The highest meed of fame will be justly due to him, who, leaving the cloud-land of our rose-colored novelists and sentimental rhymers, shall delineate the boldness and grandeur of our landscapes, or rehearse the deeds of revolutionary and colonial story. From Mr. Farmer's preface, we had been induced to hope that he had, in some measure, performed this grateful task. But, to our regret, we find, that he has written, in easy, octosyllabic verse, a half-Scottish, half-Persian tale, full of bad taste and worse grammar and marked by feeble imitations of Scott and Moore.

Mais commencer avec le commencement. The Fairy of the Stream, the principal poem of the volume, is a tale of Staunton River, which, it may be well to state for the information of our readers, is one of the head waters of the Roanoke, having its rise, we believe, in the county of Montgomery. By the banks of this stream Mr. Farmer places a susceptible young gentleman, (Allan,) who falls in love, unfortunately, with *two* ladies; the one a resident of the county, (perhaps of Charlotte,) bearing the very pretty and not uncommon name of Agnes, the other a creature of fairy-land, all grace and gossamer, with a heart full of passion and a very scanty and insufficient wardrobe. The jealousies springing up from this unhappy state of

affairs, between PIROUZ, (for that is the unchristian appellation of the fairy.) and Agnes, furnish the materiel of the story. This explanation will enable our readers to follow us more intelligibly along the course of Mr. Farmer's narrative.

After the Preface comes the "Invocation," where Mr. Farmer informs us that

"The lance and spear of chivalry are lost,"

(an idea that occurred, many years ago, to the late Mr. Edmund Burke, who wrote some Reflections on the French Revolution,) and that

"The valiant Hector and his Trojan host
Have from the plains and blood of battle fled,"

which, we must say, is a most ungenerous ascription of cowardice to one, who, according to the most reliable authors, was as brave as Agamemnon.

The Invocation is followed by the "Proem," where Mr. Farmer describes the scene,—the *locus in quo*—of his story. The peaks of Otter are seen in the distance. These bold mountains derive their name from Otter creek, but Mr. Farmer spells the word OTTAR, thinking, perhaps, at the time, of the Ottar of Roses. They, (the Peaks,) "seem to kiss the purple skies,"

"While through the limpid atmosphere,
Each distant object seeming near—
Catches the wistful gazer's sight—
Each far off cot and gilded spire,
Glowing with soft but radiant light,
As if embossed with living fire."

Where are the "gilded spires" on Staunton River? and what does Mr. Farmer mean by *embossing* "far off cots and gilded spires?" Unless they are made of pasteboard we cannot imagine.

The lines we have quoted are spoken by Allan to Agnes, standing on a cliff that overlooks the river. After some allusions to the birds, "nature's own minstrels," Allan calls the attention of his beloved to a rock, which is prominently in view, and which could tell strange stories of a former flirtation, if rocks could only speak. As the rock cannot, however, Allan consents to gratify the womanly curiosity of his companion with a recital of this *affaire du cœur*.

"And thus the thrilling story ran;"

"THE STORY."

"When years ago, a happy child,
By birds and flowers and water-flowing,
And fragrant shrubs all widely growing,
And fields and waving trees beguiled,
I often sought this silent spot," &c., &c., &c.

But enough. We must pause to discover the meaning of our hero. He doubtless designs to convey the impression that as a little boy he had been "beguiled by birds and flowers," &c., but the construction is very different, and the *child* is made

to *flow* by all these objects of surrounding nature, which are themselves beguiled by some influence not satisfactorily explained. Allan goes on with "The Story" and recounts, how one summer evening in his childhood, he had come to this favorite spot and fallen asleep,

"While, through her star-lit halls on high
The moon in solemn state advanced,
Like some proud queen of earth, alone,
Through courtly chambers to her throne."

The idea is a good one, but it is evidently borrowed from that splendid passage of Scripture, where the sun is said to "come forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, rejoicing as a giant to run his course." Mr. Farmer should recollect too, that queens of earth are always attended to the throne by a numerous retinue of "ladies in waiting" and never go on state occasions, as he represents them, "alone."

But to return,

Hail Muse et cetera, we left Allan sleeping,

that is, just at that portion of his narrative where he relates his nap. Well, he had a dream, and this affords Mr. Farmer an unbounded poetic license to introduce all sorts of absurdities.

Before the rapt gaze of Allan, in this beatific vision, naiads met to tell their loves, on the margin of a broad and sparkling river, where the olive and myrtle bloomed and broad fields of golden herbage lay stretched out, until the eye failed to scan their boundaries. Then he sees a skiff dancing a minuet on the wave, (a rather novel exhibition,) and being pleased thereat, he looses the silken cord which bound it to the shore, and jumping into it, commits a larceny by sailing off as rapidly as the wind, (which was a fair wind,) would carry him. Bright and beautiful objects met the eye on either hand,

"While many a tributary stream,
Impatient in its progress leaped
O'er amber precipices down
To coral beds below,"

and orange-boughs laved their leaves in the water; salt-water we suppose from the formation of the coral. Then he heard a syren singing, and the wind lulled, in a very accommodating manner, to enable him to catch the words. These made so strong an impression upon his memory, that, in his waking moments, he retained every syllable, and to this distinctness of recollection we are indebted for

THE NAIAD'S SONG.

"From beneath the green waters, so clear and sweet,
Where the fairest and loveliest naiads meet
Each rosy morn with smiles as bright
And glowing as Aurora's light,
To honor their queen, the fairest of all,

The loveliest flower in Nou-che-mal,
I have come, I have come.

"To the shades of the orange, and myrtle, and clove,
Where the golden-winged bee and the butterfly rove,
And the birds trill out their joyous lays
In mingling songs of love and praise,
For this beautiful fruit with leaves so green,
An offering to Nou-che-mal's beautiful queen,
I have come, I have come.

"How happy will be our Nym-gul-nair,
Nou-che-mal's queen, so lovely, so fair,
When on her head I place the wreath
Of orange boughs, that grew beneath
The clear blue skies of this land of bliss!
Oh! 'tis for a modest crown like this
I have come, I have come."

We confess we can see nothing so seductive in this song of the Syren as to induce any apprehensions for our hero. It is obviously an imitation of the Feast of Roses in Lalla Rookh, and the last line especially is suggested by "It is this, it is this." The names of the province and the queen are scraps from Byron and Moore and seem to be made up of Gulnare and Nourmahal.

The echo of the song dies away, and Allan, looking up, sees a little green boat containing PIROUZ, to whom we are now formally introduced. She is, of course, an angelic creature, with no superfluity of clothing, as we may infer from the following description,

"Nor jewelled coif, nor highland snood,
Aught of her native beauty hid,
Her dazzling hair, in plaiting neat,
Flowed o'er her arms and swept her feet;
And as she stood in thoughtful mood,
One snowy hand concealed amid
The overhanging boughs which spread
Their leaves and fruits around her head,
The other placed with timid care
Upon her swelling breast so fair," &c.

She turned to look at Allan and, being prepossessed with his appearance, accosted him in a very western style of salutation;

"'Stranger,' she said, in accents bland,
'Whence comest thou, and what to seek?
What is thy name and native land?
Why silent thus? Speak, stranger, speak!'"

Five questions in a breath! Allan, to do him justice, stood this cross-examination very well, and as soon as PIROUZ would permit him to proceed, gave her full and satisfactory answers. PIROUZ then explains that she comes from fairy-land, and plucking from a neighboring tree a fruit of tempting hue, like Eve in the garden of Eden, gave it to Allan, who, like a genuine son of Adam, ate it, and feeling intoxicated by its influence, forthwith pressed PIROUZ to his bosom,

"With many a kiss
Of passionate and fervid zest."

PIROUZ then claims Allan as her prisoner. It seems that she has been promised the throne of Nou-che-mal by Nym-gul-nair, the reigning queen, who will abdicate in her favor as soon as she finds a young mortal fool enough to take "the nectar" which Allen has imbibed. We suppose the fruit was a nectarine. Delighted in her success, she hurries off with Allan down the river, the two boats making a little *regatta* "along their watery way." They arrive soon at a whirlpool, which PIROUZ tells Allan is the way that leads to her "palaces and festal halls." Allan does not like such a moist *entrée* and prepares for a manly resistance, when (as he tells us)

"One stifled scream,
The effort of expiring breath,
Awoke me from that fearful dream!"

No doubt the young gentleman felt relieved. Upon waking up his hero, we might reasonably expect that Mr. Farmer should show some little regard for the unities and come down from his fairy-flight to the inhabitants of this dull earth. But the first thing that Allan sees on the margin of the Staunton river, by the light of the moon, is his friend PIROUZ, in flesh and blood, who bends over him in a very familiar and affectionate manner, places her lips to his own and gives

"— one burning kiss,
Affection's own peculiar bliss."

Here Mr. Farmer descants on beauty, and we recommend the following statement to all who have read Mr. Jeffrey's Essay on that subject.

"E'en simple Beauty's self possesses
In her dark eye the magnet stone,
Whose soft attracting power alone,
Its willing victim dooms or blesses;
And how much more the light that flashes
Electric-like beneath the lashes
Of Beauty's eyes, when Beauty's form
Is more than mortal—half divine—
Whose every glance doth chill or warm
The life-blood at the heart, and twine
Around us mystic wreaths of love,
More fadeless, lasting and secure,
Than mortal Beauty ever wove
From all her blooming, transient store!"

Will somebody tell us where the *verb* is, that the *substantive* "light," in the 5th line, should govern? As the sentence runs, the poor widowed condition of "light," without its partner, excites our deepest commiseration.

But to our narrative. PIROUZ grows more and more tender, and at last throws her arm around Allan's waist and they leap together from the high precipice, down into the Staunton river. Sappho leaped into the Ionian sea and never rose again to the surface, but our lovers, more fortunate than the Lesbian maid, dropped unhurt into a skiff made of sea-weed. Where the sea-weed

came from or whether it is a good material for boat-building, we shall not stop to enquire. We must follow our lovers down the river, where Allan hears the song of the Nightingale and sees fair acacia trees and orange groves. The boat speeds on through a glancing lake where "briny meteors" are seen in its wake; an allusion we suppose to the phosphorescence of the sea, which would be very pretty if the boat had been on Chesapeake Bay. We must not forget, however, that all this salt water and these aromatics and tropical fruits are on the Staunton river.

At last they reach a bold mountain, around the top of which airy forms, "like cherubs fair," are seen flitting and guarding the Spring of Pleasure. It would really be worth a trip to the Staunton river to witness this remarkable spectacle. We have occasionally seen cherubs of muslin and pink ribbon in the *corps de ballet*, performing impossible flights on invisible wire, but rustic cherubs, actual residents of the county of Halifax or Charlotte we should be pleased, for the novelty of the thing, to number among our acquaintance.

But to proceed. Allan *loquitur*.

"These vague conjectures scarcely crossed
My brain, ere through a fissure passed
Our barque, and I, in darkness lost,
Upon the world had looked my last."

(Here, let us say in parenthesis, we have a specimen of Mr. Farmer's unlucky divisions into verse. It seems as if he had counted off his eight syllables and then stopped, without regard to the arrangement of substantive and verb. Not unfrequently a trifling auxiliary or an insignificant preposition is made to occupy the place of last syllable in the line. In the present instance, there are, indeed, two important verbs in this position, but they are so disjoined from their immediate connexions as to render the verse most unmusical, and to remind us in part of those ingenious diversions of Mr. Canning, in which he represents his hero as

— doomed to starve on water gruel,
never more to see the University of Gottingen.)

The barque, on issuing again from the fissure, glides into a gorgeous and magnificent grotto or cave, resplendent with gems and gold, and surpassing all the enchantments of the Arabian tale. We are not aware of the existence of any such cavern on the Staunton river, but let us not restrict Mr. Farmer to geographical accuracy. Allan is, of course, transported by the beauty and dazzling splendors that surround him, when PIROUZ tells him to make himself very much at home, as it all belongs to him, as her husband. She then crowns him "Sovereign Lord of Nou-che-mal," and the little subjects of fairy-land kneel around him and take the oath of allegiance, kissing their *hands*, by way of a solemnity, and not the "sacred book,"

"As laws profane the Deity."

Mr. Farmer is a lawyer, and is, doubtless, in the habit of having oaths administered. We are therefore sorry to see that he considers it a blasphemous ceremony.

After the coronation, Allan kneels and kisses the hand of PIROUZ, but she bids him forbear.

"Nay, I prefer
Thy kisses should not wasted be
On lipless hand, or bended knee:"

We italicise the line to show how little Mr. Farmer cares for grammatical construction. The meaning of the passage is clear enough, but it makes PIROUZ ask Allan not to kiss *her knees*, a most unprecedented, though certainly not an unreasonable request.

But we must pass on. PIROUZ and Allan enjoy the honey-moon in this subterranean paradise. He is invested with regal prerogative (how far in conflict with the State jurisdiction of Virginia, we are not informed) and every wish of his heart is gratified. But PIROUZ imposes upon him one law. There is a certain tree, the fruit of which he must not touch, under penalty of immediate banishment from her presence. We think we have read something like this before. It occurs to us that the first law ever given to man was very much of this nature. But we make no imputation of plagiarism: We merely suggest the resemblance.

PIROUZ soon becomes oppressed with a presentiment of evil and a fear that their loves will soon be cruelly dissolved, and goes off to kiss the spot where she first met her lover, as the best method of averting the blow. Allan wishes to go with her, but to this she will not consent, and his feeling of loneliness, after her departure, is thus described:

"How dull, insipid, is the hall,
Which late hath been the lighted scene
Of merriment and festival,
When silence reigns where mirth hath been,
And here and there, around the room,
Lie crushed and withered wreaths that speak
Of blushes spent, and wasted bloom
From many a lovely maiden's cheek!
Who hath not felt—when lingering there,
The last of jocund revellers left,
Like one of his last joy bereft—"

Our readers will readily remark the similarity of this to Mr. Moore's sweet little verse,

I feel like one, who treads alone,
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

Allan to console himself lies down under the forbidden tree and goes to sleep, (Mr. Farmer is famous for putting people to sleep,) has the nightmare and wakes up, (where do you think, gentle

reader?) on the very rock spoken of in the opening of the story, holding in his hand

"The poisonous fruit of fairy-land
That grew a thousand leagues away."

Three thousand miles! Think of that, Master Brooke! Allan and PIROUZ had, but a short time before, travelled it in a few hours in a sea-weed skiff, and now it is far, far away, and the Staunton river is a thousand leagues in length. Mr. Farmer must excuse us, but we don't believe a word of it.

Allan had plucked the forbidden fruit and was visited with *the curse*. The curse is ushered in with italics and a note of admiration, and we are to be duly impressed with its awful import. Allan bitterly laments his fate and thinks it a hard case that he should be exiled from his empire, because in an unconscious moment he had disobeyed the commands of his queen. He then relates how to soothe his mental inquietude, he went abroad and travelled for a year, without forgetting his PIROUZ, how, returning to his native village, he

Never told *his* love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on his damask cheek,

and that to Agnes alone, had he ever revealed it.

We are afraid that our readers, in the many intricacies of Allan's story, have forgotten all about poor Agnes, who was compelled to play the "eloquent listener" on the banks of Staunton River. Mr. Farmer now recurs to her in the "Epilogue," where Allan reminds Agnes how he wooed and won her,

"In that embowered solitude,
Where every night the lone bulbul
Was wont to trill its mellow notes,"

and then, declaring that he had told her all, winds up the story.

And now for the Sequel. 'Tis sunset. Allan and Agnes sit musingly together. But a "dread of unknown evil" darkens up the brow of Allan, and the bright particular star that beamed gently on his love seems to have paled in the sky. He communicates his fears to Agnes.

"And as he spoke, the star was hurled
Blood-red and flaming, down the heaven,
A stricken and a blasted world,
To chaos from its orbit driven."

Without venturing to dispute the astronomical fact which is here set forth, we should like to know where the *chaos* was to which the planet was hurled? Possibly among the *Nebulae*.

The plot thickens. To the astonishment of Allan and Agnes, PIROUZ appears in her skiff, and after delivering a long and somewhat pompous oration, carries off Allan by the magic influence of her wand. Allan, Mr. Farmer tells us, was never seen or heard of more, and the poor, deserted, heart-

broken Agnes, after lingering many years on the banks of Staunton River, (*quis talia fando, temperet a lachymis*), at last drowns herself beneath its rushing tide. Thus ends, gentle reader, the sad story of the "Fairy of the Stream." And thus is described the *scenery of Virginia*!

The next poem of Mr. Farmer's is entitled "ALCESTE." It is sung by a wandering harper, in the presence of the renowned Bobadil el Chico, the last of the Moors, within the gates of his palace. We have not room to give anything more than a mere abstract of this extraordinary performance. It is a dream, of course, and we would recommend Mr. Farmer, in his next edition, to prefix to it as a motto, the words of Bottom the weaver, "I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke." The thread is as followeth: Heber, a young man of whose nativity we are ignorant, goes to Persia to seek an eastern bride. Upon reaching his destination, he apostrophizes the "bright spirit of the starry skies" and tells the spirit that he has come from his native land

"To this far isle to lay my head,
Heart-broken in a stranger's tomb."

A "*heart-broken head*" is what we never heard of before, but as we said, "ALCESTE" is an extraordinary poem. Heber goes to sleep and dreams about Venice and a radiant maiden kneeling before the image of the Virgin, and the rites of Catholic worship, and waking up, suddenly changes his mind about an eastern bride, and starts off for Venice *instantly*. Arriving there, he finds the maiden of his dream at the altar praying to be rescued from a compulsory marriage, which is to take place on the morrow. He walks up the aisle and interrupting her orisons, (though he had never seen her before except in a vision,) and exclaiming "at last, at last!" "he pressed his bride." ALCESTE, for this is her name, consents to be his bride, and to avoid the opposition of her family, they jump into a boat with a single oar and put off for Persia over the Adriatic sea. Since the three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl, we do not recollect so adventurous a voyage. Mr. Farmer does not tell us anything of their passage, whether stormy or prosperous, but transports us at once to Persia, where they live in a white-walled cottage and practise a religious observance of the Catholic forms of worship.

"Nor rose nor myrtle, when it dies
Beneath the sun when rudely torn,
E'er half so rich incense exhales
Upon the evening's sighing gales,
As from that altar upward borne,
To meet acceptance in the skies
Did then so gently, sweetly rise,
In prayer's half-uttered, faltering tone."

What was it that "did then so gently, sweetly rise?" Can any body tell?

The course of true love never did run smooth, however, and ere long the Venetian lover, who was espoused to Alceste, comes to their cottage in the disguise of a monk, and tells a cock-and-bull story of having been exiled from Thessaly, (the last place in the world that he ought to have mentioned to give probability to his tale,) on account of his religious opinions. Then he draws his sword upon Heber, who, being on his guard, gives him a death-wound. The disguised monk, however, as he lies upon the floor, contrives to stab ALCESTE, and so they die away together in a very burnt-cork and melo-dramatic sort of fashion. Heber then tells Boabdil el Chico that ever since the fatal hour, he has wandered harp in hand, through many climes, pouring on the breeze his tale of wo, and, in his wanderings, has reached the Moorish palace.

Boabdil el Chico is disgusted with the poem and his comments thereupon are the very best criticism that could be adduced. Fadladeen himself never gave a nicer opinion.

"And you call this poetry—and moreover presume to offend the ears of Boabdil El Chico with such balderdash! Why, my valet here can compose better rhymes, and mayhap sing them too. Out upon thee!" cried the ungenerous monarch. Then calling to the guard—"Take him to prison that his head as well as his harp may be confiscated."

The "other poems" of the volume consist of "Ki-tum-te-wa, or the Phantom Horseman," which we pass over, and several fugitive pieces, some of them really very pretty, under the title of "Twilight Hours" and "Heart-Whispers." We wish we had room, in justice to Mr. Farmer, to insert "Love's Choice," which is far the best thing we have seen from his pen.

The book closes with a piece of silliness, worthy of its opening. It is called "Heart-Whisper, No. IV."

"WHISPER IV.

"A little flow'ret, sweet and fair,
Once in a quiet valley grew:
'Twas nurtured by the fragrant air,
And by the fragrant dew.
Oh! 'twas a lovely, lovely flower!
To Love 'twas nearly allied;
But in a dark, ill-fated hour,
Rude fingers plucked it—and it died—
And never bloomed again."

Dear sensibility, oh la!
I heard a little lamb cry ba!

The poor little flow'ret died and (oh disastrous fate!) *never bloomed again!* The Italics are Mr. Farmer's. All we can say to this is, what Sam Weller told Mr. Winkle, when that gentleman complained that the ice was slippery, "Not a wery uncommon thing, sir."

We now conclude our remarks with the hope that if Mr. Farmer should ever write another poem on *Virginia* scenery, it may say a little less of Per-

sia, and that his muse may bring herself down to good English. The book may be had at all the bookstores of our city.

THE POETICAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS; OR THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOVE. By Thomas Miller. New York. J. C. Riker. 1848.

Flower-books are among the most popular of literary gifts; and some of them from the judicious poetical selections are well calculated to advance the cause of good taste. With the exception, however, of *Nature's Gems*—a splendid quarto published two or three years since by D. Appleton & Co.,—we do not recall any specimen of this species of book, which in an artistic point of view is not more or less objectionable. In this respect, the volume above named deserves high praise. The flowers are admirably executed and colored by hand, by Ackerman. The typography and binding are superb; while the text is far superior to the ordinary contents of similar works. All readers of taste coincide in admiration of the poetical Basket-maker. His genuine moral taste and pure morality have made his books for the young and more elaborate writings deservedly popular. In the present instance we note the same excellencies, accompanied by a richer vein of poetical moralizing. These attractions are enhanced by a brief, but pertinent introduction from the pen of Mrs. Oakes Smith, the American editor of the volume.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM; A Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, &c., of her Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. Wells Williams. In Two Vols. New York and London. Wiley & Putnam. 1848.

To an imaginative reader, the Chinese characters upon the yellow covers of these handsome volumes suggest a mysterious attraction and revive all the strange anecdotes once current, of the stationary civilization and secret diplomacy of the Eastern empire. A glance at the interior will prove not less gratifying to the lover of accurate information. Our limits forbid an analysis of the contents; but we assure our readers that the study and observation of twelve years is concentrated, as it were, into a result creditable alike to the industry and care of the author. The scope of the work is indicated by the title. The manner in which it is executed indicates that no expense has been spared. A new map of the Empire is arranged and there are numerous graphic illustrations, principally engraved by J. W. Orr. The enterprising publishers have not issued, among their many standard volumes, a work of its kind more intrinsically valuable and thoroughly prepared. We commend it to our readers with the utmost confidence.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT, &c., &c., &c. with some notices of the History of Literary Property. By George Ticknor Curtis, Counsellor at Law. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1847.

A very useful volume from the pen of a lawyer, whose aim has been to present a condensed exposition of the law as it obtains on the subject of copyright "in books, dramatic and musical compositions, letters and other manuscripts, engravings and sculpture" both in England and America. Apart from its intrinsic merit, as a contribution to legal science, we do not know when we have seen a more interesting book, and we do not hesitate, therefore, to say that it should be read not only by the profession and the fraternity of authors, but by every man who would keep up with the enduring and respectable literature of the age. The notes to the volume especially are full of agreeable reading and acceptable information. We cannot close this hasty notice without expressing our satisfaction at the very excellent style of publication, (quite in keeping with the usual brochures of Little and Brown,) which is grateful to the eye, in this day of bad printing.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1848.

NO. 3.

ANCIENT GREECE.

HER HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

In publishing the following clear and able view of Grecian History and Literature, we think it proper to express our dissent from the author's opinion upon The Homeric Question. We entertain the old belief, that HOMER was not a mere fanciful name, given by the Greeks to their personified idea of epico-poetic excellence, but was a MAN, probably old and blind, who wrote, or at least composed, the Iliad and Odyssey—whoever may have written the other poems attributed to him. Our author lays an ingenious foundation for his Theory about Homer, in an earlier page of the article; where, having stated as *probable*, that Deucalion was but a symbol of the Flood, and that his son Hellen (from whom the Greeks were called *Hellenes*) was only a "personification of the tribe and intended by his relation to Deucalion to indicate that the commencement of the race dated back to the re-peopling of the earth;" he says, "This method of interpretation" is "a key to much that is otherwise mysterious and absurd in the fabulous genealogies of" antiquity. "By the application of this beautiful principle," adds he, "modern criticism has converted into authentic history, or at least rationally explained, many of those wonderful legends," &c. And again—"This tendency of the Greek character to personify the indefinite and to embody the ideal," * * * * "is strikingly exhibited in their whole system of traditionary legends," &c.

By all this, the reader is well prepared to receive our author's closing remark upon the Homeric Question—that "Homer and Hesiod will stand, each as the personification of a whole class of heroic bards." Certainly, to our view, no structure ever had a more "ideal" basis. But no one can fail to be struck with the modesty, so characteristic of true scholarship, that pervades our correspondent's discussion of this question. He evidently but glances at the arguments which are in his mind: and we should be gratified, as doubtless our readers would, if he would present those arguments—in a form, however, as brief and popular as he can, to suit the general taste and the dimensions of our magazine. It seems to us easy to answer his reason drawn from the doubtful existence of alphabetical writing in Homer's time: but we do not wish to detain the reader.

[Ed. Mess.]

"Vos exemplaria Graeca,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

To the student of ancient history, there is no name that awakens so many thrilling associations as that of Greece.

The influence of her institutions, her history, her philosophy and her poetry in forming the liter-

ature, perhaps the tastes and feelings of every succeeding age, may be more easily imagined than estimated, even by those conversant with her history. But though it would be a difficult task to trace out the influence thus exerted, still it will ever be a pleasing and an instructive employment, to turn for a while from the scenes of confusion and turmoil, of daring ambition and restless activity, that so strongly mark the outlines of the busy world in which we live, and calmly survey the institutions and the character of a people whose actions fill so large a space in the world's history.

The character of a people is undoubtedly influenced in a considerable degree by that of the country which they inhabit, but in a manner so general and indefinite, that its amount cannot easily be determined. The Geography of Greece is remarkable in many respects. Situated at the South-Eastern verge of Europe, and almost equally accessible to each of the three great continents of the eastern hemisphere, it occupied the great centre towards which the trade and commerce of the ancient world tended, and from which the radiations of genius and knowledge extended in every direction. The limits of this country, called by its inhabitants Hellas, were never very accurately defined, but at farthest embraced a tract of small extent in comparison with that of most modern kingdoms.

It is remarkable for the great extent of its sea-coast in proportion to its whole area; and if we consider the clusters of islands in the Ægean, as properly forming a part of the same country, it is peculiarly distinguished in this respect from every other portion of the globe.

It has been thought by some that the proportion of sea-coast in any country is always connected with, and probably exercises a great influence over the progress of civilization and the arts, as well as the general developments of the genius and enterprise of its inhabitants; and if this theory be not altogether fanciful, we may look to this circumstance as one index to the character of the people who dwelt in a land so strongly marked by this peculiarity.

But whilst thus noted for its general position, it is no less so for its own internal features. In glancing at a map it will be seen that almost every district is encircled by ranges of steep and lofty mountains, and thus separated from the others by natural barriers, broken occasionally by the abrupt defiles and narrow passes so celebrated both in the history and the poetry of the inhabitants. It was doubt-

less in a great degree owing to this circumstance that they were divided and sub-divided into so many petty independent States, forever embroiled in disputes with each other, and always jealous of the supremacy of any: a feeling fostered by the temper of the people, until it led to the final destruction of the liberties of their common country.

Their rivers indeed are not on the same scale with those majestic streams that circle our western continent. They belong altogether to another class. At one season almost entirely deprived of their waters, and at another dashing furiously onward like a mountain torrent when swollen by the rains of the winter, they may be taken as fit emblems of the impetuous and ardent genius of the people that dwelt on their banks.

The bold and rugged mountains shooting up abruptly from the plain, the beautiful vales, the romantic and picturesque glens, and the clear sparkling fountains of this favored land, if they had no agency in giving tone to the character of the race, afforded at least striking objects for their genius to play upon and to invest with all the glowing tints of romance and poetry, that breathe through the fables of their early mythology.

Who the first inhabitants of Greece were, and whence they came, are questions no less interesting to us now, than they were to their own descendants, when they first began to suspect the importance of their national history,—and the interest with which they are intrinsically invested is enhanced still farther by the mist and obscurity in which they are involved.

The early history of any nation, whose existence dates from a period anterior to the introduction of letters, must ever remain a subject for speculation and conjecture rather than for sober criticism. We have, however, some fragments of historic truth relating to the early settlers of Greece, which have been carefully sifted by the enlightened and acute criticism of the last half century, and developed, at least, into a consistent form.

The first race of which we have any knowledge in the early history of this country, is that of the Pelasgians.* And it seems from the universal traditions concerning them, as well as from the monuments which attest their presence, that they were widely spread over many parts of Greece. They were found in Thessaly, in Attica, and in Peloponnesus, and much learning and time have been spent in attempting to determine in what part they first appeared, without, however, leading to any definite conclusions. The truth probably is that they came into the different parts of Greece at different times, and at different points, and that the tribes found in Thessaly and in Peloponnesus, did not stand in the relation of parent and colony to each other, but were only related as belonging

to the same great Pelasgic family. If this be the correct view, it will be much less important to determine which was the more ancient location.

Whether when they came into Greece they found a population then settled in the country, and if so who they were, are questions that we have no means of solving. We know from another source that the human family began to spread from the central and western parts of Asia. Greece then, as well as the rest of Europe, must have been peopled by a tide of emigration from the east. And it may be that it was a part of this tide that poured in under the name of the great Pelasgic family. In this event they must have found the country uninhabited, and themselves have been the first settlers. If, however, the Pelasgians belong not to so early a date as this, and there was already a population located there when they first made their appearance, we must be content to stop our enquiries and rest satisfied in utter ignorance of the names and the history of these earlier tribes. For not only is the presence of the Pelasgians the first fact in Greek history, but the first referred to even in their traditions.*

The language of these people is involved in almost as much obscurity as their origin. We only know that to the ears of Herodotus it sounded like a barbarous jargon,† though he had but slender opportunities of judging of it. Of their name also two etymologies are given, both relating to the habits of the people, and each plausible enough to render it doubtful which is the true one. According to one, they were so called from the cultivation of the plains,‡ and according to the other from their wandering disposition.§ The latter is the one more ordinarily adopted, and is also perhaps more appropriate to their habits of life. Whatever may have been the origin of this race, it is more than probable that in their wanderings, they either fell in, and became incorporated with other tribes and thus spread their name much more widely than their real nation ever extended, or that the same name was bestowed, as Niebuhr supposes, upon other tribes from similarity of customs, but in reality possessing no national affinity. Among the monuments still remaining of this once widely spread race, may be mentioned the Cyclopean towers in Greece, Italy and Asia Minor, monuments that testify at once the extent of their migrations and the bold genius of the people.

After the introduction of this race into Greece, or perhaps rather coeval with it, many other tribes also appear, of more or less affinity with them, and

* Thirl, Hist. Gr., vol. i, ch. ii, p. 48.

† Herod., l. i, ch. lvii.

‡ (From *πελω* to cultivate, and *αργος* a plain,) Thirl., vol. i, ch. ii, p. 51.

§ (From *πελαργος*, a stork.) Lemp., art. Gre. on the authority of Niebuhr.

* Herod., l. i, ch. lvi.

scattered to a considerable extent over the country. They all appear to have partaken of the same wandering disposition, and being bound by no ties of a local nature, to have easily given place to others, more powerful or more restless than themselves.*

None, however, appear of sufficient importance to demand a separate notice, until the rise of the Hellenic race, which took place some years later. This tribe, which afterwards gave its name to the whole country, is distinctly located by all the authorities in the southern part of Thessaly.† But their origin is wrapt in almost as much obscurity as that of the Pelagians. According to the most probable account, they are generally considered as having first migrated into Thessaly from the west,‡ though at what period is entirely uncertain.

That they derived the name of Hellenes from Hellen the son of Deucalion, is stated indeed, not only by the poets, but also by the gravest historians.§ It requires, however, only a slight acquaintance with the traditionary history of the ancients, particularly of the Greeks, to understand such fictitious genealogies. As Deucalion is probably but a symbol of the flood itself, so when it is said that the Hellenes sprang from his son, we are only to regard Hellen as the personification of the tribe, and intended by his relation to Deucalion, to indicate that the commencement of the race dated back to the re peopling of the earth.

This method of interpretation furnishes a key to much that is otherwise, not only mysterious, but absurd in the fabulous genealogies of the ancient Greeks and Romans. By the application of this beautiful principle, modern criticism has converted into authentic history, or at least given a rational explanation of many of those wonderful legends that are so intimately interwoven with the early Grecian and Roman history, and implicitly believed by the learned world for so many centuries. It is at once so simple and so satisfactory, that it scarcely needs more than a bare statement to be admitted as true. Its explanation must be looked for, not in any conventional system, adopted by general consent, but in the poetic genius of the people by whom it was used, and in the character of the age. This tendency of the Greek character to personify the indefinite and to embody the ideal, connected with an exquisite sense of symmetry and beauty, is strikingly exhibited in their whole system of traditionary legends and fabulous mythology. Every tribe had its legendary hero of Olympian descent—every city its tutelary deity—every mountain and vale, every stream and fountain, was under the peculiar care of some presiding

divinity. These were but the early efforts of that same wonderful genius, that afterwards developed itself in the immortal productions of Phidias, and found

“A local habitation and a name”

for all time to come in the glowing pages of her poets and her orators.

This Hellenic race, whose bold, manly character constitutes so large and important an element of the Greek nation, seems to have been even more restless than the other tribes of the same age, and finally swallowed up in its name, if not in its race, all the inhabitants of the land, called after it Hellas. The manner in which they were mingled with and engrafted upon the old Pelasgic stock seems to be but imperfectly understood. Herodotus is of the opinion* that the Hellenic race was greatly enlarged by readily absorbing into itself other barbarous tribes, but that the Pelasgians being always averse to this mode of increasing, gradually diminished, until in his day they had dwindled to one or two insignificant remnants. It is doubtful how far this opinion, for it is merely advanced as such, is to be admitted, so far as it refers to the Pelasgians. There is, at least, no evidence† of their ever having been expelled in any considerable number from any part of Greece, and it is highly probable that it afforded a considerable portion of the basis upon which the Hellenic name and race were engrafted. It is at least equally certain that it was the Hellenic race that impressed upon the Greek character that peculiar stamp, that distinguished them from the rest of the world.

The means by which this small tribe acquired the ascendancy so universally over its neighbors, is also a matter of doubt. It may be inferred from the language of Thucydides, above referred to, that these sons of Hellen, as he calls them, were before the others in the arts of civilization as well as in those of warfare; and it is quite likely that such may have been the case to some extent. But we should rather be inclined to look, for the reason of their ascendancy, in that restless and indomitable energy of character, that prompted them to interfere at a very early day in the affairs of the surrounding tribes, and to lend their assistance whenever it might be needed. In fact, the historian just referred to distinctly states‡ that it was by this means that their name became generally known and in the course of time came to be applied to all the inhabitants dwelling in Greece. From this period then the term Hellenes was a general appellation for the Greeks, and in this sense we are to understand that the ideal personage Hellen is called the father of the Greek nation.

* Thuc., l. i, ch. ii.

† Herod., l. i, ch. lvi, and Thuc., l. i, ch. iii.

‡ Thirl., vol. i, ch. iv, p. 58.

§ Thuc., ubi. Supra.

* Herod. l. i. c. lviii.

† Thirl. vol. i. c. ii, p. 49.

‡ Thuc. u. s.

According to the popular tradition, Hellen had three sons, Æolus, Dorus and Xuthus. From the former two sprang the Æolian and Dorian races, and from the latter through his two sons, Ion and Achæus, the Ionian and Achæan. These genealogies will be readily understood as referring to the general division of the nation into four leading tribes. Of these, the first was by far the most widely spread,—and this was well expressed by that part of the tradition, which asserts that Æolus was the eldest son, and inherited his father's possessions whilst his brothers, were sent forth to seek their fortunes. The Æolians occupied the greater portion of northern Greece and the western side of Peloponnesus. They seem generally to have preferred maritime situations; a circumstance that accounts for the frequent appearance of Neptune and the other divinities of the sea in their fabulous genealogies, as well as in their sacred rites. The Achæans who, according to the tradition would seem to be more closely connected in some way with the Ionians than with the others, attained to a considerable celebrity at a very early period. They are more celebrated in the ancient poetry than either of the other tribes, and their name (*Ἀχαιοί*) is oftener used by Homer as a general appellation for the Greeks before Troy, than that of any other.

The Ionian and Dorian races did not rise into much notice until a later period, but they afterwards extended their fame and reputation much more widely than either of the others, and finally became the two great leading divisions of the Greek nation. These two races were ever actuated by a spirit of rivalry and jealousy, that often arrayed one half of Greece against the other in long and bloody contests, in which the Athenians were always regarded as the head of the Ionian confederacy, as the Lacedæmonians were of the Dorian.

The Ionians were probably located originally in Attica, to which, as we have just mentioned, they seemed to have looked as the head of their confederacy. The Dorians were at first seated* in the Northern part of Greece, but, as we shall presently see, migrated from thence to Peloponnesus.

Such is a slight and imperfect sketch of the leading divisions of the Greek nation during that obscure but interesting period denominated the Heroic age. This period is usually considered as lasting from the rise of the Hellenic nation to the return of the Greeks from the siege of Troy; an age not only interesting in the national history of the country, but also as affording the materials for some of the ablest productions of the Grecian mind.

It was during this period, just verging as it were upon the dawn of civilization, that the national genius first began to develop itself. And moving in all the unrestrained freedom of nature, it sported in

its wildest mood, peopling every nook and cranny of that romantic land with the bright creations of fancy, and weaving its history into strange and marvellous, but beautiful and expressive legends. Then it was, too, that their language, just passing from that state termed rude and barbarous into a form better suited to a civilized people, abounded in those bold and striking epithets, so admirably adapted to express poetic ideas with a simplicity and a vividness to which the polished elocution of more refined ages can never possibly attain. It is needless to specify any of the wonderful legends of this period. The names of Hercules and Theseus, of Bellerophon and Jason, will at once suggest rich and varied trains of fabulous lore.

We have already alluded to the siege of Troy as the event that marked the close of the Heroic age. The most remarkable and important circumstance that attended this expedition was the union, in one common enterprise, of the different independent tribes that had now established themselves permanently in Greece.

Upon the history of this interesting expedition we must refrain from entering, except as it is connected with, and exerted an influence in producing that general change in the condition of the Greek nation by which it was succeeded.

Before this event the different tribes had regarded themselves as related to each other only so far as they could trace the ties of relationship and affinity. They had never looked upon themselves as the inhabitants of one common country. And even when they united under the lead of Agamemnon to avenge his brother's wrong upon the devoted city and race of Priam, they met rather as distinct nations than as members of one confederacy, and the supremacy* of their leader was distinctly limited and restricted to this expedition alone. That such was the case is clearly shown from the fact that Homer never confines himself to any special name as a general appellation for the Greeks. The terms *Ἀχαιοί*, *Δαναοί* and *Ἀργεῖοι* are used indifferently to represent the whole multitude† assembled in the plains of Troy.

It would naturally be expected, that finding themselves opposed as one body against the Trojan warriors, they would gradually begin to acquire a stronger feeling of nationality amongst themselves. And this feeling was heightened to a much greater degree by the unusually great length to which the siege was protracted. At last, however, when the fated hour had arrived and the lofty walls of Ilium that had baffled every effort of the invading foe, yielded to his subtle arts, the remnants of the Grecian host again sought their native homes. But the feelings and recollections which they carried back with them were of a far different character

* Herod. u. s.

* Iliad. 1, v. 278-81, where the independence of each chieftain is clearly recognized. † Vid. Iliad passim.

from any they had ever experienced before. The achievements of their heroes were woven by their bards into national ballads that thrilled through the feelings of their descendants with a power which we cannot even imagine. To them all those glowing images were vivid realities. The deeds there described were those of their own fathers, and the recollection of them served in after years as a common bond of union between tribes that before had scarcely felt the existence of a national affinity.

Thus linked together by the ties and associations of a common glory, the Greeks began to regard themselves as a separate and distinct race from the other nations around them—they began to feel that they possessed a different genius—that they were cast in a different mould.

It is now that we first find the terms *Hellenes* and *Barbarians* contrasted with each other in that clear and definite sense which they retained to the latest age of Greek history.

It is scarcely possible to pass over this interesting period without alluding to the Homeric question. It must not, however be expected that we should here enter upon the full discussion of a question, that after occupying the attention and scrutiny of the most learned critics of the modern world, is still left with all the doubts hanging over it that were raised by the learning of Wolf.

From the difference of style in the several parts of which the *Iliad* is made up, and from the want of regularity in the narrative, it would be exceedingly hazardous to draw any general conclusion.

It would seem to us that the question, whether the *Iliad* is the production of one poet or the collected works of several, would turn mostly upon one point—the introduction of the art of writing. The other internal evidences may be brought, with almost equal facility, to bear upon either side. If it could be shown that this art was known and in use amongst the Greeks before the period assigned to the Homeric poems, we would readily admit that the poem in question was probably the production of one man. But if this art was not known at that period, we cannot conceive that it is even within the limits of possibility, for so long and perfect a composition to be made and transmitted through successive generations by the mouths of the rhapsodists. Unfortunately this question also is involved in almost equal obscurity with the original one.

There is one circumstance, however, that seems to us almost strong enough to turn the scale. It is the entire absence of any direct allusion to the art of writing throughout the whole of these poems. The Homeric poems are universally regarded as the great reservoir from which is drawn nearly every thing that we know concerning the manners and customs of the Heroic age. In fact, to so great an extent is this true, that, after their poetic

character, it is this quality that chiefly renders them valuable. It seems almost impossible then to believe, that if the use of letters had been familiarly known, it would not have been distinctly spoken of.

There is, indeed, in the *Iliad* one passage,* and but one in the whole poem, in which even the most distant allusion is made to any thing of the kind, and this in such a manner that so far from favoring the supposition that it has reference to alphabetical writing, we think it is strong presumptive evidence to the contrary. For it certainly was an occasion calling for some method of conveying intelligence, either by writing, or by means of symbolical characters, and if the use of letters had been known, we should naturally expect to find it mentioned upon such an occasion. As it was not so mentioned, the inference seems fair that no such art was known. From these considerations it is difficult for us to resist the conviction that these poems are the works of a number of poets, collected and arranged in their present form, by other hands, after the art of writing had grown into common use. This supposition, however, does not by any means get rid of the entire difficulty of this question—for it still remains to be explained how such poems could be composed at all, without the aid of written language, even by any number of bards. But if the fact be so, that they were so composed, it certainly seems to us easier to conceive how it could be done by a whole class of poets, than by any one individual. Under either supposition, however, when they were first collected and committed to writing by later hands, they must have been altered in many places, interpolated, and welded together to form something like a consistent whole. With the question of the *Iliad* is connected, not only that of the *Odyssey*, but also of all the poems usually attributed to Hesiod. And, according to the view we have taken of it, Homer and Hesiod will stand each as the personification of a whole class of Heroic bards.

During a period of about two hundred years, after the close of the Homeric age, there were a great number of epic poets, who are usually known under the name of the cyclic poets, or poets of the cycle. Their works are now entirely lost, and even their names have been swallowed up in the blaze of light that surrounds that of Homer; but the titles of a few of their poems, together with a slight sketch of their contents, have been preserved by the ancient critics.

They were thought to be particularly valuable, not so much for their poetic excellence as for the regular connection of their contents one with another. And from this circumstance they probably obtained their name.

They may, perhaps, be fairly regarded also as marking the earliest dawn of a historic spirit.

* *Iliad*. C. 6, v. 169.

They were succeeded, in their turn, by the Lyric poets, as the latter again were by the Dramatic. To trace out the current of the early Greek literature, to watch its various changes, and mark its different eras, would indeed be a delightful and a profitable task, but one requiring the full space of a volume to do justice to its importance. All, of course, that can be required in the present instance, is briefly to point out some of the more prominent and striking changes, that successively took place in its character, as it gradually passed from the earliest lisping of the Epic muse, through all its protean forms, to that chaste and elegant style that distinguished the productions of the later Athenian writers.

We have mentioned that the school of Lyric poets succeeded to the Epic. There was, of course, no abrupt transition, but as the one began to decline from the gradual change of the national taste, the other arose to supply its place. The poets of this class have shared a fate similar to that of their predecessors. Their names, indeed, remain to us, but of the large number who flourished through the long space of three hundred years, the fragments of only a few have come down to the present day. Of these the principle one is Pindar. And if we may be permitted to form an estimate from what remains of one, who lost the prize to a successful rival more than once, they were worthy, indeed, of the enthusiastic applause which they received from their cotemporaries, and the high estimate that has been placed upon them by the critics of antiquity.

It is easier, perhaps, to trace the transition from the Lyric to the Dramatic than that between any other classes of poetry. The Lyric odes were most probably all composed for public recitation, either before the great assemblage of the national games, the celebration of which forms the subject for many of Pindar's finest odes, or before some other public gathering. As the national taste became more refined and cultivated, various artifices would be resorted to in order to heighten the effect of the recitation. Probably one of the first adopted was the use of some kind of a mask, both to give more power to the voice, and to bring more forcibly before the imaginations of the audience the character intended to be represented. And from this beginning, by the gradual addition of various improvements, the transition was an easy and a natural one to the rude form of the early Attic Drama.

It is much easier, however, to point out the general changes that took place in this transition from the Lyric to the Dramatic character, than it is to specify the particular steps of this change, the times at which they were introduced, and the several poets by whom they were first adopted. These are points which modern criticism has not yet settled, but, fortunately, they would not, under any

event, fall within the scope of our present design.

Æschylus is justly called the father of the Attic tragedy. In what state he found it is very uncertain, but to him is due the honor of having moulded it nearly into its most perfect form. He first introduced the additional actor upon the stage and gave to the representation the form of the dialogue; and soon afterwards, by the addition of the third, completed the number, to which the tragedy seems to have been mostly, if not entirely restricted. His character as a poet was bold and lofty. He was not so successful in filling up the details, but the awful grandeur and majesty of his conceptions have, perhaps, never been equalled.

Next to him in point of time as of genius was Sophocles. He added the finishing touch to everything which the bolder hand of his great master had begun. He greatly improved the rich and varied scenery, and added to it much that served still farther to heighten the charm of scenic representation. Under him the histrionic art may be said to have acquired its most complete excellence in all its parts. His genius was of a lower order than that of Æschylus, but in his productions the want of that terrible and majestic grandeur was compensated by the delicate and appropriate finish which he gave to every character in the general filling up, and by that perfect mastery over all the power and all the charm of expression of the Greek language which he, above all others, possessed. The style of Æschylus is lofty and magnificent, but often broken and abrupt, and his verse occasionally falls upon the ear like strains of wild, unearthly music floating through the air, whilst that of Sophocles moves on in one unbroken stream of rich and flowing melody.*

Euripides, the competitor and successor to Sophocles, completes the list of the great masters of Attic tragedy. His genius was of a much lower order than either of the others, and his plays, though undoubtedly possessing a high degree of merit, mark the rapid decline of the Greek Drama. Together with a philosophic spirit, he possessed fine powers of description, and a chaste elocution, but his principal forte lay in the deep and moving pathos and passionate appeal in which he so much delighted to indulge.

In thus tracing out the various changes of the early Greek literature, we have confined our attention so far altogether to the poetic branch. We will now briefly follow the rise and development of historic composition and close this part of the subject.

We first dwelt upon their poetry because it seems to have been, as it were, the natural language of

* Contrast Prometheus and Antigone. The English reader may, perhaps, find something of the same contrast between "The Tempest" and "As You Like It," not so much indeed in style as in matter.

the early Greeks. The military triumph, the funeral procession, the nuptial ceremony, and the convivial banquet, were alike incomplete, without the accompanying bard and the melting tones of the lyre.

When, however, men began to record their thoughts, not so much for the gratification of the public taste as to convey instruction and information, they naturally sought to express themselves in the language of their ordinary intercourse. It is thus, that, in the history of every people of brilliant genius, prose composition will be of later origin than poetry.

Pherecydes, who wrote about the middle of the sixth century before the christian era, is usually considered as the first prose writer, though, as might be expected, there are several other names that contest this honor with his. He was followed by a class of prose writers down to the period of the Persian wars, but nearly all of whose works have been lost. From the accounts we have received of them, they seem hardly able to claim the rank of historical compositions, as they were devoted mostly to mythological subjects. The true historical era did not arise until a comparatively late day. In fact, Herodotus is the first who can lay claim to the title of historian, and he did not write until after the Persian invasion. He has been strikingly called the father of history, and his work abounds in all those beauties and defects that might naturally be looked for from the circumstances under which it was produced. He tells his story in a simple and unaffected narrative, that must ever possess a powerful charm from its very simplicity. His passion for the strange and marvellous never permits him to pause and examine the authority, upon which any of the wonderful events that he relates are founded. Like the Moor, he is fond of enlightening his readers with particular accounts of

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

And it is enough for him that such stories are commonly reported and generally believed. He does not, however, directly pledge his own authority for such statements, but gives them to us as he finds them. There are some points, indeed, upon which his authority is probably the best we have. When he speaks of the situations of towns and rivers, and describes the general features of a country, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, we have no reason to doubt the accuracy of his statements without positive evidence to the contrary; for in almost all such cases he speaks from direct and personal observation, having himself visited and inspected them. His general remarks upon abstract principles are of but little value, and the manner in which he sometimes attempts to account

for things which he does not understand, is to us often highly amusing. As an instance of this sort we may refer to his singular explanation of the cause of the overflowing of the Nile.*

Herodotus was succeeded in the great field of history by Thucydides. To point out all the distinguishing qualities of this eminent writer would require more time and space than we now have to spare. We must content ourselves with only a few general remarks. The period over which his narrative extends is, perhaps, the most important one in the history of Greece—that of the Peloponnesian war. The style in which his thoughts are embodied is such as might be expected from the stern character of his mind. Close, compact, and often obscure, the language seems to labor under the weight of the thought which it bears. We never find a superfluous word, nor a trivial remark. His mind seems to be absorbed in his great design, and with the full consciousness of his power, it is without affectation he declares that he gives his production to the world as an everlasting possession †. He not only narrated the events of the great contest of which he was an eye witness and a participator, with a conciseness and an accuracy truly astonishing, but he scanned with the eye of a statesman and a philosopher all the parts of the great drama that was passing before him, pointed out its origin, marked its latent springs of action, and traced out its remote consequences. The history of the Peloponnesian war is a great mine, from which the statesman may continue to draw, in all ages, lessons fraught with deep political wisdom. As one instance out of a multitude of the profound and searching character of his mind when turned to the investigation of any important question, we may refer to his valuable digression on the origin, progress, and terrible effects of faction in the Grecian states. ‡ There is, of course, always one fact to be kept constantly in view when examining the character and value of the general remarks of this writer upon points of political philosophy. To him Greece was the whole world—with all the forms and systems existing there, he was intimately acquainted, and it was the principles upon which these were founded, that he had made the study of his life. We must not look then for all that generality of application in his remarks, that is found in the productions of the writers of the present day on the science of government. The civilized world is now in a condition far different from any that has ever before existed, and the historian of the present day stands upon a lofty eminence, from which he can survey at once the workings of all systems of government. Thus guided by the additional light and experience of two and twenty

* Lib. II, c. 23-28.

† Lib. I, c. 22.

‡ Lib. III, c. 80-85.

centuries, it were strange indeed if he could not point out more successfully the general tendency of given principles, and deduce more certainly their remote consequences, than one whose political horizon was bounded, to all practical purposes, by the transactions of a single nation.

The next and last of the historians, to whom we shall direct our attention, is Xenophon. His character was altogether of a different stamp from that of the great author of whom we have just been speaking. It is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the character of his historical writings. They are beautiful and valuable narratives, but contain none of that deep and profound political wisdom that so highly distinguish the great work of Thucydides. His principal charm consists in that sweet and graceful style, in that beautiful simplicity and purity, that procured for him the name of the Attic bee.

In this slight sketch of the progress of Greek literature, we have thought it necessary to follow only the main current and omit any notice of the rest. We might, perhaps, have touched very properly upon another class of composition entirely distinct from either of those we have referred to, but it would have drawn out these remarks to too great a length. We mean the Attic comedy and satirical drama. Nearly all, however, of the works belonging to this class, and it was a very extensive one, have been lost, except those of Aristophanes.

The rise and progress of the Greek philosophy is also another vast and important field, tempting us by its great interest to enter upon its borders, but forbidding, by its extent, anything more than a cursory notice.

Philosophy, in the general and indefinite sense of the term, may be said to have had an existence amongst the Greeks from the earliest dawn of their poetic legends. Its rise, however, is usually placed in the sixth century before the christian era, as it then first began to be cultivated by a separate class of men. How much of their philosophy, or whether any of it was borrowed from other nations, is doubtful. It is probable, indeed, that they may have obtained some of their earlier theories from the Egyptians and Phœnicians, but it certainly could not seem surprising that a people of so active and imaginative a temperament, surrounded by so many bold and striking natural objects, should begin of themselves to speculate upon the origin and cause of all things.

The oldest school of Greek Philosophy was the Ionic, founded by Thales of Miletus. He attempted to go back to a primeval state and from thence deduce in succession the gradual progress and development of the later order of nature. He supposed that water or some liquid element was the origin of everything in the physical world, being led, no doubt, to this conclusion by observing the wide-spread influence which this substance

exerted upon every department of nature. And from speculations of the same sort, some of his followers assumed air, and others fire, as the great original principle.

Thales was succeeded by a line of disciples, following, with some variations, the path of their master, but whose names it is unnecessary to mention until we arrive at that of Anaxagoras, the preceptor of Pericles and the immediate master of Socrates.

The doctrines taught by the early philosophers of this school, as, indeed, of all of them, are, according to our modern notions, rather vague and indefinite. It seems, however, that the train of their speculations led them to the admission of overruling intelligences.

Thales, indeed, said that the whole universe was full of Gods, and his whole system may be considered as rather pantheistical.

Anaxagoras differed in many important points from the doctrines that had been held by the school to which he belonged.

His mind was of a higher order and his speculations belonged to a more refined and elevated class. He taught that there was a supreme intelligence who ruled the universe with absolute sway. The name of his great disciple and successor, Socrates, marks an era in the history of Philosophy, but we cannot here enter into any lengthened investigation of the peculiar views of that wonderful man

"From whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools."

He seems not to have laid so much stress upon the refined speculations as upon the moral and practical parts of the system, and, according to Cicero, he was the first to call philosophy from the heavens and introduce her among the habitations of men. He exhibited in the purity of his life, and in the calm and peaceful serenity of his death, the fruits of the principles which he taught.

Plato was his immediate disciple and successor, as Aristotle was Plato's. They continued to unfold and explain the principles of their great master in the public groves of the Academy, as well as in elaborate and highly finished treatises, the most of which remain to the present day. The former delighted more to revel in the pure and lofty regions of imagination, and sometimes lost himself in the mazes of his own refined and subtle speculations. The latter, with far more judgment and far more success, devoted his gigantic powers to the elucidation and unfolding of subjects of much more use to his fellow men than metaphysical abstractions.

The next school that we shall notice is the Eleatic, so called from the place at which its doctrines were first taught. It was founded some time after the Ionic by the philosopher Xenophanes. The

doctrines of this school are nearly as vague and obscure as those of the one we have just been noticing. He began in his speculations where Thales ended—with the admission of the existence of a Supreme Being, and his system, so far as we can judge from a scanty outline, is not very different from pure Deism. At all events he seems to have possessed more elevated views of the character and attributes of the Deity than any philosopher of his age. Aristotle describes, with singular force and simplicity, the leading tenet of this system in one short sentence, *εἰς τὸν ὅλον ὄντα ἀποβλέψας τὸ ἐν εἶναι φησι τὸν θεόν*, *he gazed upon the whole heaven and said that the one being was the Deity*. He was followed by Parmenides and the elder Zeno, who held the same opinions concerning the Divine Being, and the immutability of all things. In some of their speculations upon the nature and changes of matter, they seem to have bordered pretty nearly upon some points of Berkeley's theory.

The third and last school we shall mention is the Italic, founded about the same time with the Eleatic, or perhaps a few years sooner, by Pythagoras. The leading feature in the doctrines of this philosopher is very generally known—that of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. It is very nearly allied in many points to the Hindoo system of emanation and absorption. He was devoted to mathematical pursuits, and had some curious notions about the properties of abstract numbers, by some mystical combination of which the universe was formed. Though we presume he never pointed out very accurately the precise manner in which this singular process took place.

This meagre, and we fear not very satisfactory, sketch of the early schools of Greek philosophy, must close this part of the subject. There were, indeed, other schools of great celebrity, as the Stoic, the Academic, and the Peripatetic, but they belong to the history of a later period than the one we are treating of.

In the rapid glance we have thus cast at the rise and progress of poetic and historical literature, and of the early schools of philosophy amongst the ancient Greeks, we have endeavored to present a correct outline of each branch of the subject without attempting to observe any chronological order. We will now, however, return to the point at which we dropped the political history, and finish what remains to be said upon that part of the subject as briefly as possible.

It will be remembered that in speaking of the different situations in which the four leading tribes of the Greek nation were originally located, the Dorians were mentioned as residing in the northern part of Greece. The movement that led to their change of residence took its rise in the extreme western part of the country; from which the Thessalians, issuing in great numbers, crossed the mountains that now form the western bar-

rier of Thessaly, and overran nearly all the northern part of Greece. The Bœotians and Æolians were expelled in great numbers, and the agitation which these events produced, probably gave rise to the Dorian migration.

It was about sixty or seventy years after the Trojan war, that the Dorians moving from the North in great numbers, broke into Peloponnesus, subdued a large portion of the country and permanently established themselves in several parts. The principal State which they founded was that of Sparta, in Laconia, which continued ever after to stand at the head of the Dorian confederacy. Of the history of this important race after their establishment in Peloponnesus for a considerable period, but very little is known, nor would it, if known, be of any importance in our present design, until the rise of the Spartan power. And this was, until very lately, universally attributed to the legislation of the great lawgiver, Lycurgus.

His claims to this honor, however, have been warmly contested by some late writers, who even go so far as to question the existence of any such person. And their views, though extreme, are perhaps much nearer the truth than the common story that had been so long in vogue. There is probably not sufficient grounds for questioning the existence of such a lawgiver, but undoubtedly many of the laws and regulations that are said to have been originated by him, had existed in Sparta long before.*

The agency which he really had in moulding those peculiar institutions that distinguished Sparta from the rest of Greece and the rest of the world, for so many centuries, is very uncertain.

One point, however, seems well established—that his name marks a new era in the history of his country, from which it dates the rise of its prosperity and power. But with all their boasted excellence, we confess that we have no partiality either for the Spartan government, or the Spartan character. The one seems to have been as intermeddling and tyrannical, as the other was selfish and dishonorable.

Their form of government, as of all the Greek States at first, was a monarchy; but the powers of the monarchs were absorbed in the preponderance of the nobles, and their magistrates, the ephors. We speak of the Spartan nobles as referring to the whole body of the Spartan people proper, not including any portion of the subject Laconians and Helots. For it was in fact only a body of nobility, and that the most exclusive and oppressive the world ever saw—not excepting even the Venetian Senate. The great bulk of the people, who inhabited the country and tilled the soil, answer very nearly in their political character to the Russian serfs. And the proportion which this class bore

* Thirl., vol. i, c. viii, p. 125.

to its rulers may be inferred from the fact, that in their military enterprises, frequently as many as seven helots attended each Spartan soldier, thus constituting an army something like those of the middle ages.

There was one peculiarity in the Spartan monarchy that deserves to be noticed, at least, for its singularity. They had throughout their whole national existence two separate and distinct royal families, each furnishing a monarch—so that there were always two kings on the throne. It would be natural to expect that confusion would arise from such a system, and the result shows that they often experienced its evils and inconvenient effects.

It has been observed, that the form of government originally established in the several Greek States was, in almost every instance, a monarchy—confined to one royal line, but requiring an election from the members of the ruling class, to fill the throne when left vacant. The fate of these monarchies was also pretty generally the same, at least in a large number of the States. The foundations of the throne were gradually undermined, and its power usurped, by a small and wealthy class of land owners, who formed for a while a self-constituted ruling body. This oligarchical form usually lasted, until blinded by passion and power, its tyranny became too odious to be endured, and the commonalty rose and hurled from their seats the hated aristocracy. Then succeeded a stormy democracy, swayed and guided by a class of designing demagogues, whose interest it was always to keep the people in a tumult, that their own insidious arts might not be discerned. Such a state of affairs as this afforded a favorable opportunity for some master hand to seize the helm and guide the vessel of State—still impelled onward by the blasts of popular commotion, but controlled and directed in all its movements by one commanding genius. And when he, who thus gained the ascendancy, united to his great abilities virtue and patriotism, the condition of the commonwealth was perhaps really happier and more prosperous than at any other time. Such, in some degree, was Pisistratus, and such, above all others, was Pericles—a name inseparably connected with the brightest age of Athenian genius.

Such revolutions as these never occurred in the unchanging State of Sparta, and such names as these never brightened the dull and monotonous annals of her relentless tyranny.

It is a curious problem, and one which we do not here pretend to solve, by what means the institutions attributed to Lycurgus maintained their ascendancy so long over the minds of the people. Congenial to their feelings, they surely never were. Laws and institutions such as those that warred against every feeling of the human heart, might stifle and suppress, but could never eradicate them, might alter, but could never change the whole constitu-

tion of the human mind, and deprive it of every feeling and affection that renders our nature amiable and lovely.

The child was torn from its parents at a tender age and consigned to a stern and cruel master to be trained up for the State—his whole life was spent in the drudgery and hardship of military despotism, and all the virtue he was required or expected to possess, was the lowest form of brute courage. He displayed indeed upon the battle-field an obstinacy and a fortitude that excites our astonishment, sometimes our admiration, but when he fell covered with wounds for his country's glory, that unfeeling country suffered no tear to be shed for his fate—his mother, his wife, and his children were taught to mourn, only when he had not madly and rashly sought a bloody grave. Let such as can, admire laws and institutions that gave indeed a stability to the government, but fostered such feelings as these. We own, that to us the wildest outbreak of the stormy democracy of Athens is far less revolting than this calm of despotism—despotism not of one, but of a hundred—despotism not of an individual, but of a class.

Such was Sparta at the beginning, and such she continued throughout the long period of her political existence. We search in vain through the annals of this long period for any of those bright names that are endeared to us by all the associations of Grecian art and Grecian genius. We find indeed an occasional instance of noble and exalted heroism—and heaven forbid that we should fail to render a just tribute to the memory of Leonidas. But his glory belongs to himself and not to his country—her courage was generally as selfish as it was wonderful. She managed to be a day too late for Marathon, and fought at Salamis only by compulsion.

The rise of Athens was much later than that of Sparta. Situated in a barren and rocky country, and apparently denied almost every physical advantage, she was left to rely alone on the restless energy and indomitable spirit of her gifted sons. Her early history is comparatively devoid of interest, if any thing connected with the magic name of Athens can be.

About two hundred and fifty years after the period assigned to the legislation of Lycurgus, we find a code of laws prepared by Draco for the government of Attica. Of the substance of these laws, or the changes affected by him in the constitution, not very much is known, except that the penal part of his code was unusually severe. It was the first system of laws in Greece, that had been committed to writing, and was aptly said to have been written in blood instead of ink. This severity accorded not with the feelings of the people, and was probably one cause that led to their speedy overthrow. Soon after this, the great law-giver Solon appears on the stage. Entrusted with

full powers by his countrymen, he framed a code of laws admirably adapted to the genius of the people. He began by passing an act of relief to the persons of debtors who had been reduced into slavery by their creditors under the laws of Draco. He then divided the citizens into four classes, and apportioned the burden of supporting the State, according to the pecuniary ability of the different classes, and according to the participation which they had in the management of the government.

He established also a legislative body, styled the council of four hundred, to deliberate on all public affairs, and remodeled the judiciary body known as the Areopagus. A system of measures that, tried even by the acknowledged principles of our own free government, will be found to afford many of the surest safeguards to the liberties of the people, and compared with the other systems of that age, will command our most profound admiration.

About this time the name of Pisistratus begins to catch our attention. An individual destined to play a conspicuous part in the history of his country. Though much younger, he was the cotemporary of Solon, and connected with him also by ties of relationship.

His genius was bold and aspiring, and his abilities great. His mind was of that commanding nature so well calculated to take the lead in a popular government like that of Athens. Solon saw the danger to the free constitution from the daring ambition of his kinsman, and attempted to avert it, but failed, perhaps fortunately.

We cannot approve the means by which Pisistratus made himself master of the State, but it is highly probable that it was a fortunate event for the city. It was a struggle between several violent factions for the mastery, and he certainly made a far better use of his power than either of the others would have done. He was twice expelled and as often reinstated himself by the unconquerable energy of his character. He lent the whole force of his genius to the improvement and development of all the arts, adorned the city with many imperishable monuments, and above all, he made the collection of all the Homeric poems we now have.

We have now reached the dawn of a great era in the history of Greece, and in the history of the world—the era of the Persian invasion—the era from which Europe dates her intellectual superiority. We should like to enter upon the history of this stirring age—to watch the issue of the great contest that is about to take place between a small band of freemen and the “victim hordes” of Asia. We should like to follow the glorious and dazzling career upon which Athens is about to enter—to sketch the character of some of those master-spirits that had laid upon them the destinies of nations, and were not found wanting in the hour of trial; but the length to which these desultory remarks have already extended, warns us that it is

time to draw them to a close, though we must leave the chequered history of this wonderful people just at its most interesting point.

DEATH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“*Two months*,” the question’d healer said,
And turn’d him from the place,
While every tint of color fled
That dark Italian face,—
Heart-struck was he, whom France obey’d,
Peasant, and prince, and peer,
And with the clank of fetters made
Rich music for his ear.

Proud Ann of Austria lowest bent
With subjugated soul,
And Ludovicus Magnus scarce
Withstood his stern control,
While distant nations fear’d the man
Who rul’d in court, and bower,
Yet those slight words dissolv’d the spell
Of all his pomp and power.

Before him pass’d his portion’d line,
Mancini’s haughty race,
Jewels and coronets they wore,
With cold and thankless grace;
And for a payment poor as this,
Had he his conscience griev’d?
And marr’d with perjur’d hand the cross
His priestly vow receiv’d?

Beside him strode a spectral form,
Still whispering in his ear,
“*Make restitution!*” fearful sound,
That none beside might hear;
“*Make restitution!*” But the spoil
From earth and ocean wrung,
By countless chains and wreathed bands,
Around his spirit clung.

“*Two months! two months!*” these frightful words
Could all his peace destroy,
And poison the enamel’d cup
Where sparkled every joy,—
They met him in the courtly hall,
They silenc’d song and tale,
Like the dead fingers on the wall,
That turn’d Belshazzar pale.

Once in his velvet chair he dream’d,
But rocking to and fro,
His restless form and heaving breast
Betray’d a rankling woe.

“Two months! two months!” he murmur’d deep,
Those fatal words were there,
To grave upon his broken sleep
The image of despair.

Uncounted wealth his coffers told,
From rifled king and clime,
His flashing gems might empires buy,
But not an hour of time,
No! not a moment. Inch by inch
Where’er he bent his way,
The grim pursuer stedfast gain’d
Upon the shrinking prey.

That pulseless hand a casket clutch’d,
Tho’ Death was near his side,
And ’neath the pillow lurk’d a scroll
He might no longer hide ;
While buried heaps of hoarded gain
In rust and darkness laid,
Bore witness to the Omniscient Eye
Like an accusing shade.

But on, the King of Terrors came
With strong, relentless hold,
And shook the shuddering Miser loose
From all his idol gold,
And poorer than the peasant hind
That humbly ploughs the sod,
Went forth that disembodied mind
To stand before its God.

SPELLING.

Under this head several essays have appeared in the “School Friend,”* vindicating some recent changes in the mode of spelling many English words : changes which mainly consist in simplifying orthography, by striking out letters hitherto deemed essential. Doctor Johnson’s retention of *k* in *public*, &c., to which many have adhered even within the last twenty years, is now almost universally exploded. It is not to be denied, that many high authorities have also revolted from another usage, held orthodox by him and by his successors till very recently—the employment of *u* in colour,

* The *School Friend* is an excellent monthly paper of 16 pages octavo, published and circulated gratuitously by Messrs. W. B. Smith & Co., Cincinnati. It is among the wonders of the day. About 3 of the pages are filled with advertisements of works published : the rest is reading matter, almost all valuable, relative to schools, education, &c. It is sent, without price, to all teachers, school-commissioners, and others, who will write to the publishers (post-paid) and request it. We hope and believe they find their account in this liberality : and if they do, it is a striking example of the way in which enlightened self-interest works for the public good.

honour, favour, &c. But the other changes advocated by the “School Friend” are much newer ; and are, as yet, it seems to us, far from being entitled to claim the sanction of that despot,

Usus, quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

However—the essayist in the Cincinnati paper deserves to be heard with respect : and we give his second number without further preface.

(From the *School Friend*.)

SPELLING.

In a late article on the subject of SPELLING, it was shown, as we think, conclusively, that the law of progress, and the practical character of the present age, require, that all changes should be in favor of *simplicity*. It is a matter of fact, that numerous and great changes have been made in our language, all tending to simplify its construction. Let us take, as an illustration, a few common words, and trace the changes through which they have passed, within the last two or three hundred years. The left hand column below gives the spelling which was common in the 16th century ; the next, that of a subsequent period ; and the right hand, the present method of spelling the same words :

1600	1700	1800
Morthre	Murther	Murder
Mordre		
Thynge	Thinge	Thing
Wiche	Whiche	Which
Yef	Yf	If
Sonne	Sone	Son
Roule	Rolle	Roll
Slouthe	Slouth	Sloth
Slough	Slowe	Slow
Musicke	Musick	Music, &c., &c.

The above examples are selected at random, the first that happen to meet the eye, and form a fair specimen of the nature of the changes which have been made, and are still in progress in our language, when in the hands of men of good sense and intelligence.

Let us now examine some of the more modern changes, and those which we, as individuals, may bear a part in advancing or retarding. In the left hand line we will show old spelling, and in the right hand, the modern improvement. We will classify the different sets of words, and quote from Cobb’s Spelling Book for the old method.

1st.	Old method.	Modern method.
	Cubick	Cubic
	Stoick	Stoic
	Tunick	Tunic
	Antick	Antic
	Classick	Classic
	Epick	Epic
	Musick	Music
	Publick	Public, &c. &c.

2d.	Favour	Favor
	Labour	Labor
	Odour	Odor
	Vapour	Vapor
	Arbour	Arbor
	Ardour	Ardor
	Harbour	Harbor
	Parlour	Parlor
	Candour	Candor
	Clamour	Clamor, &c.

In these two classes of words, Mr. Cobb, in his *New Spelling Books*, has omitted the *k* and the *u*, though, as he states, “Not in consequence of a conviction that analogy or sound philological reasons require it; but from a conviction that the practice and habit of omitting them, particularly the letter *k*, has become too firmly rooted to be overcome.” We expect, if we should live much longer, to see the same acknowledgment and retraction with regard to the following classes of words with which we continue our list. In these, the old method is still followed in Cobb’s *New Spelling Book*, and other works. We refer to Mr. Cobb thus especially, because he presents it as a point particularly recommencing his works, that they adhere *closely* to the *old method* of spelling, which is so rapidly becoming obsolete. We believe, that *very soon* even *he* will say of these, also, “that the practice and habit has become too firmly rooted to be overcome!!”

3rd.	<i>Old method.</i>	<i>Modern method.</i>
	Traveller	Traveler
	Travelling	Traveling
	Travelled	Traveled
	Duellist	Duelist
	Duelling	Dueling
	Biassing	Biasing
	Cancelling	Canceling
	Quarrelling	Quarreling, &c.

In the preceding three classess and their derivations, there are not less than one thousand words, in each of which we save a letter, and thus throw out of our language at least one thousand letters, which are entirely useless. But this is by no means the greatest advantage of the plan. We avoid exceptions to rules, and thus generalize principles. The fewer the exceptions to any rule, the easier it is to apply the rule and to learn the exceptions. If *all* words of a certain class end in *or*, it is much easier to remember the method of spelling them, than if *some* of them end in *or*, and others in *our*. If, also, we know that in adding a syllable, as in *travel-er*, *duel-ist*, *harras-ing*, the final letter is *never* doubled when not under the accent, as in *remil'-ting*, &c., we have a rule without exceptions. But by the old method we have *smat-ter-ing* and *travel-ling*, *blossom-ing* and *harras-*

sing, and never know when to double the final letter except by an arbitrary act of the memory. This generalization of principles, this enlarging of analogies, is a very important advance towards simplification. Of this character, also, is the change which is in progress in the following class of words:

4th,	<i>Old method.</i>	<i>Modern method.</i>
	Centre	Center
	Metre	Meter
	Nitre	Niter
	Theatre	Theater, &c.

Of this class of words, which are transferred from the French, a portion have received an English dress, as, *chamber*, *disaster*, *diameter*, *disorder*, *charter*, *monster*, *tender*, *tiger*, *enter*, *fever*, &c., from the French words, *chambre*, *disastre*, *diametre*, *disordre*, *chartre*, *monstre*, *tendre*, *tigre*, *entre*, *fevre*, &c. A proper generalization of the principle requires that they should all be treated alike, and this adds another feature of simplicity. Another class is as follows:

5th.	<i>Old method.</i>	<i>Modern method.</i>
	Defence, defensive	Defense, defensive
	Expence, expensive	Expense, expensive
	Offence, offensive	Offense, offensive
	Pretence, pretension,	Pretense, pretension, &c.

In these words, by the old method, we have the primitive spelled in one way, and the derivative in another, as, *defence*, *defensive*, &c., while in the modern method the spelling is uniform. Besides, these words are derived from Latin words, which contain an *s*, as *defensio*, *offensio*, &c. Of a similar character are the following spellings:

6th.	<i>Old method.</i>	<i>Modern method.</i>
	Connect, connexion	Connect, connection
	Reflect, reflexion	Reflect, reflection
	Inflect, inflexion	Inflect, inflection
	Deflect, deflexion, &c.	Deflect, deflection, &c.

We will close this article by the addition of a few words miscellaneously arranged, and leave it to the candid reader, in view of the principles and illustrations presented, to determine which system is best adapted to the practical uses for which language was intended, and for which it must, sooner or later, be thoroughly fitted.

7th.	<i>Old method.</i>	<i>Modern method.</i>
	Gaol	Jail
	Plough	Plow
	Mosque	Mosk
	Scythe	Sythe
	Cloak	Cloke
	Diarrhoea	Diarrhea
	Subpoena	Subpena, &c.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

HER BIOGRAPHY, TRANSLATED FROM THE HISTOIRE
DES GIRONDINS PAR A. DE LAMARTINE,

BY WM. BOULWARE, LATE CHARGE D'AFFAIRES OF THE U. S.
TO THE TWO SICILIES.

No writer in the range of modern French Literature is better known than Alphonse de Lamartine and no character that appeared upon the bloody and crowded stage of the French Revolution is invested with so sad an interest as the beautiful, the accomplished, the devoted Charlotte Corday. We commend the following article, therefore, for the graces of the composition and the interest of the subject. The History of the Girondists is, undoubtedly, the greatest production of Lamartine and the elegance and fidelity of the translation we here present will be admitted by all who have read the original. It is rendered the more acceptable from the fact that the passage from the History, embodying the Life of Charlotte Corday, has never yet been laid before the public in an English version. Two volumes have been issued from the press of Harper & Brothers, reprinted from Bohn's Library edition, translated by H. T. Ryde, but they bring down the History no farther than the imprisonment of the Duc d'Orleans.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

I.

But while Paris, France, the leaders and the armies of the factions prepared thus to tear in pieces the republic, the shade of a great thought passed over the spirit of a young girl and prepared to frustrate events and men, in casting the arm and the life of a woman across the destiny of the Revolution. One might have said that Providence wished to sport with the grandeur of the work, in the feebleness of the hand, and delighted in contrasting the two fanaticisms in the struggle hand to hand: the one under the hideous features of the vengeance of the people in Marat; the other under the celestial beauty of love of country in a Jeanne d'Arc of liberty; the one and the other yet meeting at the end in their wandering, at the same act, murder, and resembling unfortunately before posterity, not in the object, but in the means—not in the physiognomy, but in the hand; not in the spirit, but in the blood!

II.

In a large and populous street, which crosses the town of Caen, the capital of Normandy, and at that time, centre of the Girondin insurrection, was seen at the bottom of a court, an ancient house with gray walls, discolored by the rains and reft by time. This house was called the Grand-Manoir. A fountain with a margin of stone, grown green with moss, occupies an angle of the court. A door, narrow

and low, of which the fluted jambs were united at the summit by an arch, permitted the view of the worn steps of a spiral staircase which mounted to the upper story. Two windows with cross-bars, of which the octagonal glass was enchased in frames of lead, gave a feeble light to the staircase and the vast and naked apartments. The pale light imprinted, through this antiquity and this obscurity, on the dwelling, an appearance of dilapidation, of mystery and of melancholy, which the imagination of man loves to see extended as a winding-sheet over the cradles of great thoughts and over the abodes of great natures. It is there, that lived at the commencement of 1793, a grand-daughter of the great French tragedian, Pierre Corneille. Poets and heroes are of the same race. There is no other difference between them than that between thought and action. The one does what the other conceives. But it is the same thought. Women are naturally courageous as the one and enthusiastic as the other. Poetry, heroism and love are of the same blood.

III.

This house belonged to a poor widow without children, aged and infirm, named Madame de Bretteville. With her, there lived for some years a young relation, whom she had received and brought up to sustain her old age and afford her company in her isolation. That young girl was then twenty-four years of age. Her beauty, grave, serene, and collected, although brilliant, seemed to have contracted the impression of this austere abode, and of this retired life, even to the bottom of her heart. There was in her something of an apparition. The inhabitants of the quarter, who saw her come forth on Sunday, with her old aunt, to accompany her to church, or who had a glimpse of her through the door, reading for long hours in the court, seated upon the steps of the fountain in the sun, recount that their admiration of her was mingled with prestige and respect. It may be, that it was the radiation of a strong thought, which intimidates the eye of the vulgar; it may be, the atmosphere of the soul diffused over the features; it may be, the presentiment of a tragic destiny which breaks out in advance upon the countenance.

This young girl was of an elevated stature, yet without surpassing the ordinary height of the large and slender women of Normandy. Natural grace and dignity marked as an interior rhythm her step and her movement. The ardor of the South was mingled in her tint with the coloring of the women of the North. Her hair seemed black, when it was attached in mass around her head, or when it opened in two waves upon her forehead. It appeared glittering with gold at the extremity of the tresses, as the head of wheat is more deeply col-

ored and more glittering than the stem in the sun. Her eyes large and long even to the temples, were of a color changeable as the water of the sea, which borrows its tints from the shade or from the light; blue when she reflected; almost black when she was animated. Her eyebrows very long and blacker than her hair, gave something of distance to her expression. Her nose, which was united to her forehead by an imperceptible curve, was slightly raised towards the middle. Her lips were clearly delineated on her Greek mouth. The expression, which could not be caught, floated between tenderness and severity, equally appropriate for breathing love or patriotism. The chin raised and separated into two, by a strongly marked furrow, gave to the lower part of her visage an accent of masculine resolution, which contrasted with the exclusive feminine grace of the "contours." Her cheeks had the freshness of youth and the firm oval form of health. She easily blushed and with equal ease became pale. Her skin was of a healthful whiteness and marbled with life. Her chest large and a little lean, presented a bust for a sculptor, scarcely undulated by the rising developments of her sex. Her arms were muscular, her hands long, her fingers tapering. Her costume, conformable to her moderate fortune and the retirement in which she lived, was of a sober simplicity. She trusted to nature and disdained every artifice or caprice of fashion in her costume. Those who have seen her in her youth paint her always clothed in a dark robe cut "en Amazone," and her head dressed with a "chapeau" of gray felt raised from the sides and surrounded with black ribbons, as the ladies of her rank wore them at that time. The sound of her voice, that living echo which collects a whole soul in a vibration of air, left a profound and tender impression in the ear of those to whom she addressed her speech. Persons spoke still of that sound of her voice ten years after having heard it, as of a music strange and ineffaceable, which was graven on their memory. She had in that key of the soul some notes so sonorous and so grave, that to hear her, that was, they say, more than to see her, and that in her, the sound made part of the beauty.

That young girl was Charlotte Corday d'Armont. Although noble in blood, she was born in a cottage called le Ronceray, in the village of Signeries, not far from Argentan. Misfortune received her in life, whence she was to depart by the scaffold.

IV.

Her father, Francois de Corday d'Armont, was one of those provincial gentlemen whom poverty confounded almost with the peasant. That nobility preserved of its ancient elevation only a certain respect for the name of family and a vague hope

of the return of fortune, which prevented it at the same time from lowering itself in manners and raising itself by labor. The land, which that rural nobility cultivated in small, inalienable domains, alone sustained it, without humiliating it by its indigence. The nobles and the land seemed to have been espoused in France, as the aristocracy and the sea were espoused at Venice.

M. de Corday united with this rural occupation, a political inquietude and literary tastes, then very much diffused in this learned class of the noble population. He breathed from his soul a speedy revolution. He was tormented in his inaction and in his misery. He had written some works, called forth by circumstances, against despotism and the right of primogeniture. These writings were full of intellect, to be developed. He had in him a horror of superstition, the ardor of a rising philosophy, the presentiment of a necessary revolution. Whether it was the insufficiency of genius, whether inquietude of character, whether obstinacy of fortune which overwhelmed the beautiful talents, he was not able to make his way through events.

He languished in his little fief of Signeries in the bosom of a family, which increased every year. Five children,—two sons and three daughters,—of whom Charlotte was the second, caused him to feel more, from day to day, the sadness of want. His wife, Jacqueline-Charlotte Marie de Gonthier des-Autiers, died of these distresses, leaving a father to her daughters in early age; but leaving in reality their minds orphans of that domestic tradition and of that daily inspiration which death takes with the mother from her children.

Charlotte and her sisters still lived some years at Signeries almost abandoned to nature, clothed in coarse cloth as the daughters of Normandy, and like these, weeding the garden, making hay in the meadow, collecting the sheaves and gathering the apples from the narrow domains of their father. Finally, necessity forced M. de Corday to separate from his daughters. They entered under the auspices of their nobility and of their indigence into a monastery of Caen, of which Madame de Belzunce was Abbess. That monastery was called *L'abbaye aux Dames*. That abbey, of which the vast cloisters and the chapel of Roman architecture had been constructed in 1066 by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, after having been deserted, degraded and forgotten in ruins up to 1830, has been magnificently restored since, and forms at this day one of the most beautiful hospitals of the Kingdom, and one of the most splendid public monuments of the town of Caen.

V.

Charlotte was then thirteen years old. Those convents were at that time true Christian Gynecæa,

where the women lived apart from the world, but at the same time hearing all its rumors, and participating in all its movements. The monastic life, full of gentle practices, of intimate friendships, seduced for some time the young girl. Her ardent spirit and impassioned imagination cast her into that dreamy contemplation in the depth of which it is believed that God is seen; a state of mind which the affectionate importunity of a superior and the power of imitation change so easily, in childhood, into faith and exercises of devotion. The iron character of Madame Roland herself was kindled and softened at that fire of Heaven. Charlotte, more tender, yielded to it still more easily. She was for some years a model of piety. She dreamed of closing her life, scarcely opened, at this first page, and of burying herself in this sepulchre, where, in the place of death, she found repose, friendship and happiness.

But the stronger her mind became, the more quickly she examined to the bottom her own thoughts. She had a glimpse beyond her domestic dogmas, of other new dogmas, luminous and sublime. She did not abandon God nor virtue, those two first passions of her soul; but she gave to them other names and other forms. The philosophy which then inundated France with its glimmering lights, passed over, with the books in fashion, the grates of the monasteries. There, the philosophy more profoundly meditated in the reflection of the cloister and in opposition to the monastic littleness, formed its most ardent adepts. There, young men and women, saw above all, in the triumph of the general reason, their own chains broken and adored their reconquered liberty.

Charlotte strengthened at the convent the tender predilections of childhood, like to relationships of the heart. Her friends were two young daughters of noble houses and humble fortune as herself—*Mademoiselles de Fandoas and de Forbin*. The Abbess and her assistant, *Madame Doulcet de Pontecoulant*, had distinguished Charlotte. They admitted her into society a little mundane, which usage permitted the Abbesses to entertain with their connections from without, in the enclosure even of their convents. Charlotte had thus known two young men, nephews of these ladies—*M. de Belzunce*, Colonel of a regiment of cavalry in garrison at Caen and *M. Doulcet de Pontecoulant*, officer of the “*Gardes du Corps*” of the King. One was soon to be massacred in an insurrection of the populace of Caen; the other was to adopt, with a moderate firmness, the revolution, enter the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, and undergo exile and persecution for the cause of the Girondins. It has been pretended since, that the too tender souvenir of the young Belzunce, sacrificed at Caen by the people, had caused Charlotte, widow of her first love, to swear a vengeance which had awaited and struck Marat. Nothing confirms

this supposition and every thing refutes it. If the revolution had only cast into the heart of Charlotte horror and resentment for the murder of a lover, she would have confounded in the same hatred all the parties of the republic; she would not have embraced as far as to fanaticism and death, a cause which had mingled blood with her souvenirs and covered her future life with mourning.

—
VI.

At the moment of the suppression of the monasteries, Charlotte was nineteen years of age. The distress of the paternal house had increased with years. Her two brothers, engaged in the service of the King, had emigrated. One of her sisters was dead. The other governed at Argentan the poor household of their father. The old aunt, *Madame de Bretteville*, received Charlotte into her house at Caen. That aunt was without fortune, as all her family. She lived in such obscurity and silence as scarcely permitted the nearest neighbors to know of the name and existence of a poor widow. Her age and infirmities deepened still more the shade which her condition cast over her existence. One lone woman performed the service of her household. Charlotte assisted this woman in her domestic cares. She received with grace the old friends of the family. In the evenings, she accompanied her aunt into the noble society of the town, which the fury of the people had not yet altogether dispersed, and where it was permitted still to some old relics of the ancient regime to draw near together to lament and console one another. Charlotte, respectful towards these regrets and these superstitions of the past, never opposed them by words. But she smiled within herself and nourished within her heart very different opinions. Those opinions became, from day to day, in her, more ardent. But the tenderness of her spirit, the grace of her features, the child-like character of her manners, left no suspicion of a secret thought concealed under her good humor. Her gentle gaiety radiated over the old mansion of her aunt, as the rays of the morning of a day of tempest, so much the more brilliant as the evening shall be wrapped in denser darkness.

The domestic cares fulfilled, her aunt accompanied to the church and brought back to the house, Charlotte was free in all her thoughts and in all her hours. She passed her days in playing in the court and in the garden, in dreaming and reading. They did not restrain her, nor direct her in any thing, in her liberty, her opinion, or her reading. The religious and political opinions of *Madame de Bretteville* were habits rather than convictions, she preserved them as the costume of her age and time; but she did not impose them. Besides, philosophy had sapped, at that period, the basis of belief in the minds even of the noblesse. The revo-

lution put all in doubt. Men held no more to ideas which they saw wavering and crumbling from day to day. And then, the republican opinions of the father of Charlotte were infiltrated more or less into his connections. The family of Corday inclined towards the new ideas. Madame de Bretteville herself concealed under the decency of her regrets for the old regime, a secret favor for the revolution. She permitted her niece to nourish her mind with the works, the opinions and the journals of her choice. The age of Charlotte inclined her to the reading of romances, which furnish dreams ready made to the imagination of leisure spirits. Her intellect led her to the reading of works of philosophy, which transforms the vague instincts of humanity into sublime theories of government, and books of history, which change the theories into actions and the ideas into men. She found this double want of her mind and of her heart satisfied in Jean-Jacques Rousseau, that philosopher of love and that poet of politics; in Raynal, that fanatic of humanity; in Plutarch, finally, that personifier of history, who paints more than he recounts and who vivifies the events and the characters of his heroes. These three books succeeded one another without ceasing in her hands. The impassioned, or light works of the epoch, such as the *l'Héloïse* or *Faublas*, were also looked over by her. But although her imagination illumined these her dreams, her mind never lost its modesty, nor her youth its chastity. Devoured with the necessity of loving, inspiring and sometimes feeling the first symptoms of love, her reserve, her dependence and her misery restrained her always from the last avowals of her sentiments. She rent her heart, to carry away by violence the first tie which attached itself there. Her love, thus stemmed as the tide, by the powers of the will and by fate, changed not in nature, but in ideal. It was transformed into a vague and sublime devotion to a dream of the public good. That heart was too large to contain only its own happiness. She wished to contain there the happiness of a whole people. That fire, with which she might have been inflamed for one man, she was consumed with for her country. She concentrated herself more and more in these ideas, seeking, without ceasing within herself, what service she could render to humanity. The thirst of self-sacrifice had become her madness, her love or her virtue. Should it be necessary to make that sacrifice one of blood, she was resolved to accomplish it. She had arrived at that desperate state of the mind, which is the suicide of happiness, not to the profit of glory or of ambition, as Madame Roland, but to the profit of liberty and humanity, as Judith or Epicharis. There was only wanting an occasion; she watched for it; she believed she seized it.

VII.

It was a time in which the Girondins struggled with a resounding courage and prodigious eloquence against their enemies in the Convention. The Jacobins only wished, it was believed, to tear the republic from the Gironde, to precipitate France into a bloody anarchy. The great danger for liberty, the odious tyranny of the populace of Paris, substituted for the legal sovereignty of the nation represented by the deputies, the arbitrary imprisonments, the assassinations of September, the conspiracy of the 10th of March, the insurrection of the 30th and 31st of May, the expulsion and proscription of the purest part of the Assembly, their ascent of the scaffold in the prospect, where liberty would mount with them; the virtue of Roland, the youth of Foupède and of Barbaroux, the cry of despair of Isnard, the constancy of Buzot, the integrity of Pethion, become a victim from an idol, the tribune martyrdom of Sanguinai, to which there was only wanting to equal the fate of Cicero, that the tongue of the orator would be nailed to the rostra; finally, the eloquence of Vergniaud, that hope of good citizens, that remorse of the bad, become suddenly mute, abandoning honest men to discouragement, the bad to their wickedness; in the place of these men, all interesting or sublime, who appeared to defend upon the breach the last ramparts of society and the sacred firesides of every citizen, a Marat, the leas and leprosy of the people, triumphing over the laws by sedition, crowned with impunity, carried back in the arms of the "faubourgs" upon the tribune, taking the dictatorship of anarchy, of spoliation, of assassination, and menacing all independence, all property, all liberty, all life in the departments. All these convulsions, all these excesses, all these terrors, had thrown into powerful commotion the districts of Normandy.

VIII.

The presence in the Calvados of the proscribed and fugitive deputies, coming to make an appeal to liberty against oppression and to kindle flames in the departments, to raise up avengers for the country, had carried the attachment of the town of Caen to the Girondists even to adoration, and the execration against Marat as far as to fanaticism. That name of Marat had become one of the names of crime. The opinions of the Gironde, more English than Roman, their Attic and moderate republicanism contrasted with the cynicism of the Maratists. They had less desired in Normandy, before the 10th of August, the overthrow of the throne, than an equal constitution of the monarchy. The town of Rouen, capital of that province, was attached to the person of Louis XVI. and had offered him an asylum before his fall. The execution of that

Prince had afflicted and humiliated the good citizens. The other towns of that part of France were rich, agricultural, and industrious. Peace and commerce were necessary to their prosperity. The love of the King for Agriculture, his enlightened predilection for navigation, the Naval power of France, which he endeavored to reconstruct, the building of vessels, which he ordered in the roadstead of Brent, the marvellous works of the port of Cherbourg, the voyage which he made in the interior and upon the shore of our coasts, to visit and infuse life into all our roadsteads upon the ocean, his studies with Turgot to favor industry and free commerce, had left in the heart of the Normans esteem for his name, pity for his misfortunes, horror against his murderers, and a secret disposition for the reestablishment of a government which should unite the guarantees of monarchy with the liberties of the republic. Hence there was enthusiasm for the Girondins, men of the Constitution of 1791; hence, also, the hope which was attached to their vengeance. All patriotism felt itself struck, all virtue felt itself withered; all liberty felt itself expire in them.

The heart of Charlotte Corday, already wounded, felt all the blows given to the country, to be collected in the griefs, in the despair and in the courage in one heart. She saw the ruin of France, she saw the victims, she believed she saw the tyrant. She swore to herself to avenge the one—to take punishment for the other, to save all. She brooded for some days her vague resolution in her mind, without knowing what act the country demanded of her, and what knot of crime the most urgently required cutting. She studied affairs, men, circumstances, that her courage might not be deceived, and that her blood might not be in vain.

IX.

The Girondins Buzot, Lalles, Pethion, Valady, Gorras, Kervelegan, Mollevault, Barbaroux, Louvet, Giroux, Bussy, Bergoing, Lesage (d'Eure and Loire) Meilhan, Henri Lariviere, Duchatel had been, as has been already seen, assembled for some weeks at Caen. They had been occupied with fomenting the general insurrection of the departments of the North to combine it with the republican insurrection of Bretagne, to recruit some battalions of volunteers, to direct them upon the armies of Puisage and of Wimpfen, which were to march on Paris, and to keep up in the local administrations the fire of the indignation of the departments, which was to consume their enemies. These deputies, so often insulted by Marat, naturally placed the mountain and the commune under the horror of the name of their enemy. That odious name roused up avengers for them, and was worth

to them an army. In rising against the omnipotence of Paris and against the dictatorship of the Convention, the youth of the department believed that they rose against Marat alone. Danton and Robespierre, less signalized in the last movements of the people against the Gironde, had not, in the eyes of the insurgents, either the authority over the people or the sanguinary delirium of Marat. They left the names of those two great "Montaguards" in the shade, in order not to ruffle the esteem which these two more serious popularities preserved among the Jacobins of the Departments. The mass was deceived here and did not see tyranny and freedom but in one man. Charlotte was deceived here like the public opinion. The shade of Marat darkened the whole republic for her.

X.

The Girondins, whom the town of Caen had taken under its protection, were lodged together by the town in the palace of the ancient administration. The seat of the government of the Federalists was transported there with the commission of insurrection; assemblies of the people were held there, and the citizens and the women even pressed eagerly to meet, to contemplate and to hear these first victims of anarchy, these last avengers of liberty. The names, dominant for so long a time, of Pethion, of Buzot, of Louvet, of Barbaroux, spoke louder than their discourses to the imagination of the Calvados. The vicissitudes of revolutions which showed as exiles and suppliants at a remote town of the republic, those orators who had overthrown the monarchy, raised the people of Paris, and filled the tribune and the nation with their voice, softened the spectators and rendered them proud to avenge soon such illustrious posts. They became intoxicated by the accents of these men; they named them to one another, pointed out to one another Pethion, the King of Paris, and Barbaroux, the hero of Marseilles, of whom the youth and the beauty heightened the eloquence, the courage, and the misfortunes. They came out crying to arms and calling on their sons, their husbands, their brothers, to enrol themselves in the battalions. Charlotte Corday, surmounting the prejudices of her rank and the timidity of her sex and of her age, ventured several times to attend with some friends at these meetings. She made herself remarkable by a silent enthusiasm, which heightened her feminine beauty and which was only betrayed by tears. She wished to have seen those whom she desired to save. The situation, the words, the countenances of these first apostles of liberty, almost all young, were engraven in her soul and gave something more personal and more impassioned to her devotion to their cause.

XI.

General Wimpfen, summoned by the convention to fall back on Paris, had responded that he would not march there but at the head of sixty thousand men, not to obey an usurping power, but to reëstablish the integrity of the national representation and to avenge the departments. Louvet addressed some burning proclamations to the towns and villages of Morbipan on the coasts of the north of Mayenne, of Ille-et Vilaine, of the Loire Inferieur, of Finistere, of l'Eure, of l'Orne and of the Calvados. "The force of the departments which makes its way towards Paris," he said, "is not going to seek for enemies to combat, it is going to fraternize with the Parisian and to reëstablish the wavering statue of liberty! Citizens! whoever shall see their friendly phalanxes pass along your roads, through your towns, by your hamlets, fraternize with them. Do not suffer that monsters, thirsting for blood, should establish themselves among you to arrest them in their march." Those words brought forth thousands of volunteers. More than six thousand had already assembled in the town of Caen.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, they were passed in review by the Girondin deputies and by the authorities of the Calvados, with all the preparations suitable to electrify their courage. These spontaneous collections levying themselves, with arms in their hands, to go to die and avenge liberty of the insults of anarchy, recalled the patriotic insurrection of 1792, carrying to the frontiers all who wished no longer to live, if they no longer had a country.

Charlotte Corday saw from a balcony the enrolling and the departure. The enthusiasm of these young citizens abandoning their fire-sides to protect the violated fire-side of the national representation, and to brave the balls or the guillotine, responded to her own. She found it even too cold. She was indignant at the small number enrolled, which this review added to the battalions of Wimpfen. There were not, in effect, but twenty on that day.

That enthusiasm was, it is said, softened in her by the mysterious but pure sentiment, which was cherished for her by one of these young volunteers who tore themselves thus from their families, their loves, perhaps from their lives. Charlotte Corday had not been able to remain insensible to that concealed adoration, but she sacrificed that attachment of pure gratitude to an attachment more sublime.

That young man was called Franquelin. He adored in silence the beautiful republican. He maintained with her a correspondence full of reserve and respect. She responded to him with the sadness and tender reserve of a young girl, who has only misfortune to bring for her dowry. She had given her portrait to the young volunteer and permitted him to love her at least in her image. M.

de Franquelin, carried away by the general rapture, and sure of obtaining from her a look of approbation in arming himself for liberty, had enlisted in the battalion of Caen. Charlotte could not prevent a manifestation of weakness, and grew pale in seeing this battalion defile to depart. Tears rolled from her eyes. Pethion, who passed under the balcony and who knew Charlotte, was astonished at this weakness and addressed the remark to her: "Would you be pleased if they would not depart?" The young girl blushed, retained her answer in her own heart and withdrew. Pethion did not comprehend that suffering. The future revealed it. The young Franquelin, after the act and the punishment of Charlotte Corday, retired, himself struck with death by the rebound of the axe which had severed the head of her whom he adored, in a village of Normandy. There alone with his mother, he languished some months and died, requesting that the portrait and the letters of Charlotte might be buried with him. That image and that secret repose in his coffin.

XII.

From the departure of the volunteers, Charlotte had only one thought, to anticipate their arrival at Paris, to spare their generous lives and render their patriotism useless, in delivering France from the tyranny before them. That attachment, suffered rather than experienced, was one of the sad circumstances of her devoting herself, but was not the cause.

The true cause was her patriotism. A presentiment of terror ran over France at this moment. The scaffold was reared at Paris. They talked of carrying it in a short time throughout the republic. The power of Marat and the Mountain, if it triumphed, was only to be defended by the hand of the executioner. The monster, it was said, had already written off the lists of proscription and counted the number of heads which were necessary to his suspicions or to his vengeance. Two thousand five hundred heads were designated at Lyons, three thousand at Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand at Paris, three hundred thousand in Bretagne and in the Calvados. The name of Marat gave a chill as the name of death. Against so much blood, Charlotte wished to give her own. The more ties she broke on earth, the more agreeable would be the voluntary victim to Liberty, whom she wished to appease.

Such was the secret disposition of her mind, but Charlotte wished to see well before striking. She could not enlighten herself better upon the state of Paris, upon things and men than among the Girondins, who were most interested in that cause. She wished to sound them without discovering herself to them. She respected them too much to

reveal to them a project which they might take for a crime, or prevent as a generous temerity. She had the constancy to conceal from her friends the thought which was to destroy her to save them. She presented herself under some specious pretexts at the hotel of the administration, where the citizens, who had business with the deputies, were able to see them. She saw Buzot, Pethion, Louvet. She conversed twice with Barbaroux. The interview of a young, beautiful and enthusiastic girl, with the youngest and most beautiful of the Girondins, under color of politics, might give rise to calumny, or at least excite the smile of incredulity on some lips. It was so at the first moment. Louvet, who has since written a hymn to the purity and the glory of the young heroine, believed, in the beginning, in one of those vulgar reductions of the senses, of which he had accumulated the "tableaux" in his romance of Faublas. Buzot, altogether occupied with another image, scarcely cast a glance of the eye on Charlotte. Pethion, in traversing the common hall of the administration, where Charlotte awaited Barbaroux, rallied her gracefully upon her assiduity, calling up the contrast of her proceeding with her birth. "Behold," said he smiling, "the beautiful aristocrat who comes to see the republican." The young girl comprehended the smile and the insinuation as wounding to her purity. She blushed, then became indignant at herself for blushing, and with a tone of serious and tender reproach: "Citizen Pethion," she responded, "you judge me this day without knowing me; one day you will know who I am."

—
XIII.

In those audiences, which she obtained from Barbaroux, and which she prolonged designedly to nourish herself in his discourses with republicanism, with enthusiasm, and with the projects of the Gironde, she took the humble rôle of petitioner; she asked of him a letter of introduction to one of his colleagues in the convention, who might present her to the minister of the Interior. She had, she said, some claims to present to the government in favor of Mademoiselle Forbin, the friend of her childhood. Mademoiselle Forbin had been drawn into emigration by her relations, and suffered from indigence in Switzerland. Barbaroux gave a letter to Duperret, one of the seventy-three deputies of the party of the Gironde, who was forgotten in the first proscription.

That letter of Barbaroux, which was afterwards a note to the scaffold, did not contain one word which might be imputed as a crime to the deputy who received it. Barbaroux limited himself to recommend a young citizen of Caen to the consideration and protection of Duperret. He announced to him a production of their common friend

Lalles upon the constitution. Fortified with that letter and a passport which she had taken, some days before, for Argentan, she presented her thanks to Barbaroux and made her adieus. The sound of her voice struck Barbaroux with a presentiment which he could not comprehend. "If we had known her design," said he afterwards, "and if we had been capable of a crime by such a hand, it is not Marat whom we would have designated to her vengeance." The gaiety which Charlotte had constantly mingled with the serious in her patriotic conversations, vanished from her countenance in quitting forever the dwelling of the Girondins. The last conflict was abandoned in her between the thought and the execution. She covered that internal conflict with a foreseeing and minute dissimulation. The gravity alone of her visage and some tears, badly concealed from the eyes of those near to her, revealed the voluntary agony of her suicide. Interrogated by her aunt, she replied, "I weep over the miseries of my country, over those of my relations and over yours; so long as Marat shall live, no person will be sure of life one day."

Madame de Bretteville remembered afterwards, that in entering the chamber of Charlotte to awake her, she had found upon her bed an old Bible opened at the book of Judith, and that she had read this verse underlined in pencil, "Judith went out from the city decked with a marvellous beauty with which the Lord had endowed her to deliver Israel."

The same day, Charlotte having gone out to make her preparations for departure, she encountered on the street some citizens of Caen, who played at cards before their door. "You play," she said to them with an accent of bitter irony, "and the country dies."

Her step and her words showed the impatience and precipitation of a departure. She departed, in effect, the 7th of July for Argentan. There she made her last adieus to her father and sister. She said to them that she was going to seek a refuge from the revolution and from misery, and a subsistence in England, and that she wished to receive the paternal benediction before this long separation.

Her father approved of her removal.

—
XIV.

The sadness and nudity of the paternal mansion, the premature tomb of her mother, the exile of her brothers, the discouragement of all hope, the rupture of all the ties of childhood, confirmed the resolution of the young girl, instead of weakening it. She did not leave behind her any happiness to regret, or any life to be compromised. In embracing her father and her sister, she wept more over the past than the future. She returned the same day to Caen. She there deceived the tenderness of her aunt by the same stratagem

which had deceived her father. She said to her that she would soon depart for England, where some emigrant friends had prepared an asylum for her and a fortune which she could not expect in her own country. That pretext veiled the tenderness of her adieus and the interior preparations for her departure. She had determined on it, in secret, for the next day, the 9th of July, by the Paris "Diligence." Charlotte filled those last hours with manifestations of gratitude, of foresight and tenderness for that aunt to whom she had been indebted for so long and kind a hospitality; she provided, by a friend, for the fate of an old servant who had had the care of her youth; she commanded and payed for, in advance, to some of the operatives of Caen, little presents of robes and embroidery, destined to be carried after her departure as souvenirs to some of the young companions of her childhood; she distributed her favorite books among the persons of her intimacy; she did not reserve to carry with her but one volume of Plutarch, as if she had wished not to be separated in the crisis of her life from the society of those great men with whom she had lived and wished to die.

Finally, the 9th of July, very early in the morning, she took under her arm a little package of garments the most indispensable; she embraced her aunt and said to her that she was going to sketch the hay-makers in the neighboring meadows. Some sketching paper in hand, she went out, never more to reënter there.

At the foot of the staircase, she encountered the child of a poor workman named Robert, who lodged in the house upon the street; the child played habitually in the court; she had sometimes given him pictures. "Stop, Robert," she said, handing to him her sketching paper of which she had no more need to keep her in countenance, "this is for you, be good and embrace me; you will never see me more." And she embraced the child, leaving a tear upon his cheek. This was the last tear upon the threshold of the house of her youth. She had no more to give but her blood.

Her departure, of which the cause was unknown, was revealed to her neighbors of the street Saint Jean by a circumstance which exhibits the calm serenity of her soul as far as to the extremity of her resolution.

In face of the house of Madame de Bretteville, on the other side of the street Saint Jean, there lived a respectable family of Caen named Laconture. The son of the house, impassioned for music, consecrated regularly each day some hours in the morning to his instrument. His windows, opened in summer, permitted the notes to float away and resound as far as into the neighboring houses. Charlotte, as it seemed, to permit more freely the entry of these melodies into her apartment, half opened also her windows at the hour in which the music commenced and sometimes leaned upon her

elbow on the margin of the casement, her head half concealed in the curtains, dreaming and listening to the sounds. The young musician encouraged by this apparition of the attentive young girl, never failed a single day to seat himself at his instrument at the same hour; Charlotte never a single day to open her shutters. The taste for the same art seemed to have established a mute intelligence between these two beings who did not know one another but in these echoes. The eve of the day on which Charlotte, now confirmed in her resolution, prepared to depart to accomplish it and to die, the piano was heard at the accustomed hour. Charlotte torn away, without doubt, from the fixed concentration of her thoughts by the power of habit and the attraction of the art which she loved, opened her window, as usual, and appeared to hear the notes with an attention as calm and musing as on other days. Yet she closed her windows with a kind of unusual precipitation, before the musician had closed his instrument, as if she wished to tear herself by violence from a painful adieu to the last pleasure which captivated her.

The next day, the young neighbor, having seated himself again at his instrument, looked to the bottom of the court of the "Grand Manoir" opposite, to see if the first preludes would open the window of the niece of Madame de Bretteville. The window opened no more! It was thus he learned the departure of Charlotte. The instrument resounded still, but the spirit of the young girl heard no more but the stormy importunity of her own idea, the call of death and the eulogies of posterity.

—
xv.

The liberty and freedom of her conversation, in the voiture which carried her to Paris, did not inspire in the companions of her journey any other sentiment than that of admiration, of benevolence, and that natural curiosity which attaches to the name and the fate of an unknown girl, dazzling with youth and beauty. During the first day she never ceased to sport with a little girl whom accident had placed by the side of her in the voiture. Perhaps her love for children triumphed over her preoccupation, perhaps she had already laid aside the burden of her sufferings and wished to enjoy those last hours of enjoyment with innocence and with life.

The other travellers were exalted partisans of the "Mountain," who avoided the suspicion of federalism at Paris and poured out imprecations against the Gironde and adorations for Marat. Dazzled by the grace of the young girl, they endeavored to wrest from her her name, the object of her journey, and her address at Paris. Her isolation at that age encouraged them to some familiarities, which she repressed by the decorum of her manners, by

the evasive brevity of her responses, and withdrew herself altogether from them by feigning to sleep. A young man, more reserved, seduced by so much modesty and such attractions, dared to declare to her a respectful admiration. He besought her to authorize him to ask her hand of her parents. She turned into gentle raillery and amusement that sudden love; she promised the young man to let him know after a time her name and her disposition in regard to him. She charmed her companions to the end of the journey by that ravishing appearance from which all regretted to separate.

XVI.

She entered Paris, Thursday the 11th of July at midday. She went to a hotel which had been recommended to her at Caen, on the street of the "Vieux Augustins, No. 17, Hotel de la Providence." She retired at five o'clock in the evening and slept in a profound sleep till the next morning. Without confidant and without witness, during those long hours of solitude and of agitation, in a public-house and in the midst of the noise of that capital, whose immensity and tumult overwhelm the ideas and trouble the senses, no one knows what passed in that spirit upon her awaking, finding before her a resolution, which summoned her to its accomplishment. Who can measure the power of thought and the resistance of nature? Thought triumphed.

XVII.

She arose, dressed herself in a simple but becoming robe and went to the house of Duperret. The friend of Barbaroux was at the convention. His daughters, in the absence of their father, received from the young stranger the letter of introduction from Barbaroux. Duperret was not to return before the evening. Charlotte returned and passed the entire day in reading, reflecting, and praying. She went back at six to Duperret. The deputy was at table supping with his family and friends. He arose and received her in his saloon alone. Charlotte explained to him the service which she expected from his obliging disposition, and asked him to conduct her to the minister of the Interior, Garat, to sustain by his presence and his credit the claims which she had to establish. That request was in the mind of Mademoiselle de Corday but a pretext to approach one of these Girondins, for whose cause she came to sacrifice herself, and to draw from her conversation with him, some information and some indications proper to give better assurance to her steps and her hand.

Duperret, pressed by the hour and recalled by his guests, said to her that he was not able to conduct her that evening to Garat, but that he would

come to her the next morning to take her to the Bureau.

She left with Duperret her name and her address, and made some steps to withdraw; then, as if conquered by the interest which the honest appearance of the good man and the childhood of his daughters had inspired in her; "Permit me to advise you, citizen Duperret," she said with a voice full of mystery and of intimacy, "quit the Convention, you can do no more good here, go to Caen to join your colleagues and your brothers."

"My post is at Paris," responded the representative, "I will not quit it."

"You commit a fault," replied Charlotte, with a significant and almost suppliant importunity. "Trust to me," she added in a lower tone and with a more rapid accent, "fly, fly, before to-morrow evening!" and she departed without waiting an answer.

XVIII.

These words, of which the sense was only known by the stranger, were interpreted by Duperret as a simple allusion to the urgency of the perils which menaced men of his opinion at Paris. He went and reseated himself with his friends. He said to them that the young girl with whom he had just had an interview, had in her attitude and words something strange and mysterious with which he was struck and which imposed on him reserve and circumspection. During the evening, a decree of the Convention ordered that the seals should be put on the furniture of the deputies suspected of attachment to the twenty-two. Duperret was of the number, yet he went the next day, the 12th, very early in the morning, to take Charlotte at her lodgings and conducted her to Garat. Garat did not receive them. The minister could not give an audience before eight in the evening. This disappointment seemed to discourage Duperret. He represented to the young girl that his position as a suspected person and the measures taken against him by the Convention that night even rendered henceforth his patronage more injurious than useful to his clients, that, besides, she was not supplied with papers from Mademoiselle de Forbin to act in her name and that in default of that formality her steps would be in vain.

The stranger insisted but little as a person who has no more need of the pretext with which she has colored an action and who contents herself with the first reason to abandon her intention. Duperret quitted her at the door of the Hotel de la Providence. She pretended to enter there. She immediately came out and obtained information from street to street of the way to the Palais-Royal.

She entered the garden, not as a stranger who

desires to satisfy his curiosity by the contemplation of the monuments and of the public gardens, but as a traveller who has but one office in a city, and who does not wish to lose a step or a minute. She sought with the eye, under the galleries, a cutler's shop. She entered one and selected a dagger-knife with a handle of ebony, payed for it three francs, concealed it under her neckerchief and with slow steps reëntered the garden. She seated herself a moment upon one of the benches of stone against the arcade.

Then, although plunged in her reflections, she permitted herself to be distracted by the sports of the children, some of whom played at her feet and leant with confidence on her knees. She had one last smile of woman for those sports. Her indecision oppressed her not as to the act itself for which she was already armed, but as to the manner in which she should accomplish it. She wished to make of the murder a solemn immolation, which might cast terror into the souls of the imitators of the tyrant. Her first thought had been to approach Marat and sacrifice him in the Champ de Mars, at the great ceremony of the federation which was to take place the 14th of July in commemoration of conquered liberty. The delay of that solemnity till the triumph of the republic over the Vendéens and the insurgents took from her the theatre and the victim. Her second thought had been, up to this moment, to strike Marat at the summit of the Mountain, in the midst of the Convention, under the eyes of his adorers and his accomplices. Her hope, in that case, was to be immolated herself immediately after, and torn in pieces by the fury of the people without leaving any other traces, or any other memorial than two dead bodies, and tyranny overthrown in her blood. To bury her name in oblivion and not to seek her recompense but in the act itself, not asking shame or renown, but inquiring of her own conscience, of God and of the good she would have accomplished. Such was, as far as to the end, the only ambition of her soul. The shame! she did not wish it on account of her family. The renown! she did not wish it for herself. Glory seemed to her a human reward unworthy of the disinterestedness of her action or proper only to lower her virtue.

But the interviews which she had had since her arrival at Paris with Duperret and with her hosts, had taught her that Marat appeared no more at the Convention. It was necessary then to find her victim elsewhere, and to approach him it was necessary to deceive him.

—
XIX.

She resolved on it. That dissimulation which ruffled the natural loyalty of her heart, which changed the poniard into a snare, courage into strat-

agem and immolation into assassination, was the first remorse of her conscience and her first punishment. A criminal act is distinguished from a heroic, before the acts may be even accomplished, by the means which it is necessary to use for their accomplishment. Crime is always obliged to deceive; virtue never. The reason is that the one is falsehood, the other truth in action. The one has need of darkness, the other requires only light. Charlotte decided to deceive. It cost her more than to strike. She avowed it herself. Conscience is just before posterity.*

She went back to her chamber and wrote to Marat a letter, which she left at the door of the "friend of the people." "I come from Caen," she said to him. "Your love for the country induces me to presume that you will willingly learn the miserable events of that part of the republic. I shall present myself at your house at one o'clock, have the goodness to receive me and to accord to me one moment's conversation. I will put you in a position to render a great service to France."

Charlotte, counting upon the effect of this note, went at the hour named to the door of Marat, but she was not able to accomplish an entry into his presence. She left then with his porter a second note more pressing and more insidious than the first. In it she made an appeal not only to his patriotism but to the pity of "the friend of the people," and laid for him a snare even by the generosity which she accorded to him. "I have written you this morning;" she said to him, "Marat, have you received my letter? I cannot believe, it since your door is refused to me. I hope that to-morrow you will accord me an interview. I repeat to you that I arrive from Caen. I have to reveal to you secrets the most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am miserable, it suffices that I may be so to have a right to your patriotism."

—
XX.

Without awaiting an answer, Charlotte left her

* The argument of the author seems to the translator to be utterly sophistical in this last section. Marat may well be considered as "*hostis humani generis*," and any deception practised to entrap and destroy him was just and proper; as much so as if the effort had been to destroy a ferocious wild beast. Such cases should not be considered with reference to the ordinary principles of morals. They are exceptions. Nearly all tyrants, or at least very many who have met with their deserts have been reached only by stratagem. Brutus deceived Cæsar, Judith deceived Holofernes to rescue the people of Israel. Our Washington deceived his enemies in war. Marat was the enemy of the human race. The tiger is not more savage than was this monster in human form. Then why should not the tiger's fate be justly meted to him. The interest of man requires that such beings, anomalous as they are, exceptions as they are in the human race, should be esteemed beyond the pale of humanity.

chamber at seven in the evening, dressed with more care than ordinarily to seduce by an appearance more becoming, the eyes of the persons who watched over Marat. Her white robe was covered at the shoulders by a neckerchief of silk. That neckerchief veiled the bosom, folded back below the bust, after the manner of a sash or girdle, and was united behind the body. Her hair was enclosed in a Norman cap, of which the floating lace beat upon her two cheeks. A large ribbon of green silk pressed this cap around the temples. Her hair escaped upon the nape of the neck, and some curls only were scattered over the neck. No paleness of color, no wandering of the eye, no emotion of the voice revealed in her the death which she bore. She struck, under these seducing features, at the door of Marat.

XXI.

Marat inhabited the first story of a dilapidated house of the street of the Cordeliers, at this time the street of l'Ecole de Medicine, number 20. His lodgings were composed of an ante-chamber and a cabinet of labor, receiving light from a narrow court, of a little room adjacent where was his bath, of a chamber and of a saloon whose windows received light from the street. His lodgings were almost naked. The numerous works of Marat heaped upon the floor, the public Journals, still humid with ink, scattered over the chairs and tables, correctors of the printing press entering and departing without ceasing, some women employed in folding and addressing pamphlets and journals, the worn steps of the staircase, the badly swept threshold of the door, all attested the habitual movement and disorder around a man immured in affairs, and the perpetual affluence of the citizens into the house of a journalist and a Corypheus of the people. That dwelling paraded, so to speak, the pride of his poverty. It seemed that its master, all powerful then over the nation, wished to say to his visitors by the aspect of his misery and his labor: "Behold the friend and model of the people! He has shifted neither his lodgings, nor his manners, nor his garments."

That misery was the ensign of the tribune. But although affected it was real. The house of Marat was that of an humble artisan. The woman who governed his house is known. She was formerly named Catherine Everard; she was then called Albertine Marat, since the "friend of the people," had given her his name in taking her for a spouse "one beautiful day in the face of the sun," after the example of Jean Jacques Rousseau. An only servant assisted this woman in the cares of the household. An errand-boy, called Laurent Basse, carried the messages and did the labor without. In his moments of liberty this man of labor occu-

piated himself in the ante-chamber with the manual work rendered necessary in the reading of the journals and of the advertisements of "L'ami du peuple."

The devouring activity of the writer had not been relaxed by the slow malady which consumed him. The inflammation of his blood seemed to illumine his mind. Sometimes from his bed, sometimes from his bath, he never ceased to write, to apostrophize, to abuse his enemies, to incite the Convention and the Cordeliers. Offended by the silence of the assembly on the reception of his messages, he had just addressed it a new letter, in which he menaced the Convention that he would cause himself to be borne dying to the tribune to shame the representatives for their effeminacy and to dictate to them the necessary murders. He left repose neither to others nor himself. Full of the presentiment of death, he seemed to fear only that the last hour, too rapidly approaching, might not leave him the time to sacrifice enough of the guilty. More eager to kill than to live, he hastened to send before him the largest number of victims possible, as so many hostages given by the sword to the complete revolution which he wished to leave without enemies after him. The terror which came forth from the house of Marat reëntered there under another form: the perpetual fear of assassination. His companion and his trusty friends believed they saw as many poinards raised over him as he raised himself over the heads of three hundred thousand citizens. The approach to his dwelling was interdicted as the approach to the palace of tyranny. No person was permitted to draw near but sure friends or denounciators recommended in advance, and submitted to interrogatories and severe examinations. Love, distrust and fanaticism watched together over his days.

XXII.

Charlotte was ignorant of these obstacles, but she suspected them. She descended from her voiture on the opposite side of the street in face of the dwelling of Marat. The day began to decline, above all in that quarter, darkened by high houses and narrow streets. The woman in charge of the "Porte cochere," refused in the beginning to permit the young, unknown girl to enter into the court. Nevertheless, she insisted and mounted several steps of the staircase, recalled in vain by the woman. At this noise the mistress of Marat half opened the door and refused the entry of the apartment to the stranger. The low altercation between these women, one of whom begged that she might be permitted to speak to the "friend of the people," and the other persisted in closing the door, came to the ear of Marat. He comprehended by the in-

interrupted explanations that the visiter was the stranger from whom he had received two letters during the day. With an imperative and strong voice, he ordered that they should let her enter. Whether it was jealousy, whether distrust, Albertine obeyed with repugnance and grumbling. She introduced the young girl into the little apartment where Marat was, and in withdrawing left the door of the corridor partly opened to hear the least word or the least movement of the sick man.

This apartment was dimly lighted. Marat was in his bath. In that forced repose of his body he did not suffer his mind to rest. A plank badly planed, placed over the bath, was covered with paper, with open letters and sheets of paper on which he had commenced to write. He held in his right hand the pen which the arrival of the stranger had suspended on the page. That paper was a letter to the Convention to demand of it the judgment and proscription of the last Bourbons tolerated in France. By the side of the bath an enormous log of oak like a post placed standing, sustained an inkstand of lead of the rudest workmanship; the filthy source whence had flowed for three years so much madness, so much denunciation, so much blood. Marat, covered in his bath with a dirty cloth, spotted with ink, had his head, shoulders, the upper part of the bust, and the right arm above the water. Nothing in the feature of that man was of a nature to soften the eye of a woman and cause hesitation in the stroke. Greasy hair, surrounded with a filthy handkerchief, a receding forehead, a brazen eye, prominent cheek-bones, an immense grinning mouth, lank limbs, a livid skin; such was Marat.

—
XXIII.

Charlotte avoided fixing her eye upon him for fear of betraying the horror of her soul at that aspect. Standing, her eyes cast down, her hands hanging near the bath, she awaits that Marat may interrogate her on the situation of Normandy. She responds briefly, giving to her responses the sense and color proper to flatter the presumed dispositions of the demagogue. He demands of her at length the name of the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She announces them to him. He notes them; then, when he finished writing the names, "It is well," he said with the accent of a man sure of his vengeance, "before eight days they shall all go to the guillotine!"

At these words, as if the soul of Charlotte had waited for a last crime to decide her to strike the stroke, she draws from her bosom the knife and plunges it with a supernatural force up to the handle into the heart of Marat. Charlotte withdraws with the same movement the bloodied weapon from the body of the victim and lets it fall at her feet.

"To me! my dear friend! to me!" cries Marat and expires under the blow.

At the cry of distress from the victim, Albertine, the servant woman and Laurent Basse, precipitated themselves into the chamber; they received in their arms the fainting head of Marat. Charlotte, without motion, and as if petrified by her crime, was standing behind the curtain of the window. The shade of her body was seen through the transparency of the stuff by the last rays of day. The errand-boy, Laurent, arms himself with a chair, strikes a blow, badly aimed at her head, and fells her on the floor. The mistress of Marat tramples her under her feet, stamping with rage. The inhabitants of the house run to the tumult of the scene and the cries of the two women, the neighbors and the passers by stop in the street, mount the staircase, inundate the apartment, the court and soon the quarter, demand with furious vociferations that they may cast out the assassin to them to avenge the death of the idol of the people over his body still warm. The soldiers of the neighboring ports and the National Guards run to the scene. Order is reëstablished in the tumult. The surgeons arrive, endeavor to staunch the wound. The reddened water gives to the sanguinary man the appearance of expiring in a bath of blood. They transport only a dead man to his bed.

—
XXIV.

Charlotte had risen of herself. Two soldiers held her arms crossed the one over the other as in manacles, waiting that a cord might be brought to tie her hands. The hedge of bayonets which surrounded her, restrained with difficulty the multitude, that was precipitated without ceasing upon her, from tearing her in pieces. The gestures, the raised fists, the sticks, the sabres brandished a thousand deaths over her head. The concubine of Marat escaping from the women who consoled her, rushed on Charlotte time after time and fell back into tears and faintings. A fanatic Cordelier named Langlois, a hair dresser of the street Dauphine, had picked up the bloody knife. He made the funeral oration over the corpse of the victim. He interrupted his lamentations and his eulogies with avenging gestures, in which he seemed each time to plunge the iron into the heart of the assassin. Charlotte, who had accepted in advance all their deaths, contemplated with a fixed and petrified look this movement, their gestures, their hands, their arms directed so near against her. She did not appear moved but by the lacerating cries of the concubine of Marat. Her physiogomy seemed to express before this woman astonishment at not having thought that such a man could be loved, and regret for having been forced to pierce two

hearts to reach one. Except the impression of pity which the reproaches of Albertine gave for a moment to her mouth, no change was perceived, either in her features or her color. Only to the invectives of the orator and the groans of the people over the loss of their idol, there was seen sketched on her lips the bitter smile of contempt. "Poor creatures," she said once, "you wish my death and you owe me an altar for having delivered you from a monster!" "Throw me to those infuriated men," she said another time to the soldiers who protected her, "since they regret him, they are worthy to be my executioners! That smile, as if a defiance to the fanaticism of the multitude, raised more furious imprecations and more menacing gestures. The Commissaire of the section of the "Theatre Francais," Guillard, entered, escorted by a reinforcement of bayonets. He prepared the "proces verbal" of the murder and caused Charlotte to be conducted into the saloon of Marat to commence the interrogation of her. He wrote her responses. She made them calm, lucid, considerate, with a firm and sonorous voice, in which was perceived no other accent than that of a proud satisfaction at the act which she had committed. She dictated her avowals as so many eulogies. The administrators of the police of the departments, Louvet and Marino, girdled with the tri-colored sash were present at the interrogation. They had sent to inform the council of the commune, the committee of public safety and the committee of general security. The report of the death of the "friend of the people" was scattered with the rapidity of an electric commotion by men who ran in dismay from quarter to quarter. All Paris stopped still if struck with stupor at the recital of this attack. It seemed that the republic trembled or that some events unknown were to spring from the murder of Marat. Some deputies, pale and trembling, entering the Convention, and interrupting the sitting, cast the first rumors of the occurrence into the hall. They refused to believe them as men refuse to believe in a sacrilege. The Commandant-general of the national guard, Henriot, soon came to confirm the news. "Yes, tremble all," he said, "Marat is dead, assassinated by a young girl, who glories in the blow she has given. Redouble your vigilance over your own lives. The same danger surrounds us all. Distrust green ribbons, and let us swear to avenge the death of this great man!"

—
XXV.

The deputies Maure, Chabot, Drouet and Legendre, members of the committees of government, departed on the instant from the hall and ran to the theatre of the crime. They found there the multitude increasing and Charlotte responding to the

first interrogations. They were confounded and mute at the aspect of so much youth, so much beauty in the visage, so much calmness and resolution in the words. Never had crime appeared under like features to the mind of man. She seemed to transfigure it to such a degree to their eyes, that even by the side of the corpse, they sympathised for the assassin.

The "procès verbal" being terminated, and the first responses of Charlotte written, the deputies Chabot, Drouet, Legendre and Maure ordered that she should be transported to the Abbaye, the nearest prison to the house of Marat. They called the same "voiture de place" which had brought her. The multitude filled the street of the Cordeliers. The low murmur interrupted by vociferations and excesses of rage announced vengeance, and rendered the transfer difficult. The detachments of musketeers successively arrived, the sash of the commissaries, the respect for the members of the Convention, cast back, yet badly restrained the multitude. The cortege made for itself, with difficulty, a passage. At the moment in which Charlotte, her arms tied with cords and sustained by the hands of two national guards, who held her elbows, passed the threshold of the house to mount the steps of the voiture, the people flowed around the wheels with such gestures and such howlings, that she believed she felt her members torn to pieces by those thousands of hands, and she fainted.

In returning to herself, she was astonished and afflicted to find that she breathed still. This death was that which she had dreamed of. Nature had cast the veil of a swoon over her punishment. She regretted not to have entirely disappeared in the tempest which she had raised, and to have to deliver her name to the earth before her other death; and yet she thanked with emotion those who had protected her against the mutilations of the multitude.

—
XXVI.

Chabot, Drouet, and Legendre, followed her to the Abbaye and made her undergo a second inquest. It was protracted a long time into the night. Some members of the Committees, and among others Harmand (de la Meure) attracted by curiosity, had been introduced with their colleagues and assisted at the interrogatory, often interrupted by rest and conversation. Legendre, proud of his revolutionary importance and desirous of having been reputed worthy also of the martyrdom of the patriots, believed, or feigned to believe, that he recognized in Charlotte a young girl who had come to his house the day before under the costume of a nun, and whom he had repulsed. "The citizen Legendre is deceived," said Charlotte, with a smile which

disconcerted the pride of the deputy, "I have never seen him. I did not esteem the life or the death of such a man so important to the safety of the republic."

They searched her. They only found at this moment in her pockets the key of her trunk, her silver thimble, some instruments of needle-work just now so near the poniard of Brutus; a ball of thread, two hundred francs in "assignats" and in money, a gold watch made by a watchmaker of Caen and her passport. Under her neckerchief she still concealed the sheath of the poniard with which she had struck Marat.

"Do you recognize this poniard?" they asked of her.

"Yes."

"Who has induced you to this crime?"

"I have seen," she responded, "civil war prepared to rend France in pieces; persuaded that Marat was the principle cause of the calamities and perils of the country, I have made the sacrifice of my life against his to save my country."

"Name to us the persons who have counselled you to this execrable crime, which you would not have conceived of yourself?"

"No one has known my design. I have deceived, as to the object of my journey, the aunt with whom I lived. I have deceived my father. Few persons frequent the house of my relation. No one has been able even to suspect in me my thought."

"Have you not quitted the town of Caen with the projet formed of assassinating Marat?"

"I have not departed but for that purpose."

"Where have you procured the instrument? What persons have you seen at Paris? What have you done since Thursday, the day that you arrived?"

To these questions she recounted, with a literal sincerity, all the circumstances already known of her sojourn at Paris and of her action.

"Have you not sought to fly after the murder?"

"I should have escaped by the door, if they had not opposed it."

"Are you a girl, and have you never loved a man?"

"Never!"

—
XXVII.

These answers, precise, proud, disdainful by turns, made in a voice whose sound recalled childhood, while announcing masculine thoughts, induced the interrogators often to reflect upon the power of a fanaticism which borrowed and strengthened so feeble a hand. They hoped always to discover an instigator behind that candor and that beauty. They only found the inspiration of an intrepid heart.

The interrogatory terminated, Chabot discontented with the result, devoured with his eye, the hair, the visage, the stature, the whole person of the young girl bound before him. He believed that he perceived a paper folded and attached by a pin upon her bosom; he stretched out his hand to seize it. Charlotte had forgotten the paper of which Chabot obtained a glimpse and which contained an address to the French people, prepared by herself, to invite the citizens to the punishment of tyrants and to concord. She thought she saw in the gesture and in the eye of Chabot an outrage to her modesty. Deprived of her two hands, by her cords, she was not able to oppose them to the insult. The horror and indignation which she had experienced, caused her to make a movement in the rear of the body and shoulders, so sudden and so convulsive, that the cord of her robe broke and the robe itself, being detached, left uncovered her bosom. Confused, she bent herself as quickly as thought and folded herself in two to hide her nudity from her judges. It was too late, her purity had to blush at the eye of man.

Patriotism did not render these men cynics nor insensible. They appeared to suffer as much as Charlotte at that involuntary punishment of her innocence. She supplicated that they would loose her hands that she might fasten her robe. One of them detached the cords. Respect for nature closed the eyes of these men. Her hands loosed, Charlotte turned herself to the wall and readjusted her neckerchief.

They profited by the moment when she had her hands free, to make her sign the responses. The cords had left their prints and their blue furrows upon the skin of her arms. When they were going to tie them anew, she prayed the jailers to permit her to lower her sleeves and put her gloves under her chains to spare her an useless punishment before the last punishment. The accent and the gesture of the poor girl were such in addressing this prayer to her judges and in showing her bruised hands, that Harmand could not restrain his tears and withdrew to conceal them.

Here are the principle passages in the text of this address, which have been withdrawn, up to this time, from the curious researches of history, and which have been communicated to us since the commencement of the publication of this book, by an obliging zeal for the truth of the individual who possesses it, M. Paillet. It is written in the hand of Charlotte Corday, in large characters, masculine, firm, strongly traced and as if intended to strike the eye from a distance. The sheet of paper is folded eight times to occupy less space under the garment. It is pierced with eight holes still visible by the pin which fastened it on the bosom of Charlotte.

"Address to the French, the friends of law and of peace :

"How long, oh! miserable Frenchmen, will you be pleased with disorder and divisions? Long enough and too long have some factious men, some wicked men placed the interest of their ambition in the place of the general interest. Why, victims of their fury, do you destroy yourselves to establish their desire of tyranny over the ruins of France?

"The factions explode on all sides; the Mountain triumphs by crime and oppression; some monsters drenched with our blood, conduct their detestable conspiracies. . . . We labor for our own ruin with more zeal and energy than we have shown in conquering liberty! Oh, Frenchmen, yet a little time and there will not remain of you but the souvenir of your existence!

"Already the indignant departments march on Paris; already the fire of discord and civil war inflame the half of this vast empire; there is still a means of extinguishing it, but the means must be prompt. Already the vilest of the wicked, Marat, whose name alone presents the image of all crime, in falling under the avenging steel, shakes the Mountain and makes Danton grow pale. Robespierre, those other brigands seated upon the bloody throne, are enveloped in the lightning which the avenging gods of humanity only suspend, without doubt, to render their fall more glittering and to affright all those who would be tempted to establish their fortunes on the ruins of an abused people!

"Frenchmen! you know your enemies, arise! march! Let the Mountain annihilated leave only brothers and friends! I do not know if Heaven reserve to us a republican government, but it can not give us a leader of the Mountain for master unless in the excess of vengeance. . . . O, France! thy repose depends on the execution of the laws; I do not give a blow to them in killing Marat. Condemned by the universe, he is without the law. What tribunal will judge me? If I am guilty, Alcides was, when he destroyed the monsters!

"O, my country! thy misfortunes tear my heart; I can not offer thee but my life! and I return thanks to Heaven for the liberty which I enjoy of disposing of it; no person will lose by my death; I will not imitate Paris, (the murderer of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau,) in killing myself. I desire that my last sigh may be useful to my fellow-citizens, that my head borne in Paris, may be a sign of rallying for all friends of the laws! that the tottering Mountain may see its ruin written with my blood! that I may be their last victim, and the universe avenged may declare that I have deserved well of humanity! As to the rest, if my conduct should be looked at with another eye, I am little disturbed at it.

"My relations and friends ought not to be disquieted; no person knew of my intentions. I annex my extract of baptism to show what the feeblest hand can do, led by a thorough devotion. If I do not succeed in my enterprise, Frenchmen, I have shown you the road, you know your enemies, arise! march, strike!"

'Whether to the astonished Universe,
This grand empire should prove to be the object
Of horror, or admiring approbation—
My spirit, (with small care for future fame,)
Does not enquire;—be it reproach or glory,
My duty! that suffices:—all the rest
Is nothing. Onward! and deliberate
No more, but how to escape from slavery.'

In reading the verses, inserted by the hand of the grand-daughter of Corneille, at the end of this address, as an antique seal upon a page of time, one believes at the first glance that these verses are her ancestor's and that she has thus invoked the Roman patriotism of the great tragedian of her race. One is deceived; the verses are from Voltaire in the tragedy of the death of Cæsar.

The authenticity of this address is attested by a letter of Fouquier Tinville, annexed to the same packet of papers. This letter of the public accuser is addressed to the Committee of general security of the Convention. Here it is:

"Citizens, I send you here included the interrogatory undergone by the girl, Charlotte Corday, and two letters written by her in the house where she stopped, of which one is for Barbaroux. These letters are circulated in the streets in a manner so mutilated, that it might be perhaps necessary to print them such as they are. As to the rest, Citizens, when you shall have read them, if you judge that there is no impropriety in printing them, you will oblige me by giving your opinion.

I observe to you that I have just been informed that this female assassin was the friend of Belzunce, a Colonel killed at Caen in an insurrection, and that since that epoch, she has conceived an implacable hate against Marat, and this hate appears to have been reanimated in her at the moment in which Marat denounced Rison, who was a relation of Belzunce, and that Barbaroux appears to have profited by the criminal disposition of this girl against Marat, to lead her to execute this horrible assassination.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE."

It is seen by these hesitations and these conjectures, that the opinion wandered from hypothesis to hypothesis at the first moment, seeking the motive of the crime sometimes in love—sometimes in resentment on refusing to see where it was in the wanderings of patriotism.

They consigned Charlotte Corday to a dungeon. Guarded in sight, even during the night by two "gendarmes," she complained in vain against this profanation of her sex. The Committee of gen-

eral security pressed her judgment and her punishment. She heard from her little bed, the public criers who hawked about the narrative of the murder in the streets, and the howlings of the multitude, who imprecated a thousand deaths on the assassin. Charlotte did not take that voice for the decision of posterity. Through the horror which she inspired, she had a presentiment of apotheosis. In that thought she wrote to the Committee of general security: "Since I have still some instants to live, I would hope, Citizens, that you will permit me to have my portrait painted. I would wish to leave this souvenir of myself to my friends. Besides, as the likeness of good citizens is cherished, curiosity sometimes induces a search for that of great criminals to perpetuate horror of their crime. If you deign to acquiesce in my demand, I pray you to send me to-morrow a painter in miniature. I renew to you the prayer to permit me to sleep alone. I hear, without ceasing, the cry in the streets," she added, "of the arrest of Fauchet, my accomplice. I have never seen him except through a window, two years ago. I neither regard him nor esteem him. He is the last man in the world to whom I would willingly have confided my intention. If this declaration can serve him, I certify the truth of it."

—
XXVIII.

The president of the revolutionary tribunal, Montané, came the next day, the 16th, to interrogate the accused. Touched with so much beauty and youth, and convinced of the sincerity of a fanaticism which rendered almost innocent the assassin in the eyes of human justice, he wished to save the life of the accused. He directed questions and insinuated tacitly the answers to induce the judges to conclude on madness rather than crime. Charlotte obstinately deceived the merciful intention of the president. She claimed her act as her glory. They transported her to the Conciergerie. Madame Richard, the wife of the door-keeper of that prison, received her there with the compassion which this approximation of youth and the scaffold inspired. Thanks to the indulgence of her jailer, Charlotte obtained ink, paper and solitude. She profited by them to write to Barbaroux a letter in scraps. That letter recounted all the circumstances of her sojourn at Paris, in a style in which patriotism, death and enjoyment are mingled as bitterness and sweetness in the last cup of a bouquet of adieu. After having described the almost facetious details of her voyage in company with the Montaguards and the love with which a young traveller was suddenly inflamed at the sight of her, "I was ignorant," she pursued, "that the Committee of public safety had interrogated my fellow-travellers. I sustained in the beginning that

I did not know them, in order to ward off from them the disagreeable necessity of giving explanations. I followed in that my oracle, Raynal, who says that one does not own the truth to his tyrants. It is, by means of the female who was my fellow-traveller, that they have learned that I know you, and that I had seen Duperret. You know the determined soul of Duperret. He has answered them the exact truth. There is nothing against him, but his firmness is a crime. I repented too late of having spoken to him. I wished to repair my wrong in supplicating him to fly and rejoin you. He is too determined to permit himself to be influenced. Would you believe it? Fauchet is imprisoned as my accomplice; he, who was ignorant of my existence. But they are not content with having only a woman, without consequence, to offer to the manes of that great man! Pardon! O men! that name of Marat dishonors your race. He was a ferocious beast, who was going to devour the rest of France by the fire of civil war. Thanks to Heaven, he was not born a Frenchman. . . . At my first examination, Chabot had the air of a fool. Legendre was anxious to have seen me in the morning at his house, I, who have never given a thought to that man. I do not believe him to be of a stature to be the tyrant of his country, and I do not pretend to punish all the world. . . . I believe they have printed the last words of Marat. I doubt if he ever uttered them. But here are the last he ever said to me: After having received all your names and those of the administrators of the department of Calvados, who are at Evreux, he said to me, to console me, that in a few days, he would have them all sent to the guillotine at Paris. These last words decided his fate. I avow, that that which finally decided me in this enterprise, was the courage with which our volunteers enrolled themselves on Sunday, the 7th of July. You recollect that I promised to make Pethion repent of the suspicions which he manifested as to my sentiments. I considered that so many brave men, marching to have the head of a single man, of which they might have failed, or which would have drawn down in its loss many good citizens, that man did not merit so much honor and that the hand of a woman was sufficient for him. I avow that I have employed a perfidious artifice to induce him to receive me.

At my departure, I counted on sacrificing him upon the summit of the Mountain, but he went no more to the Convention. They are such good citizens at Paris, that they do not conceive how a useless woman, of whom the longest life would be good for nothing, can sacrifice herself in cold blood for her country! . . . As I was truly "de sang froid" in coming out of the house of Marat, to be conducted to the Abbaye, I suffered from the cries of some women. But who ever saves his

country, does not see what it may cost him. May peace be established as quickly as I desire it! Here is a grand preliminary. I enjoy a delicious peace for two days past. The happiness of my country makes mine. There is no devotion from which one does not draw the more of enjoyment, the more it has cost to decide on it. A vivid imagination, a sensitive heart, promised a stormy life. I pray those, who should regret me, to consider it and to rejoice. Among the moderns there are few patriots who know how to sacrifice themselves for their country. Almost all is egotism. What a sad people to form a republic!"

XXIX.

This letter was interrupted at these words by her transfer to the Conciergerie. She continued it in these terms in her new prison: "I continue. I had had yesterday the idea of making a compliment of my portrait to the department of the Calvados. The Committee of public safety has not answered me, and now it is too late! It is necessary to have a defender; that is the rule. I have taken mine on the Mountain. I have thought of asking Robespierre or Chabot. . . . Tomorrow at eight o'clock my trial takes place. Probably at midday, I shall have lived, to make use of the Roman language. I do not know how the last moments will pass. It is the end which crowns the work. I have no need to affect insensibility, for up to this moment I have not the least fear of death. I have never valued life but for its utility. Marat will not go to the Pantheon. Yet he well merited it.

Remember the affair of Mademoiselle de Forbin. Here is her address in Switzerland. Say to her, that I love her with all my heart. I am going to write to my father. I do not say any thing to my other friends. I do not ask of them but a prompt forgetfulness: their affliction would dishonor my memory. Say to General Wimpfen, that I believe I have aided him in gaining more than one battle, in facilitating peace. Adieu, Citizen. The prisoners of the Conciergerie, far from abusing me, as the people in the streets, have the air of pitying me. Misery renders one sympathetic. This is my last reflection."

XXX.

Her letter to her father, the last written, was short and of a tone in which nature softened, instead of smiling, as in that to Barbaroux. "Pardon me for having disposed of my life without your permission," she said. "I have avenged many innocent victims. I have prevented many other disasters. The people, one day disabused, will rejoice

at having been delivered from a tyrant. If I have sought to persuade you that I was going to England, it is because I hoped to remain unknown. I have found that impossible. I hope that you will not be harrassed; in any case, you have defenders at Caen. I have taken for defender Gustavus Doulcet de Pontecoulant. Such an attack admits of no defence. It is merely for the form. Adieu, my dear papa; I pray you to forget me, or rather to rejoice at my lot. The cause is beautiful. I embrace my sister, whom I love with all my heart. Do not forget that verse of Corneille,

'The crime makes the shame, not the scaffold!'

"To-morrow at eight o'clock they judge me."

That allusion to a verse of her ancestor, in recalling to her father the pride of name and heroism of blood, seemed to place her action under the safeguard of the genius of her family. She ward-ed off feebleness or reproach from the heart of her father, in pointing to him the painter of Roman sentiments, applauding in advance her devotion.

XXXI.

The next day, at eight in the morning, the gendarmes came to conduct her to the revolutionary tribunal. The hall was situated above the vaults of the Conciergerie. A dark, narrow funereal staircase, creeping in the hollow of thick walls from the base of the Palais de Justice, conducted the accused to the tribunal, and led back the condemned into their dungeon. Before ascending she arranged her hair and her costume to appear with decency before death; then said smiling to the door keeper, who was present at these preparations: "Monsieur Richard have a care, I pray you, that my breakfast may be ready when I shall come down from above. My judges are, without doubt, in a hurry. I wish to make my last report with Madame Richard and you."

The hour of the trial of Charlotte Corday was known the evening before in Paris. Curiosity, horror, interest, pity, had attracted an immense multitude into the enclosure of the tribunal and the halls through which it is entered. When the accused approached, a low murmur arose as a malediction on her name, from the bosom of that multitude. But scarcely had she cut her way through the crowd, and her supernatural beauty had radiated in all her looks, than this murmur of wrath changed into a trembling interest and admiration. All the countenances passed from horror to tenderness; her features, exalted by the solemnity of the moment, colored by emotion, troubled by the confusion of the young girl under so many eyes, strengthened and ennobled by the grandeur even of a crime which she bore in her soul and on her face as a virtue; finally pride and modesty united and con-

founded in her attitude, gave to her aspect a charm mingled with alarm, which troubled all spirits and all eyes. Her judges even appeared as so many accused before her. They believed they saw divine justice or ancient Nemesis, substituting conscience for law and coming to ask of human justice not to absolve her but to recognize and tremble!

—
XXXII.

When she was seated on the bench of the accused, they asked her if she had a defender. She replied that she had charged a friend with that role; but that not seeing him in the enclosure she presumed he had failed in courage. The president then pointed out to her an official defender. This was the young Chauveau Lagorde, illustrious since by his defence of the Queen, and already known for his eloquence and his courage in causes and on occasions in which the lawyer participated the perils of the accused. This choice of the president indicated a secret thought for her safety. Chauveau Lagorde came to place himself at the bar. Charlotte regarded him with a scrutinizing and anxious eye, as if she had feared that to save her life, her defender might abandon something of his own honor.

The widow of Marat deposed with sobs. Charlotte, moved by the grief of this woman, cut short her deposition, crying out "yes, yes, it is myself who killed him. She recounted then the premeditation of the act conceived for three months, the intention to strike the tyrant in the midst of the Convention, the stratagem employed to approach him. "I agree," she said with humility, "that these means were little worthy of me but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man to arrive at him. "Who has inspired you with so much hatred against Marat?" they asked of her.

"I had no need of the hate of others," she replied, "I had enough of my own; besides, persons execute badly that which they do not conceive themselves."

"What did you hate in him?"

"His crimes!"

"In killing him what did you expect?"

"To restore peace to my country."

"Do you believe then that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"He being dead the others will tremble perhaps."

They presented to her the knife that she might recognize it. She repulsed it with a gesture of disgust.

"Yes," she said, "I recognize it."

The crime having grown cold, she suffered horror in seeing the instrument which consummated it.

"What persons did you visit at Caen?"

"Very few; I saw Larve, the officer of the Municipality, and the Curé of Saint Jean."

"Did you confess to a priest who had taken the oath, or to one who had not, at Caen?"

"I did not go to one or the other."

"For how long a time had you formed this design?"

"Since the 31st of May, when they arrested here the deputies of the people. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the revolution."

Fauchet is confronted with her. "I do not know, Fauchet, but by sight," she said with disdain, "I regard him as a man without manners and without principles, and I despise him."

The accuser reproaching her with having driven the blow from above, downwards that it might be more sure, said to her that she must be well exercised in crime without doubt. At this supposition, which overthrew all her thoughts, in assimilating her to murderers by profession, she raised an exclamation of shame; "Oh, the monster!" she cried, "he takes me for an assassin."

Fouquier Tinville recapitulated the incidents of the cause and concluded for death.

The defender arose. "The accused," he said, "avows the crime, she avows a long premeditation, and she avows the circumstances the most overwhelming. Citizens, here is her defence all entire. That imperturbable calm and complete abnegation of self, which does not reveal any remorse in the presence of death, that calm and that abnegation, sublime under one aspect, are not in nature; they cannot be explained but by the exaltation of political fanaticism, which has put the poinard in her hand. It is for you to judge what weight a fanaticism, so unshaken, should have in the balances of justice. I refer myself in this cause to your conscience."

The jury brought in with unanimity the penalty of death. She heard the verdict without changing color. The president having asked her if she had anything to say on the nature of the penalty which was inflicted on her, she disdained to respond, and approaching her defender: "Monsieur," she said to him, with a penetrating and soft voice, "you have defended me as I wished to be, I thank you for it. I owe you some testimonial of my gratitude and of my esteem, I offer one worthy of you. These messieurs have just declared my goods confiscated; I owe something at the prison, I leave as a legacy to you the debt to pay for me.

Whilst they interrogated her, and the jury gathered her answers, she perceived in the auditory a painter who sketched her features. Without being interrupted, she turned herself with complaisance, and smiling, on the side of the artist that he might better trace her image. She thought on immortality. She took her position already before posterity.

XXXIII.

Behind the painter, a young man whose blond hair, blue eye, and pale tint revealed a man of the north, stood up on the end of his feet to see better the accused. He held his eyes fixed on her as a phantom whose look had contracted the immobility of death. At each response of the young girl the masculine sense and the feminine sound of that voice made him tremble and change color. He seemed to drink in with his eyes her words, and to associate himself by gesture, by attitude and enthusiasm with the sentiments which the accused expressed. Frequently, not being able to restrain his emotion, he provoked by involuntary exclamations, the murmurs of the auditors and the attention of Charlotte Corday. At the moment the President pronounced the decree of death, the young man half arose with the gesture of one who protects in his heart and reseated himself immediately, as if strength failed him. Charlotte, insensible to her own lot, saw this movement. She comprehended that at the moment when all abandoned her on earth, one soul attached itself to her's, and that in the midst of this indifferent or hostile multitude, she had an unknown friend. Her look thanked him. This was their only conversation here below.

That young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionists of Mayence, to arrange, in concert, the movements of Germany with those of France in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed the accused up to the moment when she disappeared among the sabres of the gendarmes under the vault of the staircase. His thoughts never quitted her more.

XXXIV.

Having reëntered the Conciergerie, which was to give her up in a few minutes to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday smiled on her prison companions ranged in the corridors and the courts to see her pass. She said to the door-keeper, "I had hoped we should breakfast together again; but the judges have kept me above so long that you must pardon me for not having kept my word." The executioner entered. She asked of him one minute to finish a letter which was begun. That letter was neither a weakness nor an expression of the tenderness of her soul; it was the cry of indignant friendship which wishes to leave an immortal reproach to the baseness of an abandonment. It was addressed to Doulcet de Pontecoulant, whom she had known at her aunt's, and whom she believed she had invoked in vain as a defender. Here is that note: "Doulcet de Pontecoulant is a base man to have refused to defend me where it was so easy.

He who did it acquitted himself with all the dignity possible; I shall be grateful to him for it to the last moment." This vengeance made a false blow at him whom she accused on the border of the tomb. The young Pontecoulant being absent from Paris had not received the letter; his generosity and his courage answered for his acceptance. Charlotte carried away a mistake and an injustice to the scaffold.

The artist, who had sketched the features of Charlotte Corday before the tribunal, was M. Hauer, painter and officer of the National Guard of the section of the Theatre-Francais. Having reëntered her dungeon, she begged the door-keeper to permit him to enter to finish his work. M. Hauer was introduced. Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her fate, and took her position before him with serenity. It might have been said that in permitting him to transmit her features and her physiognomy to posterity, she charged him to transmit her soul and her patriotism visible to generations to come. She conversed with M. Hauer about his art, the event of the day, of the peace which the act gave her, which she had consummated. She spoke of the young friends of her childhood at Caen, and prayed the artist to copy, in miniature, the large portrait which he made, and to send that miniature to her family.

In the midst of that conversation, mingled with silence, they heard a gentle knock at the door of the dungeon placed behind the accused. They opened, it was the executioner. Charlotte, turning at the noise, perceived the scissors and the red "chemise" which the executioner carried on his arm. Her countenance grew pale and she shuddered at that exhibition. "What already!" she cried involuntarily. Soon she restrengthened herself, and casting a look on the unfinished portrait: "Monsieur," she said to the artist with a sad and benevolent smile, "I do not know how to thank you for the care you have taken. I have only that to offer you, preserve it as a memorial of your goodness and of my gratitude." In saying these words she took the scissors from the hand of the executioner, and cutting a lock of her long hair, which escaped from her bonnet, she presented it to M. Hauer. The gendarmes and the executioner, at these words and this gesture, felt the tears mount into their eyes.

The family of M. Hauer still possesses this portrait interrupted by death. The head alone was painted, the bust was scarcely sketched. But the painter, who followed with his eye the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the effect of the sinister splendor which the red "chemise," added to the beauty of the model that, after the punishment of Charlotte, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, authorized by the public accuser, presented himself according to usage, to offer her the

consolations of religion. "Thank those who have been so attentive as to send you," she said to him with an affectionate grace, "but I have no need of your ministry. The blood which I have shed, and my own which I am going to pour out, are the only sacrifices I can make to the Eternal." The executioner cut off her hair, tied her hands and put on her the "chemise" of the executed. "Behold," she said smiling, "the toilette of death made by hands a little rude, but it conducts to immortality."

She gathered up her long hair, looked at it the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. At the moment she mounted the cart to go to execution a storm broke on Paris. The thunder and the rain did not disperse the multitude that encumbered the squares, the bridges and the streets on the route of the cortege. Hordes of infuriated women pursued her with their maledictions. Insensible to these outrages, she cast around a radiating eye of serenity and of pity on the people.

xxxv.

The heavens became clear. The rain, which glued her garments to her limbs, sketched the graceful contours of her body under the humid wool, as that of a woman coming from a bath. Her hands tied behind her back, forced her to raise up her head. That constraint of the muscles gave more immobility to her attitude and made the curves of her stature more prominent. The setting sun illumined her front with rays like to an Aureola. The color of her cheeks, heightened by the reflection of the red chemise, gave her physiognomy a splendor which dazzled the eyes. One could not tell if this was the apotheosis or the punishment of beauty which this tumultuous cortege followed. Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, placed themselves on the passage to obtain a glimpse of her. All those who had the presentiment of assassination, were curious to study in her features the expression of the fanaticism which might menace them the next day. She resembled the celestial vengeance satisfied and transfigured. She appeared, at some moments, to seek in the thousands of visages, a look of intelligence on which her eye might repose. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entry of the "rue Saint Honoré." He piously followed the wheels to the foot of the scaffold. "He engraved on his heart," he himself said, "that unchangeable douceur in the midst of the barbarous howlings of the multitude, that look so gentle and so penetrating, those vivid, yet humid sparks, which escaped as so many inflamed thoughts from those beautiful eyes, in which spoke forth a soul as intrepid as tender; charming eyes, which would have moved a rock!" he cries. . . . "Unique and immortal souvenirs," he added, "which have broken my heart and filled it with emotions,

till then unknown! emotions whose sweetness equals their bitterness, and which will never die but with me. Let them sanctify the place of her punishment and raise there her statue with these words: 'Plus grande que Brutus!' To die for her, to be buffeted as she was by the hand of the executioner, to feel in dying the same cold steel which cut off the angelic head of Charlotte, to be united to her in heroism, in liberty, in love, in death—these, henceforth, are my only desires! I shall never reach that sublime virtue; but is it not just that the object adored should always be above the adorer?

xxxvi.

Thus an enthusiastic and spiritual lover, germinated from the last look of the victim, accompanied her without her knowledge, step by step, to the scaffold, and prepared to follow her, to merit with its model and its ideal the eternal union of souls. The cart stopped. Charlotte grew pale on seeing the instrument of punishment. She quickly resumed her natural color and mounted the slippery steps of the scaffold, with a step as firm and as light as her dragging "chemise" and tied hands permitted. When the executioner, to uncover her neck, tore off the neckerchief which covered her breast, humiliated modesty gave her more emotion than the death so near at hand; but resuming her serenity and her almost joyous transport towards eternity, she placed herself, her neck under the hatchet. Her head rolled and rebounded. One of the servants of the executioner, named Legros, took the head in one hand and buffeted it with the other, through a vile adulation of the people. The cheeks of Charlotte reddened, it is said, from the outrage, as if dignity and modesty had survived for a moment, the sentiment of life. The irritated multitude did not accept the homage. A chill of horror ran through the crowd and demanded vengeance of that indignity.

* * * * *

xxxvii.

Such was the end of Marat. Such were the life and death of Charlotte Corday. In the presence of murder, history does not dare to glorify; in the presence of heroism, history dares not to wither. The appreciation of such an act places the mind in the formidable alternative of not recognizing virtue, or of praising assassination. As that painter who, despairing of being able to render the complex expression of a mixed sentiment, cast a veil over the face of his model and left a problem to the spectator, we must cast this mystery to be debated forever in the abyss of the hu-

man conscience. There are some things which man does not know how to judge and which mount without mediation and without appeal to the direct tribunal of God. There are some human acts so mingled with weakness and force, with pure intention and culpable means, with error and truth, with murder and martyrdom, that they cannot be glorified by a single word, and one does not know whether to call them criminal or virtuous. The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is in the number of those acts which admiration and horror should leave forever in doubt, if the "morale" did not reprove them. As to ourselves, if we had to find for this sublime liberator of her country and this generous murderess of tyranny, a name which should include at once the enthusiasm of our emotion for her and the severity of our judgment on her act, we should create a word which would unite the two extremes of admiration and horror in the language of men, and we should call her the *angel of assassination*.

A few days after the punishment, Adam Lux published the apology of Charlotte Corday and associated himself with her attack, to be associated with her martyrdom. Arrested for this hold provocation, he was cast into the Abbaye. He cried out, in passing the threshold of the prison, "I am going there to die for her!" And he died, in effect, soon, saluting as the altar of liberty and love, the scaffold which the blood of his model had consecrated.

The heroism of Charlotte was chanted by André Chenier, who was soon to die himself . . . for liberty. The poetry of all nations possessed itself of the name of Charlotte Corday, to make of it the terror of tyrants. "What tomb is that?" sings the German poet Klopstock. "It is the tomb of Charlotte. Let us go to gather flowers and scatter the leaves over her ashes, for she died for her country. No, no, do not gather any thing. Let us go to seek a weeping-willow and let us plant it upon her green sod, for she has died for her country. No, no, do not plant any thing, but weep and let your tears be blood, for she has died in vain for her country."

On learning in his prison, the crime, the judgment and the death of Charlotte Corday, Vergniaud exclaimed, "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

I love, I love the beautiful,
Wherever it be found;
Its spirit with a magic spell
My eager soul hath bound;
Its presence hath a holy power
Rebellious thought to tame,
And mingle with all earthly bliss
Its great Creator's name.

I love, I love the beautiful—
I glory in its might;
I yield me to its magic sway
With rapturous delight;
I gaze upon its rainbow hues,
My spirit hears its tone,
And wakens into melody
Beneath its spell alone.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
'Tis scattered o'er the earth;—
We see it in the autumn gloom,
And in the summer mirth;
Upon the wild and stormy main,
In copse and valley green,
And in the dim old wilderness
The beautiful is seen.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
'Tis where in splendor rise
The columns of the princely dome
Beneath the blue-arched skies;
'Tis where the deathless ivy clings
Amid the ruins hoar,
Or a woodbine twines in rustic grace
Beside the cottage door.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
It breathes in every word
That speaks the spirit's tenderness
When e'er its depths are stirred.
'Tis in the proud and eagle glance
Of a dark and flashing eye,
That dazzles with its lightning-gleam,
When passion's storm is high.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
'Tis in the aged brow—
That meek and quiet light to which
Our youthful spirits bow;
'Tis in the laughter-dimpled cheek
Of rosy infancy,—
Oh, wheresoe'er we turn our gaze
The beautiful we see.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
It mingles with our dreams,—
It glances o'er our spirit's sight
In strange and fitful gleams;
Wild tones and airy melodies,
And forms of light divine,
That sweetly o'er our haunted souls
Their magic spells entwine.

The beautiful, the beautiful!
When other sources fail,
Turn we unto our own deep souls
And lift the temple-veil;
There high resolve and lofty thought
And deep affections lie,
More beautiful than aught that e'er
Illumined earth or sky."

SUSAN.

Richmond.

WORDINESS IN LEGISLATION.

The vice which has pervaded English and American Laws for so long a time and so mischievously, is about to disappear, as we may hope, from the laws of Virginia. Messrs. Patton and Robinson, the eminent jurists appointed by a former Legislature to revise the civil and criminal codes, have determined that so far as their agency may go, common sense shall prevail over pedantry and prejudice, in stripping laws of their useless verbiage, and clothing them in language clear to plain minds. They have patterned much (if we are rightly informed) after the Massachusetts Revisal, and the *Code Napoleon*, which are models of brevity and lucidness. The prevailing character of the Legislature warrants the belief, that the efforts of the Revisors will be seconded by that Body.

But we intend no such concession, as to call the verbiage of our past laws, and of English laws, merely *useless*. It is very hurtful. It so clouds their meaning, as to make their writers often appear to have had in mind Talleyrand's famed saying,—that the main purpose of words is to conceal thoughts. It goes far to hinder not only the common people, but well-informed men, even lawyers, from knowing what is the law; having thus the very effect of the Roman tyrant's cruelty, who fixed up the tablets on which his laws were written too high for his people to read them, and then punished their violation. And it produces such inaccuracy, it leaves so many of those gaps called "omitted cases," that Lord Kenyon or Lord Ellenborough (we forget which) might well say that he could drive a coach-and-four through any statute. The penners of laws, here and in England, seem to have been prompted by that spirit of verbosity, which has justly brought so much ridicule and reproach upon lawyers: the spirit engendered by the old practice of paying for legal writings in proportion to their number of words: the verbosity, which filled many pages with a marriage agreement, amounting at last, as Mr. Shandy luminously informs us, to this only—"In three words, *my mother was to lie in, if she chose it, in London.*"

Some readers may stare, at our saying that a multitude of words makes laws inaccurate. Such an effect is the furthest possible from the conceptions of him who uses that multitude. He doubts not, that his copiousness of language covers every possible case. "Slave or slaves,"—"person or persons,"—"he, she, or they,"—"hog, pig, or shoat,"—"horse, gelding, mare, colt, foal, or filly,"—and other such specifications, make a web which seems to him complete, because it is complicated: but when it comes to be tested in practice, it is found to provide perhaps for not above half the cases it was intended to meet. We could cite a long section, containing 196 words, intended

to punish the forging of certain public and corporate seals, but missing that aim in the fog of words, and punishing only the forging of an *instrument for the purpose* of counterfeiting such seals. This palpable *no hit* is found in the Va. Revised code of 1819, vol. 1. p. 579, §2. Any careful reader will see that its fair grammatical construction is precisely what we have said. Perhaps the courts, knowing what the Legislature meant, might force a different interpretation: but in doing so, they would trample upon the great rule of construction,—that penal statutes must be taken *strictly* against the Commonwealth, and *favorably* to the accused.

Such failures to effectuate the law-maker's intent, are a natural fruit of the wordy system. In penning one of the fashionable, million-word statutes, the writer's mind becomes confused, and he writes confusedly—mismatches verbs and their objects—and sometimes "leaves all memory of sense behind." If his mind is too clear ever to become confused,—yet in attempting minute specification he will leave out some particulars: or, if his knowledge is so great and his recollection so exact as to embrace all that exist, still he cannot foresee future subjects, which have no parallel in the present or the past. Human cunning, the perpetual creation of new objects of value, and the frequent shifting of human affairs into new channels, will always baulk the most tedious particularizer that ever wrote a statute.

To meet these unforeseen emergencies, the million-word man commonly adds to his long list of particulars a sweeping phrase, designed to cover all possible cases. But our courts would probably follow those of England, in adjudging such a sweeping phrase inoperative. For when a law had made it felony to steal sheep *or other cattle*, the courts held the words "or other cattle" inoperative, and that the act extended only to sheep. "And therefore, at the next session," [of Parliament,] says Judge Blackstone, "it was found necessary to make another statute, extending the former to bulls, cows, oxen, steers, bullocks, heifers, calves, and lambs, by name."* So, the Virginia Legislature† having specified some thirty-six kinds of writing, as the subjects of punishable forgery, and wound up the list with the words, "or other writing, to the prejudice of another's right;" our courts, it is to be presumed, would adjudge the law applicable only to the 36 specified kinds; and the last mentioned words to be of no effect.

Suppose the comprehensive term, the sweeping phrase, alone, had been used? Suppose the English statute had made it punishable to steal "cattle of any kind," without mentioning sheep? Or suppose the Virginia statute had simply punished the forgery of "any writing, to the prejudice of another's right? Would not that language cover every

* 1 Black. Comm. 88.

† 1 R. C. p. 579, 580, §4.

case, as effectually as if every case were specified? The English enumeration, after all its ridiculous particularity, omits goats, and swine. It would not be difficult to suggest papers of value, which are omitted in the Virginia enumeration: bank certificates of deposit, for example. But we cannot imagine any subject of forgery, which would not be included in the words "any writing to the prejudice of another's right;" nor any domestic animal always worthy to be protected against theft, that would not be comprehended by the word "cattle."

To meet the scruples of word-catchers, who might question whether "cattle" properly means hogs or goats, and whether "writing" would meet the case of a *printed* forgery, let the code have prefixed to it a set of definitions, declaring that general words shall be construed to mean all that may fairly be included in them—that "cattle" shall mean (in laws) all animals of the cow, sheep, hog, and goat kinds—that "writing" shall include printing, etching, engraving, &c.

This is what the Legislature of Massachusetts has done; and what our Revisors propose to do. A page or two of such definitions, carefully kept in view throughout the Code, might shorten it by one half—make it infinitely clearer than heretofore—and leave comparatively few cases unprovided for, that could arise in human society. To make this plainer, let us give specimens of such definitions as we understand that the Revisors propose: and then exemplify their views further, by a sample of the shortening and clarifying effect of their plan. We profess to speak not by their authority, but only from our idea of their design, so far as it has been unfolded to the public: and we copy, in part, from the Massachusetts Revisal.

DEFINITION.

In this code, and in all other acts of the General Assembly, the following rules of construction shall be observed, unless inconsistent with the manifest interest of the Legislature, or with the context of the act in which the words and phrases here defined, are used: That is to say,

1. A word in the singular number, may be held to include the plural; and a word in the plural, may be held to include the singular.

2. A word importing the masculine gender, may be held to include females, as well as males.

3. The mention of the chief thing of a kind may include that whole kind: and the name of a thing which, by its ordinary or fair interpretation, embraces also other things, shall be held to include them, without specifying them. For example,

The word "horse" may include *gelding, mare, colt, foal, and filly*:

The word "cow" shall include *bull, bullock, calf, heifer, steer, ox, and yearling*:

The word "cattle" shall include all animals of the cow, sheep, hog, and goat kinds:

The words "in writing," or "written," may include printing, engraving, lithographing, and all other modes of representing words or letters:

The words "justice of the peace," "magistrate," or "justice" (when used to signify a justice of the peace) may include mayor, alderman, judge, or other person having the functions of a justice of the peace:

The words "goods and chattels," or "goods," or "chattels," shall include bank notes, and all other written evidences of debt, choses in action, and papers of value, or other personal property.

The word "county" may include corporation, city, borough, and other localities of jurisdiction:

The word "person" may include bodies politic and corporate:

The word "oath," or "swear," shall include *affirmation, or affirm*:

The words "insane person" may include *idiots, lunatics, persons non compos*, or any wise deranged in mind:

The word "will" shall include testaments and codicils:

The words "free negro" shall include free mulatto; and the word "negro" shall include mulatto.

4. The punishment prescribed for a criminal in the first degree, shall be held applicable to persons aiding, abetting, counselling, causing, or procuring a crime, without express mention of them.

5. The word "he," "she," "it," or "they," shall be taken to mean the person or persons, thing or things, which it represents by fair grammatical construction: without repeating the name itself of the person or thing.

6. The word "forge" or "counterfeit," shall import and include falsely making, forging, counterfeiting, altering or erasing, with intent to defraud.

These at least suffice to show the principle. If statutes be composed with faithful reference even to these few definitions,—omitting the phrases "every such offender,"—"every such person,"—"being thereof duly convicted"—"*public jail and penitentiary house*,"—and countless others like them, with which enactments are padded out to plethora,—it is incredible how much brevity will be promoted, with its attendant graces and virtues,—lucidity, neatness, accuracy. In short, it will be found that a half, a third, or a fourth, of the words now commonly used in Virginia statutes, would express their meaning BETTER than the whole does. The Greek proverb, that "a half is more than the whole,"—or Dean Swift's oft-quoted saying about two and two not always making four, in the arithmetic of the customs,—is perfectly applicable here.

To illustrate this further, we copy, exactly, a

section of the existing law against forgery ; and then offer such a substitute for it, as we suppose to accord with the plan of the Revisors :

[From 1. Revised Code, 578, §1.]

Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That, if any free person shall falsely make, forge, counterfeit, or alter, or cause or procure to be made, forged, counterfeited or altered, or willingly act or assist in falsely making, forging, counterfeiting, or altering any coin, current within this commonwealth, whether made current by law or by usage ; or any note or bill of the bank of Virginia, or the Farmers' Bank of Virginia, or any other bank which now is, or hereafter may be chartered in Virginia ; or any note or bill of the Bank of the United States ; or any other bank which now is or hereafter may be chartered by the government of the United States, or by the government of any state, territory, or district thereof ; or shall falsely make or cause or procure to be made, or willingly act or assist in falsely making any base coin ; or any note purporting to be the note of a banking company, when there is no such banking company in existence ; with intention to defraud or injure any person or persons, body politic or corporate ; or shall, with the like intent, pass or tender, or offer to pass or exchange, or cause or procure to be offered, to be passed or exchanged, any such false, forged, counterfeited, base or altered coin, bill, or note, knowing the same to be false, forged, counterfeited, base or altered ; every such person shall be deemed guilty of felony ; and, on being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be punished by confinement in the public jail and penitentiary, for not less than ten nor more than twenty years.

[270 words.]

Let us see some of the redundancies of this section, under the proposed reformation of the law. The offence needs not be declared *felony*, since all offences punishable by the penitentiary, are to be felonies. The words *falsely make, counterfeit, &c.*, may all be expressed by the one word *forge*, according to our sixth definition. *Causing, procuring, aiding, &c.*, are made needless by the fourth definition, which includes them in the principal offence. Other superfluities will appear from the subjoined draught—which, by the by, is more comprehensive than the above one, since it would embrace a Canadian, or English bank note, as well as unchartered bank notes, while the above section would not : though either might be current in Virginia.

And now for the

Substitute Section.

Any free person who shall forge any coin current in Virginia, or a note of any Bank, within or without the State, whether chartered or not ; or any note purporting to be the note of a Bank or banking company, though such bank or company do not, or never did exist ; or shall, with fraudulent intent, pass or offer to pass any such forged coin or note, knowing it to be forged ; shall be confined in

the penitentiary not less than ten nor more than twenty years.

[87 words.]

In a preceding paragraph we adverted to a section containing 196 words, which aims to punish the forging of certain seals, but (like A. the archer) misses its aim, and punishes only the forging of any *instrument* for counterfeiting those seals. We will now copy that section : and the reader is desired to see if we misrepresent its import ? And should he differ from our opinion, still, is it not plausible enough to raise a contest in a court ; perhaps to delay a trial for a year ; and by delay, to produce a criminal's acquittal ?

[From 1. Revised Code, 579, §2.]

If any free person shall falsely make, forge or counterfeit, or procure to be falsely made, forged, or counterfeited, or willingly act or assist in falsely making, forging, or counterfeiting, or keep or conceal, or aid in keeping or concealing any instrument, for the purpose of falsely making, forging, or counterfeiting, the seal of the President, Directors and company of the Bank of Virginia, or Farmers' Bank of Virginia, or of any other chartered Banking company, which now is or hereafter may be in Virginia ; or the official seal of the Register of the Land Office ; or the seal of any other public office, or body politic, or corporate, in this commonwealth ; such person shall be deemed guilty of felony ; and, on being lawfully guilty of any such offence, in relation to the seal of any banking company aforesaid, shall be punished by confinement in the public jail and penitentiary, for not less than five nor more than fifteen years ; and, on being lawfully convicted of any such offence, in relation to any other seal aforesaid, shall be punished by confinement in the public jail and penitentiary, for not less than one nor more than ten years.

And now we ask the reader if the aim of this section is not more indubitably, and more intelligibly accomplished in 94 words, by the following

Substitute.

Any free person who shall forge the seal of any chartered banking company in Virginia, or the official seal of any public officer, or body politic or corporate, in this commonwealth ; or forge, keep, or conceal any instrument for the purpose of forging any such seal ; shall, for so doing as to the seal of such banking company, be confined in the penitentiary not less than five nor more than fifteen years, and for so doing as to any other seal aforesaid, be so confined not less than three nor more than ten years.

We cannot consent to tire the reader with any further copies from the Revised Code. It abounds, and the later laws abound still more, with sections as verbose as either of the two that we have quoted. The whole chapter on Hog-stealing * is a curiosity in that respect : so is that on Horse-stealing † so

* 1 R. C., 572, &c.

† Ib. 575, &c.

is an act of 1834, designed to fix the county where the unlawful remover of a slave may be tried: so is an act passed six or eight years ago, empowering an administrator *de bonis non* to receive assets from a former representative; so, indeed, are enactments enough to tire our own patience (much more the reader's) with the bare mention of them. The last mentioned two (that of 1834, and that of six or eight years since)—especially the last one—can hardly be understood at all.

The fourth section of the law against forgeries* contains 300 words, specifying about thirty-six sorts of *writing*, the forgery of which it makes punishable: and closes the list with the words "or other writing, to the prejudice of another's right." We believe, as we said before, that this closing phrase is descriptive of every one of the thirty-six sorts. And if so, then by using it alone, and keeping our definitions in view, the whole effect of the present section and more, may be accomplished by one containing only 59 words:

[*Substitute for §4, 1 R. C. 789.*]

Any free person who shall forge, alter, or erase any writing, to the prejudice of another's right; or, with fraudulent intent, utter or pass, or offer to pass as genuine or true, any writing so forged, altered, or erased, knowing it to be such, shall be confined in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than ten years.

We venture to say, that taking into consideration the superior comprehensiveness of this substitute, the greater simplicity which the indictment would admit of, and the greater ease of proof,—a forger would find it twice as hard to shuffle off the coil of justice, as under the three-hundred-word section.

One more sample of the period-pruning which the venerable Virginia Code requires, and we shall close. We refer to the first section of the chapter on horse-stealing.† This section contains 157 words. In it the graceful catalogue, "horse, mare or gelding, foal or filly," occurs three times. It is hoped no reader will deny himself the amusement of turning thither, and examining its other beauties. He may then judge of the following

Substitute.

Any person stealing a horse, or being accessory thereto before the fact, shall, if free, restore the horse to the owner or pay him the value thereof, and be confined in the penitentiary not less than five, nor more than ten years; or, if a slave, shall suffer death.

[49 words.]

In the sportive preface to one of Montesquieu's little novels (for he wrote two or three) he utters a gibe against the affectation of excessive brevity, by gravely saying, that he had been thirty years

engaged in writing a work of twelve pages, which should contain all that was known in metaphysics, politics, and moral science. Let not us be thought liable to that sneer; nor to Horace's hit at him who, laboring to be brief, becomes obscure. No chimera of conciseness, no obscurity, is attributable to any phraseology that we would adopt in legislation. We are only for making laws speak common sense, in words that fit it—language such as Franklin used, and such as the most momentous precepts of the Bible are couched in. The departures of our law-makers from that mode of speech, have often made us sweat with perplexity about their meaning; not only at the bar, when adversaries were contesting the interpretation, but in office-hours, when all we wanted was to understand the duties imposed upon us by statutes. In every such instance, and in well nigh every imaginable instance, to shorten would be to make plain. The obscurity almost always comes from a needless multiplication of words; from a swing and swell of language, which many think essential to legislative dignity, but which is in fact one of the most wretched quackeries.

The auspices under which the present revival comes forth, the eminent names connected with it, and the portentous length of travail that has attended its birth*—not to mention the common-sense tendencies of this age—warrant the public in expecting at least brevity enough to insure lucidness. Even to learn the cost of printing is something; it is much more, to present magistrates, and people, as well as lawyers, with a body of reading which may not, by its bulk, frighten or confuse them. Any man will *read* a section of three or four lines much more willingly than a section of twenty; and perceive its meaning much more easily.

The chapter of definitions is an indispensable preliminary to any great condensation. *That* is the grand clarifier and abbreviator. Next, it is important to find "masterly" generalities of expression, to be used whenever the law-composer feels tempted into detailed specification. Finally, let him watch constantly for the briefest, but always for satisfactory, sets of words; never using two, where one will express his meaning. If he will practise on these three maxims, and is clear-headed, sagacious, of good judgment, and acquainted with the world,—he cannot fail to earn his country's lasting gratitude.

Note.—Since the foregoing article was placed in the printer's hands, a friend in the Legislature has furnished us a printed copy of the Bill now before that body, for amending the Criminal Law. Its brevity, and consequent clearness, in some sec-

* 1 R. C. 579, 580.

† *Id.* 575.

* 12 or 14 years. But Messrs. Patton and Robinson have had the work in hand scarcely two years. We hope they will take one more, at least.

tions, exceed even our own previous conceptions; though in others, we humbly submit, the old method of particularization prevails too much—for instance, in Chap. IV., §17, about stealing bank notes, &c. Say, in a short section, that all writings for the payment of money, *choses* in action, and other papers or writings of value, shall be deemed goods and chattels; then larceny would attach to them of course.

In the section about forging seals, (chap. V., §2.) the draughts-man has fallen into the same mistake with the 1 R. C. 579, §2; in making the stress of punishment fall upon the forging of an INSTRUMENT for the purpose of forging court seals, when he designs to punish chiefly the forging of the SEALS themselves. Why not alter the arrangement, so as to say

“Any free person who shall forge the seal of any court, or the official seal of any public officer, or body politic, or corporate in this commonwealth; or make, or keep, or conceal any instrument for the purpose of forging such seal; shall be confined,” &c.

About this there could be no question—no cavil.
M.

JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Thy form has never met mine eye
Amid the passing crowd,
Yet few can feel as I do now
To know thee in thy shroud!

Mrs. Embury.

And so the genius-gifted pass, they are going one by one,
The golden bowl is shattered and the silver thread is spun.
The melancholy requiem of Genius hath been said
O'er one laid down in summer-time, to slumber with the
dead;
In the early prime of womanhood, she changed the Laurel-
wreath,
Now bearing on her marble brow—the Cypress crown of
Death!

Of all the Muse's children, thou wert the fairest one,
Thou of the deeply loving mood, the spiritual tone,—
Thou of the tender, truthful soul, the earnest woman's mind,
Where seraph purity sat thron'd—ideal love enshrin'd.
Thou on whose heart the shadow of an early death did
fall—
Too truly did thy verse foretell the darkness, and the pall!

Ah, me! thy lip and ear are seal'd, thine eye is clos'd and
dim,—
Thy harp is hush'd and never more to soft religious hymn—
To olden tale, and melody of human hope, and love,
Shalt thou attune the strings which play a nobler part
above.

'Mid the adoring Seraphim with the redeem'd and blest—
In the sweet Sabbath valleys of Heav'n thou tak'st thy
rest!

Farewell, prophetic child of song—Woman, and Poet true.
Regretful tears fall fast for thee, albeit I never knew
Aught save thy name, with which thy song and fancied
image blend,
And my heart grieves, lamented one, as for a valued friend.
Lady, I lov'd thee passing well, but while I mourn thy doom
I call thee blest, and would that I could share thy quiet
tomb!

January, 1848.

JOHN CARPER,

THE HUNTER OF LOST RIVER.

CHAPTER III.

The character of my hero has been gathered perhaps, by the reader, from his own lips in the preceding chapters. He was a brave, true-hearted, intelligent man, with much earnestness and simplicity of nature. In physical qualities he was a noble specimen of the best class of frontiersmen. He stood six feet two inches in his moccasins, was “as strong as a bear, and as long-winded as a wolf”—or, if not quite all this, yet near enough to it to give a color of justification to the rhodomontade of the hunters, his companions, who were in the habit of saying so much of him. It is very certain that a better man for the work before him—a more gallant, patient, trust-worthy hunter—never set heart and foot upon an Indian trail.

The mouth of the mountain hollow, which the dog, Sharpnose, had shown so strong a disposition to enter, on the approach to Blake's house, was near at hand, and Carper made directly for it. The country through which his travel was immediately to lead him, is broken up into a puzzle of ridges, knobs, spurs and gaps. Lost River mountain, Timber Ridge, and Sandy Ridge, now run together, now separate, now lower their crests in quite a bland and pacific manner, now rear and recoil in oppugnation, until to an ordinary eye all seems an incomprehensible confusion of sandstone, pine and laurel. But this country rugged, wild, and intractable as it is, has its passes, and even its strips of smooth meadow watered by the flow of clear mountain springs, and John Carper knew every foot of it. Of these passes, the outlet of a chief one, into which many of the others converged, was near the Quaker's house. Into this, and rapidly up it, Carper took his way. He did not hesitate for a moment, but with his rifle on his shoulder, and his dog trotting before him with nose lowered, moved on at a speed which would have

outstripped the ordinary gait of Joshua Blake's dun gelding. If he cast his eyes to the stony path under his feet, it was rather to assure his footing than to look for signs, which he well knew no eye could detect on such a way. It was evident that here, in these first stages of his undertaking, he relied solely on his dog. This was especially apparent on his approach to a spot where the ravine forked. From this point a pass led away south of west, and was walled in by mountains until it opened, after a tortuous course, into the smoother country which edges the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac. If the Indians had taken this left hand pass, they would probably cross the South Branch above Morefield. The other pass, starting from the point of divergence, was most direct of the two, and led into the valley beyond in a course very little north of west. But there was a distance of many miles between the western outlets of the passes, occasioned by the southward inclination of the one on the left, and the after course of the Indians depended greatly upon the selection of courses made at the fork. Carper held back and left his dog to make a choice for him. Sharpnose, after going a little way up each hollow, wagged his tail, looked to his master, and resumed his trot up the northern one. The hunter turned to the right, and resumed his long swinging walk as if entirely satisfied with the dog's decision. His path soon became exceedingly rough; the sagacity of the deer, who had principally made it, led them across knolls to avoid curves of the ravine, and these knolls were heaps of sharp sand-stones, with scarcely soil enough to nourish a dog-wood or laurel. Here and there on these knolls, a pine thrown headlong by the winds, from the higher mountain side, lay in the way with its bush and turned the sharp stony path down some steep and critical surface. In the bottom of the hollow itself, Carper's road was often a mere succession of stepping-stones with pits, worn by flowing water, between them. Altogether this most direct course to the valley of the South Branch was wholly impassable to horsemen. To the true hunter, who now trod it, the way was as easy as a shorn meadow in summer, and he held upon it with uniform speed. It was, however, several hours before he emerged from the mountains, and found himself upon a range of broad hilly barrens, covered with crab grass, and looking very much like deserted fields. Sharpnose had followed the trail of the Indians through the confined passes, into which the sun at that early hour only half penetrated, but lost it on these breezy hills. Carper surveyed the country before him with a quick eye. Three or four hundred yards below, a little brook drew its line of running briars and thorn-bushes, in a zig-zag, about the foot of the up-grounds. "The trail will show there," he said to himself. "Nose up, dog—no time to be lost"—and bearing to the right, he hur-

ried to the brook, reached it, turned to the left, and traced it upward. He presently came to a deer path deeply worn into the banks, and here, to his great satisfaction, found numerous foot-marks. No care had been taken to conceal them. There were many moccasin prints, and in one place the toe-marks of a naked foot—doubtless that of the boy Tobe. Amongst the rest were shoe-prints. Carper recognized, in the small straight track, with the deep indentation made by the high narrow heel, the foot-mark of his dear Quakeress, and for a moment there was a blinding moisture in his eyes, and an uncertain motion of the hand that traced the dainty outline. It was not the slight pressure of a kid slipper that gave token of Nelly Blake's recent presence, but a sharp-cut print with quite a filigree of small indentations near the edges, and around the curve of the heel, made by the tacks of an honest mountain shoe. It was well shaped, however, both slim and small, and did not belie the country-side opinion which gave the poor girl credit for possessing the prettiest foot in the Lost River settlements. There was little in the marks to show how long they had been made, but Carper, on close inspection found in one of them farthest from the water some beads of white frost. "On, Sharpnose," he said, clearing the brook at a bound, "the tracks were made before day-break. We are seven long hours behind." On the low spouty ground beyond the brook, Sharpnose justified his name, and carried the trail with the certainty, but none of the clamor, of a fox-hound. A little farther on began the alluvial bottom lands, and here abundant signs were to be readily caught by the untiring hunter. The passage of the Indians had left a visible enough wake in the high weeds which this soil, as fertile as any in the world, throws up like a thicket of canes. After breaking through this rank growth, Carper came upon the bank of the South Branch. Here he assured himself that all, at least, of the Indian party had not directly forded the river. Some tracks, the boy Tobe's amongst them, led directly to the water's edge, but there were others which turned to the right, and kept the bank. Sharpnose, after following the first tracks until they were lost in the water, came back and took the bank trail. Nelly's shoes had left no mark to show which course she had been made to take. "They have lifted her into their arms," thought Carper, "and as she is rather too plump to be carried where there is no occasion for it, they have, no doubt, taken her up to carry her across the Branch. It is a civility of Girty's—very obliging in him!" Calling his dog from the trail along the bank, he at once entered the river. The stream he found languid and shallow, and with some difficulty in dragging through the mud on the other side, he shortly gained firm footing on the opposite bank. Here it seemed that a first attempt had been made by the Indians to hide their trail.

No foot-marks were visible in the muddy bank which the hunter had gained, but in looking up and down stream, he saw about two hundred yards above him, a flat rock which shelved into the water. The shore everywhere else within view was of soft and yielding soil, without turf, and indeed without vegetation of any kind except a few clumps of papaws. His woodcraft led him at once to this rock, and he presently detected some blotches, such as might be made by feet covered with wet buckskin, upon its surface. The sun, by this time nearing noon, had dried these away to a faint dull stain, but to Carper's quick eye, they were distinct enough. From this rock the onward path was matter of more uncertainty than altogether suited his hasty humor. Sharpnose could make nothing of so old a trail in so sunny an exposure, and the hunter was thrown entirely upon his own resources. The Indians had not followed the bank either up stream or down. There were no signs in the papaw leaves and mud deposite, which would have retained foot-marks as distinctly as soft potter's clay. Directly from the rock, which quite cut in two this low muddy shelf of shore, a mountain rose very abruptly, with a face of grey sandstone, dotted with starved shrubs. Carper's eye scanned this rough ridge, and he saw, and recognized on its top half a mile off, southward, a spot where, sunk between two rocky knobs looking like cupolas, a patch of tall pines rested like the shadow of a cloud. Large pines springing in this way on the spine of a mountain, generally denote a depression, for it is by the accumulation of soil from higher surrounding points that such islands of great timber are nourished and grown. Between these knobs, at this patch of pines, was in fact so considerable a depression as to have gained the name of gap—without being at all, however, the easy pass which a heavy-footed lowlander would imagine from the name. Unless the Indians had chosen to climb the rugged steep of a mountain several hundred feet high—dragging their female captive with them—they must have passed the ridge at this gap. There was, to be sure, a lower pass four or five miles down the river, but it was too distant to enter into the calculation of persons striking the mountain at the shelving rock. Carper mounted the hill-side some thirty feet and soon put on a look of satisfaction. The grey sand-stones on the warmer slopes of our mountains, if not covered with the long beard-like moss of the cold northern exposures, have yet a vegetable covering of their own, a sort of coating of flat circular scales looking like the impressions of miniature river shells. The hunter found several of these stones lying with the side marked in this manner downward, and some faint remains of moisture, or rather of the dark color which moisture gives to stone on the upturned surfaces. A little farther on, also, he found the switches of a shrub compressed together, and bent, as if they had been

seized and dragged through the hand of a person sustaining himself by them in falling. Satisfied with these signs, which tended in the direction of the high pine-marked gap, he descended to the river bank, where the ground permitted swifter travelling, and hurried on up stream. In a short time he drew near the pines. On the nearer edge of them a wild gobbler with splendid plumage was strutting in a circle about a clump of dogwoods, in amongst which two or three of his meek and shabbier looking wives were patiently scratching for their food. Sharpnose bounced in among the wild family and drove them clucking into the pines. He made several joyous efforts to storm their perches, and might under other circumstances have changed his obstreperous attempts into a blockade; but his master presently brought him to his graver duties, and after a little perplexed nosing and snuffing of the mingled scents, all lying well in so shady a spot, he found the human trail. The hunter's first anxiety now was to ascertain if Nelly Blake was with this division of the Indian party. Getting upon his hands and knees, and prying amongst the tassels with which the dark boughs above him had covered the ground—prunings of their mountain wings—he searched long and earnestly. Near a log which the trail had crossed, and a little to one side of the confused marks of the party, the eyes of the hunter, brought to within a few inches of the ground distinguished a slightly curved line in the mat of pine leaves. It was indistinct, but it was so because the pressure had not been great enough to stamp deeply, and destroy the elasticity of the leaves, not because the outline of the substance making it had been blunt or yielding. Some of the pine tassels, in the line, had been cut in two; so Carper assured himself by ascertaining that they were too damp to break. "It was Nelly's shoe," he said to himself as he rose; "she sprung from that foot in crossing the log, and had the heel up when the sole cut the line. Thank God her little instep had a spring left in it." He examined the opposite side of the log, but here he found that the wild turkeys had been before him, and had scratched away all signs. Satisfied, however, with what he had seen, he resumed his journey. Following the course which the shape of the mountain compelled, or at least made most easy, and which his dog went readily upon before him, he descended into an irregular valley. The trail, which with the aid of Sharpnose, he had been able to keep easily, led through this valley, and beyond it over a broken country, and at sunset he found himself between the headwaters of Looney's and Patterson's creeks, and near the base of the main or central chain of the Alleghanes. With the setting of the sun, the moon began to shine out low down in the western quarter of the heavens. Carper extended his journey several hours into the night, making poor speed however; and when the moon disappeared behind

the dark mountain line before him, broke his fast, drank water from a little noisy brook, stretched himself upon a bed of leaves, and with Sharpnose, with whom he had shared his supper, for sentinel, slept the sleep of a way-worn man who puts his cares away from him.

CHAPTER IV.

The dawn of the following day found Carper up, and preparing to resume his journey. He again ate of his jerked beef, denying a share of it now to his dog, whose powers of nose it was necessary that he should carefully preserve, drank of the brook, and continued upon his way. A mile from the spot where he had slept, he came upon a place a good deal trampled, and showing here and there the tracks of horses. A little examination showed him that two horsemen, and several men on foot had come in from the north and joined the party, whose course he had followed, at this point. Carper at once guessed the truth. The Indians, too wary to extend their depredations in the Lost River valley, had begun to grow bolder as they drew nearer to the Alleghaney wilderness—a region even at the present day as wild as the highlands of Oregon—and a part of their number had diverged down the South Branch, and fallen upon the settlements in the direction of Romney. The nearest settlement was Jacob Vanslaken's, and Carper conjectured that the homestead of this sturdy Dutchman had been the point of attack, and the scene of recent bloodshed and robbery. He had no close friendship with any of Jacob's household, and his own anxieties were clinging enough, but he gave a stern gesture of hand and head, as his imagination rapidly drew the scenes of this probable tragedy: a husband slain on his hearthstone—a wife carried away captive—their little children brained against the cabin lintels. These were imaginations to sharpen the edge of his war-knife. But he found matter of hope too in the midst of his conjectures of these things. The new outrages would muster the hunters of the South Branch and swell the pursuit. "I trust in God," he said, "that in robbing Vanslaken's house, they have set fire to it, and made it blaze as high as the mountains, for news, and a brag, to the valley men. With myself nosing close on the trail, and the South Branch rifles coming on after me, and the Lost River party heading in at the Youheganey Springs, Nelly has too good a chance for a reasonable man to fall in his spirits about her." With such reflections he kept upon his way. Following a wide and hoof-marked trail, he shortly came to a spring whose swampy ooze had killed the vegetation for some space around it. Near this spring there seemed to have been some delay and trouble on the part of the Indians; bushes were broken, and the ground was deeply dinted by horse-hoofs. Whilst the

hunter examined these unusual marks, his dog suddenly fixed his attention. A short distance down the ooze of the spring, at a spot where the fine thread of running water issuing from it, gained firmer ground and was arrested in a small basin, Sharpnose stood with his nose fixed to the earth. His hair was bristled along his back, and he gave alternately a sharp bark and a long melancholy howl. On reaching this spot, Carper found blood, and what he took to be the impress of a man's body stretched at length upon the ground. There were marks, too, which the intelligent hunter was not slow to conjecture had been made by a wounded man struggling up, and dragging himself away from a spot where he had, for some time, been lying. Along the course of these signs were a few scattered grains of parched corn. Sharpnose presently left the blood, and went cautiously trailing down the stream. Carper followed him, finding the forest growth more open as he advanced. He had left the spring a few hundred yards behind him, when a rifle cracked from the top of a fallen pine tree a little before him, and a bullet whistled past his head. The "spit" of flame and fine wreath of smoke caught his eye in the incomplete light of the morning, and he was about to fire in return, when Sharpnose dashed into the pine top. In a moment the head and shoulders of an Indian appeared. The dog had fastened upon him, and he struggled to use his tomahawk. As quick as thought the white hunter fired at the Indian's breast, and the struggle of man and dog ceased. Presently the dog came out from the pine. Carper, who had taken shelter behind the nearest tree and reloaded, advanced, and breaking away some of the boughs, drew the body of his enemy from its hiding place, and placed it upon the leaves of the open forest. The body was that of a powerful Indian, long-limbed, sinewy, and full-chested. The rifle ball had entered the centre of the breast, and passed out at the back, a little on one side of the spine. But in addition to this wound, was a very singular one upon the head which had discharged the blood very frightfully over the face. Carper was examining this wound, when the Indian opened his eyes, half raised his right hand as if attempting to make a gesture of peace, and spoke feebly.

"How do you do, broder?"

"Thank you," replied the single-minded hunter, "pretty well."

The Indian caught his hand from the wound upon which it was resting, and looked him wistfully in the face.

"I guess what you mean," said Carper, "but I am not feeling for your scalp-lock. What made the hurt on your head?"

The Indian endeavored to answer, but from his weakness, or his small stock of English, or both, Carper caught no sound nearer to an intelligible reply than "devil-horse." This he construed to

mean that the man had been in some way hurt by a stolen horse. His mind ran on for a few moments in the train of this conjecture. "Ah!" he said to himself, "if the rascals have carried off Vanslakens' black stallion, he will give them the devil—sure enough." This horse was widely known as a fierce and vicious brute. Carper dropped the conjecture, however, and endeavored to gain from the Indian some knowledge of the movements of his party.

"Tell me," he said, "how many hours towards the great mountain," and he aided his speech with his hand, "have your men carried the white girl?"

The Indian seemed to understand him, but instead of answering, closed his eyes, dropped his hands, and assumed a look of death-like languor. Presently he roused himself again. Perhaps he intended this pantomime as an answer to the hunter's question. Carper seemed to take it for one. "He wishes to tell me," he muttered, "that he has been past keeping count of the hours." But if the sinking away into languor was assumed as a dumb show of answer to the hunter's question, it was presently followed by marks of a real and fatal lethargy. Death came on rapidly. Carper disarmed by the condition of the dying man, and somewhat softened by his apparent gratitude for so slight a favor as that of leaving his scalp-lock upon his head, addressed him in an apologetic strain.

"If I had known that you were already half dead, I think it possible that I should not have shot you. But I was justified; and as a reasonable Indian you must admit it. Bullet for bullet is good law; and you did your endeavor to shoot me. However if you were the most infernal rascal that ever came over from the Muskingum or Hockhocking I would leave you with your scalp on your head, your rifle, tomahawk, knife, and pouch of parched corn by your side, and straighten your limbs decently. You have a religious notion about all this sort of thing, that is no doubt unreasonable; but it is of no use to argue it with a man three quarters dead, and who can't understand my language."

The Indian looked gratefully into Carper's face, muttered "broder," and in a few minutes, without farther attempts at speech, died.

The word "broder"* is, to be sure, a barbarous

* John Carper was singularly merciful to the poor devil who, measuring his deeds by his wild conscience, had done no wrong. An Indian shot by an old man named David Morgan, on the Monongahela, was treated very differently. "On the report of Morgan, a party went out from the fort and found the Indian at one hundred yards distant from the scene of action, hid in the top of a fallen tree, where he had picked the knife out of his body, after which he came out parched corn, &c., and had bound up his wound with the apron aforesaid; and on the first sight he saluted them with "How do, do, broder? how do, do, broder?" But alas! poor savage their brotherhood to him extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and, to gratify some peculiar feelings of their own, *skinning him*, and they have made drum-heads of his skin." Kerchival. Appendix.

corruption, when it is the result of an attempt to speak the English word "brother;" but to my ears, certain associations redeem it, and make it very touching. It was with the good German word, of like signification, and sound, upon his lips, that the last of the royal knights, Gustavus Adolphus, fell from his saddle on the field of Lutzen. And who does not remember the "mein bruder" of the student of Weisenberg, as, throwing down his pistol, he flew to embrace the friend whom jealousies had alienated, but at whose heart he could not aim for "the haze, which old kindly recollections brought before his eyes?"

John Carper straightened the dead man's limbs, placed his rifle, knife, tomahawk, and pouch of corn by his side, and led by a purpose which gave no time for more than this simple care of the dead, resumed his journey. The horse-tracks rendered the trail clear from the point at which the Indian parties had united, and Carper followed it without difficulty, and rapidly. Sharpnose seemed to consider his functions at an end for the present, and made no effort to assist his master, but jogged on contentedly before. For some ten miles the hunter held upon his way without interruption, and, at the end of this distance, the dog became again eager and excited. In fact, man and dog had reached the camping ground of the Indians. The spot which they had selected was in the centre of a kind of basin made by spurs of the Alleghany. The mountain projections almost surrounded the hollow; the only gap in their circuit was a narrow one through which a slender stream from a mountain-spring escaped, making a humming noise, as it leaped the sandstones, or gurgled in narrow passes under them. This break in the rim of the mountain basin was on its southern side. The fires which the Indians had kindled were still smouldering, and the footmarks were as fresh as if just made. In fact the party could scarcely be two hours in advance; and Carper felt no little satisfaction, when, by this discovery of the camping-ground, he assured himself that five of the seven or eight hours by which, at first, the Indians led him, had been overcome by his greater speed. He examined carefully to ascertain, if possible, how Nelly had been permitted to pass the night, or so much of it as her captors had passed at the camp. He found at the distance of some twenty steps from the circle immediately about the fire, and on the side of the hollow opposite to its outlet, a bed of dry leaves, and hemlock branches, and the impress of a human form sunk deeply into it, as if the occupant had been nearly covered by the uprising of the light material on each side. A hare never left a snigger "form" in a bunch of meadow grass. The length of the impression was less than the usual manly stature, and there was the wide pressure of skirts, instead of more definite marks of the lower limbs; from which the hunter was not

slow to assure himself that the little Quakeress, or at least one of her sex, had here found a bed. There was nothing to show that her captors had used any other constraint with her than that imposed by her position at the side of the walled hollow most remote from the outlet, and the customary maintenance of watch. After Carper had made these examinations, which he did with no little feeling—for what lover ever scrutinized such dainty traces of his mistress without emotions of tenderness—he seated himself and meditated upon his future course.

CHAPTER V.

Carper had a good knowledge of the country about him, having hunted in it, and he took for granted that the Indians would ascend the Alleghaney at a place some miles to the south—the nearest point of practicable ascent to horsemen. On entering the hollow, indeed, he had seen the tracks of horses leading out of it and tending in a southerly direction. What course the party would pursue, after gaining the Alleghaney levels, was now matter of reflection. He at last made up his mind that their course could scarcely reach farther south than the difficulties of the mountain compelled, and that after gaining its ridge, a bend to the north corresponding with the present southern one, would be made, and a line of direction taken toward Horseshoe and Blackwater runs—tributaries of Cheat River. Such a course would bring the party to the head of Youheganey, which he had appointed as the destination of the party to be gathered, and sent on by Joshua Blake. In accordance with these views, he determined to give up the trail of the Indians, climb the mountain at once, and either get before them, or resume the trail on the levels. I need not say in detail how he carried this plan into effect. We join travel with him again, many miles westward from the Indian camping ground—in fact upon the rocky highlands overlooking the valley of Cheat River. The hunter had reached a rocky point, from which his view took in a wide range of country, chiefly covered with forest, but spotted here and there with grassy glades. He overlooked the southern termination of the natural meadows of the Alleghanys. Very near him, but not at all fixing his attention, was a work of nature which, when this wilderness has been rendered penetrable to the world by good roads, and endurable by good inns, will draw crowds to admire its daring and novel beauty. Blackwater run, a considerable stream to bear the humble name of run, after winding sluggishly along the mountain levels, takes a leap from a rocky ledge, down a precipice of two hundred feet, unbroken in the descent except by one step of rock, which drives it at a rebound into a second great curve.

A basin of rock catches the waters below, and transmits them to other basins which descend in a series to the natural level of the valley. These basins are eternally shaded, and kept even in a twilight gloom by immense umbrella-topped evergreens, chiefly hemlocks, and the cold soil around them is entirely without undergrowth. The foot of this cascade, and the descending basins, I may as well say for the benefit of the trout fisher, abound in mountain trout of great size, perfect firmness, and unimpeachable flavor.

Carper stood upon the rocks, over this forest waterfall, which flashed and foamed in the light of the sun, (by this time near its setting,) and looked beyond into the valley dotted with glades. For some time no animate nature seemed to stir in the scene; but at last he saw a troop of nine elk* sweep across one of the largest of the glades at a brisk gallop. He could discover nothing to explain this flight of the elk; but at once conjectured that they were running from hunters of the Indian party. Below and before him, down Blackwater-run, he saw, at the distance of nearly a mile, a rugged, isolated hill, rising on one side with a gradual ascent dark with pines, and on the opposite presenting a precipitous surface to the stream. He determined to avail himself of this hill as a post of farther observation. Followed by his dog, he let himself down through the laurels of the mountain side, reached the shade of the hemlocks, followed the stream, gained the hill, and climbed to its top. He found here an admirable hiding-place. Laurels grew in abundance amongst large masses of sandstone, and roofed in the chambers which these, lying loosely at some feet apart, made, and the pine trees growing on that side of the hill up which he had come, afforded with their tops that dark back-ground which, in woodcraft, is reckoned so useful in perfecting the hunter's concealment from his game. Carper hid himself between two squares of rock, near the edge of the precipice above the run, and arranging the laurel so that he could see, without being seen, looked carefully out. A glade of about an acre, extended from the other bank of the stream; and beyond this the forest gave way in many places to patches of grass, glimpses of which might be caught as the light wind moved, here and there, the screen of boughs. The hunter had scarcely run his eye over this broken scene of trees and grass, when he heard what he at first took to be the bleat of a fawn. Presently, upon a repetition of the sound, he became sure that it was a decoy bleat. This imitation of a fawn's cry is made with an instrument like the mouth-piece of a clarionet; or, in some cases of extraordinary imitative powers of the voice, without such aid. The echo of the second bleat had not died away, when a doe came bound-

* The elk is still found, I have good authority for believing, in this singularly wild portion of Virginia—of course in small numbers.

ing into the glade, with her flag up, and stood for an instant looking eagerly about her. A shot was fired from a thick part of the wood, and the poor dam, drawn by love and care for her young, gave a few leaps and fell. Carper had seized his dog by the muzzle, at the first sound of the bleat, and still held him, whilst witnessing what followed. An Indian came from the wood, unsheathed his knife, cut the throat of the deer, and stood watching to see it die. Carper raised his rifle, but a moment's reflection enabled him to look upon the breast of the red hunter, as his blanket parted and displayed its swell—as fair a mark as temptation ever put in the way of a rifleman—with a quiet and patient eye. A few minutes convinced him of the wisdom of his forbearance. A second Indian came into the glade. The two proceeded to butcher the doe. They were engaged at this work when the main body of the Indians came in sight. First came a strong athletic young warrior mounted upon a showy black horse, which the hunter recognized, at a glance, as the vicious stallion of Vanslaken, the Dutchman. The toilsome journey, or the skill and strength of the rider, had subdued the brute into a quiet gait. A little in the rear of this first horseman, came Girty, a slim, dark-skinned, and eager-eyed youth, mounted upon a pony; behind him with one arm about his waist, sat Nelly Blake. Bundles were fastened about both horses. Behind, in no particular order, came eight Indians on foot, and trudging heavily in the rear of these, with a bundle of immense size weighing him down, came the boy Tobe. No prisoner seemed to have been brought from the settlement of Vanslaken. The party stopped in the glade, and made preparation for passing the night. Nelly was made to leap from behind Girty, and now stood in full view of Carper. Her face bore an expression of resolution, but was somewhat pale, in spite of mountain air and travel. She seemed to watch carefully, and obey readily, the signs of her captors, and to meet the dangers of her situation with a brave, but wise spirit. The boy Tobe, an uncouth, overgrown lad of fourteen, foot-sore and nearly dead with performing the part of Issachar to these wild Ishmaels, did not endure his lot with so much sagacious fortitude. Stumbling on, to the edge of the glade, he threw his load down, and seating himself beside it, began to weep bitterly. He was presently roused from this condition by an order, followed by a blow over the shoulders, to get wood for building fires. The boy, instead of obeying, turned, caught the stick with which he had been struck, and with a sullen, dogged manner, kept his seat. The Indian who had given him the order, released his hold upon the stick, caught his tomahawk, and, without an instant of hesitation, drove the edge of it into the boy's skull. Poor Tobe fell like a calf under the axe of a butcher. This tragedy was begun and ended so suddenly,

that even the companions of the murderer were taken by surprise. The Quakeress uttered a sharp cry, and covered her face with her hands. Girty advanced with a clouded face and spoke to the Indian, who, tearing the scalp from the boy's head, fastened it to his belt, and, making no reply, joined the rest of the party. Presently he made a short speech, with a great deal of mouthing and gesticulation, and the nodding heads and grunted responses of his audience showed that he had satisfied them of the propriety of what he had done. This final judgment given upon the homicide, the respectable judges seemed to forget it. As for Carper, he determined that when the time came for letting his presence be known by the crack of his rifle, its first bullet should crash into the skull of the murderer. With this resolution, he took patience, and afraid to expose himself too much, nestled amongst his rocks and kept his dog quiet. He had noted well the ornaments of the cruel warrior—a plume of eagle's feathers, and a broad stripe of white paint running like a bar sinister obliquely across his face from top to bottom.

By twilight the Indian party had hobbled the two horses, made a fire, cooked and eaten a great part of the venison, and as the supper ended, the white hunter, resuming his observation, saw Girty gather boughs, and make a bed for the Quakeress; it was placed thirty or forty yards off, down the run, out of view of the party about the fire, and the half-breed seemed to make it with much care. Carper recollected having seen the arm of the Quakeress about Girty's waist, as she rode behind him, and that recollection coupled with the character of his present labor for her, excited more of ill-blood toward the youth, than of gratitude for services which, doubtless, rendered Nelly's condition one of less hardship. As he brooded, with something almost as savage as jealousy in his humor, over these things, he saw Nelly, after listening to some words from Girty, steal away to her little bower of fragrant branches, and there clasping her hands, turn her face upward, dim in the gloaming, as if she prayed to God for succor. A twitch of emotion moved his features, and then tears came to his eyes.

"I will lead you safely back, Nel, out of these dangers," he said within himself, "or never will I see Lost River again."

The Indians, when the Quakeress had left them, gathered around their fire and began an earnest consultation. They kept this up for an hour, and then one of their number assuming the post of watch, the others stretched themselves upon the grass, and wrapped in their blankets, fell asleep. The sentinel did not leave the circle, but merely sat upright in it, with his feet to the blaze.

Carper had seen the black horse moving in the direction of a patch of grass, which lay, as he had noticed before getting into his hiding-place, behind

a projection of the hill; the patch of grass was beyond the run, and out of view from the Indian camp-fire. This, with the fortunate locality of Nelly's bed, also out of view, suggested to his mind a plan of escape which promised very well. He became seized with a fury of confidence and delight, as he turned the chances, arising from locality, over in his mind—chances such as he could scarcely have dared to hope would so soon present themselves. He determined to leave his post on the hill by the way he had ascended, so soon as the moon should have gone down, make a circuit, drag himself along the ground to Nelly's side, awake her gently, conduct her away noiselessly, and by a circuitous course, to the patch of grass where the black horse fed, cut his hobble, mount with the Quakeress behind him, and, striking north, ride for life toward the springs of the Youheganey. If the party from Lost River should have reached the Youheganey all would be well; if not, then he would continue on to the house of William Crawford, who had established a strong settlement at the Great Meadows, many miles farther north. Once mounted, he was sure that the speed and strength of the black would defeat pursuit. The principal peril, in this scheme, seemed to be in the difficulty of waking his mistress without noise; but he trusted to her courage and his own gentleness of approach. As for the danger of his dog's betraying him, Sharpnose, in spite of his obstreperous conduct in the case of the turkeys, would trail all day at his master's heels, and crouch like a lurcher at the simplest signal.

It was not long before the hour came for putting this plan into effect. The moon, trembling through a slight cloud, paled her fires, and at last went down, leaving nothing but a dim wake of light, to linger among the distant tree-tops. Carper left his post, awaiting, for doing so, a murmur of the light and capricious wind, that the rustle of the laurel leaves might not be heard by the Indian watch. He escaped into the more open ground of the pines and descended. He passed near the patch of grass toward which the stallion had been feeding, and found that he had reached it. The horse pricked his ears, but permitted the hunter to approach him. The bridle was still upon him, with the reins drawn up into loops about the head-stall, and it now occurred to Carper to fasten the animal to a tree. This he did, and, having done it, fell back, increased the sweep of his circuit, crossed the run more than a hundred yards below the Indians, and with great caution began creeping and dragging himself along the ground, in the direction of Nelly's sleeping place.

The Quakeress was lying upon her bed of leafy branches, with one round arm for pillow to her cheek. She was wide and sadly awake; no longer under the eyes of her savage captors, she gave free flow to her tears, and was indeed sunk into the

depths of utter dejection. In the midst of her wakeful grief she heard a dull noise like the humming of honey-bees, but never guessing that the lips of John Carper made the familiar sound, she gave no heed to it. Presently the shrill cry of a katydid followed the murmur of the bees. This was a note of the pleasant evening music, which she had been wont to listen to, in the pensive humors of her girlhood; the fine chirp, one of the hunter's most effective imitations, reminded her all the more tenderly of her distant home, at the wooded mountain-base, whose shades were so sonorous, of summer nights, with the treble of this cicala of our groves, but it did not induce her to lift her head from its position. Then followed the creaking notes of a hearth cricket, and again the sum of her home-turning fancies received an addition. A pause in the hunter's performance followed the cessation of the cricket's cry. After a little, however, she heard the merry chuckle, and spinning hum of wings, with which the humming bird feeds amongst the bell-shaped flowers of the House-creeper. The combination of so many familiar sounds, rather than the singularity of any one of them in such a locality, induced her to rise a little in her nest and look over its edge. Had the very insects mustered and followed on, like some little army in fairy tales, to minister consolation to her? She saw a dark object crouching low to the ground.

"Nelly!" whispered a voice, "hush—hush—for God's sake. I am John Carper."

The girl's heart leaped, and her eyes started in their sockets; the faintest possible cry half escaped her lips. It was so faint that the prattle of the neighboring stream must have drowned it to any one not very near.

"If it is thee, John Carper," whispered the poor girl slowly, and in mingled love, hope, and terror, "let me see thy face, or hear thee speak some signal."

"Will you run away to Morefield, Nel, to the lean parson, and be my dear little wife?" This allusion to a past conversation assured the Quakeress fully.

"Surely," she said, "the God in whose name thee just now conjured me to be silent, has sent thee to save me, a poor child, and not deserving of the risk to thy safety. Let me feel thy strong hand in my weak one."

Her lover not only granted this moderate request but took her fairly into his arms, and, with a noiseless sort of blubber, kissed her mouth, cheeks, forehead, and eyes, with so continuous a fervor that the poor girl was in some danger of having the latter kissed out. In the stout, and somewhat coarse, hunter, the passion of love, even in circumstances of such peril, partook of the ridiculous; in the girl, honest and, if country-bred, still gentle and full of the grace which belongs to all beauty, it rose into earnest poetry.

"True--true"—she said in low and sweetly modulated tones, to which grateful love gave a tremor—"true as the love, and the strength, and the honor of a courageous man ever were to a weak child, or a sorrowful woman, so true has thee been to me, John Carper; and whether thee save me, or I am slain like the wretched boy, whose body lies cold, and stiff, yonder, for the wild beasts to tear, thee will surely be blessed of God."

Carper had given her lip-room for this speech. He kissed the mouth, yet trembling with its last earnest word, and then calmly replied, still in a whisper,

"I have done nothing very great, or unusual, Nelly. He would be a poor Joe, indeed, that would let his sweetheart be carried off without following on her trail. But time is pressing. You must creep along with me; I will guide you, and I hope to be mounted and riding away with you before a rascal of them all, at the fire yonder, stirs. We will have our talk out, where we can do it without whispering. Draw your petticoats about your knees, and stoop low to the ground. Mind your business, Sharpnose."

Precisely at this instant a stir took place amongst the Indians at the fire. Carper pressed Nelly back into her leafy nest, placing a finger on her lips as he did so, and then, as noiselessly as a snake, crept away into the densest shade of the wood—his dog following, and imitating his caution. The noises at the camp-fire became louder, and it seemed presently that the whole Indian party were rising, and preparing for travel as if day had dawned. It could not yet be midnight. The hunter was puzzled, and, for the better discovery of what the movement portended, dragged himself around some distance, to a spot near the edge of the glade, from which he could see what passed. Lying amongst the roots of an oak, he looked out safely. The fire, crackling with fresh brush, gave out a strong light; as it grew brighter he placed his hand over the shining eyes of his dog. In a few minutes he saw ten of the party, Girty one of them, leave the fire, and set off down the bank of the stream, fully equipped, and with the precision of step, and order of march of warriors setting out on the war-path. Their course led them near the bed of the Quakeress, and Girty, leaving the file, stooped for a moment over it, then went on with his companions. The two Indians left at the fire, seemed to have no purpose of again going to sleep. They sat for half an hour talking, and occasionally kicking the ends of the half-burned brush into the blaze. After spending so much time in this way, one of the two got up, and going to where the bundles had been placed, brought back one of them to the fire. He opened it and spread the contents on the ground. He next singled out a little white night cap, and stuck it upon his head; then he tied a shawl around his neck with great bows projecting in front. Hav-

ing equipped himself in this extraordinary manner, he walked several times around his companion, as if not a little vain of his fine appearance. The sitting Indian, as if emulous of cutting a finer figure, took, from under his blanket, the frontal skin and horns of an ox, (one of the trophies from Joshua Blake's cattle pen,) and placing it upon his head, with the horns erect, and the skin hanging over his face, began to strut about with as vain a carriage as the other. Finally both again sat down, laughing with the suppressed Indian chuckle at the pantomime just accomplished.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE POLICE OF PARIS.

FROM IK. MARVEL'S FRESH GLEANINGS.

The Municipal authority in the capital is the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, corresponding very nearly with the office of Mayoralty in the larger of the American cities. There is under him, a Council of Prefecture made up into different administrations, having cognizance of various public affairs:—as for instance, of Roads and Public Works, of Public Instruction, of Departmental Taxes, of Post Offices, of the *Poste aux Chevaux*. Besides this, there belongs to each of the twelve Municipal arrondissements, corresponding to the wards of our cities, a *mairie*, (mayor) and two deputy mayors; these officers sit every day from two to four hours. But in addition to all this machinery of civil administration, and what comes more nearly under the eye of the stranger, is the Administration of the Police.

The head of this department is the Prefect of of the Police, holding authority directly from the ministers of the crown. It is he, or some one of his thousand officials, that permits you to enter the city,—it is he who permits you to stay in it, and he who permits you to leave it.

He has control over the lodging-houses of the city,—over the porters, the hackmen, the boatmen, the draymen;—he has an eye to the markets, that weights are just, and that provisions are good;—he fixes the price of bread;—he controls bakers, and brokers, and baths;—he is the great conservator of order, and it is he who makes the stranger's way safe in any part of Paris by night or day. If you drive a cabriolet, he tells you what is to be paid; if you ride to the Opera, he tells you the streets you are to pass through; if you lose your way, he puts you right; if you lose your money, he finds it for you; if you break a law, he slips his arm into yours, and walks with you down to the Palais de Justice; if you are trampled down in the

street, he plucks you up, and gives you over to his surgeon; if you tumble into the Seine, he kindly fishes you out, and carefully lays your body upon one of the slanting tables in La Morgue.

This same omnipresent officer presides every other Friday over a council of health, held by the first physicians and surgeons; he gives to stranger-operatives their certificate of right to work at their respective callings. He has under him forty-eight commissaries—one in each of the quartiers, into which the twelve arrondissements are divided. These are the special heads of their districts, and their houses may be distinguished along the Rue St. Martin and Rue Richelieu at night, by a crimson lantern burning at their doors.

Nor is this all; under the Prefect, and under the commissaries, are two thousand sergents-de-ville, who wear broad military chapeaux, and a light sword, and may be seen at all hours of the day, on the Boulevards, in the Garden, and the dirty alleys of the Cité.

Nor yet is this all;—under the Prefect, and under the commissaries, and holding humbler place than the sergents-de-ville, are the Municipal guard—three thousand picked men on foot, and seven hundred horse. The first are stationed in all the theatres at night—they patrol the streets—they rescue the injured; and wherever there is a street disturbance, there you will see the black horse-hair plume of the mounted Municipal guard.

There are beside, hundreds of secret police in almost every station of life; and there are the “officers of the peace” in their unsuspected citizen’s dress. No portion of the capital is free from the presence of some officer of this mighty Police. Every theatre has its regular quota—every assembly has its spy.

—You are going to the opera:—your carriage is stopped two squares from the Opera-house, by a horseman in a glittering helmet, with black plumes waving over it; he directs with his drawn sword the way the coachman is to take; the order has been arranged and prescribed at the Prefecture of Police. Arrived at the door of the theatre, three or more of the mounted guard upon their black horses direct order upon driving away;—it may snow, or it may rain—it may be early or late—still the stern-looking horsemen are there—their helmets and swords glittering in the gas-light. You alight from your carriage, and a couple of the sergents-de-ville are loitering carelessly upon the steps;—they run their eyes half-inquiringly over you, as you enter. Each side the little ticket-box is stationed a soldier with musket,—two of the Municipal guard. You enter a passage sentinelled by another; and within, are three or four loitering at the doorways.

Perhaps there is a slight disturbance; some brawler is in the house; in that event, the soldier at the door disappears a moment;—he comes again

with four or five of his comrades;—there is no need of excuses or promises now;—the brawler goes out over benches and boxes. He is handed over to the Sergent-de-ville. The Sergent-de-ville calls a carriage, and the brawler rides to the Palais de Justice.

Perhaps the disturbance is more general. The soldiers try to arrest it; they press some down, they motion the others: but perhaps half the company are hissing and shouting so that the play can not go on. In this event—and it occurred during my last visit to Paris,—a plain-looking gentleman, dressed simply in black, with a bit of ribbon in one button-hole, leans over from one of the boxes, and tells the audience, in a quiet way,—if the noise does not cease, he shall order the theatre to be cleared.

There is no use in expostulation—still less in resistance—for the man in black, whom nobody knew till now, is a commissary of police—and in twenty minutes could order a thousand men upon the spot. The house was quiet in a moment, and the play went on.

For a rogue—merely morally speaking, there is no safer place than Paris. He may offend against every law of God and man, so it be not written in the books of the Prefect de Police,—and he is secure, and he may hold his head with princes, and take the cushioned stalls at Notre-Dame, and dine at the Café de Paris, and rent the first *loge* at the Opera. But let him offend in the least the statutes, and there is no corner from Notre-Dame, to Mont Martre that can hold him. He may assume any disguise and change it as he will—those men in the cocked hats, and with the straight swords, and worse still—those men in plain suits, whom nobody knows, will have their eyes and their hands upon him.

It is no use—the going backward or forward, or talking about rank, or money, or position;—he may as well march at once quietly down to the old Palais de Justice—walk straight into the court—take off his hat to the Commissariat, and ask politely for a room on the first floor, a bottle of old Macon, and a few pipes.

There is something in the constant surveillance of such a police, not altogether reconcilable with an American’s idea of freedom; yet at the same time is there a secret and indefinable charm, in feeling the presence and security of order,—order unfailing and almost perfect. It makes up, indeed, a great part of the luxury of Paris life,—this quietude amid all the gayety. Nor is it wholly the false serenity, which hangs like a summer atmosphere over the scenes of Boccaccio’s story; it is guaranteed by arms, and the nicety of complete military organization. It gives a home feeling in the gayest, and so to speak, most Cosmopolitan city of the world;—and when I came back toward it from the great Eastern cities—there was a yearning at my heart, as if it was half a home; and I welcomed the broad chapeaux of the Sergents-de-ville, with a little of the same feeling, with which I welcomed, at a later day,—the high gateway, the wide branching elms, the gray porch—covered with its green, flowering creeper—of my country home.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

How charming is divine philosophy !

- Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Comus.

There is something winsome as well as venerable in the character of the true philosopher. He, as well as the poet, derives his charter from nature. The term, in its best acceptation, not merely designates the adherents of a school of wisdom whether Stoical, Platonic or Epicurean, but the man of liberal and inquiring mind, who habitually reasons upon facts and to whom the pursuit of truth is an instinct, and its appreciation a keen delight. Next to the great bards, this race of men engage the affections; after the poetic, this phase of humanity is most noble. Approaches to the character are to be found in all good diarists and self-biographers—for such writings are but collections of personal incidents and thoughts more or less rich in philosophy. Montaigne is the prince of this species and old Burton a fine example—but autobiographies, ingenuously composed, furnish the same kind of aliment, and betoken a like idiosyncrasy. Thus Rousseau, Goldoni, Alfieri, Cellini and Boswell, have contributed invaluable materials towards the science of life, by disclosing, with honesty and acumen, psychological histories. One of the most interesting specimens of the genuine philosopher in the annals of literature, is Sir Thomas Browne. His candor, scope and kindliness, united with bravery of thought and originality of expression, make his works attractive beyond any other of the old English prose writers. The bulk of the writings of Sir Thomas Browne are curious rather than of practical value; but their indirect utility is greater than a casual view of their ostensible design would suggest. A vast amount of quaint knowledge, a vein of original speculation, and a loftiness of conception as well as waywardness of fancy, fix the mind to the page whither the quaint title attracts it. The “Enquiries into Vulgar Errors” are the result of years of observation and study: “Christian Morals” form an epitome of religious maxims which would do credit to the best of the old English Divines.” “Urn Burial,” suggested by the discovery of some ancient urns at Norfolk, in 1658, is an essay as remarkable for its accurate learning as for the melancholy charm with which his devout imagination invested the theme. “The Garden of Cyrus” is like an antique horticultural poem; and the very titles of the tracts and letters, breathe of eccentric genius.

The mention of one will suffice; “On the Fishes eaten by our Saviour and his disciples, after his resurrection from the dead.” His alleged belief in witchcraft has been derided, but this is evidently one of those subjects upon which he indulges his fancy rather than his reason, and to which he alludes in the preface to his most famous work: “There are many things delivered rhetorically, many expressions therein merely tropical, as they best illustrate my meaning and therefore to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason.”

The “Letter to a Friend” is a noble offering of personal sympathy and an eloquent illustration of religious philosophy. But the work that has the advantage of voluntary, in distinction to professional, authorship, and that emanated most directly from his consciousness, is the private compendium of individual faith, which became renowned soon after being published under the title of *Religio Medici*; it is the most true and elaborate reflection of himself; and we therefore adopt it as the basis of our remarks upon his character of philosopher—his native claim to which it amply sustains.

There is an order of minds that cannot take life in a jovial or compromising spirit; “nobler ever than their mood,” some faith, hope or principle is needful to preserve their equanimity. They must see things as they are, pluck out the heart of each mystery, come face to face with truth though it be sad, condemnatory or hopeless. Poets escape outward evil through their imaginations, philosophers by their reason. The one arrays reality in the hues of fancy, the other analyses it in the crucible of thought, and through combination or inference attains comfort. Perhaps the most characteristic resource of the latter is a settled conviction that benign, universal and inevitable laws obtain not only in nature, but in the vicissitudes of human life and the issues of human destiny. As the astronomer serenely confides in the starry evolutions and the mariner in the needle's inclination, the philosopher trusts to the wise and kindly results both of events and action. He is comparatively patient at successful charlatanism because his “faith is large in time and that which shapes it to some perfect end.” He observes society not for its apparent and immediate, but for its actual and ultimate tendencies. His calm eye pierces to the inward fact undimmed by the atmosphere of circumstances. He is a natural eclectic, drawing from each system, character and party its truly desirable element and uniting them into a harmonious whole. In human intercourse he feels assured that genuine affinity, in point of fact, regulates society; in external occurrences he looks beyond the seeming fortune to the relation it bears to individual character; and for higher truth, strives by integrity and humble patience to keep ever in a recipient state.

“There is no liberty,” says our author, “for causes

to operate in a loose and straggling way, nor any effect whatsoever but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. It is we that are blind, not fortune; because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. This cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes of dangers and the hits of chance, with a *Bezo las Manos* to fortune, or a bare grammarcy to my good stars."

The habitude of observation, the recognition of the world as a suggestive as well as a merely physical sphere; the consciousness of life as an experience full of significance is every where obvious in Browne. "The world," he says, "was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God and the homage we pay for not being beasts. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration."

"To raise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof, was but his art, but their sundry and divided operations with their predestined ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom."

The philosopher's spirit of inquiry is as comprehensive as it is habitual, ranging from science to art, from life to nature, from books to consciousness. His pleasure is to generalize. When the principle of a subject, the central point of a character, the absolute significance of a number of circumstances is attained, he experiences a profound satisfaction. Truth is to the intellect what love is to the heart—its food, object and inspiration; and they who thus seek and delight in her revelations are, by nature, philosophers. The zest of life to them is to approximate to reality through a wilderness of appearances, and in saying that they best vindicate the integrity of the mind, we mean that to them the mind is an instrument of usefulness, happiness and honor—instead of a bewildering gift, an aimless interrogation, or a mere lumber-room of fragmentary ideas. A great characteristic of the true philosopher is independence. He is above prejudice; and the habit of viewing every question in its connection with absolute truth opens his mind to conviction however opposed to former opinion. Indeed, the ostensible creed in religion or school of literature, or party in politics to which such men are attached, serve rather as vantage grounds than limits—as the particular brigade in which the true soldier is enrolled is a convenient arrangement for eliciting his activity in the cause for which he wages battle, rather than an exclu-

sive coterie, beyond which his sympathies or perceptions cannot wander. A certain foothold of conservatism is absolutely necessary even for the most speculative thinker. Whatever be the goal of thought it must have a starting point, and beyond what is positive and defined in a philosopher's data of belief, he has a faith of his own rather instinctive than specific—a vague perhaps yet actual trust in certain grand and universal principles or ultimate results, which does not contradict but sustains the particular formula to which he gives open allegiance. In truth it is this very union of reliance upon broad principles and general views with the recognition of particular dogmas which distinguishes the disciple from the sectarian in religion, the statesman from the partizan in politics, the liberal from the prejudiced in society, and the truly philosophic from the pedantic in mind.

The spirit of inquiry and good powers of reasoning are not, however, the only essential qualifications of the philosopher. These may serve him in material acquisitions, but uninspired by high emotions, unquickened by imaginative perception, they cannot bear the mind beyond the limits of the actual. Like the dying Cleopatra, unless there be "immortal longings," philosophy is bereft of its hope. Sir Thomas Browne regarded his acquired knowledge as the basis not the limit of research. His experiments foretold a yet more satisfactory analysis. He found in character chiefly promise, in event discipline, in nature hints—all suggestive of more completeness and satisfaction. The best fact of his own consciousness was a supernal trust, a sense of glorious affinity. Hence his self-respect, his disregard of the temporary, his instinctive repose upon the bosom of nature. He was an aspirant, and therefore not only saw the footsteps of truth in his path, but sometimes caught glimpses of her wings through an opening cloud. He confesses to so "abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and the elements," that he "cannot think this is to be a man or to live according to the dignity of humanity." * * * And again: "Since I was of understanding to know we know nothing, my reason has been more pliable to the will of faith. * * * Where the soul hath the full measure and complement of happiness; where the boundless appetite of that spirit remains completely satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration, that I think is truly heaven. * * * I would not entertain a base design or an action that should call me villian for the Indies; and for this only do I love and honor my own soul, and have, methinks two arms too few to embrace myself." * * * He was conscious of an inlet of truth above reason, for he observes, "it is but attending a little longer and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion which we endeavor at here by labor and inquisition."

Among the merely individual characteristics of

Sir Thomas Browne, was his love of music, of which he says "there is something of divinity in it more than the ear discovers;" and his irreverence for antiquity merely as such. There is much to confirm his fanciful idea of a "revived-self," or re-appearance of forms of character. Are we not often struck with the marvellous similarity between intimate acquaintances and historical personages? Who has not known women whose brilliant wit and turn for the ambitious intrigues of social life, recalled the ladies of the Court of Louis XIV? Some constitutions are decidedly oriental in their needs and aptitudes, though born in a northern latitude. Tendencies for particular modes of life exhibit themselves under circumstances which breathe neither a memory or hope in the same direction. A single member of a family will develop traits wholly at variance with the manners and tone of feeling around. These and similar instances seem to point to an ancestral vein working itself obliquely forth, to an Arethusa-like reappearance of some quality of blood or gift of soul, that has long wandered under oblivious waters to incarnate itself at a time and place the most unexpected. Therefore well says our philosopher, "Every man is not himself; there have been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again."

It is remarkable that the men whose relish for books is the most keen—who read sympathetically, not merely to store the memory and weave ties of familiar and endearing association with beloved authors—should invariably repudiate the idea of an extensive library. One can name the volumes essential to the comfort of such men as Hazlitt and Shelley. Thinkers do not require books for the information they convey so much as mental stimulants and faithful companions. They can generate ideas for themselves and take up a volume as they turn to a friend, for the refreshment of sympathy or attrition of mind. Sir Thomas Browne fully shared in this love of the cream of literature, and was impatient at the multiplication of books. "Of those three great inventions in Germany, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and 'tis disputable whether they exceed not their use and commodities. 'Tis not a melancholy utinam of mine own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but for the benefit of learning; to reduce it as it lay at first in a few and solid authors, and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgments of scholars and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers."

Montaigne compares authorship with the act of pouring water from one vessel into another; and the reproduction of old materials in new forms is illustrated by all the brilliant achievement of mod-

ern literature. We do not, however, so fully realize the identity whenever evolved, of all true principles, and the innate resemblance of all philosophic observers of life and nature. It has been well said that the Sermon on the Mount was an announcement, not a creation of truth. The pure in heart did not become blessed on account of the Saviour's benediction. It was and is a great moral fact that they are so. Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood is spoken of as a discovery; but the law, though unrecognized, existed from the moment that a pulse quivered in the wrist of Adam. We have spoken of Sir Thomas Browne as a type of the genuine philosopher; and adapting the ingenious transcript of his mind, written for private satisfaction at the age of thirty, first surreptitiously published in 1642* to us as his creed, confession or theory of life, it is curious to note how many ideas which, within a few years, have become prominently embodied as original—were noted by him as familiar and personal conceptions. The most cherished of the Swedenborgian doctrines brought comfort to his soul. We find a hint of the law of correspondencies in this passage: "The seven schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait, things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric." And that he recognised somewhat the new church view of the spiritual world, is evident from such observations as these: "I hold that the devil doth really possess some men, the spirit of melancholy others, the spirit of delusion others; that as the devil is concealed and denied by some, so God and good angels are pretended by others, whereof the late detection of the maid of Germany hath left a pregnant example. * * * I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits, for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard to their fellow-natures on earth." * * * "Therefore, for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons have their tutelary and guardian angels." His idea of the nature of these beings is equally significant. "I believe they have an extemporary knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason do what we cannot without study and deliberation; that they know things by their forms, and define by special difference what we describe by accidents and properties; and therefore probabilities to us may be demonstrations to them."

Lavater and Spurzheim have identified their memories with a theory of expression or natural language. A speculative germ of this science was obviously in the brain of Sir Thomas Browne.

* The Religio Medici.

"The finger of God," he says, "hath left an inscription on all his works, not graphical or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts and operations, which aptly joined together do make one word that doth express their natures. And truly I have observed that those professed eleemosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons; there is surely a physiognomy which those experienced and master mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect; for there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls." One of the most popular books of the day is "*Proverbial Philosophy*," and one of the most effective of its chapters is that devoted to compensation. In the *Religio Medici* we have an eloquent suggestion in the identical vein. "'Tis, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune which doth not in any way deject the spirit of wiser judgements, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding, and being enriched with higher donatives cast a more careless eye on those vulgar parts of felicity. 'Tis not partiality but equity in God who deals with us but as our natural parents; those that are able of body and mind he leaves to their deserts, to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the access of another." Self-reliance has been the favorite doctrine of recent writers. Carlyle, Channing, Emerson and others urge it on every occasion with ingenuity and eloquence. Sir Thomas Browne is not a less determined, though more concise advocate. "We carry," he declares, "with us the wonders we seek; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume."

The cardinal points of faith to every sensitive thinker are, that life is only realized through a complete exercise of mind and heart, and that there is an enduring and progressive principle in the soul which makes this just activity infinitely desirable. This has been finely uttered by the author of the *Religio Medici*. "There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the sun. Every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself."

Long ago the Mantuan poet wrote "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*"—a phrase which lingers in the memory of every reader who has a large organ of causality, although the rest of his knowledge of Latin has evaporated. And why is he happy who knows the causes of things? Because the selfish instincts attribute a personal and direct motive to conduct which is regulated by feelings of far more intense and extensive scope; because

the end often justifies the means; and the breadth and sincerity of a purpose may suggest temporary expedients, which viewed by themselves, are wholly unsatisfactory. "Circumstances alter cases," is an old proverb. The philosopher differs from the vulgar in the extent as well as the acuteness of his vision. "I have," says Sir Thomas, "one common and authentick philosophy I learned in the schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the reason of other men; another more reserved, and drawn from experience, whereby I content mine own." The most objectionable of modern tyrannies is that of the press. In the United States, boasting the greatest political freedom at present enjoyed, a man who can purchase a few types may assail effectually the reputation of his neighbor, who, were he to utter the same scandal, would be amenable socially to the laws of honor; and jurisprudence has provided no sufficient remedy for libel. In the preface to the very treatise we are now considering, it is said:—"Had not almost every man suffered by the press, or were not the tyranny therefore become universal, I had not wanted reason for complaint; but in times wherein I have lived to behold the highest perversion of that excellent invention, complaints may seem ridiculous in private persons, and men of my condition may be as incapable of affronts as hopeless of their reparations." The idea of progress has become so general and intense, that it has degenerated into cant. How manfully it is recognized in our author's introduction of his work! "It" (the *Religio*) "was sat down many years past, and was the sense of my conceptions at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgement at all times; and therefore there might be many things plausible unto my past apprehension which are not agreeable unto my present self."

An axiom of late metaphysicians is the sufficiency of the mind and conscience independent of outward well-being; and "to repose on our own consciousness is defined by not a few as the test of harmonious development." Sir Thomas Browne yielded the "private station," not from any restless love of fame, but through the presence of external inducements. Had not the duty I owe unto the importunity of friends, and the allegiance I must ever acknowledge unto truth, prevailed with me, the inactivity of my disposition might have made these sufferings continual; and time, that brings other things to light, should have satisfied me in the remedy of its oblivion."

In his personal history, there is little either adventurous or peculiar. He was born in London, in St. Michael's Parish, Cheapside, October 19th, 1605; and educated at Winchester School and Oxford. In his youth he travelled extensively and the reminiscences of this period, which incidentally appear in his treatises, evince the constant exercise of liberal curiosity in regard to the arts and

manners of different localities. He remained for the longest intervals, at Montpelier and Padua—the two most celebrated schools of medicine then existing in Europe. He took a degree at Leyden; and finally settled at Norwich, where he died at the age of seventy-six.

Of minor facts relating to his career, there is the usual paucity which attends the life of a scholar. He was knighted by Charles II., and during the political commotions of the age, lived apart, occupied with his books, experiments and domestic enjoyments. It is interesting to know that he was visited by Evelyn. Of his family, little has been recorded. One of his sons distinguished himself as a brave sailor in the navy; and another became celebrated as a physician and is mentioned as in attendance on the death-bed of Rochester. Of the daughter's character, we may form an idea by a single trait which is preserved of her,—that “she loved to be alone”—a disposition indicative of the philosophical temperament of her father, whose memory she appears to have deeply venerated.

It is said that the wits of the day made themselves quite merry on the occasion of our philosopher's marriage, deeming the event altogether inconsistent with his avowed preference of celibacy and his wish that mankind might “procreate like trees.” Their view of the subject was exceedingly narrow. Sir Thomas Browne acted, as well as wrote, upon honest conviction. He never professed what he did not believe; and was above the vanity of claiming any sentiment, however beautiful, or following any custom, however approved, the sanction of which he had never experienced. When the *Religio Medici* was written, his innate love had not been called forth because he did not encounter its appropriate object. He was singularly true to himself, and never forced or perverted nature, but listened reverently for her spontaneous oracles; when these revealed to him what Croly finely calls “passion made essential,” he obeyed its impulse. That it was on the principle of genuine sympathy, that he entered upon this relation, is evident from the testimony of Whitefoot, who says: “In 1641, he married a lady of such symmetrical proportions to her worthy husband, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.”

There is a cynical tone in Dr. Johnson's life of Sir Thomas Browne, and its injustice is only countenanced by the adverse spirit manifested in the extracts from Whitefoot—his intimate friend, whose cordial encomiums are obviously as truthful as they are affectionate. The philosopher's character, as thus delineated, seems to accord perfectly with the kindliness and serene wisdom of his writing. Among other characteristics which they suggest, and which his biographer confirms, are such a thorough modesty that he never lost “an habitual blush,” simplicity of dress, household and social liberality, parsimony only of his time; and a pa-

tience “founded upon a Christian philosophy and sound faith in God.”

An unreasonable draft is often made upon the conversational powers of men of reflection. Their acquaintances are impatient at their silence. They are expected at all times to be entertaining; and to hold themselves in readiness to be called out for the diversion of the company—as Chinese jugglers go through their antics. Lighter minds do not seem to realize that occasional silence is to such men as necessary as sleep; and that the reason they talk well at all, is because a certain amount of thinking precedes their utterance. Sir Thomas Browne seems to have regulated his intercourse upon rational principles. “He was excellent company,” we are told, “with more light than heat in the temper of his brain; sometimes difficult to be engaged in discourse, but always singular therein, never trite or vulgar.” Strong passions form an essential part of a vigorous character; and we question the system which deems virtue to consist in their utter denial. The constitution of man indicates their wise regulation—not their entire subversion as the desirable process. This we suppose to be the kind of self-control ascribed to our philosopher. “He had no *despotic* power over his affections and passions, but as large a *political* power over them as any stoic.”

There is an economy of animal spirits whereby the buoyancy of the feelings may be indefinitely prolonged. The thoughtless usually suffer despondency from the reaction instead of the absence of natural gaiety. The reflective, on the contrary, know how to prize the prolonged ripple of the stream above the temporary gush of the fountain; and we are not, therefore, surprised at the declaration of a contemporary, that the mood of Sir Thomas was “cheerful rather than merry.”

The style of Sir Thomas Browne may be thought to lack grace by those whose taste has been exclusively formed upon the more polished models of a later day. There is, however, a rare charm in its grave and sincere flow. We feel that a manly soul expresses itself by the very vigor of the phrases. It is an honest style, unmarred by daintiness or affectation. Some words are obsolete, some paragraphs introverted; but a majestic simplicity like that of Milton, quaint and fanciful comparisons, such as besprinkle the homilies of Jeremy Taylor, and a dignified and conscious rectitude of tone—the robust manliness of the age of Elizabeth—give energy and attractiveness to almost every page. One of his editors aptly calls him “a stately Montaigne.” A selection of aphorisms would best illustrate Sir Thomas Browne's style.

For philosophical writing we can imagine no more appropriate diction. Take, for instance, a few of his striking illustrations of the insufficiency of knowledge—how clear, ingenious, yet effective is the language: “For my own part beside the

jargon and patois of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages ; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself than had our fathers *before the construction of Babel, when there was but one language in the world*, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chiography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs and policies ; yet cannot all this persuade the dulness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads that *never looked a degree beyond their nests*. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations of my horizon ; yet I have seen a prating mariner that could only name the pointers and the north star, out-talk me, and *conceit himself a whole sphere above me*. I know most of the plants of my country and of those about me ; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had *scarcely ever simplified further than Cheapside*."

In more rhetorical passages, there is a like absence of all the tricks of fine writing, and a dignified ease that rises to eloquence as it were unawares. What can be more devout in feeling or earnest in profession than the following, "I am sure there is a common spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part of us ; and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty essence, which is the life and radical heat of spirits, and those essences that know not the virtue of the sun ; a fire quite contrary to the fire of hell. *This is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in six days hatched the world* ; this is that irradiation that dispells the mists of hell, the clouds of horror, fear, sorrow, despair ; and *preserves the region of the mind in serenity ; whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit (though I feel his pulse,) I dare not say lives ; for truly without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic, nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun*."

There is a class of independent thinkers who vindicate the integrity of the human mind. Genius works mysteriously ; her children often seem unconscious agents rather than voluntary creators. There is a feverish unrest, a spasmodic vitality in their mental being, which leads the calm observer of life to consider their destiny quite undesirable. A deep melancholy broods over their highest triumphs ; their course though glorious is erratic, and a sense of misplaced feeling, incomplete humanity—of a peculiarity which isolates while it distinguishes—a gift that dooms at the same time that it enriches—assures us that even great endowments have their attendant shadows. Schiller with all his admiration of Goethe was repelled by his systematic egotism. He could not love him as he wished, because of that determined self-con-

centration which, while it did not check benevolence, kept back ever the most precious of gifts—himself. And with all Schiller's own generosity—a disturbing element so marred the serenity of his consciousness, that he welcomed death, because as it approached he felt "calmer and calmer." The practical insight of Macaulay recognized the inevitable contingency, to which we allude, when he passes from the men of action to the poets—declaring of the latter, as Dr. Johnson did of the whole human race, that they are never wholly sane. An overplus of the imaginative faculty leads to an erroneous estimate of actual things ; keen sensibilities barb the arrows of life ; and habits of constant reflection give a morbid hue to the most ordinary experience ; and yet one or the other of those characteristics belongs by nature to the class we designate as men of genius. So generally admitted is this fact that we instinctively separate the products of such minds from the individuals ; we enjoy their works, but deem the authors but partially reliable. It is as if what is really true and healthy in them instead of appearing in life—as is the law of human nature in general—embodied itself in a form of art—leaving the man somewhat deficient, perplexed or weakened in his relations to the actual—as the pearl is bred at the expense of vitality and the flame of combustion. Perhaps the tender reverence in which noble souls hold this species of men, springs in a measure from pity, as chivalry towards women is occasioned by a sense of their weakness as well as admiration of their charms. Doubtless works of absolute genius are the greatest evidences of the power and enduring destiny of the human mind ; but in their very nature—they spring from the excess of a special development—from overflowing sensibility—profound reflection or exuberant fancy. The true felicity of intellectual life—the mind that is a kingdom in the sense of the brave old English poet—in a word sufficient by its integrity and genial resources—is not so well illustrated by men of remarkable genius, as by those of more balanced powers and catholic tastes, who observe as much as they reflect, and are capable of finding mental pabulum in the ordinary course of life and the regular transitions of nature. The freedom and insight of the true philosopher induces nobility of soul ; and this is beautifully manifest in the character of Sir Thomas Browne. His charity is all embracing and a sense of the natural dignity of man endeared to his heart the lowliest of the race. Self, through the breadth of his calm wisdom, "passed in music out of sight." Charles Lamb said of books, that Shaftesbury was not too fine for him nor Tom Jones too low. Thus Sir Thomas regarded men, discerning ever a redeeming feature or ground of interest. He could scarce retain his prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell ; and declares himself of a "constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizes with

all things." It would be difficult to find in the whole range of English literature a more humane and generous utterance than that contained in the opening of the second part of the *Religio Medici*. It is a quaint elaboration of the maxim of Terence, and a prosaic expression of Burns', "a man's a man for a' that." How noble his sentiments in regard to mental acquirements and in what pitiful contrasts appears the miser-like economy of ideas which narrows the converse of modern authors! "I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs who study not for themselves. I envy no man who knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to keep alive in mine own head than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavors there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honored friends." These noble sympathies which distinguish the genuine philosophic character, are not at all incompatible with discrimination of taste and individuality of feeling. Perhaps they throw the mind more directly back upon primal resources and detach conscious identity from outward relations more thoroughly than sympathies apparently less diffuse. This "general and indifferent temper" in Browne, was allied to marked peculiarities both of disposition and opinion. He was no radical believer in human equality as the phrase is generally regarded. He had gone too near the heart of nature not to have faith in what he terms "a nobility without heraldry;" and, like all thoughtful observers, was sceptical as to the miracles attributed to education and circumstances in their influence on character. What deserves that name he thought inborn, original and prevailing; and hence deemed it a "happiness to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculation and enforced graff of education."

Sir Thomas Browne knew how to reconcile fidelity in detail to excursiveness. Opinion plumed instead of clipping the wings of his thought. He felt that in all the facts of humanity there was a germ at least of truth which sanctioned to his eye even her incongruous aspects and superstitious errors. He begins his confession of faith by announcing himself a christian, but adds that pity rather than hate fills his heart towards Turks, Infidels and Jews—"rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title." In accordance with this spirit he thought "a resolved conscience could adore her creator anywhere;" that "it is the method of charity to suffer without reaction," and that "there is yet, after all the decrees of councils and the niceties of the schools, many things untoucht, unimagined, wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security."

The pursuit of truth, not the attainment of an ideal, the knowledge of the actual rather than the enjoyment of the illusive is the aim of such minds. The ruling passion is liberal curiosity. They question the facts of each day not to force them into the support of a cherished theory or to exaggerate and embellish them by the light of their own imagination, but simply to assay them in the balance of truth, to glean from them whatever genuine import they afford, or arrange them among unexplained problems for future combination and inference. The mental position ordained by this very constitution is that of inquiry. The truth attained is only one of a series of progressive convictions which, like the different elevations of a mountain-range, open new and successive vistas. The philosopher does not climb the heights of knowledge to collect rare pebbles to arrange into brilliant pictures for immediate effect, as Sheridan gathered fragments of wit for his comedies and figures for his rhetoric; nor to pick wild flowers for elegiac garlands, such as Gray wove to cast on the sepulchre, but to reach a more bracing atmosphere, behold more vast prospects, and draw nearer to the stars!

THE OLD IRON POKER.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

The heart has some heirloom enshrined in its core,
Which oft to contemplate it turns from the throng,
And as each loved feature is viewed o'er and o'er,
It swells into rapture and breaks into song;
And thus pleasing mem'ry now leads me to stray
'Mid the scenes dearly loved in my youth's sunny prime,
And as each treasured object I pause to survey,
The heart feels a union unsevered by time:
But of all youth's mementos I still most admire
The old iron poker which stands by the fire!

This alone of the relics of time long ago,
Has grown old without change in its form or its place,
While others have taught me this lesson to know,
That time changes all in its swift onward pace:
The cottage is gone which my infancy knew,
The grove has been felled by the woodman's strong arms,
My friends are all sleeping beneath the old yew,
And the home of my childhood is stript of its charms,
But thou still appearest as when my grandsire
First placed thee, old poker, to stand by the fire!

Ah! thou art the same as in youth's early hour
I saw thee installed in thy corner of stone,
And learned my first lesson from thy glowing power,
That all was not golden though brightly it shone!
O! others may sing of their friends, wealth and lovers,
And breathe forth their praises in soul-stirring song,
And upward may soar where the wild eagle hovers
Their notes as the waves of the ocean prolong—
But I will still sing, while a thought can inspire,
Of the old iron poker which stands by the fire!

BETTIE, SALLIE AND MOLLIE.

(To the Messenger.)

Mr. Messenger,

Have you noticed the way our girls have lately got, of altering such good old names as Betty and Sally, to Bettie and Sallie? First it began with Bettie—it was Bettie this, and Bettie that, everywhere. Said my husband to me, they'll soon be writing Sallie, and I should not be surprised if they came at last to Mollie. We all laughed at the notion of "Mollie," and thought affectation never would go *that* far. But it was not a month before our newspaper published that Mr. David Dickson was married to Miss Sallie Dobbs. And in a little while after, comes out a notice of Mr. John Smith's marriage to Miss Mollie Muggins. Then it was Sallie, and Mollie, and Bettie, every thing. Let any Mary, or Elizabeth, go to a boarding-school, and about the third or fourth letter written home would be signed Mollie So-and-so, or Bettie Such-a-one.

My daughter Dolly had two or three correspondents at Mrs. Knowall's great school, (Skimsurface Academy;) one was Pattie Bunch, another was Sallie Grigg, and a third was Bettie Johnson. All their lives, at home, they had been Martha, Sarah and Betsey. Their letters were full of other names, disguised like their own. Presently they began to direct to "Miss Dollie Dumpling." As soon as I and my old man saw that, we told her that if we ever caught her signing *her* name so, or if she did not write back to her friends and make them quit such foolery about her, she should not write to them, or take their letters out of the post-office; and that she should be called either Dorothy or Doll, and sign her name so too. The girl had shewn some fondness for the new-fangled folly. Not long before I had found our black maid, Sukey, carrying a note directed in my daughter's hand, to "Miss Beckie Jones"—by Sukie."

Sometime ago, an opposite affectation was all the rage. Then, it was, to make names as fine as possible. Nothing would do but some name ending in *ina*—Angelina, Seraphina, Celestina, and so on; which they called Angeleena, Serapheena, and Celesteena. Then our Dolly caught the prevailing fever, and was always writing her own name Dorothea, and getting her acquaintance to do the like. We put a stop to this, also, by threatening to let her be called nothing but plain Doll, unless she would be content with Dolly, or Dorothy.

I am told, sir, that the girls got the present nonsense from Scotch books, in which old English names that end in *y* are tortured into ending with *ie*. I like some of those books as much as any body. Dolly and son Sam have read me a good deal from a Mr. Burns and a Mr. Scott, that pleas-

ed me mightily. But there is no greater enemy to all affectation than that same Mr. Scott: if he ever writes another novel, I shan't be surprised at his ridiculing American girls, in it, for giving each other Scotch names. Why, sir, one of them has even called my son Sam, Sammie.

Your friend,

DOROTHY DUMPLING.

P. S. If you print this, please put the spelling and stops right.

GREEK ODES—AGAIN.

In relation to some passages in the article on Greek Odes, in our December No., we have received the following note:

(To the Editor of the Messenger.)

"Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1847.

"DEAR SIR,

"Never having had the advantages of a classical education, I always endeavor to pick up what information I can respecting ancient authors from translations and reviews. In this I have been frequently aided by your most excellent publication. You will, therefore, I am sure, excuse the liberty which I now take with you in regard to an article which appeared in your last number. You therein state that Sir William Jones' fine ode, beginning 'What Constitutes a State?' is imitated from '*Alcman*,' and that the Hymn, in honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton, is the production of '*Calimachus*.' Now, in looking into the volume of the ancient poets of Greece and Rome, lately published in this city, I see those poems ascribed, the first to '*Alcæus*,' and the latter to '*Callistratus*.' As I have no means myself of determining which of the above statements is the correct one, and as the authorities on both sides are thought by many persons to be nearly equal, will you have the kindness to afford me, (as well as some others of your readers here,) further information and evidence on the subject?

Trusting that you will pardon this trouble,

I am, Dear Sir, with greatest respect,

Yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

In answer to our gentlemanly questioner, whose modesty and deference, we suspect, veil much more learning than he claims credit for,—we have to say,

1. "That our only authority for ascribing the original of Sir William Jones' ode to Alcman, is its being quoted as Alcman's in one among a volume of letters, written from London, by William Austin,

of Boston, in 1801-3, and now in our possession : and

2. That our attributing the Hymn in honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton to Callimachus, was a mere lapse of pen and memory, without any special excuse. That we did *once* deem *Callistratus* the right author, is proved by a short article of our writing, in Vol. 2, No. 1, of the *Messenger*, p. 38; where, in a preface to our former translation of the same ode, (differing slightly from the recent one,) we said,—“The learned are not agreed as to the author of this noble specimen of classic minstrelsy; though by most it is ascribed to Callistratus. Some have set it down to Alcæus; misled, perhaps, by the tyrant-hating spirit it breathes,—so fully in unison with the deep, trumpet tones of his ‘golden lyre.’ Unhappily for the paternity of this ode he died eighty years before the event it celebrates.” We do not doubt that Callistratus is the true author: and we thank our courteous correspondent for correcting our error. M.

THREE HOOTS OF THE HORNED OWL.

The superstition upon which the annexed poem is founded, is almost universal.

HOOT FIRST.

“Ho! bird of the strong and rapid wing,
Whither away so fast?
While the groaning pine trees creak and swing
And the sail flaps on the mast?
For the night is mirk on land and sea,
And the storm-fiend’s breath is strong!”
Still steadily onward struggleth he,
Croaking his mournful song.
’Tis the Hornéd Owl, that bird of dread,
Grim messenger of woe—
That scents from afar the destin’d dead
And heralds the Carrion Crow:—
A strange and ominous weird he owns,
From the light he cowers away,
And where arise his boding tones
The sick heart strives to pray.
In his glassy eye, there shines a gleam
Of unholy mystic light,
Unearthly, and wild, as a sick-man’s dream
In his fever-troubled night.
Of all the feathered things that cleave
With winnowing wings the air,
’Tis his alone the soul to grieve
With boding doubts and fear.
From barren heath and darkling town
Now rapidly hurries he,
“Till he folds his wings and settles down
On the blasted old Oak Tree.
Beneath that tree in days of old,
When its boughs were fresh and green,
Full many a Lover’s tale was told
Under its leafy screen.
But many a year hath hurried by,
Since spectral, grim, and bare,

He hath stretch’d his wither’d arms on high
To greet the summer air.
Meet resting place for the bird of doom,
Whose sad and eyrie cry
Tells of the shroud, and the cold damp tomb,
Where corpses festering lie.
But look! from yon casement gleams a light,
Bright as the Evening star,
That gem in the coronet of Night
Lone shining from afar,—
It shines from a peaceful happy home,
Remote from the angry strife,
That dogs the footsteps of those who roam
’Mid the paths of crowded life;
And if the snowy wing of Peace,
In this dim and troubled sphere,
Could its rapid flight one moment cease,
It well might linger here,
For the light pours down, from a lamp above,
On a crone of aspect wild,
And a mother, gazing with looks of love
On a sleeping Infant child:—
With that placid smile in its cherub face,
A babe’s can only wear,
The wee hands with unconscious grace
Folded as if in prayer.
Long gazed the mother with straining eye
On her slumbering infant child,
While her bosom heaved with a stifled sigh—
But her face with fear grew wild,
With listening ear, and bristling hair,
And blood in her veins that froze,—
Like a voice of doom, through that silent room
An ominous sound uprose,—
A blended cry of wrath and woe,
With anguish keen and fell,
Like the wail of a soul in the pit below,
Condemned to the nethermost hell.
It rises above the tempest’s wail,
It rings on the midnight air,
While cold as a statue, fixed and pale,
Stands that mute mother there!
Upstarts with a shriek the aged crone,
And wrings her shrivell’d hands,
While her tears fall fast with wailing moan,
Like rain upon the sands.
“Alas! alas for my darling child!
Alas for its mother dear!
Well do I know that warning wild,
So full of wrath and fear.
’Tis the messenger-bird of the Nameless One
The grisly Hornéd Owl,
The lonely and the tameless one,
So gaunt, and grim, and foul;
And where’er comes he, oh, daughter dear?
The shadow of coming woe,
Follows his footprints fast and near;—
God grant it be not so!”
From her trance of terrors the mother breaks;
And clasps unto her breast
The screaming Infant as it wakes,
And soothes it into rest,
Then, sinking on her trembling knees,
With reverential air,
Pours forth in broken words like these,
A mother’s heartfelt prayer.
“A spell there is, ’gainst all evil things,
Lent by the power above,
That shall guard my child as with Angel’s wings,
The spell of a Mother’s Love!
Yet if this warning comes from thee

Oh Lord—thy will be done,
 Yet be the summons sent to me
 Not to my guiltless son.”
 A clang of wings on the silence broke,
 And away flew the Evil Bird,
 As though he knew, from his blasted oak,
 That the mother's prayer was heard.

HOOT SECOND.

Long years have passed—the aged crone
 Has been gathered to her rest,
 And the Mother sits in that room alone,
 As the sun sinks in the west:
 But where is the boy of her hope and pride,
 The nursling of her care?
 He brings to his home a blooming bride
 Joyous and young and fair.
 The shades of evening slowly fall
 Over the village green,
 And Night is dropping her sable pall
 Upon the smiling scene,
 When a troop of gay and laughing girls,
 Lead on in the bridal train
 The Bride, with moist eyes 'neath her curls,
 Like violets after rain—
 And sounds of careless joy and mirth,
 Rise in a mingled hum,
 As tripping o'er the flow'ry earth,
 The bridal party come.
 What shape is that on the old oak tree
 In the misty twilight seen?
 A guest no Bridegroom loves to see
 On his nuptial eve I ween!
 'Tis the Hornéd Owl!—and as the foot
 Of the Bride is at the door,
 Uprises in sad and solemn hoot
 His warning voice once more.
 A sense of cold and sickening dread
 Creeps shuddering through the crowd,
 As though the voice of the sheeted dead
 Came rising from the shroud;—
 And the glassy eyes of the evil Bird
 Gleam with a baleful light,
 As louder and louder his voice is heard
 'Mid the gloom of the gathering night.
 On the Bridegroom's face, is the pallid trace
 Of fears the soul that stir,
 As with lips apart, and beating heart,
 His gaze is fixed on *her*.
 Not for himself, but for his bride,
 Those spectral doubts appal,
 On her, who trembles at his side,
 That death voice seems to call:—
 For the lover's heart must ever beat
 With restless shadowy fear,
 While death, with noiseless stealthy feet,
 Comes creeping ever near;—
 Trampling down with ruthless tread
 The beautiful and brave.
 And twining round each living head
 The blossoms of the grave.
 But calm the aged woman stands,
 While the hideous sounds arise,
 Raising on high her wither'd hands,
 And her dim old sightless eyes.
 “Long years ago,” she slowly said,
 “My soul in the midnight hour,
 Shook at the sounds of that summons dread,
 But the fiend had no further power,
 For a greater than *he*, alone can break

At the fountain life's ‘golden bowl,’
 And craven fear should never shake
 The pure and upright soul.”
 She ceased—but a soft and silvery tone
 Chimed in with her accents stern,
 As coos the dove in the forest lone,
 By the wimpling summer burn;
 'Tis the voice of the Bride, as her blushing face
 On her husband's breast she hides,
 And with a sweet unconscious grace
 His quailing spirit chides.
 “At the altar's foot this hand I gave
 In love and maiden pride,
 And fiercely though life's storms may rave,
 Will cling unto thy side.
 A mother's love, who can compare
 With that which I have given,
 With *thee* this earth an Eden were,—
 Without *thee* what were Heaven?
 And if her love in days long past,
 Preserved thine infant life.
 A better safeguard now thou hast,
 The love of a faithful wife—
 Whose love but brighter burns in *wo*,
 Nor ebbs with ebbing breath,—
 No woman's heart but well doth know,
 That love *can* conquer death.”
 She turned her face towards the oak,
 Lit up with a lofty scorn,
 But e'er her parting words she said,
 That dismal thing had gone.

HOOT THIRD.

The wintry winds are sighing
 The dirge of the dying year,
 On the earth the leaves are lying
 All withered, brown and sere,
 The moon, with wan and pallid face,
 Looks down from the cloudy sky,
 On a strong man who hath run his race,
 And lain him down to die.
 Few and thin are the silvery hairs
 On his temples bare outspread,
 And no fond female breast is near
 To pillow his aching head,
 As he tosses abrupt from side to side
 In weariness and pain,
 And the thought of his Bride in her virgin pride,
 Comes back to his failing brain,
 Like the strains of a long forgotten tune,
 By the drifting seaman heard,
 In the quiet hush of the sultry noon,
 By the Cape of far De Verde;
 As in the hush of the ocean's swell,
 While the warring winds are mute,
 He lists to the Angel Israfel,
 “Whose heart-strings are a lute.”
 He ponders o'er his wasted years,
 By pride and passion tossed,
 And thinks with fresh and gushing tears
 Of the loved ones and the lost.
 But the messenger Bird of the grisly death,
 The Night Owl, where is he?
 He grimly watches the ebbing breath,
 From the *stump* of the old oak tree.
 The baleful light of his eye gleams bright,
 And he shrieks with a dismal din,
 As he marks the strife, 'twixt death and life,

For the aged man within.
 The sound has caught his dying ear,
 The third time and the last,
 And mingled shades of hope and fear
 Flit o'er his features fast.
 Feeble at first, his earnest words
 Gain force as they roll along,
 While his soul in its stubborn strength he girds,
 To answer that funeral song.
 "Avaunt, grim messenger of Death,
 Back to thy master fly,
 And tell him with this gasping breath
 His mandate I defy.
 For though, from this decaying clod,
 My spirit shall be riven,
 It pants to mount up to its God,
 Within its native Heaven.
 Though earthly love has left me long,
 Yet Hope is with me still,—
 Though Death is pitiless and strong,
 Yet Faith is stronger still—
 Upon its wings my soul shall rise
 Up to that higher sphere.—
 And those long lost to these dim eyes—
 Blest Angels greet me there."
 Off flew the baffled bird of night—
 And whether to bliss or dole,
 As through the dark he winged his flight,
 There fled a parting soul.

Savannah, Georgia.

E. D.

THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

MS. LETTER OF TH: JEFFERSON.

In the October number of our Magazine for the year 1834, (the second number ever published,) there appeared a Letter on the Study of the Law, from the pen of the late Mr. Wirt; a production so luminous and presenting so excellent a view of that "noblest of all sciences," that, had its author left no other work behind him, it would itself be a sufficient and enduring monument of his learning. Below we present a letter on the same subject, never before published, written by Mr. Jefferson, for which we are indebted to a valued, though too infrequent, correspondent. The student of Law will find it useful in shaping his studies, and to the general reader it will be interesting as coming from this distinguished source. So long a time has elapsed, however, even since the date, when Mr. Jefferson furnished a copy of it to Gen. Mercer, that it cannot be considered as giving an extended range of scientific or legal bibliography. Since the year 1815, the labors of a host of writers have illustrated the Law of England. The works of Chitty, the treatise of Sir Edward Sugden on Vendors, the delightful dissertation of Mr. Stephen on Pleading, which we regard as the most philosophical we have ever read, the splendid exposition of the Law of Evidence, by Mr. Starkie, together with the contributions of Phillips, Theobald, Amos, Collyer and others, have all been

added, since then, to the Library of the jurist. And in our own country, the kindred minds of the lamented Story and Kent, whose shades yet hover around the temple of our jurisprudence, have produced works, that will last as long as the system, which called them into being.

With regard to the course of general reading, which Mr. Jefferson advises, and which may strike some students with surprise, it may be said that no man, who has risen to great eminence at the bar, has ever been a *mere lawyer*, and that while the way is toilsome and uninviting, it is sometimes permitted to the traveller therein to loiter even in the primrose paths of belles-lettres and poetry. Certainly there should be laid, in the mind of the student, a broad basis of general information in the abstract sciences, or no lasting superstructure of legal acquirement can be built up. A man may labor for years,—indeed pursue the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of my lord Coke—and yet, if he read nothing but law, his mind may be but a repertorium of decided cases, incapable of reflection or of any useful application of his knowledge. Such has not been the course of those, in England and America, who have most adorned the gown of the advocate and the ermine of the judge. Such was not the course of Blackstone, of Mansfield, of Sir William Jones or of Legaré. Indeed we cannot refer to a single name, conspicuous on the roll of legal merit, who was deficient in general scholarship, but would have been more distinguished in law, had he been better versed in letters. The plodding teacher, who places into the hands of the student only such books as are authority in court, would have censured the late Mr. Scarlett for weaving a bouquet for the *Annals* and Talfourd for the beautiful conception of *Ion*.

In what we have said, however, we would not be understood as implying that success at the bar can ever be attained by any temporising course of study. We would not induce any young man to suppose that in adopting the Law as his profession, his "yoke is to be easy or his burden light." So far from it, we would, if possible, dissuade many of those (and their name is legion,) who from a mistaken sense of their aptitude for the law and urged not unfrequently by partial and incompetent advisers, are constantly pressing forward as candidates for admission to the practice. It is a laborious task to prepare one's self for the exigencies of the office and the rewards are at best inadequate and tardy. But if the step has been decided upon, the student had need be diligent in his application. "The Law," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public." To master it, in its general principles and its adaptation to the ends of society, requires indeed the most constant and persevering toil. Having stored his mind with the valuable information that Mr. Wirt and Mr. Jefferson recommend, let the student determine to lead a life of abstinence and industry, remembering that "*industry*," in the expressive language of Dr. South, "for the most part opens the way to preferment; and it is the sweat of the brow that entitles it to the laurel."

We beg pardon for having extended these remarks, (designed merely as an introduction to Mr. Jefferson's Letter) so far. Always a most unworthy student of the Law our-

selves, we have never advanced farther than the starting-point of the course, where branch on branch of the science, like Alps on Alps, arise before us in forbidding perspective. It were an offence against good taste in us, therefore, to presume to give advice and we conclude with asking attention to the letter we now present.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

(To General Mercer.)

MONTICELLO, Aug. 30th, 1814.

Dear Sir,—I have at length found the paper of which you requested a copy. It was written near 50 years ago for the use of a young friend whose course of reading was confided to me; and it formed a basis for the studies of others subsequently placed under my direction, but curtailed for each in proportion to his previous acquirements and future views. I shall give it to you without change, except as to the books recommended to be read; later publications enabling me in some of the departments of science to substitute better for the less perfect publications which we then possessed. In this the modern student has great advantage. I proceed to the copy.

(Th: Jefferson to Bernard Moore.)

Before you enter on the study of the law a sufficient ground work must be laid. For this purpose an acquaintance with the Latin and French authors is absolutely necessary. The former you have; the latter must now be acquired. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy are so useful in the most familiar occurrences of life and are so peculiarly engaging and delightful as would induce every person to wish an acquaintance with them. Besides this, the faculties of the mind, like the members of the body, are strengthened and improved by exercise. Mathematical reasonings and deductions are therefore a fine preparation for investigating the abstruse speculations of the law. In these and the analogous branches of science the following elementary books are recommended:

Mathematics. Borout, Cours de Mathematiques the best for a student ever published. Montriolo or Bossu's histoire des Mathematiques.

Astronomy. Furguson and Le Mounier or de la Lande.

Natural Philosophy. Joyces scientific dialogues, Martin's Phylosophia Britannica, Musienbrock's Cours de Physique.

This foundation being laid, you may enter regularly on the study of the Law, taking with it such of its kindred sciences as will contribute to eminence in its attainment. The principal of these are Physics, Ethics, religion, natural Law, Belles Lettres, Criticism, Rhetoric and Oratory. The carrying on several studies at a time is attended with advantage. Variety relieves the mind, as well as the eye palled with too long attention to a

single object; but both transitions from one object to another may be so frequent and transitory as to leave no impression. The mean is therefore to be steered and a competent space of time is to be allotted to each branch of study. Again a great inequality is observable in the vigor of the mind at different periods of the day. Its powers at these periods should therefore be attended to in marshalling the business of the day—for these reasons I should recommend the following distribution of your time:

Till 8 o'clock in the morning employ yourself in Physical studies, Ethics, Religion, natural and sectarian, and natural law, reading the following books:

Agriculture—Dickson's husbandry of the Antients.

Full's horse hoeing husbandry. Lord Kaim's gentleman farmer. Young's rural economy. Hale's Body of Husbandry. De-Serres theatre d' Agriculture.

Chemistry—Lavoisier's conversations on Chemistry.

Anatomy—John and James Bell's anatomy.

Zoology—Abregé du Systeme de Lenné par Gilbert. Manuel d'histoire naturel par Blumenback. Buffon, including Montbeillard Cepede. Wilson's American Ornithology.

Botany—Barton's elements of Botany. Turton's Linnæus, Persoon Synopsis plantarum.

Ethics and Natural Religion—Locke's Essay. Locke's conduct of the mind in the search after truth. Stewart's philosophy of the human mind. Enfield's history of philosophy. Condorcet, progrès de l'esprit humain. Cicero de officiis. Tusculana de Senectute. Somnium Scipionis. Seneca philosophica. Hutchinson's Introduction to moral Philosophy. Lord Kaim's Natural Religion. Frairte elementaire de morale et Bonheur. La Sagesse de Charron.

Religion, Sectarian—Bible, New Testament, Commentaries on them by Middleton in his works, and by Priestly in his corruptions of Christianity and early opinions of Christ. Volney's Ruins. The Sermons of Sterne. Massillon and Bourdaloue.

Natural Law—Vattel Droit des Gens. Reyneval, Institutions du droit de la Nature et des Gens.

From 8 to 12 read Law. The general course of this reading may be formed on the following grounds: Lord Coke has given us the first view of the whole body of law worthy now of being studied; for so much of the admirable work of Bracton is now obsolete that the student should turn to it occasionally only, when tracing the history of particular portions of the Law. Coke's Institutes are a perfect digest of the law as it stood in his day. After this, new Laws were added by the Legislature and new developments of the old laws by the Judges, until they had become so voluminous as to require a new digest. This was ably executed by Matthew Bacon, although unfor-

tunately under an alphabetical, instead of analytical arrangement of matter—the same process of new laws and new decisions on the old laws going on, called at length for the same operation again and produced the inimitable commentaries of Blackstone. In the department of the Chancery a similar progress has taken place. Lord Kaimes has given us the first digest of the principles of that branch of our jurisprudence, more valuable for the arrangement of matter, than for its exact conformity with the English decisions. The reporters from the early times of that branch, to that of the same Matthew Bacon are well digested, but alphabetically also in the abridgment of the cases in Equity, the 2nd vol. of which is said to have been done by him. This was followed by a number of able reporters, of which Fonblanque has given us a summary digest by commentaries on the text of the earlier work ascribed to Ballow, entitled “a treatise on equity”—the Course of Reading recommended then in these two branches of Law is the following :

Common Law—Coke’s Institutes. Select cases from the subsequent Reports to the time of M. Bacon. Bacon’s abridgment. Select cases from the subsequent reporters to the present day. Select tracts on Law, among which those of Baron Gilbert are all of the first merit. The *Va. Laws*. Reports on them.

Chancery—Lord Kaimes’ principles of Equity, 3rd edition. Select cases from the Chancery reporters to the time of Matthew Bacon. The abridgment of the cases in Equity. Select cases from the subsequent reporters to the present day. Fonblanque’s Treatise of Equity. Blackstone’s Commentaries, (Tucker’s edition,) as the last perfect digest of both branches of Law.

In reading the reporters, enter in a commonplace book every case of value, condensed into the narrowest compass possible which will admit of presenting distinctly the principles of the case. This operation is doubly useful, inasmuch as it obliges the student to search out the pith of the case, and habituates him to a condensation of thought, and to an acquisition of the most valuable of all talents, that of never using two words when one will do—it fixes the case, too, more indelibly in the mind.

From 12 to 1 read Politics—

Politics, general—Locke on government. Sidney on government. Priestly’s first principles of government. Review of Montesquieu’s Spirit of Laws, anonymous. De Lolme sur la constitution d’ Angleterre. De Burgh’s political disquisitions. Hatsell’s precedents of the House of Commons. Select Parliamentary debates of England and Ireland. Chipmans on the principles of government. The Federalist.

Political Economy—Say’s Economie politique. Malthus on the Principles of population. Tracy’s work on political economy, now about to be printed, (1814.)

In the afternoon read history—

History, ancient—The Greek and Latin originals. Select histories from the Universal history. Gibbon’s decline of the Roman empire. Histoire Ancienne de Mellet.

History, modern—Histoire Moderne de Mellet. Russel’s History of Modern Europe. Robertson’s Charles the 5th.

History, English—The original histories, to wit : the History of England, by E. Habington. E. W. More’s Richard 3rd. Lord Bacon’s Henry 8th. Lord Herbert’s Henry 8th. Goodwin’s Henry 8th, Edward 6th. Mary Cambden. Eliz. and James Ludlow. McCaulay. Fox. Belsham, Baxters’ Hist. of Eng., (Hume republicitized and abridged.) Robertson’s History of Scotland.

American. Robertson’s History of America. Gordon’s History of the Independence of the U. S. Ramsay’s History of the American Revolution. Burke’s History of Virginia. Continuation of History of Virginia, by Jones and Gardin, nearly ready for the press.

From Dark to Bed Time. Belles-lettres, Criticism. Rhetoric, oratory, to wit—Belles-lettres—read the best of the poets—epic, didactic, dramatic, pastoral, &c. But among these Shakspear must be singled out by one who wishes to have the full powers of the English Language, of him we must advise as Horace did of the Grecian models—“vos exemplaria Graeca nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ.”

Criticism. Ld. Kaime’s Elements of criticism. Took’s Diversions of Purley, of Biographical Criticism; the Edinburgh Review furnishes the finest models extant.

Rhetoric. Blair’s Lecture’s on Rhetoric. Sheridan of Elocution. Mason on Poetic and Prosaic numbers.

Oratory. This portion of time, (borrowing some of the afternoon when the days are long and the nights short,) is to be applied also to acquiring the art of writing and speaking correctly by the following exercises. Criticise the style of any books whatever, committing your criticisms to writing—translate into the different styles, to wit, the elevated, the middling and the familiar—orators and poets will furnish subjects of the first, historians of the second, and epistolary and comic writers of the third. Undertake, at first, short compositions, as themes, letters, &c., paying great attention to the correctness and elegance of your language. Read the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero—analyze these orations, and examine the correctness of the disposition, language, figures, states of the cases, ar-

guments, &c. Read good samples also of English eloquence. Some of these may be found in Small's American Speaker, and some in Cary's Criminal Recorder, in which last the defence of Eugene Aram is distinguishable as a model of logic, condensation of matter and classical purity of style. Exercise yourself afterwards in preparing orations on feigned cases. In this observe rigorously the disposition of Blair into introduction, narration, &c. Adapt your language and figures to the several parts of the oration, and suit your arguments to the audience before whom it is supposed to be spoken. This is your last and most important exercise—no trouble should therefore be spared. If you have any person in your neighborhood engaged in the same study, take each of you different sides of the same cause, and prepare pleadings according to the custom of the bar, where the plaintiff opens, the defendant answers and the defendant replies: It would further be of great service to pronounce your orations (having before you only short notes to assist the memory,) in the presence of some person who may be considered as your judge.

NOTE. Under each of the preceding heads the books are to be read in the order in which they are named. These by no means constitute the whole of what might be usefully read in each of these branches of science. The mass of excellent works going more into detail is great indeed; but those here noted will enable the student to select for himself such others of detail as may suit his particular views and disposition, they will give him a respectable, an useful and satisfactory degree of knowledge in these branches, and will themselves form a valuable and sufficient library for a lawyer, who is at the same time a lover of science.

(Signed,)

TH: JEFFERSON.

Notices of New Works.

LIFE OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD; the good Knight, sans peur et sans reproche. By Wm. Gilmore Simms. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The name of the Chevalier Bayard has a magic in it, which appertains to few, even of the most eminent characters, whose deeds form the subject of history. Born in an age when the feudal system tottered to its fall, and when one of its institutions, that of Chivalry, was fast following in the footsteps of its parent, the glory of the whole Round Table seems for a moment to have revived in his person. It was but for a moment, however, and the last flickering spark expiring with him, it resembled in its death struggle the dying dolphin, illuminating the surrounding waters with the brilliancy of its unrivalled colors. He was the bravest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men; loving glory for itself, seeking danger that it might add to his fame,

above all mercenary motives, a stern supporter of his country and his country's honor, and though so passionately fond of military adventure, as to be almost mad upon the subject; yet never condescending like the myrmidons of his day to sell his sword to any other than his lawful prince. Such a character is rare in any age; in that in which he existed it was indeed a prodigy. It is not wonderful, therefore, that he should have excited the astonishment of the venal and corrupt men of his day, and that posterity should still continue to contemplate his character with admiration, as we regard a beacon, upon some huge cliff, blazing out in the plenitude of its glory, from the midst of surrounding darkness.

Many lives have, at various periods, been written of Bayard, the most remarkable, as well as by far the most graphic of which, is that by "the Loyal Servant." It possesses all the advantage of contemporary biography, the author having been long an attendant upon him and standing with him upon a footing of entire intimacy. Its details are highly picturesque and the tale is told with such an air of naïve simplicity, that it never fails to make a deep impression upon all who read it. The author, in fact, describes what he saw with his own eyes; and it does not require a reference to Horace's celebrated maxim to convince any one, that there is a great difference between the narrative of him who has seen a thing with *his own* eyes, and him who relates it only at second hand. Who does not see the difference between Xenophon's Cyropædia and his Anabasis?

It strikes us, that Mr. Simms would have done a far more acceptable service to literature, had he revived the English translation of this book, and published it with editorial notes. It tells the tale in a much more picturesque manner, than can Mr. S., or anybody else, who was not a witness to the scenes described. The path, too, was a beaten one, and we can see no reason why a man of original talent should have ventured upon it, when there had been ninety and nine before him.

Be that however as it may, we do not mean to detract from the merits of the book under consideration. It is written in excellent English, (no small recommendation by-the-by,) and is calculated to sell well. The narrative is managed with great adroitness, and if the subject were only a little less worn, the whole performance would do great credit to Mr. Simms' skill. We hope to see many more specimens of his pleasing and graceful style.

The book may be had of Drinker & Morris.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, by Charles Jarvis, Esq. With numerous Illustrations by Tony Johannot. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

Philip the Third once said, when he saw a student laughing immoderately over a book, "That man must be either out of his wits, or reading Don Quixote." Certainly there is no production, that we have ever read, so provocative of mirth as this strange narrative of the feats and follies of the gallant, the high-toned, the visionary Knight of La Mancha. The book is far the best specimen that we have of the mock-heroic. Almost every adventure of the Don is a comic picture, and the "honest squire" amuses us as no other acquaintance can, save Dogberry or Falstaff. And yet we think that those who look upon Don Quixote merely as an amusing satire on overheated enthusiasm, or as a corrective administered to a vitiated public taste, have failed to catch its moral. It is at once the most ludicrous and the most mournful of all personal histories. The spectacle of a noble soul thwarted in every endeavor, a man of acute sensibility exposed to ridicule at every turn, deeds of high enterprise ending in absurd and whimsical sallies, cannot fail

to produce a sad impression on every thinking mind. Sismondi, looking at the book, as he does, in this light, considers that it was intended but for a transient purpose—that of reforming the literature of Spain. We recognize a far deeper and more lasting significance. It was written by one who had seen many vicissitudes of human life. After fifty years of observation, Cervantes sat down to instruct the world, with the exploits of a hero into whose mind he had poured all the rich treasures of his fancy, and we believe, that, as he laid by sheet after sheet of his immortal production, he felt a consciousness that he was writing for posterity, that his allegory would be a heritage to nations yet unborn, who should live under strange skies and speak languages foreign to his own. This destined mission had doubtless been uppermost in his thoughts at every period of his life,—in battle, in poverty, in his Algerine slavery,—and when at last he embodied it in the pages of *Don Quixote*, he felt that he had accomplished a valuable and an instructive work. And such it has proved to be. Besides many excellent editions in the original tongue, it has been translated again and again into every other language of Europe, until it has become associated with the literature of all countries and each looks upon "*Don Quixote*" as essentially a part of its own peculiar wealth.

The present edition is most acceptable, as affording a good library copy, at a very reasonable price. It contains also more illustrations than any edition we have before seen. Sancho Panza once predicted that his doings would afford material for the pencil. "I will lay a wager," said he, "that before long there will not be a chop house, tavern, or barber's stall, but will have a painting of our achievements." Tony Johannot has depicted many of the most remarkable of these achievements, in a manner that would not offend the "squire" himself,

The book is for sale by Drinker & Morris.

GENERAL SCOTT AND HIS STAFF: comprising Memoirs of Generals Scott, Twiggs, Smith, Quitman, Shields, Pillow, Lane, Cadwallader, Patterson and Pierce, &c., &c., &c. With Portraits. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co. No. 14, North Fourth St. 1848.

GENERAL TAYLOR AND HIS STAFF: comprising Memoirs of Generals Taylor, Worth, Wool and Butler, &c., &c., &c. With Portraits. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co. No. 14, North Fourth Street. 1848.

We had occasion in the January number of our work to commend a very excellent Life of General Taylor, from the press of Grigg, Elliot & Co., prepared by J. Reese Fry, and we have now to return our thanks to the same publishers for two other works of a similar character. They consist almost entirely of accounts of the recent operations of our army in Mexico, from the battle of Palo Alto to the brilliant action of the Garitas, under the walls of the great city. Short biographical sketches are also presented, of 30 or 40 officers, below the rank of General, who have illustrated by their valor the arms of the country. These books bear evident marks of haste in preparation, but as they were compiled with reference to documentary evidence in the bureaus at Washington, they may be relied upon as authentic.

We should have liked them all the better, we must confess, if the "accurate portraits" had been omitted. We do not recollect when we have seen a collection of such distorted and lugubrious countenances. Really some of the officers represented have just grounds, we think, for an action of libel. The portrait of General Twiggs is but a caricature of General Quitman and that of General Shields resembles the original only in his moustache. We hope

for the sake of the army that no more such "vile prints" of its officers will be sent forth.

These volumes may be found at the store of Nash & Woodhouse.

CHEMISTRY, and its application to Physiology, Agriculture, and Commerce. By *Professor Liebig*. New York: Fowler and Wells, Phrenological Cabinet, 131, Nassau Street. 1848.

Since the days of Sir Humphrey Davy, a new science has been introduced, growing out of researches into the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which is known as *Organic Chemistry*. Within the last twenty years, more especially, great light has been thrown upon the path of inductive investigation in this branch by such publications as the one now before us. The works of Smith and Johnston in Great Britain and of Boussingault, Mulder, Sprengel and Liebig on the Continent have furnished the inquirer with much valuable information and advanced the cause of Scientific Agriculture. We have great faith in the efficacy of these labors to diffuse among our farmers a more general desire for improvement in husbandry, by appealing to their intelligence and supplying them with *facts*. And we do not think that we have seen any work of a more useful character than this publication of Dr. Liebig. Its exceeding cheapness too (for it costs but 20 cents) places it within the reach of every one. It is for sale by J. W. Randolph & Co.

A HISTORY OF VIRGINIA, from its Discovery and Settlement by Europeans to the Present Time. By *Robert R. Howison*. Vol. II. From the year 1763 to the Retrocession of Alexandria in 1847. Richmond: Drinker & Morris. New-York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1848.

We cannot do more, at this time, than announce the appearance of a volume that demands a very large attention at our hands. In dipping into its pages we have been much pleased with its manner, and we do not doubt that a more careful consideration will confirm our prepossessions. The book is beautifully printed and makes a very handsome companion for the first volume. It is published by our friends, Drinker & Morris, to whom we refer all those desiring to purchase an interesting History of our State.

NOW AND THEN. By Samuel Warren, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1848.

Several publications have appeared since "*Ten Thousand a Year*," which have been ascribed to the pen of Mr. Warren, but the present work bears the unmistakeable impress of his genius. No one can read it, without detecting on almost every page, those minute touches, which gave such attractiveness to the "*Diary of a Physician*." All recollect the truth-like representations of that sad narrative and the interest, almost personal in its nature, to every reader, which it excited. In "*Now and Then*" our sympathies are brought into active play, by the verisimilitude of the description, in behalf of a young man, under sentence of death, for a crime of which he is innocent. We do not know when we have read anything more touching than the exposition Mr. Warren gives us of the inward workings of that brave heart,—the alternations of hope and despair—the struggle between resentment at his wrongs and forgiveness of his accusers, and, last of all, the uncomplaining resignation with which he goes out to the "light of his stern, last morning." The incidents of the respite and the commutation of punishment, by which young Ayliffe's life is spared, are not new to us, but Mr. Warren has used them only for the high purpose of inculcating a lesson. The

character of Mr. Hylton is well drawn and commands our admiration. We do not doubt that Mr. Warren has been engaged professionally in some criminal trial of absorbing and painful interest, which has addressed itself to him as a proper theme to be interwoven with the thread of romance. Altogether, we think that "Now and Then" will add much to the previously acquired fame of its author, although we confess that we are apt to look with a feeling of partiality at anything that comes from one who has given to the world, in his "Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies," a treasure, which the lawyer, in all time to come, will gratefully appreciate.

"Now and Then" is for sale by Drinker & Morris.

HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS. By *A. de Lamartine*. Translated by H. T. Ryde. In 3 volumes. Vol. 2nd. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1848.

Perhaps the reader of our magazine will derive a better idea of the merit of this publication, from the article on the Life of Charlotte Corday, which we have presented in preceding pages of this number, than from any other source. The volume before us is full of interest, embodying vivid descriptions of the exciting and stormy scenes of the Revolution and arraying in all the hues of poetry those persons and events, that most attach themselves to our sympathies. Lamartine is certainly the least philosophical of all historians, but he is also the least tedious. His style never wearies. Glowing with fancy and brilliant in antithesis, it produces life-like portraits and enlivens its subject with personal anecdote, while the pages of a more abstruse chronicler would fatigue and discourage the inquirer. As a *raconteur*, Lamartine is superior, we think, to Thiers, and other stately writers upon the same tumultuous period; Alison is not altogether reliable and Carlyle, we confess, is absolutely forbidding (and sometimes unintelligible) with his strained conceits and introverted sentences.

The book is well-printed and is prefaced with a steel engraving of the gifted Madame Roland, who went up to the guillotine, in the name of Liberty.

THE LESSON OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS. By *George H. Boker*. Philadelphia. George S. Appleton & Co. 148 Chesnut Street, 1848.

We think if Mr. Boker had bestowed a little more care upon the execution of his principal poem and had compressed it within the dimensions of forty pages, instead of extending it over sixty-six, he would have produced a work of very great excellence. We had marked out several passages in the "Lesson of Life," of much poetic beauty, which indicate a want of finish, to bring to Mr. Boker's notice, but we rose from the perusal of it, so favorably impressed with the high tone of sentiment which it conveys, as to be quite disarmed of all critical severity. We must say, however, that in the structure of blank verse (of all poetical adventures, perhaps, the most difficult, with the single exception of the Sonnet,) Mr. Boker would do well to be more cautious in future.

We do not think very highly of Mr. Boker's smaller poems. But we cannot resist the temptation of copying the following very spirited translation, (page 189) in which is infused much of the old Norse vigor of the rude songs of the Anglo-Saxons.

FRAGMENT FROM BEOWULF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

If death from the fierce shock of battle should take me,
My corse from the red field of slaughter ye'll bear;
Remember a grave in the valley to make me,
And bury your iron clad warrior there.

Let none from the field of my glory returning,
Pause o'er me and mournfully lean on the spear;
But while the hot blood in each bosom is burning,
Sing o'er me the feast song, and quaff the brown beer.

Let my hillock be marked with the simple wild flower;
Nor care what the fate of my body may be:
But if Hilda withdraws me in battle's dark hour,
To Higelac* bear these rich garments for me:

The richest the gay loom of Veland hath woven;
Their splendor surpasses the breaking of day!
My faith to my kinsman and country I've proven,
The face of stern fortune can turn as it may!

The "Lesson of Life" may be found at the store of J. W. Randolph & Co.

Literary News.

TO BE PUBLISHED IMMEDIATELY BY D. APPLETON AND CO.
200 BROADWAY.

1. *The origin, progress, and conclusion of the Florida War:* to which is appended a record of officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates of the U. S. Army, Navy, and Marine corps, who were killed in battle or died of disease. By John T. Sprague, Brevet Captain of the United States Army. Illustrated with a Map and Wood Engravings, one volume octavo.

2. *Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and speak the Spanish Language.* With an appendix. Containing a brief, but comprehensive Recapitulation of the Rules, as well as of all the Verbs, both Regular and Irregular, so as to render their use easy and familiar to the most ordinary capacity. Together with practical rules for Spanish pronunciation, and models of social and commercial correspondence. The whole designed for young learners and persons who are their own instructors. By M. Velasquez and F. Simmonne. Professors of the Spanish and French Languages. One vol., 12mo. The plan of this work is substantially the same with that of the French, German, and Italian Grammars of Professor Ollendorff. It consists of a series of Lessons so arranged as gradually to eliminate every idiom and construction of the language, and to impart to the scholar a thorough knowledge of both its theory and practice.

3. *Laneton Parsonage: A Tale.* Second part. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude," "Margaret Percival," etc. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, D. D. One volume 12mo. Uniform with the First Series.

4. *The Sketches: Three Tales.* 1. Walter Lorimore. 2. The emblems of Life. 3. The Lost Inheritance. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "The Old Man's Home," and "Hawkstone." Illustrated with engravings. One volume 12mo.

5. *A System of English Versification;* containing rules for the structure of the different kinds of verses. Illustrated by Numerous Examples from the best Poets. By Erastus Everett, A.M. One volume 12mo.

6. *The Mystery of Godliness.* By the Rev. Samuel L. Southard, A.M., Rector of Calvary Church, New York City. One volume 8vo.

7. *Instructions to Young Marksmen,* in all that relates to the Improved American Rifle. By R. Chapman, Civil Engineer. One volume 12mo.

* Higelac—king of Jutland, the kinsman of Beowulf.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1848.

NO. 4.

VIRGINIA;

HER ANCIENT TITLE TO THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY, AND HER RIGHTS UPON THE OHIO RIVER, VINDICATED.

—
BY GEO. W. THOMPSON.
—

Some difficulty having originated on the co-terminous borders of Virginia and Ohio, involving questions of boundary and jurisdiction between these States, the State of Ohio proposed a commission for the settlement of these questions. Whatever doubts can possibly exist on these subjects, arise out of the character and construction of the deed of cession from Virginia, in 1784, of the territory "North-West of the river Ohio" to the Confederation, and of the seventh clause of the fifth section of the act of 18th of December, 1789, entitled, "An Act concerning the erection of the District of Kentucky into an independent State." The popular opinion of Virginia, traditionally derived from the cotemporaneous construction of these grants and reservations, had always pointed to but one conclusion on this subject, namely, that the Ohio river was and remained the absolute property of Virginia, drawing with it all the rights of dominion and jurisdiction, saving to the citizens of the United States such easements and jurisdiction only, of the same, as are necessary to the "free and common use and navigation" of this river. This tone of public sentiment in Virginia generally, has never changed, while on the immediate border of the Ohio it is believed to have increased in intensity. Some doubts and discussion, occasioned by *recent* transactions, have, it is true, been started as to the exact line of boundary and the character of the anomalous jurisdiction, claimed as against Virginia. But notwithstanding the universality and conclusiveness of this opinion on the part of Virginia, expressed in her legislative declaration, the Commonwealth, in a spirit of frankness and concession, concurred in the request of Ohio to submit the matters referred to, to a joint commission* for settlement upon principles conve-

* This commission was composed of Messrs. Wm. C. Rives, Wm. Green and Geo. W. Thompson, on the part of Virginia, and Messrs. Thomas Ewing, John Brough and James Collier on the part of Ohio. These gentlemen met in the City of Washington, in the early part of January, 1848, but could not agree upon terms of adjustment, and finally adjourned on the 26th of the month.—[Ed. Mess.]

nient to both, and not unjust to either. Virginia was willing to yield something of her just rights, if, by doing so, harmony could be secured and the intercourse of the two States fixed upon a stable and friendly basis. This was her earnest desire. This failed of accomplishment. The two States remain upon their original and conventional rights, as settled by their histories, their constitutions and the just interpretation of the various laws touching the very delicate questions involved.

These States, if harmony was the true object, and we are to believe they were sincere, in seeking the settlement of these questions, are more fully committed to that comity and kind feeling which should regulate the intercourse of neighbouring Commonwealths, having a common destiny of good or evil, though differing somewhat in their internal systems. But it is not to be expected, that in an immense population with diversified interests and somewhat differing sentiments, that collisions, between individuals in their transactions of business and impulsions to conduct, will not take place, involving all the questions submitted for adjustment. It is therefore just and expedient to enter into a full, and so far as practicable, perspicuous examination and settlement of the history of the title of Virginia and a statement of the conventional and *national* rights retained by her, and with a view fully to understand what rights, easements or jurisdictions have been surrendered by her, heretofore, to other States or citizens, generally, of the United States.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

On the 23rd of May, 1609, James I., as king of England, granted by letters patent an extension of what may be called the *corporation* of Virginia. The limits and jurisdiction of this corporate body included "all those lands, countries and territories situate, lying and being in that part of America, called Virginia, from the point of land called Cape or Point Comfort, all along the sea coast, to the northward, two hundred miles and from the said point of Cape Comfort all along the sea coast, to the southward, two hundred miles, and all that space and circuit of land throughout, from sea to sea, west and north-west."¹ This was the description of the territorial limits. A form of government was ordained; the executive and legislative authority was prescribed; crimes were to be punished; contracts enforced; census to be taken and the entire organism of a colonial government was

¹ 1 Hen. 88.

defined.² Its boundaries and its jurisdiction were prescribed. The corporation had a legal existence; its jurisdiction was commensurate with the limits of its grant. Whatever right belonged to, or was asserted by the crown of England, vested in the corporation; soil and sovereignty both passed. At the Trinity Term of the Court of King's Bench, 1624, the corporation was dissolved by the judgment of that court. The legal existence of the corporation, as a monopoly, then ceased, and at the same moment the political existence of the Colony of Virginia commenced and continued uninterruptedly to its independence. The corporation was dissolved, but this made no change in the political condition of the people. All the elements of government which had been granted to the corporation or developed by it, in the execution of powers necessary under the condition of things, were continued to the colony. From 1630 to 1642, a period of twelve years, there remain the partial records of sixteen legislative assemblies,³ and subsequent to the judgment of dissolution these assemblies had been convened and were in correspondence with the throne and their continuance is the evidence of their recognition.⁴ The Colony of Virginia was in existence: it had merely passed from the condition of a proprietary, to that of a provincial or crown colony. The corporation of Virginia was, by the act of the crown, transmuted into the colony of Virginia, and by the act of transmutation, the limits of territory and jurisdiction were not altered. The colony succeeded to the authority, territory and jurisdiction of the corporation. It became a crown colony, subject only to express limitations by the crown, of its territory and jurisdiction. And to the extent of such express restrictions was it limited and Virginia, as a colony and as a State, has recognized all such *known* grants in the charters of Carolina, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The claim of the crown embraced all the parallels of latitude through to the South or Pacific sea. This claim could only be maintained under the law of nations by possession of some kind.⁵ The Colony of Virginia was now the only *political* organization on the continent, in virtue of which Great Britain could claim any possession of the country. Virginia represented the crown upon the continent; her political possession extending to the possession and claim of the crown, except in the subsequent cases of expressed grant and limitation by the crown to other colonies or proprietaries. As the

delegated authority of the crown upon the continent, it was, in virtue of that relation, the occupant under the crown to the extent of the crown claim. The extent of that claim and the title of England will appear as we progress.

Carolina on the South, Maryland and Pennsylvania on the North, limited the territory of Virginia. New York had no existence and no jurisdiction could vest in her: she was conquered from Holland in 1663. Then Virginia was not limited farther than as above stated by any crown grants of its adjacent territory, and before the establishment of New York as a distinct and separate crown colony, the grant to Pennsylvania, bounded on Lake Erie, excluded her from the west and that colony was interposed between New York and the valley of the Mississippi. When, subsequently, New York was created a proprietary colony and her bounds came to be definitely understood, they were defined by the English historian with apparent accuracy. "From forty-one degrees forty minutes on Delaware river, New York runs twenty miles higher on Delaware river to the parallel of forty-one degrees latitude, which by Pennsylvania royal grant, divides New York from the province of Pennsylvania. Upon this parallel, New York is supposed to extend *west to lake Erie*: and from thence along Lake Erie and along the communicating great run of water from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario,"⁶ &c. This description of the bounds of New York is strengthened by "A new and accurate map of the British dominions in America according to the treaty of 1763, divided into the several provinces and jurisdictions projected upon the best authorities and astronomical observations."⁷ New York has her South West corner resting upon Lake Erie and Pennsylvania interposed between her and the west. But yet New York is not in existence. Then, that Virginia was not limited farther than as above stated, must be repeated. She had then a political existence. What were its powers? It represented the sovereignty of England; sold land; and extinguished Indian title; in October, 1629, the Grand Assembly passed an "Appropriation and Revenue law."⁸ This Grand Assembly was never suppressed and the colony continued to exercise jurisdiction over all persons and property within her limits. In 1652, upon the capitulation with the commonwealth, it was stipulated that the "People of Virginia" should have all the liberties of the freeborn people of England.⁹ At the termination of the Interregnum of English history, in 1660, Sir William Berkeley

² Instructions to Gov. Wyatt, 1621. 1 Hen. 114, et seq.

³ 1 Banc. 199, n.

⁴ 1 Hen. 134. And expressly recognized by the proclamation of George III., who guaranteed to the subjects of the new colonies, acquired by the treaty of 1763, the same institutions as existed in the other colonies. 7 Hen. 663.

⁵ Vattel, b. 1, c. 18, sec. 207.

⁶ Wynne's Br. Emp. in America, vol. 1, p. 171. London, 1770. Smith's Hist. of N. Y., p. 14.

⁷ Map to Knox's War in America, vol. 1. London, 1769. See also Map in Russ. Hist. of America. London, 1778-vol. 2, p. 172 and title-page.

⁸ 1 Hen. 142.

⁹ 1 Banc. 223.

was elected Governor of the colony, and acknowledged the validity of the acts of the Burgesses, of whom it was expressly enacted that "he do not dissolve this assembly without consent of the major part of the House,"¹⁰ and which Assembly exercised a very general, though limited power of legislation. At this time the population of Virginia had increased to 30,000 souls. Was the authority of the colony confined to the original members which composed the corporation and to the soil actually settled by them at the time of the revocation of the charter, or did its jurisdiction expand with the population? Was her colonial sovereignty confined to the territory occupied by the original settlers, or did it expand with the new grants and occupancy of lands and the increase of population? Then, when and where was her authority over the expanding population and receding frontiers limited?

The feeble Richard grasped, but could not hold the iron mace of Cromwell; and the 11th day of October, 1660, the restoration of Charles II., finds the "Grand Assemblie held at James Cittie in Virginia," and Sir William Berkeley his majesty's Governor. And from this time to the close of her colonial existence, the "Grand Assemblie was regularly held. The character of its legislation, the objects to which it was devoted and the powers exercised, can only be fully realized by the perusal of its legislative enactments. Suffice it to say, there was no suspension of legislative function, but that in 1666 the Burgesses assert, in reply to the royal governor, "that they conceive it their privilege to lay the levy in the house,"¹¹ and in 1670, define who shall have the right of suffrage.¹² In 1680 the same body passed a naturalization act; erected fortifications and raised "a publique revenue for the better support of this, his majesties colony."¹³ These are acts of *quasi* sovereign authority exercised within and over the territory of the colony of Virginia, let that include what it may. They are the acts of sovereign ownership, in virtue of which only could Great Britain claim the unseated lands appurtenant to this her colony.

They were essential to the perfection of her right by discovery, and her claim to the North-West. Who then shall define what this territory includes, or what acts of the colony or of the crown shall explain in any further degree the meaning of the original grant and jurisdiction conferred by James I.? No one certainly will deny that as the expanding population widened the limits of the frontiers, that the authority and the rights and privileges conferred by the laws of the colony accompanied such extension. This right of exten-

sion was coterminous with the bounds assigned to the colony; if no bounds were assigned, and the revocation of the charter repealed or dissolved the ancient limits, then the right of expansion by the colony was coexistent with the British Empire in America, except where crown grants with exclusive jurisdiction, limited that right of indefinite expansion. But the lease of Charles II. to Arlington and Culpeper will serve to explain the royal idea of what was contained in part in the bounds of Virginia. This lease, granted previous to 1680, leased "all that entire tract territory region and dominion of land and water commonly called Virginia together with the territory of Accomack and all that part of the bay of Chesapeake that lyeth betweene the same or any part thereof and all other the rights members jurisdictions and appurtenances thereof, situate lying and being in America, adjoining to the colony and dominion of Maryland towards the north, to the great ocean towards the east, to the colony and dominion commonly called Carolina, towards the south, and are bounded towards the west by a line leading from the first spring of the great river commonly called Patowmack, to the first spring of the river Rappahanock, and from thence to the first spring of the great river of Powhatan otherwise called James river, and from thence in a meridian line to the said colony or dominion called Carolina, as also all those other tracts regions dominions and territories of land and water, situate lying and being beyond the uttermost adjacent limitts of Carolina aforesaid and the western limitts of the lands and countries hereby granted and the uttermost western limitts of Maryland, or any of them betweene about thirty-six degrees and one halfe and forty degrees of northerne latitude, to the great sea towards the west."¹⁴ This lease gave the lessee "full power lycence and authority" "to divide and subdivide the said regions, tracts, territories and dominions into counties hundreds and parishes."¹⁵ On the 10th of May, 1680, Lord Culpeper, proprietary lessee as aforesaid, took his oath of office as Governor of the colony,¹⁶ and at the same time the council of the colony were inducted into office, the oath of office being substantially the same as that required in 1621, viz—"shall assist and defend all jurisdictions preheminences and authority granted unto his majestie and annexed unto the crown against all forreigne princes persons prelates and potentates whatsoever."¹⁷ The same "jurisdictions preheminences and authority" are now to be maintained by Virginia that were to be asserted by her in the early settlement of the country when England claimed the continent by virtue of the discovery of the Cabots. The authority of the colony remains unlimited. The leasehold to Cul-

¹⁰ 1 Hen. 530-1.¹¹ 2 Hen. 254.¹² 2 Hen., 280.¹³ 2 Hen., 220, 255, 307, 433, 464.¹⁴ 2 Hen., 570.¹⁵ 2 Hen., 573.¹⁶ 2 Banc., 246.¹⁷ 1 Hen., 116. 2 Id. 568.

peper is distinct from the jurisdiction and duty of the colony.

It is not necessary to go into a critical examination of this grant; it conveyed a leasehold; it did not limit by any form of words the jurisdiction of Virginia, as a colony, over the territory embraced in the description of the charter of 1609, but gave Culpeper, in his own right, unlimited authority of sale, grant, division and subdivision within the bounds assigned. The lease itself is particular and minute in its description, and the lands west are set forth with the same technical minutiae that the territory of Accomack is mentioned, then, as now, known as part of Virginia; its lands seated and its people represented in the Grand Assembly.

Now advert to the situation of the surrounding territory. Virginia was bounded on the south by a well-defined line in the crown-grant of Carolina to Lord Clarendon and which was now governed as a proprietary colony under the constitution of the famous John Locke.¹⁸ To the north, the grant to Cecilus Calvert conveyed the territory of Maryland. In 1671 the territory of the crown in the west was limited to the east and bounded by the five degrees of longitude granted to Pennsylvania. From this time forward all the territory of Great Britain north of the Carolina line and west of the Pennsylvania line was separated by well-defined limits from all the other colonies, and was in immediate connexion, in a state of appurtenance, to the only crown colony on the continent. Virginia by her general laws, and by the oaths of her officers, was sustaining the "jurisdictions, preeminences and authority" of the crown. The authority of the proprietary colonies did not extend beyond their chartered limits; being private grantees, they could not touch upon the territory or jurisdiction of the crown. The proprietaries were limited in authority and jurisdiction to their special grants; the crown had its delegated authority in the colony of Virginia, and which, by virtue of the general authority, exercised by the Governor and Grand Assembly; and by virtue of propinquity and of its being the only representative of the sovereign power in juxtaposition with this domain, was in virtual political possession of the territory in behalf of the crown. And this is fully sustained in the subsequent history of the colonies.¹⁹

Culpeper was an avaricious spendthrift. His administration was one of extortion and, beyond this, of neglect, and Virginia was "a province impoverished by perverse legislation." The Governor found a residence in the colony too irksome and upon the "reported griefs and restlessness of the country," the grant to Arlington and Culpeper was re-absorbed into the possession of the crown and the authority of Culpeper as Governor for life

"was rendered void by a process of law."²⁰ All the authority, theretofore, exercised by the colony, and all the powers granted to Culpeper survived to, and were executed by, the colony.

Arlington reconveyed, and Culpeper was disfranchised and recalled. Virginia was dissatisfied with the improvident grant made to these men. She solemnly protested by an act of her Grand Assembly.²¹ The agents of the colony visited England and in behalf of the people and in support of the true interests of the crown, insisted on the resumption of these grants. And they insisted in no equivocal terms, "that the power of granting the lands within the colony may reside in the Governor and council as formerly," that the people of Virginia shall "not be *cantonized* into parcels by grants made to particular persons;" they prayed for the "usual allowance of fifty acres of land for every person imported, which experience had proved so beneficial," "that there shall be no tax or imposition laid on the people of Virginia, but according to their former usage by the Grand Assembly and no otherwise," for that "*both the acquisition and defence of Virginia have been at the charge of the inhabitants,*" and for that "it is humbly conceived that if his majesty deduce a colony of Englishmen by their own consent or license, or permit one to be deduced to plant an uncultivated part of the world, such planters and their heirs ought to enjoy by law in such plantation the same liberties and privileges as Englishmen in England, *such plantation being but in nature an extension or dilatation of the realm of England,*" "and to confirm the legislative power in the Grand Assembly."²²

These requests were substantially approved by the Attorney General and received the written sanction of the king.²³ No charter issued, as was desired by the colonists, but Virginia remained dependant on the crown, exercising its sovereignty over the "extension and dilatation of the realm of England," within the borders prescribed by the original charter, limited by subsequent grants as above-mentioned, and gradually looking to "all that space and circuit of land throughout from sea to sea, west and northwest." Those desirous of most thorough resolution of any doubt upon the general authority and jurisdiction exercised by Virginia are referred to the legislative records of the colony, every page of which shows that its power was expanded with the population and its increasing wants. Every right claimed by the colonists in the negotiations with Charles II. was exercised by them. They were colonists, already exercising a special and independent authority as a colony for

²⁰ 2 Banc., 249.

²¹ 2 Hen., 511.

²² 2 Hen., 511, 523, 524, 525, 527. 2 Burk's App., 1.

²³ 2 Hen., 529, 530, 531.

¹⁸ Story Con., b. 1, c. 14.

¹⁹ 2 Hen. 566. The commission of Culpeper.

its own protection, its own internal government, and its own "dilatation," unlimited but by the bounds of Carolina on the south, Maryland and Pennsylvania on the north and northwest.²⁴

The authorities cited in the last note bring us down to the year 1705. By the act of 1701, (3 Hen. 204 et seq.,) any quantity of land not under 10,000 nor over 30,000 acres, free from quit rents, public, county or parish levies, was granted to every certain number of men upon any of the frontiers of "this government" provided that for every five hundred acres so granted there "shall continually be kept upon the said land one Christian man," &c. And by the act of 1705, (2 Hen., 468,) exclusive authority for trade is proposed to be given on certain conditions to the discoverers of any town or nation of Indians "to the west of, or between the Appalutian (Alleghany) mountains." In 1710 and in 1711 Governor Spotswood issued his proclamation "restraining seating on outlands during this time of danger," and by his proclamation of 10th of June, a free trade with western Indians is regulated.²⁵ The interdict of the Governor and the regulation of trade are alike acts of sovereign jurisdiction.

The French encroachments in the west now begin to attract attention. And if the law of nations gave England no title by discovery, France gained nothing by her imperfect possession. The title set up by both nations was the title by discovery. This title on the part of England went back to the original discovery by the Cabots. France and England were the only nations claiming title. By the 15th article of the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, it was provided that, "the subjects of France, inhabitants of Canada and elsewhere, should not disturb or molest in any manner whatever the five Indian nations which were subject to Great Britain, nor its other American allies." The right of Great Britain was here acknowledged by the only authority that had the slightest ground for contesting her title. England so understood it, and Virginia, representing the English sovereignty, in her colonial capacity acted on that understanding, and gradually "dilated" until she had pushed her actual possessions and grant of lands *north-west of the river Ohio*. Let the current of history be pursued.

False to her treaty engagements, France insidiously introduced her settlements into the west, which attracted attention and excited the alarm of the colonies. Governor Spotswood hoped to extend the line of the Virginia settlements "*far enough to the west* to interrupt the chain of communication between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico." He caused the passes of the mountains to be examined; desired to promote settlements beyond them,

and sought to concentrate within his province (Virginia) bands of friendly Indians."²⁶ In 1719 Pennsylvania pressed upon the attention of the Lords of Trade, resistance to the encroachments of France, and counselled the establishment *by Virginia* of a fort on Lake Erie.²⁷ The vigilance of Virginia in watching, protecting and securing the great western domain never slumbered. With true loyalty and allegiance, so propitious for this whole republic in its results, that it looks like a decree of fate, she persisted in the claim of all that region for herself and the throne she represented. She was present at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in 1744, where her Commissioners, (Gov. Spotswood one of them,) met the deputies of the Iroquois, who being united with the Tuscaroras, became known as the Six Nations, and who there executed, on the 4th day of July, a deed recognizing the king's right to all lands that are or shall be by his majesty's appointment in the colony of Virginia.²⁸ To settle this fact more fully, let an extract from an old work, printed in Pennsylvania, in 1751, now in the library of Congress, with the title "*Delaware and Shawanese Indians*," pp. 52, 53, testify. "The commissioners of Virginia after disputing the rights and claims of the Six Nations offer them a quantity of goods to the value of two hundred pounds, Pennsylvania currency, and two hundred pounds in gold, on condition they immediately make a deed recognizing the king's right to all the lands that are or shall be by his majesty's appointment in the colony of Virginia. * * Accordingly the deed was signed and every thing settled to mutual satisfaction." Does this deed need confirmation? In 1752 Joshua Fry, Lunsford Loamax and James Patton, commissioners in behalf of the colony, were appointed by the Governor of Virginia with instructions to obtain from the Indians *settled on the Ohio* a confirmation of the Lancaster deed. On the 13th June of that year the confirmation was given by those Indians in the very bosom of their forest domain. "The sachems and chiefs of the said Six Nations now met in council at Loggstown, do hereby signify our consent and confirmation of the said deed in as full and ample a manner as if the same was here recited."²⁹ Whatever title existed in the Six Nations was transferred and vested in the colony of Virginia.

We have now reached the period of the French war, which terminated in the treaty of Fontainebleau or Paris, 1763. The historians of England, generally authoritative exponents of their public facts, describe Virginia as "watered on the north by the river Potowmack, which is the boundary be-

²⁴ 3 Hen., 18, 84, 88, 99, 115, 119, 135, 205, 236, 250, 284, 304 to 333 for land law. 204, 468.

²⁵ 4 Hen., 446, 553.

²⁶ 3 Banc. 344.

²⁷ 3 Banc. 345. Smoll. Eng., c. 9, Geo. II. Id., c. 8, R. Geo. II. 1 Pitt. U. S., 139, 140.

²⁸ 3 Banc., 355, 356.

²⁹ Colony Titles, 29 to 68.

tween this and the colony last described, (Maryland,) having the Bay of Chesapeake to the East, bounded on the South by Carolina, and extending westward without any prescribed limits." And Edmund Burke gives a similar description.³⁰ Sir R. Beverly's boundaries are in exact accordance, as understood in 1722. An English author in 1770 thus describes Virginia: "The country which still bears this name, (Virginia,) is now reduced to that tract which has the river Potomac on the north; the Bay of Chesapeake on the east and Carolina upon the South. To the westward the grants extend it to the South Sea."³¹ In strict accordance with the historians are the geographers of England. No geographer confines Virginia at any time previous to her own cessions to any line east of the Mississippi river. Kitchen, whose map is distinguished for extreme accuracy, makes Virginia's western and northern boundary rest on the Mississippi and Lake Erie and defined "according to the treaty of 1763."³² Consult also the map in Russel's History of America, London, 1778, and the map to Tarleton's campaign, London, 1787. Such were the opinions of enlightened and scientific men of England as to the boundaries of Virginia. We have seen that she had the title of the native sovereigns. Having these titles she used and claimed the possession, and her exercise of this right precipitated the French war. The controversy between England and France produced various memorials, and in the French criminations they say "some English traitors passed the mountains of Virginia and wanted to carry on trade with the Indians on the Ohio, and the French took and carried them to France."³³ In the journal of Washington, kept by him in his remarkable journey undertaken to the northwest, under the direction of Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, he says, "For a fort at the fork, (now Pittsburg,) would be equally well situated on the Ohio and would have the entire command of the Monongahela, *which runs up our settlement*, and is extremely well designed for water carriage,"³⁴ &c. In 1752, the Ohio Company established a trading post on Loramie's creek, forty-seven miles north of the present site of Dayton, in Ohio.³⁵ The first acts of hostility on the part of the French clearly indicate the possession and extensive establishment of Virginia west of the Appalachian mountains—west of the Ohio river. "They, (the French,) surprised Loggstown, which the *Virginians* had built upon

the Ohio; made themselves masters of the block-house and truck-house, where they found skins and other commodities to the amount of twenty thousand pounds and destroyed all the British traders, except two, who found means to escape. At the same time M. de Contrecoeur, with a thousand men and eighteen pieces of cannon, arrived in three hundred canoes from Venango, a fort they had raised on the banks of the Ohio, and reduced by surprise a British fort which the *Virginians* had built on the forks of the Monongahela."³⁶ Virginia had acted in the spirit of the recommendation made by her coterminous neighbor in 1719. Loggstown was on the western side of the Ohio river.³⁷ The mass of wealth collected at this single point affords some proximate idea of the extensive use and appropriation of the territory northwest of the Ohio. The British construction of the treaty of Utrecht was carried into execution by Virginia. Where is Connecticut? where New York with their post-belligerent claims? It was Virginia that built the forts; that planted the settlements; and erected the block-houses and truck-houses. Virginia, exercising the same elements of political authority which she exercised from 1609 to 1624, the period of her charter existence, extended her dominion and possession to "our settlement" on the Monongahela, to Loggstown and to Loramie's Creek, in like manner as she planted the corner-stone of her first capitol in Williamsburg. The settlement of Utrecht was violated, but vindicated by the treaty of Paris of 1763, which put an end to the usurpation of France over the territory in question. Of the independent nations of the earth there was, *now*, not one to question the validity of the English title, deduced from the discovery of the Cabots and confirmed by two treaties and by Virginia's extinguishment of the Indian title and actual occupancy. Possession and title vested in the "English traitors" who crossed the mountains of Virginia.

The colony of Virginia was the only crown-colony in immediate proximity and connection with the western domain. It was clearly included in the bounds of the original charter, no portion of it was ceded away by any subsequent grant which created any title recognized by the crown or enforced by the colonies, except so much as was included in the five degrees of longitude of Pennsylvania. The northwestern corner of Pennsylvania rested on Lake Erie; the southwest corner of New York had the *same* abuttal.³⁸ After the treaty of 1763 it became important and necessary

³⁰ Smoll. c. 9, R. G. II. Ed. Burke's Acct. of European Settlements in America, vol. 2. p. 207. London, 1765.

³¹ Wynne's Br. Em. in America, 2nd vol, 213. Gordon Geog. An'd, 362. London, 1744.

³² Knox's War in America, London, 1769.

³³ 1 Pitk. U. S. 140.

³⁴ 2 Mar. Wash., App. p. 2.

³⁵ Dill. Hist. Indiana, 67.

³⁶ Smoll. Eng., c. 9, R. G. II. 2 Wynne, 25. Rus. Hist. of Amer., 2 vol., 375.

³⁷ Col. Bouquet's Relation Hist. contre les Indiens, 1764, p. 58, map. Mar. Wash., c. 11, p. 377. 7 Hen., 661.

³⁸ Delaware and Shawanes Indians, map. Map to Russ. Hist. America. Kitchen's Map. 1 Knox war in America. Wynne's Br. Emp. in America, 1 vol., 171. Grant of C. II. to Duke of York. Smith's Hist. of N. Y., 14.

for the crown to construct a colonial organization for the immense region maintained and acquired by that treaty. This was done by the royal proclamation of 1763 and the colonies of Quebec, east and west Florida were organized.³⁹ No notice was taken of the territory under consideration. It is not mentioned; it is not referred to in the organization of territories. Was this oversight; was this forgetfulness? Was this enchanting country still left to be the apple of discord between France and England? for the French by the treaty were left the masters and possessors of the western border of the Mississippi along its whole length. It was for the possession of this country that war was incurred. It was to maintain the British right to it that the war was prolonged and the title to which was acknowledged by the treaty. The country was filled with traders; the British subjects were desirous of locating their trading establishments; the territorial and commercial value of this region, as well as its boundaries and the boundaries of Pennsylvania and New York, were well understood. Pennsylvania was *interposed* between it and New York. The common-law doctrine of title gave the possession to Virginia; the same doctrine repelled the possession of New York, and England's colonial and international law was then based upon her common-law. All the other territory of England was partitioned off into colonies by this Proclamation; and was this immense and valuable region left without law, without order, beyond all jurisdiction and beyond protection to the persons and property of traders and others? It was not assigned to any new jurisdiction; it was not set apart as a separate colony, and whatever ill-defined notions of the country may have existed in 1609, when the original charter was granted, did not exist when the proclamation of George III., in 1763, assigned all the surrounding territories to new jurisdictions and left this country in the possession of the colony, which, by regular *dilatation*, by its own political action and by the ministerial and military functions of its governors, had covered it with its jurisdiction and authority.⁴⁰ The marginal references include the period from 1753 to 1763 and exhibit the control of Virginia dominion in every possible manner in which authority and jurisdiction could be at that time exercised, from legislative protection of settlers on the waters of the Mississippi to the building of forts and granting of lands northwest of the river Ohio.⁴¹ The commencement of the war found Virginia exercising jurisdiction; this jurisdiction was continued during the war, and by the proclamation of 1763 was left undisturbed. Subsequently to the

treaty of Paris, the Grand Assembly of Virginia continued its ordinary jurisdiction over the west. Creating counties, granting lands,⁴² protecting settlers, she had successively extended her borders and filled it with population, until in 1776 she had organized the counties of Kentucky, Washington, Montgomery, Ohio, Monongalia and Yohogania, the county of Yohogania being subsequently merged into Pennsylvania, in 1785, by the ascertainment of her five degrees of longitude. In 1769 Fort Fincastle stood at the mouth of Wheeling creek; in 1770 the settlement at Grave creek was made, and in 1772 Kentucky was possessed.⁴³ October 10th, 1774, is memorable for the battle of Point Pleasant at the mouth of the Great Kanawha. And here closes the history of the colonial dependence of Virginia; and one of her last acts, under the guidance of an English governor, was the assertion of her protective and vindictory authority over her territorial claim. In 1609, this colony commenced a feeble and precarious existence on the shore of the Chesapeake; in 1774, that colony, vigorous and in the confidence of strength, in her own name and in the name of the majesty she represented, and as one of her last acts of allegiance and clothed with that sovereignty which had accompanied her through her whole career, stood upon the banks of the Ohio and waved her sceptre of dominion over the immense country, which England, her kings, historians, geographers, and legislators recognized as Virginia.

To conclude the view of this branch of the subject it must be borne in mind that the crown had not only a legal, but exercised an actual supervision over the legislation, orders in council, as well as the proclamation of the governors. The crown was, legally and in fact, cognizant of the actions of the colony. The Proclamation of 1763 is evidence of this fact. The military land-warrants granted to the officers and soldiers of Virginia, and authorized by the crown, covered the banks of the Ohio. Then here we claim the full value of the *principle* which maintains the title of Virginia under her charter, for, "such a solemn covenant, so concluded between a sovereign and his subjects, after being fully executed on their parts can never be revoked on his. * * The genius of English liberty evoked, by this ever-enduring covenant, accompanied them whithersoever they might go in Virginia, as a guardian angel, to whose charge was specially committed the preservation of all their English privileges. It is false, then, to say that the colonists of Virginia could claim nothing under the charters after the revocation of these charters in 1624."⁴⁴ Virginia claims the full benefit of the

³⁹ 7 Hen., 663. 1 Pitk, 150.

⁴⁰ 6 Hen. 355, 417, 435, 438, 453, 521. 7 Hen., 11, 116, 171, 252, 282, 370. 1 Rev. C., 33 n.

⁴¹ Gov. Dinwiddie's Proc., 1754. 7 Hen., 661.

⁴² Military bounty lands to Washington and the officers and soldiers of the war 1756, under authority of royal proclamation of 1763, relaxing the previous inhibition.

⁴³ Butler's Hist. of Ky., 18, 20, 25, 30.

⁴⁴ 2 vol., Rep. Com., 1 sess., 28 Con., No. 457, p. 20.

principle, that revocation of the charter could not annul vested rights, but what is of conclusive weight on this subject, she has the entire benefit of the *fact*. She was the crown colony exercising the political authority contained in her charter, with the knowledge of the crown, over the territory described in that instrument. She was the colony *de facto* of all this territory from 1624, limited as described. She was the colony *de jure*, by the assent of the crown, to her unintermitted claim and virtual possession through one hundred and fifty years.

July, 1775. The history of colonial dependence is past; the committee of public safety is appointed; the military force is organized; the oath is taken "in defense of the just rights of America against all enemies whatsoever," subject only to the "general convention or General Assembly of Virginia," and this is in July, 1775, styled in the records of Virginia the "Interregnum."⁴⁵ A convention is called to meet on the first Monday of May, and on the 29th of June, 1776, it was solemnly declared by that convention, that "the government of this country as formerly exercised under the crown of Great Britain is *totally dissolved*." A new government was by the same act organized and its boundaries defined and the authority of the *independent* State of Virginia succeeded by her own sovereign act to all the rights of the colony, whether *de facto* or *de jure*, as against the crown. Virginia was independent with a constitutional boundary embracing all territory contained in her charter, east of the Mississippi, and excepting Carolina, Maryland and Pennsylvania. She was in possession of the territory by her settlers, her arms and her laws. She had thrown off the allegiance of England and in throwing that off her Convention defined the soil which she claimed against the crown and against the world. The declaration of independence by the colonies was made more than a year after the actual independence of Virginia. Her title by Revolution dates back to the time when she commenced the exercise of her sovereign powers. Virginia in her new State capacity took military possession of the northwestern country and erected it into the county of Illinois: she kept military possession of it and the peace of 1783 found her the sole occupant of its wide domain. Did that Peace acknowledge the independence of a nation, or the freedom of confederated States? The former has never been pretended and it is a fallacy to suppose for a moment, that in fixing the boundaries of colonies, in concluding the terms of that peace, that the limits of Virginia, as defined by her charter and the treaty of 1763, as described by English historians, laid down by English geographers and as fixed by her constitution, were not the elements of adjust-

ment in the direction west and northwest. That adjustment could not have been upon the boundary of Pennsylvania; that was limited to the five degrees of longitude. It could not have been the line of New York *proper*, for that had the northern line of Pennsylvania and its southwestern corner rested on Lake Erie. It could not have been in virtue of the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768 for that *was a conveyance to the crown and not to New York*. It only extended to the south side of the Ohio. What title covered the northwest of that river?

What then is the title of Virginia? The discovery of the Cabots; the charter of 1609; the partial description as contained in the leasehold of Culpeper; the acknowledgment by France in the treaty of Utrecht; the grant of the Six Nations at Lancaster; the confirmation thereof at Loggstown; the treaty of 1763; the constant legislation of the colony; the actual granting and seating of lands to 1775, the era of Virginia independence; the military possession of the country by the colony in 1774; the assertion of boundaries in the Constitution of June, 1776; the military and political possession of it by Virginia in pursuance of her unintermitted claim to the close of the war of the revolution; and lastly the treaty of 1783 which confirmed the colonies in their ancient boundaries.

But the authority of international law has been invoked in the controversy.⁴⁶ The law is good as a moral regulation and as a rule of construction. The practice and the policy of nations have established a different doctrine, that doctrine by which the United States held and holds Oregon without actual occupation; by which Russia held Siberia and holds N. Western America, and Mexico the unsettled Californias; by which England holds Australia and the unexplored portions of Canada. There is not a commercial country, and scarcely any other of any extent and enterprise, which does not hold territory under the same title and tenure. The rule of the common-law, which is in accordance with the practice of nations, is consistent with this usage. Where a nation has a definite claim by parallels of latitude or natural boundaries, and takes possession of a part, with such public acts and avowals as to announce a clear intent to maintain the right to the whole and has the capacity to appropriate and the ability to defend the same, the right follows the possession. Nor are nations, any more than individuals, confined to immediate and pressing wants. The wants of posterity cannot be limited by any practical rule, and hence the claim, the conflict and the success has been, perhaps yet is, the law of title over newly discovered countries. But the authorities cited are more conclusive against French, than English title. England claimed by right of discovery; this right was recognized by our high-

⁴⁵ 9 Hen. 13, 36, 49, 96, 101.

⁴⁶ Vat. B. 1, c. 18, sec. 203 204 205 206 and n. to 207.

est judicial tribunal as applying to this very territory (*Johnson v. McIntosh*):⁴⁷ the colonies were founded on that right; their existence springs up out of it; they had no domain, except on the seashore, but by virtue of the recognition of this right; each sustained the right of the other; they were coterminous proprietors under the same authority to grant and, they, at best, cannot except to the title. But discovery gives an inchoate right;⁴⁸ how far that right is made perfect in the longitude of an extensive country by actual occupancy of all the degrees of coast, which would embrace the country in dispute by parallels extended from the extreme points of latitude so possessed, back, it is needless to enquire under the circumstances of this case. England had the right which discovery gives and such possession gave. In the execution of that right, always insisted upon by her, always vindicated by the colony representing her authority; at all times recognized by the other colonies, (as Pennsylvania when she advised the building of a fort on Lake Erie,) England resisted the actual possession of the country by France. Neither in fact nor in virtue of the abstract law, nor in the practice of nations, had France acquired the eminent domain. The inchoate right of England was such as she could have granted; it was such as she could hold under the usage of nations, until her necessities required a more immediate use of the soil. It was such as she could have created into a separate jurisdiction, or which, by the very force of all analagous principles, as well as by legislative "dilatation," would fall in as appurtenant to the comprehensive jurisdiction already established by and through her. And the proclamation of 1763, settling the new order of things on this continent, so found, and so left it.

The royal proclamation of 1763 inhibiting the grant of western lands, is relied upon by the opponents of Virginia as confining Virginia to the heights of the Alleghanies. It has already been shown that the military bounty lands of 1756 were granted by royal proclamation, from Wheeling creek to the Kanawha. This writer knows land in the county of Ohio held under military warrant of George III. in 1774. These inhibitions were mere matters of internal police, and the references made in this article will show that they were adopted at various periods by the colony herself. But the argument is an old refuted Spanish pretension, now unworthy the use of any one who has any respect for the wisdom and the history of the past. It was met by Congress in 1780 "in answer to the extraordinary claim of the Spanish Court" and promptly refuted. "As to the proclamation of the King of Great Britain of 1763 forbidding his governors in North America to grant lands westward of the sources of the rivers falling into the Atlan-

tic ocean, it can by no rule of construction militate against the present claims of the United States. That proclamation, as is clear both from the title and tenor of it, was intended merely to prevent disputes with the Indians and an *irregular* appropriation of vacant land to individuals; and by no means either to renounce any parts of the cessions made in the treaty of Paris, or to affect the boundaries established by the ancient charters."⁴⁹

In chronological order we now arrive at the claim of New York under the treaty of Fort Stanwix. It might be sufficient for Virginia to rest upon the treaties of Lancaster, 1744, and Loggstown, 1752, to show that whatever title the six nations had was conveyed to her in her *colonial capacity*. It is, however, only necessary to enquire into the character of the agent of the crown and the instrument executed to see what title New York took by this treaty. Sir William Johnson was general agent and superintendant of Indian affairs; the deed conveys "unto our sovereign lord, King George III., all that tract of land situate in North America," &c. Is this a conveyance to New York? Is this a transference or creation of jurisdiction? Does this extinguishment of Indian title and investiture of the same in the crown *contract* Virginia to the top of the mountains and extend New York beyond the intervening State of Pennsylvania from the mouth of the Cherokee (Tennessee) along the south side of the Ohio to Fort Pitt? There are no facts to justify such conclusion, and imagination is feculant when it supplies such necessary and important data. The most elaborate investigation by the ablest counsel, in the great case of *Johnson v. McIntosh*, sustained the title, by discovery and the right by colonization and rejected all claim acquired *merely* by purchase of the Indian title. The title *through* Virginia was maintained by this judicial decision. But still more conclusive is the fact that the fort Stanwix deed *does not convey any portion of the territory northwest of the Ohio*. The boundary is from "the mouth of Cherokee river along the south side of the Ohio to Fort Pitt" and thence east—relinquishing Indian title of Western Virginia (if any existed⁵⁰) not to New York, but directly to the crown: George III., by his proclamation granting military bounties to the officers and soldiers of Virginia for their services and gallantry in the war of 1756, recognized this as Virginia. The title of Virginia was again confirmed by the treaty of Fort Stanwix a second time and by the proclamation of the king by which the soldiers and officers of Virginia were made the free possessors and defenders of the soil. Extinguishment of Indian title no more affected the rights and jurisdiction of the colonies, than the thousand treaties with the Indians since affect the boundaries of States or destroy their jurisdictions—

⁴⁷ 8 Wheat, 543.⁴⁸ *Vat. B. 1*, c. 18, sec. 207.⁴⁹ 2 Pitk. 514.⁵⁰ *Treaties of Lancaster and Loggstown*.

the very reverse of which is truth. This is indeed making "assurance doubly sure." Jew, I thank thee.

This view is strengthened by the act of the British parliament of the 22nd June, 1774, and the circumstances preceding, accompanying and succeeding that act.⁵¹ The colonies were at the time in a state of actual revolt; Dunmore was Governor of Virginia and England had already commenced her war policy. This very act of parliament was pressed by the ministry as a leading measure for the suppression of the spirit and power of the colonies. It was the supreme act of the parliament, indicating *the lead* to further encroachments of the rights of the colonies. The Indian war which brought on the battle of Point Pleasant in the fall of that year was believed to have been provoked by Dunmore with a design to favor England and hostile to Virginia. He was suspected of treachery at the battle and he did not wipe away the imputation by his subsequent conduct. He fomented boundary difficulties between Virginia and Pennsylvania. An instrument of disorganization between the States and a promoter of savage hostility on the frontiers, he but executed the purposes of the act of parliament in separating the North-western Territory from Virginia and attaching it to Quebec, then the only loyal colony on the continent. That which had theretofore been done by proclamation of the king it now required the act of parliament to consummate; to alter the boundary and take the territory of a colony which had the sanction of one hundred and fifty years of historical and legal prescription. Dunmore's policy was the most likely to effectuate the purposes of the crown and the natural explanation of his conduct is, that it was the policy to embroil Virginia in a war with the Indians, and then, should the difficulties of the colonies with England terminate in hostilities, Virginia would be fully occupied on her front and the great domain of the north-west would be in the occupation of his *majesty's allies*, for the purposes of war—for the purposes of peace when the struggle was over and the possession of these allies would give force to the claim of *uti possidetis*. The expedition of Gen. George Rogers Clarke was the vindication of the Virginia claim to the full extent of her ancient limits. The act of the 20th June, 1774, is the first attempt of the crown or parliament, for more than one hundred years, to interfere with the boundaries of this colony; and this was done upon the prospect of civil war, and when it was desirable on the part of England to attach the territory in question to the only colony on whose fidelity she could rely. The long acquiescence in the claim of Virginia and the attempt to *snatch* it from her possession on the eve of a war, gives force to all the facts and presumptions in favor of the

Virginia title. At the Treaty of Peace, England did not claim it as a fixed boundary, or if she did, it was not allowed her and there was no argument to resist her claim except what arose out of the title of Virginia. And it is remarkable, that the Fort Stanwix deed, if it availed to any purpose, would have availed to maintain the English title under that deed made to George III.

This sufficiently disposes of the pretended title of New York. The title of Connecticut is more readily settled by the proviso in her charter precluding any encroachment on the southern or Virginia colony, or upon lands then in the possession of any other christian nation lying west of the Plymouth colony, 1661; New York charter 1664; Pennsylvania 1671, and their conflict was settled by the boundary, run by royal commissioners in 1684, and which was assented to by all parties.⁵² Pennsylvania was limited by her five degrees of longitude. New York, still beyond, had no title except to her grant bounded by the northern line of Pennsylvania; beyond this again was Connecticut with her royal and agreed boundary; and beyond this Massachusetts, limited alike by the colonial policy of the day and the inferential exclusion of Virginia's original charter and the grants to Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. Thus is palsied the hand that would tear the chaplet from the brow of the MOTHER OF STATES.

In justice to Virginia let it be remembered, that by the twenty-first section of her constitution of 1776, in which she fixes her boundaries, she says, what they are and shall be, "unless by act of Legislature one or more territories shall hereafter be laid off and governments established west of the Alleghany mountains." Virginia provided for the erection of States before the confederation existed, and when there was no motive but liberal and enlarged views of policy; and without this provision, the cession of 1784 might possibly have been invalid as exceeding legislative authority. In the subsequent discussions which occurred in relation to territory it is clearly seen that the remonstrance of Maryland was not founded in objection to the *right* of Virginia, but it was, for that, "this or any other state entering into such confederation should be burthened with heavy expenses for the subduing and guaranteeing immense tracts of country when they are not to share any part of the monies arising from the sales of lands within those tracts or be otherwise benefited thereby." This was the burthen of the song, the echo of which is caught up from that distant time and made to reverberate yet a little longer. But the complaint of Maryland was connected with an unwarrantable demand, requiring full power to be given to the confederation "to fix the western limits of Virginia," and it was accompanied by the declaration of an inadmissible

⁵¹ Am. Ar. 4 series, vol. 1, p. 213, 214, 215.

⁵² Hubbard's Rep. 30; Rev. Saml. Peter's His. of Con. 98.

principle, "that Congress could exercise jurisdiction in territorial controversies between States."⁵³ The remonstrance of Virginia was predicated on this state of things, and the impartial critic connecting the powers claimed for Congress with the position taken by Virginia in her remonstrance and with subsequent events, will see on the part of Virginia the dawn of *those principles* which, under the guidance of that commonwealth, have been the great conservative elements of Constitutional Freedom. The fact contemplated was but little less objectionable than the principles involved, viz: to curtail the western limits of the state indefinitely on the south-eastern side of the Ohio. Virginia had provided by her organic law, before the cupidity or jealousy of the smaller States had been excited, for the "establishment of governments west of the Allegany mountains," but this question of curtailment mooted, and Virginia, willing to consummate her great *constitutional purpose* in the erection of new States, desired, against the sentiment which the smaller States had manifested, to be secured against the future, by the act of that power which it was sought to make the instrument of her dismemberment. There is a physical and a high political relation throughout her domain from the ocean to the Ohio, which had early been perceived and always insisted upon and prosecuted by Washington, and this integrity of dominion and dependence of interest she desired and was determined to maintain. Virginia did not doubt her own title; but she mistrusted the temper of the times, that in the storm of a revolution could turn from lofty purpose to "calculate the value" of the confederation and evince the sentiment, which in these days is so strongly individualized,

"Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit."

The historical review is now closed; nations are spread over the immense domain which was acquired by the gallantry and sagacity of former times; and in vindicating Virginia, it is not intended to do injustice to other States. In purpose and in conduct the colonists and revolutionists of every State, stand preëminent and upon their national monument, the record of their thought and action is inscribed indelibly,

"Fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum
Per tot ducta viros antiquæ ab origine gentis."

BOUNDARY AND JURISDICTION.

Having now thoroughly established the title of Virginia, the consideration of the questions of boundary and jurisdiction between her and Ohio are naturally presented. But it has been assumed that

Virginia owned no territory north-west of the Ohio. Similar legal consequences will arise from this view of the question (being the first occupant on the south-western side) in part, which arises from the fact, that she did own and conveyed the territory to the north-west of that river. Then, were the assumption true, the cession by Virginia was merely nugatory and the respective States stand upon their international rights. The international right of the dominant, or shore first possessed, is founded on the principle which formerly gave dominion on the sea-coast over all within cannon-range.*

The enlightened decision of later publicists give this law more exactness and free it from doubt and disputation. Vattel, B. 1, c. xxii, sec. 1, says, "When a nation takes possession of a country, terminated by a river, it is considered as also appropriating the river to itself; for a river is of such great use, that it is to be presumed the nation intended to reserve it to itself. Consequently the nation which first established its dominion on one of the banks of the river is considered as being the first possessor of all that part of the river which terminates its territory. This presumption is *indubitable when it relates to a river that is extremely large* or at least for a part of its length; and the strength of the presumption increases or diminishes in an inverse ratio with the largeness (size?) of the river, for the more the river is confined the more does the safety and convenience of its use require that it should be subject entirely to the empire and property of that nation." The presumption of appropriation "is indubitable when it relates to a river that is extremely large," and that presumption becomes conclusive in the *inverse* ratio of the size of the stream. Trace it down the stream and it is lost in the expanse of the ocean, where all nations meet on this great *common* of Nature; trace it up and the exclusive appropriation is narrowed down until an individual of the nation, appropriating the stream to his personal uses, holds it against the world. The further shore of the Ohio being within close cannon-shot; the full use of the river being important and the control of the further shore necessary for the protection of the dominant shore in various ways, as to prevent artificial deflections of the current, &c.;

* According to the author of "Del Diritto della Natura, lib. 5," the *cannon* gave the true *canon* on this point.

"Tanta s'avanza in mar questo dominio,
Quant, esser può d'antemurale e guardia,
Findove può da terra in mar vibrandosi
Correr di cavo bronzo accesso fulmine."

"Far as the sovereign can defend his sway,
Extends his empire o'er the wat'ry way;
The shot sent thundering to the liquid plain,
Assigns the limits of his just domain."

⁵³ Mr. Madison's Remonstrance, State Dept.

the right to its whole breadth for defence; the right to fix the furthest boundary on which the cannon of an armed neutral, or the strategy of a servile foe can be executed, are strictly within the rule and the reason of the law.

The law is well settled that *the river* belongs to the nation first taking and holding possession of one of its banks; then what is *the river*? "So a river concludes and separates different countries; not in its vulgar notion as a bulk of water gathered from certain fountains and rivulets and from other streams of note and size and then distinguished by a particular name, but as it is *in such a channel and hath such banks to encompass and confine it*"⁵⁴ This authority corroborates the law of appropriation of "the river" and defines what it is. Another distinguished publicist gives a further and more exact definition of the term. "A river, *dividing territories*, is not to be considered barely so much water, but as water flowing in a particular channel and enclosed within certain banks."⁵⁵

Thus "the river dividing territories," is defined. Then what does the first occupier of the territory on the bank of the river take under the law from Vattel? The river and all that constitutes the river; all that is necessary to protect the territory occupied and every valuable franchise connected with the appropriated water, necessary for the use of the citizen; the protection of the stream itself and the shore and the defence of the State. The law of nations has not overlooked these details of this important doctrine of appropriation;⁵⁶ the current of water may not be injuriously diverted; the course of the stream may not be changed, nor its flow or the navigation upon it be impeded. The conclusion of such appropriation is in inverse ratio with the decrease of the size of the stream, increasing the stringency of the rule in its application to the Ohio and brings it within the rigid definition and control of the *Mare Clausum*.⁵⁷

This control is perfect and absolute as if it were in the very centre of empire.⁵⁸

This is the public law of rivers. The term *river* is clearly defined—the water, the bed and the banks. Then in appropriating the river, under the law, what is taken—the water, the bed and the banks. Virginia, as first possessor of the south-eastern shore, was entitled to all these. If her deed of cession in 1784 was nugatory, she is still entitled to all contained in the definition of "the river" and all the legal rights and easements flowing therefrom by virtue of her first possession. But this rule of international law is not only a settled prin-

ciple of appropriation, but it is a well-defined rule of construction, as at common law, the same term not unfrequently describes the estate conveyed and defines the right retained. Here is a natural boundary; a boundary known to and described by the supreme law of the case. If that natural boundary be a well-described forest and one grantor conveys all beyond that forest, is any part of the forest conveyed? If it be a desert, having a certain line of demarcation, and all beyond that line is conveyed, does any part of the desert pass? A rule of international law is established—written upon the great statute book of nature and copied into the leaves of human jurisprudence, and a conveyance is made following the terms of that rule, can the rule be changed and the grant enlarged against the individual or the nation so making the grant? There is no equity in the subsequent inconvenience of parties, there is no legal construction of grants arising out of new relations between the same, or, as in this case, between *other* parties, which can repeal the ancient rule and create a new conveyance for the original grantor. The rule as described is not only good as positive law, but it is true as the doctrine of construction. Then, by the law, Virginia took the water, the bed and the banks. Then to elucidate a proposition so clear by a *hibernicism*, she retains these if she did not give them away. The territory "to the north-west of the Ohio river" was conveyed. Did this give away *the river*. By the positive law of nations the river was, the territory of Virginia—the river as defined by that law, and in the deed of cession there is no language which covers a single thread of its waters or a pebble of its banks.

But there is a striking coincidence between the international law and what was then and for many years afterwards continued to be the public policy of Virginia. By her act of May, 1780, she prevented the appropriation of any of the shores of her eastern waters, and in 1801 extended the inhibition to the western rivers. This was a settled idea of her policy maintained through sixty years. Then by what fact or principle is the line of boundary to be settled? The international law is conclusive; the policy of Virginia was equally determinate, that the shores of her navigable streams and great public rivers should not be appropriated, and *a fortiori*, she did not intend to convey them to the citizens of other States. The same principle of domestic policy which required the protection of the one, required the reservation of the other. Add to these considerations of domestic policy those multifarious reasons of public policy which constitute the reasonableness and common sense of the international law, and construe the cession of Virginia. If these are the true principles of construction, then the criticism of the case of *Handly's Lessee v. Anthony* is well taken and that decision, in the latitude, claimed for it, contra-

⁵⁴ Puff. L. N. and N. 187.

⁵⁵ 1 Grotius 284.

⁵⁶ Vat. B. 1, c. xxii., Secs 271, 272.

⁵⁷ Id., sec. 273.

⁵⁸ Vat., B. 1, c. xx. sec. 245; c. xxi, sec. 278. Wolfius, Jus. Nat. et Gen; cap. 5. Bink. de Dom. Mar., cap. 4.

venes the settled policy of Virginia and the institutes of the law of nations.

The doctrine of alluvion, which has been indirectly relied upon as an element on which to found the decision in this case, cannot be brought into the discussion until the party claiming it proves title to the domain. Alluvion is a legal sequence to the ownership of the soil; it is accessorial to the eminent domain; but title to the domain can never arise out of, or be predicated upon, that which is purely accidental and accessorial to itself. It is an *accident* which may accrue to the freehold; but, unless by special grant, it cannot accrue to one who lies beyond another, which other is the owner of the soil upon which the alluvion is formed.

The case of *Handly v. Anthony* then must stand upon other reasons of the eminent judge who delivered the opinion in the cause. Two special reasons are assigned and one of general policy. First: "when the state of Virginia made the Ohio the boundary of states, she must have intended the great river Ohio and *not a narrow bayou* into which its waters pass." Second: "It is a fact of no inconsiderable importance in this case that the inhabitants of this land" (the land separated by the narrow bayou aforesaid) "have uniformly considered themselves, and have been uniformly considered by Kentucky and Indiana, as belonging to the last mentioned state. No diversity of opinion appears to have existed on this point. The water on the north-western side of the land in controversy seems *not to have been spoken of as a part of the river, but as a bayou*. The people of the vicinage *who viewed the river in all its changes seem not to have considered this land as being an island of the Ohio and as a part of Kentucky, but as lying on the north-western side of the Ohio and being a part of Indiana*." This surely makes a special case, sufficient upon the facts, that "the bayou was never spoken of as a part of the river," and that "the people of the vicinage who saw the river in all its changes never considered the land as an island of the Ohio," "but as lying on the north-western side of the Ohio and being a part of Indiana" to give the verdict to the defendant. Then, so far as the language of the court affects the question of boundary between the States, it rests upon this language of the judge. "*The case is certainly not without its difficulties*; but in great questions which concern the boundaries of States, where great national boundaries are established in general terms, with a view to public convenience and the avoidance of controversy, we think the great object, where it can be distinctly perceived, ought not to be defeated by those technical perplexities which may sometimes influence contracts between individuals." But it is remarkable that the clear and logical mind of the Chief Justice could finally only solve the difficulties of the case, not by the perception and statement of any conclusive principle, but by

making in the order of his argument, inverted here, the concluding force of it, to depend on the special facts above enumerated. This view is of importance in any just estimate of a judgment by so logical a mind starting a new proposition and yet unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion, and compelled to resort to, and relying upon, the special facts of the case as "of no inconsiderable importance."

This brings us to one of the objects proposed—the settlement of a boundary.

In 1785, the boundary between Virginia and Pennsylvania was definitely run and fixed upon the facts and principles settled by the Commissioners in 1779. In 1786 the compact of boundary and jurisdiction between Maryland and Virginia was ratified. On the first Wednesday in March, 1789, the Constitution of the United States commenced its operation. In 1803 the boundary between Virginia and Tennessee, which had been run the previous year by joint commissioners, was adopted and confirmed. The two former cases preceded the adoption of the Constitution of the Union. The case of Kentucky is the case provided for by the third section of the fourth article of that instrument, and which provides for the erection of a new State within the jurisdiction of another State. In the Tennessee case the Commissioners were authorized to settle one fact from other fixed facts, which fact had been differently asserted by the surveys of two different surveyors, Walker and Henderson. This was a Commission merely to ascertain the boundary, as in the Pennsylvania case, to ascertain the degrees of longitude. As between Virginia and Ohio, the former claims "the water, the bed and the banks;" the latter, since the decision of *Handly v. Anthony*, claims to low water mark. Between these limits is to be found the true grounds of *compromise*; beyond or without them would be the ground of *actual cession*. If compromise was desired, here was the legitimate range for its exercise. Beyond this neither could be expected to yield, and how far it is competent for a State, by any "treaty, alliance, confederation,"⁵⁹ or compact, to cede territory manifestly within its borders, except in the cases provided for in the third section of the fourth article and the seventeenth paragraph of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States, admits of serious enquiry.⁶⁰ If the power can be exercised over half of the river, why not over all,—why not the southern bank—why not to the tops of the mountains? Surely this authority is incompetent unless it is under that joint power which provides for the entire absorption of one State by another. But between these limits there was room for compromise, upon legitimate grounds, in a spirit of comity.

⁵⁹ Con. U. S., A. I, s. 10, p. 1.

⁶⁰ See Vat. b. 1, c. xxi, sec. 260, et seq.

The distribution of jurisdiction between the English Admiralty and Common Law Courts suggested the line for compromise, and the *divisum imperium*, with certain modifications, was proposed by Virginia through her Commissioners. The actual water line, the edge where the ground and the water meet, within the limits mentioned, affording the most certain, definite and visible line, and the one at all times the most easily susceptible of proof.

The interests of Virginia and a general policy with which she is identified throughout every fibre of her social and political being are involved in any further cession, or in the settlement of boundary or jurisdiction upon other terms than those proposed by Virginia in an earnest desire for adjustment. The Ohio river is the highway for the immediate carrying trade of six great States situated on its waters, and under the navigation laws of the United States for the whole Union, and, by treaties, perhaps, for the commerce of the world. In the wide range claimed for the authority of the United States over the navigable waters and highways of the Union,⁶¹ it is of great importance that Virginia should preserve to herself, to her people, and to the citizens generally of the Union all the protection and rights which *ever and now* belong to her by virtue of the possession and ownership of the eminent domain and her reservations out of it. The rights which belong to her by virtue of sovereignty, positive and reserved, are certain, definite and unimpeachable, so long as the Constitution of this Union shall remain a monument of the wisdom of the past and a defence for the protection of the future. Any further cession may seriously and injuriously affect the reserved rights *guaranteed* to Virginia and the citizens of the Union.⁶² Any further cession would be a cession of sovereignty; and *to the extent that the constitutional limits of Virginia recede, the constitutional jurisdiction of Ohio encroaches*,⁶³ unless restrained by a compact paramount and anterior to the constitution of that State; and the area yielded would only become the arena of a fiercer strife, made malignant by the frequency and the cause of collision. Any cession of territory is therefore inadmissible, as alike repugnant to a sacred regard for the Constitution of the Union, and forbid by the interests and policy of the Commonwealth, her reserved and recognized rights as aforesaid, the harmony of the States and a just determination to maintain the compromises on which the Great Republic was founded.

This leads to the questions of jurisdiction. These are two: First—jurisdiction for use and navigation. Second—jurisdiction of a judicial or ministerial nature.

Jurisdiction, like the term authority, has no defi-

nite meaning. Its precise import must always be ascertained from the subject matter, the context and the relation of parties.⁶⁴ The term jurisdiction is as ubiquitous in its meaning as the complex and diversified institutions of political society. Corporate bodies, aldermen, justices, judges, courts, special commissions, governors, legislatures, states, have *their* jurisdictions. Then what is the jurisdiction desired by Ohio for use and navigation? And what more can Virginia give than is taken for the General Government by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Gibbons v. Ogden*.⁶⁵ This was one of those cases commanding the first abilities of the country and requiring the maturest decision of the court and may be looked upon as the settled law of commerce and navigation between the States. Judge Marshall there says: "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States and with the Indian tribes." The subject to be regulated is commerce; and our constitution being, as was aptly said at the bar, one of enumeration and not of definition, to ascertain the extent of the power, it becomes necessary to settle the meaning of the word. The counsel for the appellee would limit it to traffic, to buying and selling, or the interchange of commodities and do not admit that it comprehends navigation. This would restrict a general term applicable to many objects to one of its significations. Commerce, undoubtedly, is traffic, but it is something more; it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations and parts of nations, in all its branches, and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse. The mind can scarcely conceive a system for regulating commerce between nations which shall exclude all laws concerning navigation, which shall be silent on the admission of the vessels of the one nation into the ports of the other." From a principle so broadly laid down, what power may not be deduced: and as a logical result, the States are excluded from the exercise of any control over the question of navigation, for on page 225 the Court says, "The history of the times will therefore sustain the opinion, that the grant of power over commerce if intended to be commensurate with evils existing and the purpose of remedying those evils, could be only *commensurate with the power of the States over the subject*;" again, page 227, "The power to regulate commerce here meant to be granted *was that power to regulate commerce which previously existed in the States*. But what was that power? The States were *unquestionably supreme* and each possessed that power over commerce which is acknowledged to reside in every sovereign State." The very limited power

⁶¹ 9 Wheat., 1 to 240.

⁶² Va. Act, 18th Dec., 1789.

⁶³ Vat., b. 2, c. 8, sec. 84.

⁶⁴ Vat., b. 2, c. 17, sec. 280.

⁶⁵ 9 Wheat., 189.

reserved to the States may be seen at page 237 of the opinion of the Court. The proposition of the Virginia Commissioners embraced these reserved rights as fully as the same were reserved to herself and granted to others by the seventh clause of the fifth section of the act of December 18th, 1789; a compact ratified by Congress and preëxisting the constitutions of Kentucky and Ohio, and controlling their provisions or operation *pro hac vice*. The jurisdiction for commerce and navigation, then, as aforesaid, belongs under this decision to the General Government. These powers are so unlimited, that no farther action of the States can extend them; they are so supreme, that no action of the States can limit them.

Yet this authority, supreme as it is, cannot interfere with those rights of private property which spring out of the constitution of the State, or are inherent in the eminent domain under our constitutional system. These, as has been stated, there is a social, moral and political necessity for maintaining under the exclusive control of the law of their domicile. A judge of Virginia has deemed that the protection of property, while navigating the Ohio or being carried thereon, depended upon international law, and cited the Oregon treaty as a case in point, overlooking the fact that these States are not foreign States in their commercial relations, and if they were, the important principle of international law, and amongst the States of constitutional jurisdiction intervenes, that the laws or constitution of the foreign State shall in no wise be infringed, unless by some compact of paramount obligation. But this security will be found to rest with more certainty in the act for the erection of Kentucky into a State, in which it is provided, "That the use and navigation of the river Ohio, so far as the territory of the proposed State or the territory which shall remain within the limits of this commonwealth lies thereon, shall be free and common to the citizens of the United States; and the respective jurisdictions of this commonwealth and the proposed state on the river aforesaid, shall be concurrent only with the States which may possess the opposite shores of the said river." 7th clause of the 5th Sec., act of Dec. 18th, 1789. If Virginia had made a general grant of territory to Kentucky, the sovereignty over the river would have passed with that grant; there would have been no limitation upon the authority of Kentucky, except that contained in the Constitution of the United States. The constitution of Kentucky, its amendment or alteration might have made changes in the law of property which might have seriously affected the rights of persons using and navigating the Ohio. But this clause is not a grant to Kentucky; it is a limitation of authority; it is the reservation of a right for using and navigating the Ohio, a right reserved free and common to the citizens of the United States. It is a right which

Kentucky, which no other power can limit, restrain or annul—a right secured by compact and guaranteed under an express provision of the Constitution of the Union, a right solemnly sanctioned, before Ohio had a political existence, by all who could be parties to the compact, and by the power which had authority to bind. Virginia, Kentucky and Congress, representing the sovereignty and dominion of the North-Western Territory, were the parties to the contract, and made a compact which, without the consent of each, can only be repealed by revolution. This act, possessing the highest obligation and giving the citizens of the Union "the free and common use and navigation" of the Ohio, independent of and above the constitutional jurisdiction of the State of Ohio, suggested itself as the most solemn form of guaranty which could be proposed on this branch of the subjects submitted for adjustment. This formed a proposition on the part of Virginia. It was not accepted, but still remains the compact and the law of the case. But what were the rights reserved? Virginia took the measure of her own citizen and his rights as the description of the rights reserved to her people "in free and common use." The right was reserved to use and navigate the Ohio with persons and property as defined and recognized by the constitution and laws of Virginia. The right of using and navigating that stream as it belonged to Virginia previous to the admission of Kentucky and Ohio, is the definition of the authority reserved over the river.

But what is the meaning of the latter part of this exception to the grant? It has been seen that the word jurisdiction is a generic term to be defined by the context, the subject matter and the relation of parties. Taking these indicia of intent, and the "use and navigation of the Ohio" afford the only ground of construction, and those resulting privileges and easements necessary to the proper execution of the main purposes of the grant are alone included. There is no other subject matter upon which the residue of the sentence can operate. It must be confined to the use and navigation, which is the subject matter of the clause. That it did not mean jurisdiction in the broadest sense in which that term can apply to States, is evident from the fact that it never has been claimed; that it is a constitutional solecism, involving the contradiction of opposing principles of the organic law of two States, operating over the same territory at the same time. It cannot be a legislative jurisdiction subjecting the same territory to hostile and conflicting changes of legislative policy. It cannot be judicial jurisdiction subjecting individuals to distinct and widely differing systems of criminal police. It cannot be a general ministerial jurisdiction, for this, as well as a judicial jurisdiction, involves, more or less, the fact of, and necessity for, legislative jurisdiction, which again,

requires its constitutional foundation to rest upon.* The first cannot exist, because it is a violation of well settled constitutional principles. The latter cannot exist, because they can have no foundation to rest upon except the first. In any event, to create concurrent powers, the authority must be express and definite, and they must be such as can be granted or subsist by prior limitations, as in the compact of 1789. In the higher notions of jurisdiction, the authority, when extended beyond the context, involves constitutional absurdities; when wrested to apply to a lower range of jurisdiction, the mind is lost in the ambiguity of the expression, which has no ascertained objects and no defined limits. In the vagueness of the language there is a nullity of power.

In the conference between the States, boundary could not be settled but by yielding *all*, which one of the parties asked. Upon the question of jurisdiction, the same party pressed her claim to an exclusive authority this side, even, the extreme limits of her pretensions to boundary; in each instance claiming every thing that was doubtful and yielding nothing that was certain. No compromise was offered and Virginia was not justified, to make any further cession. But whatever *ministerial* jurisdiction it may be deemed expedient to grant and define by such grant, is, perhaps, within the capacity of the General Assembly to give. And when the experiment of such a common and well-defined jurisdiction is so tried, and shall be found subservient to the ends of public justice and the harmony of States, it can be made perpetual, as it would be by these auspicious causes. If, however, it should prove productive of mischief and discord, the remedy will be in the rightful power, and the state which can be the most seriously affected, will have the power and the right of self-protection under the sanction and sovereignty of law.

These are deemed the just views of the rights, duties and obligations of Virginia. To maintain and support these, under the sanction of law, is a duty of self-preservation and of national import. The great thoroughfare on her western border should be preserved, in its utmost latitude of social and commercial intercourse, *to the citizens of all the States without distinction*. And the declaration of Congress in the Ordinance of 1787, declaring the waters within her North-western Territory, navigable highways, the construction of the federal constitution by the Supreme Court in the case of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, and the original, reserved

and conventional rights as declared by the Virginia act of 18th of December, 1789, and sanctioned by Congress, are consistent and harmonious and are of paramount obligation to all subsequent grants and constitutions of States. These acts give easements, franchises and privileges on these important highways and at the same time protect rights arising out of the severalty and sovereignty of the States. Conclusively so is the condition of the Ohio river, the surface of whose bosom, is dedicated, by these solemn acts of public munificence, to the multiplied and various wants of a commercial people and the social intercourse of States, differing in policy, but bound together by dependencies which can never be dissolved, but at a fatal price. And there is nothing in the relations of the States of Virginia and Ohio, growing out of the questions of boundary and jurisdiction, which must necessarily lead to such deplorable consequences, and should they ever come, they must be traced to causes deeper, more dangerous and more widely extended. The aggressive spirit, which breaks through solemn sanctions of law, to assail one species of property, differs but in degree from that which denies all rights derived from acquisition or inheritance, and will be met by that conservative spirit upon which all laws and constitutions are founded, and through which the form and structure of society have any permanence.

Washington City, January, 1848.

Note by the Author.—This article was written to give perspicuity to my own views and was subsequently altered so far only as to introduce the various historical authorities, which I could find in the bookstores and the Library of Congress, and to refer to the proceedings and results of the conference. It has not been submitted to my colleagues and they are not responsible for any of its views.

G. W. T.

FIRE-LIGHT MUSINGS.

When night's shadows gather slowly
O'er the bright day's gentle close,
Like a soul all pure and holy,
Sinking into death's repose,

When we sit in silent musing
By the fire-side's ruddy glow,
While the fitful rays diffusing,
Phantom-shadows round us throw,

Softly o'er the spirit stealing
Comes the light of other days,
Like that flickering flame, revealing
Phantom-shadows to the gaze.

Feelings which have long lain hidden,
Buried in the spirit's gloom,
Spring to light and life unbidden
From the stillness of their tomb.

* As an example:—How can Ohio protect her officers within the bounds of Virginia—Can she bring her *posse* into Virginia to execute? Can she punish a citizen of Virginia for a rescous? Can she legislate over territory without her constitutional limits upon indefinite and doubtful claims of authority, relating to other and extraneous matters?

Thoughts of joy and thoughts of sorrow,
 Hopes and visions passed away—
 Dreamings of the dim to-morrow,
 Memories of the vanished day—

All in dim procession crowding,
 Pass before the spirit's sight;
 Changeeful thoughts the soul enshrouding
 In a veil of misty light.

And we look with mournful sadness
 On our childhood's pleasures past;
 Sunny days too full of gladness
 In a world like this to last.

Musing on these pleasures fleeting,
 Live we in their joys again,
 'Till aroused from fancy's cheating,
 Wreathes the soul in deeper pain.

And we pine in weary yearning
 For the things that are no more,—
 From life's brightest promise turning
 To what earth may not restore.

Dreams of hope too dimly cherished—
 Whither hath their brightness fled?
 Forms we loved too fondly, perished,—
 Sleeping with the silent dead.

Words unheeded in their hour,
 Smiles and glances long since o'er,
 With a strange and thrilling power
 Rise within our souls once more.

In the soul lies no forgetting,
 Howsoe'er its memories sleep;
 And with each some sad regretting
 Doth its tearful vigil keep.

And when this life's mournful measures
 Sweep across the wearied brain,
 Sighing of its pains and pleasures
 In a low and wailing strain,

Shadows of the past come sweeping
 O'er the present's living bloom;
 And our eyes grow dim with weeping,
 And our spirits sad with gloom,

And we feel with deeper feeling,
 Many a stern and mournful truth,
 Whose sad tones come seldom stealing
 O'er the thoughtless heart of youth.

Ghosts of long-departed hours
 Dimly o'er our spirits glide,
 Like the wasted summer-flowers
 We have careless thrown aside.

And the present stands before us—
 Mournful voices seem to say,
 "Darkening shades come stealing o'er us,
 We are passing fast away!"

"Grasp us e'er our being perish,
 Sinking with the wasted past—
 Win from us a gem to cherish
 'Mid the future dim and vast!"

Sad regret and sorrow lendeth
 To our hearts a wisdom sage,—
 Wisdom such as most attendeth
 On the waning strength of age.

And we feel that life is fleeting,
 That this world is not our home,—
 That our hearts at each swift beating
 Bear us onward to the tomb—

Wherefore then should life be wasted,
 Passed in dreams and visions vain?
 Though the cup of joy be tasted,
 It may bring us future pain.

Let us live, our bright gifts using,
 Time and talent rightly spent,—
 That our future fire-side musing
 With no sad reproach be blent!

SUSAN.

Richmond.

A RIDE IN THE RAIN.

BY IK MARVEL.

On the third of May, I was at the little mining town of Merthyr Tydvil—a nest of forges, and white-washed houses, dropped among the broken mountains of Southern Wales. You will find, if you ever go there, the Castle Inn a very good one, (my bill for dinner, lodging, and breakfast, was only 5s. 10d.) and seated in the window of the commercial room, which looks upon the principal, but very narrow, street of the place, you may amuse yourself for a couple of hours, in watching such mischievous, smutty-faced boys, and such gaunt old women in bell crowned hats and short clothes, as I am sure you never saw anywhere else.

And in the evening—you must by no means fail of this—you must take the inn porter (Ben. I think is his name, and he wears a low crowned hat, with a broad brim) to show you through the forges.

I cannot undertake to describe to you what you will see: but I know very well that when you come back at midnight—your eyes half put out with the glare of furnaces, and streams of red hot iron, and your memory crowded with the images of the thousand swart and sweaty workers—men, women and children—you will dream all night of Tartarus and the sixth book of *Æneas*; and in your sleep be feeling for your trowsers pocket to find an *obolus* for Charon.

—At least it was so with me: and at nine o'clock next morning, my mind had not drifted clear of the phantom sights—of the rivers of running iron—of the half-naked begrimed workers, pulling and thrusting at the molten masses, or wiping their sooty foreheads as the gleaming metal came wallowing through the sand at their feet—of the hundreds of pale children, and feeble women and gray-haired men,

Pallentesque—Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
Et metus, et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas,
Terribiles visu Formæ!

Indeed, setting aside the blackened rafters over head, it would have made as rich an illustration, as one could wish, for that passage of the *Æneid*: for the faces of all were lighted with ghastly flame; and only a day before, they told me an old man had died from sheer exhaustion, at his work, and as he fell had thrust his hand into the molten iron.

So you might add with truth more horrible than was in the thought of Virgil, *Letumque, Laborque*!

At nine, I said, the matter was not half out of my mind; and I sat in the coffee-room of the "Castle," thinking of it all, and wondering if any painter had ever dared, or ever would dare to execute such scene—or even the red gout of flame that spouted out of the tall chimney tops, into the black heavens at night, blinding the stars, and making dimly visible the outline of the hills that leaned over the valley—when the coach from Swansea came rattling up in the rain.

Out run Boots, and the waiter to catch the newcomers with their never-ceasing civilities. In ten minutes more the fresh horses are on, and the Abergavenny goes crawling in the shower to the top. I go into the coach office, next door, where a fat lady in a turban presides over waybills and punch, and put my name down for an "inside."

The back seat (your English coach you know has but two) is full! A youngish woman with a young baby in her arms, neatly dressed and fair-looking enough, occupies one corner, and beside her is a little Welch girl of ten summers, modest and pretty.

Presently the hat box, which had filled the vacancy beside me, and which I had anticipated as affording the most agreeable companionship of all, gives place to a Merthyr granny in a heavy homespun cloak, and black bonnet tied round her head, with a white neckcloth spotted with crimson. Was there ever an old woman in a cloak, with a handkerchief tied around her bonnet—be she English, American, Dutch, or Jew,—who could be content that her luggage was safe? The Welch neighbor of mine on the front seat of the fast coach "Busy Bee" was as bad as all heavy cloaked women in other parts of the world.

At length the whip snapped; the old lady flung herself back with an "oh, dear," and the coach rattled away from the Castle Inn door, where the stout "boots" (I had given him a shilling) stood touching his crop-crowned hat for a parting adieu.

The little houses of the miners, and the iron workers fleet along on either side. From some the bare-armed and fair-haired Celtic girls are stealing a look, or tall women, balancing great lumps of coal upon their heads are marching along the narrow sideways, or full grown men hang slouchingly

about the low door-ways, with haggard looks, and faces begrimed with smoke—the pictures of weariness—for the whole night has seen their labor at the mouth of the furnace stirring the molten masses of iron.

I begin to understand as the road lengthens into miles, shut in on either side by the white-washed cottages, how the forty thousand of workers in the mines find in the town a home. And at an occasional break of the line, I could see beyond, the heated and fuming tops of new furnaces breathing out cinders and heated air for years without a stop; and beside them the mountains of scoriæ covering acres of green turf, and piled upon every day by the plodding carmen with their trays.

All this comes by glimpses: for, unfortunately, the valley beside which the road goes up to the east of Wales, and all its sights, are the opposite side of the way from that on which I sit, and with a most provoking pertinacity, the old woman keeps her black bonnet bobbing directly between me and the window. A cruel but effectual expedient occurs to me to be rid of the annoyance. By opening the window next me, I throw such a draft of damp air upon the old lady's head that she is fain to withdraw it into the corner of the coach.

But who can reckon on a woman's submission?

She asks me, in her broken English, to draw up the glass; it is easy for me to misunderstand, and reaching across to shut the opposite window. The old lady, indeed, interposes a "nah--nah;" and the woman with the baby giggles, and the little maid opposite, looks very willing, but afraid, to laugh outright. I sit gazing steadfastly through the glass upon the enlarged prospect:—not wholly with a conscience void of offence, yet satisfied that the end justified the means.

—For the hills are growing larger, and the shadows between them darker. The country is covered with broken stones and a rough dwarf furze:—here and there the prospect changed by the intervention of some new mining village, with its range of cottages, its blazing furnace, its long trains of coal and ore, and the white steam from its engine puffing against the black clouds. In the outskirts of one of these little villages at the sign of the "Collier's Arms" we leave the woman with the babe. Her opposite neighbor in the big cloak takes the vacant seat, and now that I have closed my window against the scudding drops of rain,—opens her own with a self-satisfied smile, and taking from the basket at her feet, a huge loaf of cake—a bit of penknife from her pocket, which she opens daintily with her teeth, she proceeds earnestly with her *dejeuner*. The little girl looks all the while furtively, and with humoursome glances at me, upon the zeal of the old lady.

Nor can I forget the bright-eyed, and ruddy-cheeked boy in a tasselled cap, and nice linen gown over his blue clothes, who was waiting for the little

Welch maid at the "Beaufort Arms" in the beautiful valley town of Clydach.

I lost sight of her as she stepped out of the coach, and the groom closed the door; but, through the window, I could see the arch and proud look of the boy, as he ran his eye restlessly over the lookers-on, or suffered it to rest, as seemed to me, upon some object about his own height, with a most intense gaze, which some sudden fancy would instantly divert. I remember too the rich suffusion of color that ran over his face, as he once or twice caught my gaze in his furtive glances.

—Oh, boyhood, that it might not last!—that it is so soon gone! What joys, what hopes, what affections expire with it forever!

Presently a pair of pattering feet—two pairs—walked round the coach, and out of hearing. The eyes of the fat coachman, and the groom, followed the sounds and there were sly nods passed between them.

But the country had before this become the great attraction. We had been all the time rising: there had been valleys, but they were mere green dishes in the sides of the mountains. There had been streams and pools of water, but they were the mere leakage of the hills.

—Now came on the descent. The rain was pouring in torrents. I pushed my head through the window to have one glimpse below;—the glimpse lasted only a second—it filled hours of feeling. The road twinkled along the edge of a ravine, filled with green trees and gray rocks dripping with moisture.

—Down the valley ran, itself a hill, and descended swiftly to where the shower grew in the distance to gray lines of clouds, hiding individual features of the scene, yet permitting to pass through, like the blushes of a veiled bride, a rich sea of verdure.

Three or four loaded waggons were toiling up below us. I had caught a glimpse of them, as I cast my eye out of the window of the coach, and now at a full trot we were upon them: there was a crash and a sudden stop. The iron shoe was chained to the wheels. The great horses of the coal waggon were led frightfully near the edge of the precipice;—the wheels became unlocked: a snap—and down we thundered—the fire flashing from the shoe; the valley growing deeper and deeper—the rain faster than ever.

Speedily the old ravine towered behind us: the bridge, which had been from above only a gray stripe swimming in the green, was now a light stone arch springing from cliff to cliff far over our heads. The little house whose roof had been under us, now seemed perched at the top of the hills.

Down we went—the Merthyr granny, the coachman, and I,—full four miles of such descent,

leaving the valley leaping after us, and the water shouting in it.

The tall chimneys of a furnace, and the iron arches of a large smithy, I remember grouped upon a ledge half down the road, and remember vividly the images of the swart workers crowding round the furnace doors, and their bent forms, and extended arms swinging the red-hot bars of iron—the vexed motion of levers and cranks, and the slow ponderous roll of the great water-wheel—all coming through the coach window like a picture, and as quick giving place to the natural beauties around.

At length the scene grew broader: the stream flowed leisurely under wooded banks: the hills kept back, and divided for half a dozen little dells, which were big enough to be valleys in England—to peep out upon the broad, rich basin, on which lay spread like a map, the lanes, and enclosures, and roofs of the old town of Abergavenny. —

As for my neighbor with the heavy cloak, and the bonnet tied down with the neckcloth spotted with crimson, I do not know what became of her, or but that she may be riding in the "Busy Bee" until now. I could have wished for something of a half tragic interest to enliven my story of the ride—even at the expense of the old Merthyr granny,—but the spirit of truth has led me—as I pray Heaven it may ever lead me—to the recital of what was real, though simple.

—About the cosy inn of Abergavenny, where I spent a sunny Sunday;—and about the little parlor they gave me up stairs, with an old harpsichord in the corner; and how the inn-keeper's daughter—a pretty Welch girl of some seventeen years, glided in now and then, to see that the cloth was not awry upon the table, or to brush off a few ashes that had fallen on the hearth;—and how nearly every time she forgot something, that she would remember in a very few minutes afterwards;—and how the drawers of the little work-stand in a corner, were in such terrible confusion, that she could never find anything, until she had taken everything out, and put them back again;—and how very steadfastly I kept an old newspaper before my eyes, without knowing a word of what was in it;—and how she, (in her Sunday dress, with a sprig of geranium in her hair,) didn't care a penny whether I was looking at her, or reading the newspaper;—and how she said, when I came away, with the prettiest smile in the world, that she would give me a little bunch of flowers she had tied up with a pink ribbon, as a keepsake,—of all this, I shall say nothing—however good a story it might make,—because it has nothing to do with my Ride in the Rain.

—There is no reason in the world, however, why I should not make of it all a separate chapter by-and-by.

THE POET'S ART.

Deem you his lute the Poet strings
 Alone with Fancy's chords ?
 Or that his Heart no tribute flings
 Amid the sparkling words,
 That glide so gracefully along
 The rippling current of his song ?

Oh, think you that he looks upon
 The World, as one apart,
 Whose genius-gifts the boon have won,
 To bear a charmed heart,
 Unshaken as the rock that braves
 Life's ocean-tide of winds and waves ?

Alas ! alas ! if this were so,
 How blest his lot might be !
 To melt alone in others' wo,
 And brighten in their glee,
 Lending his own peculiar spell
 To every change that o'er them fell.

But often while the dulcet tone
 Wakes the unbidden tear,
 Yet seems all idly by him thrown
 Upon the passing air,
 'Tis but an echo, sad and faint,
 Of his own inner spirit-plaint.

The careless ear a note hath caught,—
 The feeling heart hath thrilled,—
 Beneath some wild impassioned thought
 That his whole being filled ;
 While careless ear and feeling heart
 Have deemed them but the Poet's art.

The Poet's art ! how proud a gift,
 How pure a boon it seems !
 Above Earth's cares the soul to lift,
 In bright Elysian dreams,
 To those fair realms of love and peace
 Where sin is banished—sorrows cease.

To bid the light of Hope illumine
 The darkness of Despair,
 And piercing through the clouds of gloom,
 Shed Fancy's sunshine there,
 To wake at will those spirit-spells,
 Which point where his high mission dwells ;

To twine amid the thorns of Life,
 Sweet flowerets which cling,
 Like memories, to the toil and strife
 That after years may bring,
 And mingle in their grief and care,
 Affection's rose-leaves, ever fair.

A holy gift—a noble art—
 The Poet's then must prove,
 To soothe the mind, and cheer the heart,
 With Hope, and Trust, and Love ;
 While teaching souls oppressed with wo,
 Where Joy's perennial fountains flow.

Yet deem not that his lute is strung
 With Fancy's chords alone,
 Its touching strains too oft are wrung,
 Like some lost spirit's moan,

From the bruised heart that fain would hide
 Its wounds 'neath mockery and pride.

But still be bless'd the Poet's art,
 To which the power is given,
 A thousand blessings to impart,
 In harmonies from Heaven,
 Which purify—exalt—refine—
 And stamp his mission true—divine.

MOINA.

New Orleans.

AN ESSAY

ON THE CAUSES OF THE REMARKABLE INCREASE OF
 GREAT MEN IN THIS COUNTRY, AND A PROJECT
 TO RELIEVE THE COMMONWEALTH FROM THEIR
 EXCESS.

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” True, most sententious Malvolio ; and who so poor-spirited, as never to have felt the stirrings of ambition ? Who does not sympathize with your venturesome hopes ? Is it not the aim of every man in this busy republic, from the prying quidnunc to the mouthing declaimer, from the pothouse bully to the brawling politician, from the swaggering private to the vain-glorious general, to achieve greatness ? It is, indeed, the universal object of pursuit—the *magnum bonum*—“the be-all and the end-all” of every man's desires and labors. And is not this quite natural ? Who, “with divine ambition puffed,” would not rather rule than serve ? Who would not prefer the dignity and grandeur of high place—the applauses, the observance, the adulation of an obsequious crowd to the “insignificance and dereliction” of a private station ? It is, indeed, a pleasant thing to be talked about, and stared at—to be the cynosure of all eyes, the theme of all tongues—to be toasted, and dined, and flattered—to have the trumpet of our fame sounded by the daily press from Maine to Georgia ; and the enjoyment of these agreeable appliances is infinitely enhanced when they prognosticate a golden shower—when they open to our delighted vision the perspective of splendid ease, of *otium cum dignitate*, and all the et ceteras of opulent retirement. For it cannot be denied, that our republicans, though essentially disinterested, are not insensible to the advantages of wealth, and, with all their humility, are somewhat enamored of that imposing magnificence, which they are accustomed to denounce in their neighbors as the symbol of aristocracy.

The consequence of this universal struggle for distinction is an unusual harvest of great men. From the putrefying excretions of the political body they spring up, like mushrooms, in every direction,

and expand with a rapid growth, a rank luxuriance, almost outstripping the fabulous bean of the nursery tale. The stuff, of which statesmen and senators are made now-a-days, is no less common than clay in the hands of the potter, and may be moulded as readily into vessels, adapted to the vilest, as well as the most useful purposes. Once, indeed, it was supposed that rulers and legislators should be compounded of the porcelain clay of the earth—of the purest and most precious metal; but, in this age of cheap fabrics and labor-saving invention, we have fortunately discovered, that the leaders of mankind may be formed of baser and less costly matter. The supply of the raw material is thus found to be inexhaustible, and we have proceeded, with our usual vigor, to manufacture such a prodigious number of heroes, orators, lawgivers, and statesmen, sometimes to order, and sometimes for the general market, that they have overspread the land like a flood—they swarm along all the avenues to preferment, and they threaten, like an irruption of army worms, to devour the substance of the body politic. These young ravens cry continually for food, because we have not wherewithal to glut their cormorant appetites. Hence our proverbial eagerness for office—hence the rivalry that disturbs the harmony of our political parties. All would be leaders—all are fit to fill the chief parts in the drama, and none are willing to officiate as prompters, candle-snuffers, and scene-shifters. Let no snarling cynic insinuate, that these eager candidates for renown desire office for office' sake. Oh no! Their sublimated patriotism is tainted by no such ignoble and sordid views. They seek power and place, truly, that they may have a fit arena for the exercise of their talents—that “the divinity, which stirs within them,” may expand in a congenial atmosphere—that their powers may not rust in inglorious inactivity—that their country may enjoy the usufruct of their new-found energies and capacities.

It is possible to have too much of a good thing—a plethora of the bounties of fortune. Our galaxy of great men is obscured, like Butler's moon, with a veil of light. They cluster together in such numbers, that our political firmament is filled with *nebulae*, instead of distinct stars of the first magnitude. To be eloquent is as easy as lying, and only a more brilliant phasis of the same talent. To be a hero is a very common affair—indeed, nothing but the sublimation of simple rowdyism. That Cincinnatus should have been transferred from the plough to supreme power, and the command of armies, is no longer a legend, that startles our faith in the annals of primitive Rome. No sceptic Niebuhr can discredit the transformations verified by our daily experience, and which the bards of the eternal city never equalled in their wildest inventions. In the twinkling of an eye an obscure citizen starts up into a great general—a

roving mechanic into an able debater—a drunken bully into a rival of the Gracchi. We see changes constantly in progress more incredible than the marvels of Ovid's metamorphosis.

It is thus that our market has been overstocked with great men. The state labors under their weight and totters beneath their violent conflicts. They jostle each other in the high road to fame, and “shake realms and empires with their jars.” Like the fabulous offspring of the dragon's teeth, they rage with implacable hostility, and it would be fortunate for the repose of our community, if

Suo

Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres.

But they multiply with such preternatural fecundity, that we can scarcely hope for a consummation so devoutly to be wished, and all that is left us, is to divert this growing and portentous evil into a different channel. In the sequel I propose to suggest a remedy fully adequate, in my judgment, to the cure of the distemper; but before I do so, I design to inquire how this countless brood of great men has been produced: for the skilful physician always ascertains the origin and diagnostics of the disease, before he compounds his medicines.

To be born great, or to have greatness thrust upon them, is the destiny only of the gifted few. Those spirits, who take their patent of nobility from nature, ascend by their own buoyant and elastic force to the summit of human affairs.

*Ignea convexi vis et sine pondere cœli
Emicuit, summaque locum sibi legit in arce.*

Such men, instinctively, assume their natural position in society, and to obstruct their rise, were as vain an effort, as an attempt to fetter the expansive energies of the atmosphere. My remarks have no application to these prodigies of nature. It is the man of moderate stature, who has contrived by stuffing and padding to swell himself into the dimensions of a Lambert, whose career shall be the subject of my analysis, and, perhaps, in the process, I may chance to furnish some valuable hints to that numerous class, whose ambition outstrips their capacity. I write for the multitude—for the “roll of common men,” upon the great utilitarian principle of “promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number.” And, certainly, if Jeremy Bentham could have invented an infallible method of converting little men into great men, he would have realized the practical fulfilment of that celebrated dogma, to whose illustration he devoted so many years of solitary meditation. I flatter myself that this adventure has been reserved for me, and that, in the following essay, I have furnished every thing necessary to complete the system of that profound philosopher by showing how aspiring mediocrity may attain the most brilliant distinctions. Let me,

however, warn those, who may seek to avail themselves of my researches, to grope their way cautiously ; for though the mousing owl may sometimes perch with the eagle, he incurs the risk of blindness by venturing without due preparation into those regions of light, where that noble bird soars undazzled.

When the melancholy Jaques exclaimed, that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," he announced a maxim familiar to the philosophy of all ages. The *totus mundus agit histrionem* of the Roman satirist contains the same striking truth, and evinces a remarkable uniformity in the character and usages of mankind during the lapse of eighteen centuries. It is, therefore, the concurrent testimony of ancient and modern times, that life is nothing but a dramatic exhibition—that we all appear in assumed characters, and that he is the ablest performer, who practises most successfully the arts of delusion. In that sense Pope justly said,

Act well your part, there all the honor lies :

for, as the world goes, it is only by the most consummate acting, that the "scutcheon," honor, can ever be acquired. Indeed the real difference between men consists, not so much in their natural powers, as in their ability to counterfeit those qualities, which, by common consent, have received the appellation of greatness. The bulk of men judge by the outside, and when the vizard is skilfully adjusted, few have penetration enough to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. The ass, clothed in the lion's skin, would have been as terrible to the multitude as the veritable king of beasts, had not his voice betrayed him ; and Goose Gibbie might have passed muster as a warrior, had not his unruly steed so unluckily expelled him from his martial accoutrements. Sir John Falstaff would scarcely have escaped the jealous vigilance of Master Brook under the disguise of the "maid's aunt of Brentford," had not the imputed witchcraft of his prototype diverted the suspicion awakened by the *huge peard*, which honest Sir Hugh Evans "spied under his muffler." Such is the importance of dramatic consistency.

To reduce my remarks on this interesting subject to a scientific form, I shall attempt to classify, according to a nomenclature of my own invention, the various descriptions of men, who achieve greatness, rather by histrionic skill, than intellectual superiority. The advantages of such an arrangement in facilitating the acquisition of knowledge has been conspicuously shown in several departments of science, and I see no reason why it may not be profitably used in teaching mankind an easy way to gratify that ambition, which, according to Milton, is always "the infirmity of noble minds," but which Pope, with more truth, pronounces the universal passion. The immense utility of such

instruction must be obvious to the meanest apprehension. When he attempted to vie with the ox, the frog of the fable might have escaped the tragic issue of his ambitious efforts, had he formed a proper estimate of his own capabilities of expansion, or had he known, that, by an optic illusion, he might have increased his apparent bulk without any actual enlargement. Nor would this, though wonderful, be a greater miracle, than science exhibits in the hydrostatic balance. In that ingenious machine, we see a small amount of fluid balance a much larger quantity ; but our astonishment at this paradox vanishes at once, when we observe a parallel phenomenon constantly occurring in the political world, where the greatest genius and learning, added to eminent public services and tried integrity, are not only balanced, but outweighed by cunning, noise and effrontery.

There is one objection which, perhaps, the man of science may allege against my classification. I find it impossible to distinguish the various species by any marked specific difference, because the qualities, peculiar to each, are frequently blended in the individuals of every class : yet it seems essential to a clear and complete analysis of the habits of these kindred tribes, that some division should be made. At the risk, then, of incurring the reproach of scientific inaccuracy, I shall proceed in my undertaking ; and, should I be deficient in logical precision, I pray the learned to consider how difficult it is to discriminate species, whose properties run into each other like the contiguous colors of the rainbow.

The *Trophonians* hold a prominent place in this country among the multitudes struggling for fame and power. The owl, from the imperturbable gravity of its visage, has been aptly styled the bird of wisdom, and the individuals of this tribe often acquire the reputation of capacity by affecting a similar solemnity of aspect. They imagine, and with some reason, that the whole mystery of greatness consists in the artifices of external deportment. The veil of Mokannah, the nod of Burleigh, are assumed, on system, to deceive the unthinking multitude, always prone to believe that something extraordinary is shrouded under so imposing an exterior. These are the men, whose faces, as Gratiano says, "Do cream and mantle like a standing pool," and whose important air in the utterance of the most simple observation declares, that

He is Sir Oracle.

And when he opes his lips let no dog bark.

At first view, this might be mistaken for the flimsy disguise with which a silly vanity labors to conceal its conscious imbecility ; but, in truth, it is the offspring of a deep policy, founded on a thorough knowledge of human nature. The principle on which it proceeds is embodied in those two old sayings, that "too much familiarity breeds con-

tempt," and that "no man seems great to his valet-de-chambre"—adages containing a lesson as practical to the man of the world, as any of the pithy apothems of Poor Richard. Obscurity is one source of the sublime, and a small man, seen in that imperfect light, looms, like objects discerned through a mist, into an undefined magnitude, and swells to a giant in the eye of the spectator. It was by a dexterous use of this instrument of delusion, (*magna componere parvis*) that Louis le Grand, the most accomplished of actors, succeeded in persuading his cotemporaries that he was a great king. Upon the same principle the fair sex arrange their attire. The artifices of female decoration are designed to cover, with a partial concealment, those charms, which, exposed to the "garish eye of day," would lose all their enchantment. In like manner, the *Trophonians* manœuvre to entrap popular admiration, nor is there a fashionable belle better versed in all the wiles of coquetry, or more thoroughly apprized of the efficacy of this species of ambuscade, or masked battery, in captivating the minds of men.

If man, as he is defined by some philosophers, be a laughing animal, the claim of the *Trophonian* to be numbered in the human family might admit of some controversy. In general, he affects an extreme reserve, and a dignified taciturnity. When he condescends to speak, it is only on matters of grave import, as if the ordinary topics of conversation among men were trifles too frivolous to engage his attention. He scarcely ever relaxes into jocularity, and if a smile flit for a moment across his leaden visage, the evanescent light is instantly quenched in the surrounding gloom. Merriment is "a passion hateful to his purposes," and a wag is his utter abomination. He shrinks, with an instinctive antipathy, from the touch of raillery, and writhes under the lash of ridicule, as if "whipp'd with rods, nettled and stung with pismires." Let him be never so loud and dogmatic, (which he sometimes is where he knows his company) if a master of wit and sarcasm join his audience, you will observe the obstreperous talker suddenly sink into a moody silence, and, on the first opportunity, retire from the dangerous neighborhood. No bankrupt debtor shrinks with more terror from the approach of a bailiff—no thief caught in the fact could flee with more expedition from the terriers of the law.

The *Trophonian* is careful of his reputation for wisdom, and, to preserve it from all hazard, cautiously refrains from a premature expression of opinion on any new question. On such occasions, he listens to the indiscreet declarations of others with profound gravity, and a significant shake of the head, as if he could say much and knew more on the subject of discussion, but deemed it prudent to withhold his sentiments. He understands well how to plough with another man's heifer, and has

the knack of expressing the most trite and commonplace ideas with an air of deep sagacity, as if, maugre the assertion of Solomon, he had discovered something new under the sun. In the world of politics he takes care never to venture into unknown seas, but always steers his course where more daring navigators have already ascertained the currents and determined the soundings. He prudently adheres to the beaten track of party, because in that path the land-marks and guideposts have been carefully fixed by his political leaders.

It is amusing to observe the perplexity of a *Trophonian* on the eve of a new organization of parties. The ass between two bundles of hay is but a faint type of his vacillation, and uncertainty. He sees two banners displayed, but fears to enlist under either, lest he may embrace the losing side. With politic caution he shelters himself under the impenetrable shield of his habitual gravity and reserve. To extract a direct and explicit answer from him at such a time, is as difficult as was the attempt to draw from Cuddie Headrigg a confession that he was at Bothwell brigg. He stands mute under the most rigid cross-examination, or if he respond at all, his language is ambiguous and oracular. But let him once discern the course of popular opinion—let him have replenished his mind with ideas from that great workshop of dialectics, the public press, and to hear him discourse you might suppose you listened to Plato, or Aristotle, instructing their disciples in the principles of political science. His talents are essentially didactic and discursive rather than controversial—more suited to the professor's chair than the hall of debate. Accordingly, he delights in lecturing, but he eschews disputation, because, among disputants, novel and unforeseen difficulties are apt to be propounded, and he is afraid to enter upon unknown ground. He would as soon undertake to thread the Cretan labyrinth, as explore the untrodden avenues to truth without a guide. His organ of locality, to use the jargon of phrenologists, is but slightly developed, but, to supply the deficiency, he relies with confidence on his organ of imitation. He has a genius for following while he seems to lead, and thus, by a little dexterous manœuvring, he contrives to shuffle himself into the van at the moment of victory.

The *Stentorians* are another variety of those men, whose "vaulting ambition disdains an inglorious obscurity." They differ widely from the *Trophonians* in the means which they employ to attain the honors of wisdom. The one impresses the gaping multitude with a high conceit of his sagacity by a close reserve and a studied solemnity; the other accomplishes the same object by glibness of tongue and boisterous loquacity. In the moral, as in the physical world, extremes often produce similar effects, and it should, therefore, excite

no surprise that men achieve greatness by such opposite devices.

The *Stentorians* are gifted with a miraculous fluency and an effrontery that nothing can daunt or disconcert. It was Dean Swift, I believe, who, speaking of this class, remarked, that his tongue, like a race-horse, ran the faster the less weight it carried. If by weight the Dean meant depth of thought and force of argument, the comparison is as true as it is witty; but if he intended by that term to signify the effect, which such preternatural flippancy produces upon others, the illustration does not exhibit his accustomed knowledge of human nature. Nothing is more captivating to the bulk of mankind, than what is vulgarly called the *gift of the gab*. To see a man pour out a flood of verbiage, without hesitation, or apparent effort, is an intellectual phenomenon that rouses the astonishment and confounds the faculties of the unthinking multitude. They are persuaded that there must be some wool where the outcry has been so vehement—that such copious streams must issue from an inexhaustible reservoir—that a vessel which rings so loud must be fraught with something precious and valuable. Charles Fox, stammering and floundering through one of his most powerful speeches, would be a pigmy, in their estimation, compared with one of these prodigies of volubility.

In determining the merit of a discourse, most men judge not so much by its matter as by the manner and elocution of the speaker; nor, at first view, is this a very inexcusable mistake. Words are the representatives of ideas, and one would naturally infer that a great command of language implied a correspondent fertility of thought. *A priori* such would be the conclusion, but the reverse is most commonly the fact. Orators, like rivulets, are often rapid and noisy in proportion to their shallowness. I have frequently beheld with amazement a *Stentorian* utter in the loudest tones a torrent of words—a perfect cataract of speech, and, at the close of his discourse, have strove in vain to recall a single original conception evolved in this tempest of debate. That a man should have words at all, in the absence of ideas, is a paradox in metaphysics, which baffles my philosophy; yet, strange as it may appear, great fluency of speech argues, in general, a barren and superficial mind.

Whatever may be the solution of this psychological enigma, the success of the *Stentorian* is not the less certain. The scantiness of his mental resources gives him but little concern, if he can convince the crowd that they are abundant. He can make a great show with a small stock of ideas, and never scruples to relieve his own sterility by drawing on the stores of his neighbor. He resembles some of our traders, who, relying on bank credit, do an immense business on a small capital, and, with means altogether fictitious, acquire the

reputation of enormous wealth. What if, like Castlereagh,

He spouts, and spouts, and spouts away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

he may perchance, like that favorite of fortune, secure fame, and power, and distinction. Once on that eminence, his position will attract admirers and partisans, and he may then safely defy the detractions of envy and the strictures of criticism. Let him not distrust his ability to sustain himself in that elevated sphere. To rule mankind, according to Chancellor Oxenstiern, (a very high authority,) requires but a slender share of wisdom; and experience demonstrates, that a great flow of words and an unblushing assurance, are qualifications to which the palm of eloquence is uniformly awarded by the admiring multitude. That reputation once attained, the *Stentorian* may well aspire to the highest preferments, since, in this country, the terms Orator and Statesman have become almost synonymous.

The *Stentorian* has great faith in the vigor of his lungs. He relies on strength of voice and vehement gesticulation, rather than cogency of argument, for the discomfiture of his adversaries. His harangues, “full of sound and fury,” are a perfect hurricane of speech, an equinoctial storm in length and violence; for he has discovered that the majority of men esteem a public speaker in proportion to his gift of continuance, and power of vociferation. Hence he clothes his “beggarly conceptions” in the most pompous phraseology, and bawls them out in a tone of thunder; and whenever he mingles in debate, you may reckon on a treble allowance of voice and verbiage. In his system of rhetoric, accuracy of statement and logical precision are but slightly regarded. Boldness of asseveration is his favorite figure of speech, and he is prepared to affirm any thing, that may serve the pressing exigencies of debate. In the forcible language of Sheridan, “he draws on his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his wit.” His reasoning is a tissue of vague generalities, or flimsy sophisms compiled from the columns of the daily press. In the intellectual world he is a Fourierite in his principles, and holds that there should be an entire community of property in the productions of the mind. He appropriates derelict ideas without scruple, and marauds for his materials with impartial rapacity upon friend and foe. He is the most skilful of plagiarists—the most forcible of feeblers. Yet let it not be inferred that he is a contemptible opponent. No man, sustained by numbers, can be safely despised, and the statesman, however imbecile, will always be cheered by the support of his party as a recompense for his unwavering fidelity.

The *Bombardinians* constitute another important division of these candidates for greatness.

In numbers they are not less formidable than the tribes I have already portrayed, and their influence in society is far greater by reason of their superior energy, audacity, and self-reliance. The individuals of this class are distinguished by their pugnacious propensities. The organ of combativeness is a conspicuous and prominent characteristic of their craniums. They use the *argumentum baculinum* on the slightest provocation, and are always ready to confute their opponents by wager of battle. With them a downright blow solves every difficulty, and a shoulder-of-mutton fist is the ablest of logicians. No strength of argument can resist the onset of a rough roll and tumble, or a Mississippi row. Bowie-knives and revolvers are most persuasive instruments of discussion, and he must be an obstinate, as well as a bold man, who can resist their syllogistic force. Nothing quickens our perception of truth so much as a little gentle compulsion.

The *Bombardinian* looks upon education as a superfluous waste of time; and has a supreme contempt for scholastic acquirements. He holds that bodily strength, fearlessness, impudence, and what he calls mother-wit, are qualifications which fit their possessor for any situation. Believing that he has mastered the whole science of politics and legislation by a sort of intuition, he deems himself equal to any undertaking, and assumes, without hesitation, the conduct of the most important affairs, whether in war or peace. "They tell me," said a *Bombardinian* to a judge of our supreme court, "that you get seven hundred and fifty pounds a year for judging, it's a great deal too much: I myself will agree to judge for thirty pounds." What an immense saving of public money! Now this man never doubted, (for doubt is a stranger to the *Bombardinian*,) but that he was competent to discharge all the duties of a judicial office without any further preparation. To think nothing impossible has been considered the trait of superior minds, and it cannot be denied that the *Bombardinian* possesses this mark of greatness in an eminent degree. He has the spirit, which impels to great enterprises, and the self-confidence that commands success.

The *Bombardinian* is an adept in the arts of popularity. His reckless daring, his coarse familiarity, his rude jokes, and savage personalities are qualities peculiarly congenial to the taste of the common file, and he seldom fails to become their idol. He affects vulgarity upon system, and is thoroughly versed in the jargon of the five points, the race-course and the gaming-table. His elocution is embellished with a profusion of those beautiful tropes, and elegant epithets, which enrich the dialect of those refined regions. The reputation of rowdiness he deems an enviable distinction and not a reproach; so much so that one of the most eminent of the tribe proclaimed him-

self the prince of rowdies. Modesty he despises as the mark of a weak and timid nature—as a wilful and silly rejection of the overtures of fortune. Faint heart never won fair lady, and fortune, like other females, is always the spoil of the bold and enterprising. What folly to hide our light under a bushel! What false delicacy to commit the task of blazoning our merits to the cold and tardy zeal of strangers! Who but ourselves can speak with intimate knowledge of our deservings? Who so interested in magnifying and extolling them? The *Bombardinian* feels the full force of this reasoning, and is never backward in claiming the lion's share of applause and reputation. He knows that the world is apt to measure a man, not by the standard of his real worth, but by the estimate which he seems to put on himself. On this principle, not content with the interested laudation of his understrappers, he makes his own services and qualifications the theme of perpetual eulogy, until the echo of this constant flourish of trumpets, is, ultimately, mistaken for the shout of popular approbation.

In public discussion the *Bombardinian* wields two potent engines—intimidation and ribaldry. If his adversary is not brow-beaten and silenced by menaces and violence, he is sure to discomfit him with the light weapons of laughter and buffoonery. He replies to the most cogent reasoning "with a fool-born jest," and overthrows the most formidable array of facts by the argument of epithet. Neither Danton nor Robespierre better knew the influence of names for good or for evil, or were more unscrupulous in applying odious appellatives to their opponents. For himself the *Bombardinian* claims to be the exclusive champion of popular rights—all others are but counterfeits. His vocabulary is replete with epithets of invective and vituperation. He exhausts himself in ribald terms and "base comparisons." Aristocrat, monarchist, enemy of the people, traitor are the soft and courteous names, which he hurls at random among those who presume to differ from him in opinion.

The *Bombardinian* delights in hyperbole. It is his favorite figure of speech—the choicest morsel of his rhetoric.

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce:
And spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas.

From his language you might mistake him for a Polyphemus, a Brobdingnag, a Colossus, to whom "it were an easy task to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon," to bestride the world, to pile Pelion upon Ossa and to scale the heavens. The rants of Lee, the fustian of Dryden are tame and spiritless compared to his stilted declamations. The *Bombardinians*, therefore, are uniformly the ultras of their party. No cold medium for them. Truth in their system is always found in extremes. To use his own elegant phraseology, the *Bombardinian*

is a whole-hog man—he will be *aut Cæsar, aut Nul-lus*. Confident against the world in arms he flings defiance in the face of the strongest opposition. Not the whole holy alliance can “move the steadfast purpose of his soul.” The admonitions of prudence, that “rascally virtue,” he scorns and contemns and would not hesitate to encounter Europe, Asia and Africa to boot, should they presume to thwart his favorite schemes. The people of this country are, in his view, not only the freest and most enlightened, but the most warlike and powerful nation on the globe, and he boldly affirms, that the whole human race combined could not, for a moment, sustain their onset in a fair field. The *Bombardinian* has transferred the policy of the gaming-table to the cabinet, and conceives that he, who brags highest and with the boldest face in politics is sure of winning the game. I confess there is something sublime in this gasconade, this *Bombastes Furioso* style; and that, though these gentlemen cannot quite perform all the extravagancies they promise, they sometimes accomplish by their audacity what spirits, as resolute but more cautious, would not have the temerity to attempt.

The *Machiavelians* are another class that has been remarkably fruitful in great men. The individuals of this tribe present a striking contrast to the *Bombardinians* in their leading peculiarities. They are apparently as shy and timorous as the latter are obtrusive and fearless. I say apparently; for, under the guise of a meek, smooth, quiet and unpretending demeanor, they conceal a subtle mind, a determined will and an insatiable ambition. Kind and courteous to all, they have no real attachment for any, and would sacrifice, without compunction, the most intimate associate, and the nearest political connexion, to self-aggrandizement. Adroit, weary, watchful and crafty, they unite the vigilance of the cat with the wisdom of the serpent. You cannot distrust a creature so amiable, and inoffensive, and you are shocked at the insinuation, that a selfish and treacherous disposition lurks beneath so fair an exterior. They soothe you with honeyed words and oily professions, until you are persuaded of the sincerity of their friendship, and then, in the moment of unsuspecting confidence, they sting you to the heart. They remember that “lowliness is young ambition’s ladder,” and while you can aid in their advancement, they lick the dust—they truckle—they flatter—they cajole you; but when you have served their turn, they discard you, without remorse, as a worthless incumbrance.

The *Machiavelian* always approaches his object with a step slow and steady, but stealthy and cautious. You never suspect his designs till they are ripe for execution, and then, when he has taken a “bond of fate,” when there is no possibility of eluding him, he fastens on his quarry with the bound of a tiger. No wild Indian steals on his enemy with greater circumspection, or more carefully ob-

literates his traces. He is perfect master of political juggling and legerdemain, and his feats delude the closest and most sceptical observer. When you think you have detected his whereabouts, presto, he suddenly vanishes and leaves “not a rack behind.” When you vainly suppose you have clutched him beyond all chance of escape, he slips from your grasp with the lubricity of an eel. Like the father of evil he is endowed with a wonderful ubiquity, and while you imagine from the troubling of the waters that he is in one direction, he emerges at some unexpected point to your utter dismay and astonishment. He is the didapper—the jack-o-lantern of the political world. The fabulous changes of Proteus are rendered credible by his miraculous versatility. “He is every thing by turns and nothing long.” His transformations are so frequent that he must often be puzzled to ascertain his personal identity—to determine whether he is himself or some one else—whether he is one or many. That Pythagoras should remember he was Euphorbus at the siege of Troy is as reasonable, as that these political masqueraders should recognize their individuality through their endless metamorphoses.

The *Machiavelian* holds it to be a settled point in political casuistry, that every weapon is lawful in the contest for power—that moral obligation has no binding force in political affairs—that the end justifies the means—that, in party warfare, it is perfectly fair to employ falsehood, dissimulation and treachery. Accordingly he never scruples to assail his adversaries with these formidable instruments of destruction, more deadly in the moral world than, in the physical—those fatal engines which man, the most sanguinary of animals, has invented for the slaughter of his own race. He plies these dreadful implements with a cool perseverance and patient industry, before which the purest characters and the most distinguished merit sink shattered, mutilated and prostrate. In vain you resist his machinations—in vain you drag the monster from his den, and expose his insidious practices:

Destroy his fib, his sophistry; in vain,
The creature’s at his dirty work again,

The *Machiavelian* has an infallible antidote against disgrace. He has discovered, that, amid the wildest tempest of obloquy, allegiance to his party affords an anchor always sure and steadfast. He has found that faction never deserts its adherents, either in good report or evil report. Sustained by this consciousness, he is impassive to the foulest charges and bitterest denunciations. What if dishonesty and falsehood be proved upon him! That portion of his own party who believe the tale will deny it stoutly for the benefit of the common cause, and the remainder, blinded by the *esprit du corps*, will discredit the plainest evidence, impugn-

ing the conduct of an associate. What an encouragement to persevere in the noble work of evil-doing! What an admirable school for the formation of morals! But this is not all. If other means fail, the cry of persecution is sure to excite the sympathy and enlist the support of all, who are banded in the same faction with the accused. When a charge is fastened upon him beyond the power of refutation, the *Machiavelian* artfully ascribes the unjust aspersion to the rancor of his political enemies—he appeals to his party to shield him from an assault provoked by his activity in the common cause—he ostentatiously recounts his services and vaunts his sufferings—he profits by his disgrace and turns even his moral distempers to “commodity.” Exposure, instead of sinking him, is his very passport to promotion. He rises higher by his defeat and becomes buoyant by his corruption. Thus, by means which, to all human calculation, threaten his utter destruction, the *Machiavelian* is borne, as it were, by acclamation to the very pinnacle of human greatness.

Among the various descriptions of men, who, with a moderate share of capacity, contrive to elevate themselves to high places, the *Philodemians* are, perhaps, most indebted to their theatrical skill. In many of their properties they have a family resemblance to those classes, whose character I have attempted to sketch, but their distinguishing mark is an extraordinary development of the organ of amativeness. The amorous propensities of the *Philodemian* take a singular direction. It is not the love of an individual, which boys and girls dignify with the name of the tender passion, nor yet is it a love of his kind, which assumes the more sounding title of philanthropy, but it is a love of the people, by which he means the masses as contradistinguished from the wealthy and educated classes. A gentleman of my acquaintance, whose affections were, uniformly, bestowed upon women of fortune, was, jocularly, said to fall in love very judiciously; and when it is considered that the masses in this country are the fountains of honor and power, the predilection of the *Philodemian* would seem to be adopted with the same prudential foresight. It is certainly remarkable that the dispensers of patronage in all countries, whether kings, or oligarchies, or popular assemblies, always command the undivided affections of the greedy tribe of courtiers and office-mongers. That a man should be grateful for benefits received seems perfectly intelligible; but that he should be so superlatively grateful for benefits expected might appear singular, were it not so common an occurrence. In charity we must discard the harsh suspicion, that these ardent professions of attachment are feigned for the sordid purpose of securing a profitable share of distinction and emolument. Such devoted patriots must surely be actuated by more enlarged and generous sentiments. However that may be, it is

marvellous how the perceptions of the candidate for preferment are sharpened to the virtues of his patron by the prospect of promotion—how it inflames his zeal—how it stimulates the activity of his attentions. Under the influence of this enlightener of the mind, and nurse of benevolent sentiment, courtiers discover that kings and queens are the most excellent of the earth, nobles the most heroic and munificent; and, from the same cause, in republics, the *Philodemian* dwells with enthusiasm on the virtue, the intelligence, the independent spirit of the masses.

The *Philodemian* does not suffer his passion for the dear people to evaporate in sighs—to be wasted in vain repinings and empty wishes. He is not one of those silly, romantic people, who broods over his love in silence and permits the smouldering flame “to feed on his damask cheek.” He does not, like an unfledged youth, abandon himself to despair, and breathe his vows of eternal constancy only to the unconscious moon. He is too much a man of the world to be guilty of such unprofitable folly. “None but the brave deserve the fair,” and the timid suitor, who contents himself with the pantomime of sighs and glances without giving utterance to his emotions, is, in his estimation, a fit object of derision and contempt. The passion of the *Philodemian* is nourished by hope, and would languish and expire but for the prospect of inspiring a mutual flame. For this reason he plies the object of his adoration with an assiduous courtship and pops the question on the first opportunity. His professions of zealous devotion to the dear people are loud and clamorous, nor does he desist from his pursuit till he has fully established himself in the good graces of the multitude.

The maxim that the sovereign people can do no wrong is, forever, in the mouth of the *Philodemian*, and he insists that it is true, not only in a political, but in a moral sense. Their justice he holds to be unerring—their wisdom infallible. Whatever they may say or do, he is ready to assent to and to applaud. Like Polonius in the play, his pliant servility shifts with all their caprices of opinion, and whether they affirm a cloud to be like a whale, a camel, or any thing else most remote from the reality, he proclaims his prompt concurrence in each successive absurdity. He knows that to extol their favorites is an infallible method of ingratiating himself with the people, and, therefore, he does not hesitate to bow down before their idols, however uncouth and monstrous—whether beetles, or calves, or Juggernauts; but he cultivates their favor by a still deeper stroke of policy when he concurs in their enmities; for nothing draws men together more closely than a common hatred. For this purpose, he caters to the envious passions of the multitude by inflaming their animosity against all who have become conspicuous by talent, by virtue, by industry, or by the gifts of fortune. And

while he thus sows through the community the seeds of discord, pregnant with a future harvest of armed men, he profanes the name of liberty by making her sacred cause the pretext for opening this magazine of mischief.

When the *Philodemian* has exhibited such striking evidences of ardent love for the people, of uncalculating devotion to their interests, they must be churlish and distrustful indeed, could they withhold their confidence from such a zealous adherent, or refuse to commit to his tried fidelity the management of public affairs. What a golden age of universal happiness must prevail under such honest and beneficent rulers! Influenced by some such process of reasoning, the people always reward the attachment of the *Philodemian* with posts of dignity and profit. True, this was not his object. He had no selfish view. He thought only of the weal of the dear people, to whom he had sworn everlasting fealty. For them he consents to sacrifice his time, his repose—to exert all his talents and energies. With laudable humility he confesses that his feeble abilities are unequal to the arduous task, but he is constrained to obey the call of duty and patriotism. Some how or other, in spite of his indifference to personal advantage, he rises to power and consequence—he fills his coffers from the public purse, and then “his chariots roll like meteors—his palaces rise like exhalations.” The cringing, fawning, crawling creature casts his slough and glitters in the sunshine of prosperity a dignitary and a millionaire. The charitable Manuel Ordonnez grew rich by keeping the funds of the poor; and why should not the philanthropic *Philodemian* enjoy a similar recompense for keeping the treasures of his beloved people? In their mode of subsistence, these worthy and affectionate gentlemen have a striking resemblance to the vampire bat of Guiana: they lull us into profound repose by their soothing adulation, while they drain insensibly the vital fluid from our system.

There is a class of aspirants to greatness, distinguished by a singular idiosyncrasy, whom, on account of their peculiarities, I have designated by the name of *Hobbyhorsicals*. These are men, who seem to have but one idea, or in whose minds all other ideas are absorbed and swallowed up in some predominant and overmastering conception. The *Hobbyhorsical* strives to make himself conspicuous by dedicating all his powers to one question—by repeating his *delenda est Carthago*, his favorite doctrines on all occasions, both in season and out of season—by insisting that all other subjects are trivial, or important, according to their affinity with that great purpose, which has become the business of his life. His master scheme is the one constant burthen of his declamation, and he would fain persuade you, that the destinies of the human race hang suspended on the issue of his patriotic labors. The sun will refuse his

light—the earth cease to revolve on its axis—the whole frame-work of society fall into “most admired disorder,” if his plans are not adopted. He is an empiric vaunting a panacea for every distemper—an elixir to renew the decaying vitality of the body politic. His philosophy offers but one solution to all problems—discerns but one cause for all phenomena. The whole field of vision in his political telescope is occupied by a mouse, which he mistakes for an elephant, and he is never weary of proclaiming the notable discovery. He is possessed with an inveterate monomania, which presents to his diseased mind all objects under one image. He is haunted by a spectre, whose shadowy form darkens and discolors all his perceptions, and this phantom he pursues with the reckless speed of the wild huntsman, trampling on every obstacle to his headlong course.

The *Hobbyhorsical* is by no means tolerant of difference in opinion. If a man obstinately refuse to see as he sees, he does not charitably ascribe it to defect of vision, but imputes the failure to dishonesty of purpose. For himself, his sagacity can never be deceived. The whole human race may be in error, but he is always in the right. Bigoted to his own notions, he is equally ready to become a martyr, and to inflict the tortures of martyrdom. His opponents deserve no lenity at his hands, nor is he restrained by the cobweb restraints of courtesy from venting on those stubborn offenders the full vials of his wrath. He befouls them with every loathsome epithet—he blackens them with the most infamous aspersions. In the phrenzy of his rage, he is as unmindful of his own dignity, as he is steeled to the pleadings of mercy. He gloats on the agonies of his victim, and is well repaid for all this butchery by the unthinking applauses of his followers.

As the *Hobbyhorsical* is warmed into being in the hot-bed of popular prejudice, it behooves him to note carefully every fluctuation of public sentiment. If he discover that any particular institution, or usage, or profession, or class of people has become obnoxious to a considerable number of men, then is the time for him to throw himself into the front rank—to concentrate into a focus the scattered elements of discord—to become a leader in the new crusade. By this timely intervention, the *Hobbyhorsical*, scarcely known beyond the limits of his own parish, suddenly shoots up into a man of distinction, a perfect giant, whose slightest movement shakes the solid structure of society. The process by which this transformation is effected, is extremely simple. For example, let the *Hobbyhorsical* ascertain that turnpikes are odious to many persons and then devote himself with untiring perseverance to the demolition of this imaginary grievance. Let him aver that turnpikes are an abridgement of human liberty—an infringement of the freedom of locomotion—an oppressive monopoly,

exacting tribute for the enjoyment of the common bounties of nature. Shall the poor man be taxed for the privilege of carrying his pig to market? Shall he be hedged in by gates and bars on the surface of that earth, which the Creator has bestowed on man as his common inheritance? Shall he be constrained to "keep to the right as the law directs," when both right and left are his by the law of nature, and by actual occupancy too, in the exhilaration of the midnight revel? Shall he yield his slender pittance to swell the overgrown wealth of the capitalist—of the moneyed aristocracy? Compute the annual amount of this contribution, and you will find that the sum total would extinguish the national debt—equip our armies and navies—defray our civil expenditures—cover the land with benevolent establishments and banish poverty from our country. Can this be endured by freemen? Let abolition of turnpikes, then, be the cry. Down with the monopolists. Down with the men who measure to us the ground we tread on by the yard and extort a price for their usurpation. Let no shareholder, director, toll-gatherer, or favorer of turnpikes be elected to any office. Such men are usurpers, tyrants, Shylocks, monsters unfit to be trusted. Turnpikes can never be put down so long as their partisans are invested with power and influence. War and peace, the interests of commerce and agriculture, are but secondary matters compared to this enormous grievance. The ball is thus put in motion, and a prejudice which might have vanished gradually under the light of knowledge and experience, becomes inflamed to the highest degree of virulence and inveteracy. The cry increases. The enemies of turnpikes combine—hold meetings—adopt resolutions—concert their plan of action. The abolition of turnpikes is made the test of elections, and at last it is determined that an anti-turnpike President is the only antidote to all the ills of state. The country becomes a scene of uproar and confusion: The *Hobbyhorsical* "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm," and his name is echoed by the trumpet of fame through the four quarters of the globe.

From the practice of these various arts, great men have so multiplied among us as actually to encumber the body politic; and it becomes a serious question how the increasing surplus of these restless and turbulent spirits can be safely disposed of. At a rough calculation, there are, at this time, some dozen, whose ambitious desires are fixed on the next Presidency, besides some fifty or an hundred more, who are eagerly looking forward to the succession; all marvellous proper men and eminently qualified to direct the destinies of the nation. To these are to be added the thousands of conspicuous citizens, who, though not now aspiring to the chief magistracy, are yet earnestly struggling for all the other great prizes in the political lottery. The rivalry of this ambitious multitude

has already filled our country with bitter heart-burnings and alarming commotions, and what may be the result of the conflict baffles all human forecast. Is it not then important to inquire how this agitation may be tranquillized? how these meritorious citizens, whose services might otherwise be lost to mankind, may find a fit theatre for the display of their abilities? I flatter myself, that I have discovered the true solution of these difficulties, and I shall proceed without delay to submit the result of my reflections to the public.

Our statesmen seem to be somewhat at a loss for a sufficient reason to justify the subjugation of Mexico. Considered as a mere mercantile question of profit and loss, indemnity for the past and security for the future, would, certainly, furnish an adequate motive and excuse for the proposed conquest. Yet it is doubted by some accurate calculators, whether the pecuniary recompense we expect to derive from the reduction of that country is altogether certain; whether, in fact, when the expense of overrunning and holding it is duly estimated, we shall not be found to have gained a loss—a burthen, instead of a benefit. But notwithstanding this and other weighty considerations, there exists a strong desire among us to subjugate that distracted country. Is there no plan which may reconcile our interest with our inclination in this matter? I think I have hit upon a happy expedient that obviates all objections, and I shall now proceed to disclose it.

I assume as postulates, that our country is overloaded with great men, and that the bulk of these valuable citizens, even with our frequent elections and rapid rotation in office, have not the most remote prospect of gratifying their reasonable ambition within the ordinary limits of human life. Here then is, evidently, a great waste of mental power, and a grievous disappointment of the just hopes of many well-deserving citizens—evils, which a parental government is, certainly, bound to redress. Again; the multitude and competition of the candidates for distinction among us endanger our domestic peace, and keep our community in a perpetual turmoil. That we should relieve ourselves from this dangerous superfluity, with all convenient speed by transferring it to another market, and that on the principle of self-preservation, we may employ force to accomplish an object so essential to our welfare, are propositions which seem to me to be perfectly clear and indisputable. And in doing so, we shall but imitate the example of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. For it was not a scarcity of the means of subsistence produced by a growing population, as Malthus ingeniously conjectures, but the excessive numbers of their great men, seeking in distant lands space for the display of their civil and military talents, that drove the northern tribes in such countless hordes upon the southern countries of Europe. The leaders in those migrations, debarred at home from their nat-

ural place in society, by a too active competition, summoned to their standard the warlike and enterprising youth of their country, and extorted from their effeminate neighbors that dominion which was the just due of their superior courage and capacity. And, in this irruption, they did but fulfil the universal law, that the strong should predominate over the weak.

In invading Mexico, therefore, we vindicate the genuineness of our descent from the sea-kings of the north, and, luckily, the conquest of that country will furnish ample facilities for removing the evils and inconveniences to which I have adverted. Its extensive territories would give ample scope "and verge enough" to our supernumerary great men for the exercise of their abilities. From the inadequacy of the native supply, civil and military talents would be in demand in that market, and thus by transporting our surplus politicians to benighted Mexico, we should at once relieve their necessities and remove the dangers impending over us from the restless activity of that class of men. If the Mexicans refuse to acquiesce peaceably in this judicious arrangement, both precedent and principle would justify us in the application of coercive measures.

When the whole country has been reduced to submission by the power of our arms, I propose that the conquered territory be laid off into a number of republics of suitable dimensions, and that such portion of our Presidential aspirants as we can best spare, be detailed forthwith to take charge of these infant governments. As some force may be requisite to maintain the authority of these magistrates, I suggest that a large number of office-seekers and office-holders be immediately shipped to Mexico and embodied as a corps d'armée; so that while they exercise civil functions in the new republics, they may act, at the same time, as an army of occupation. These classes of men abound so much among us that there can be no difficulty in obtaining an adequate force, and their peculiar habits would eminently fit them for such a service. They have a genius for what the French call the *maraud*, and would, therefore, cost but little in the way of subsistence. Their military zeal and gallantry, too, would be stimulated by the strongest motives of interest—by the consciousness that defeat must dry up the sources of their official emoluments. Multitudes, I am persuaded, would be ready to volunteer on such an expedition.

With a force thus constituted, the country may easily be held in subjection, and under such able teachers the debased and ignorant Mexican may be soon indoctrinated in the true principles of republican government. If I were to enumerate the manifold advantages of this scheme, I should extend this essay to an inconvenient length; but lest I should be tempted to dilate too largely on its merits, I must now conclude and rely on the imagi-

nations of my readers to fill up the imperfect outline.

J. B. D.

Campbell county, Va.

Feb. 4th, 1848.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY ALTON.

Come soothing Sleep, and with thy magic charms,
In soft repose, my wearied eyelids seal;
And while I rest, oh let my dreams reveal,
Reclining fondly in my ardent arms,
A form, that holds my heart in sweet control;
And thus, with love enraptur'd let me hear
The tender words she breath'd, with maiden fear,
While at her side, I pour'd out all my soul;
And see those sad blue eyes, whose pensive gaze
Subdues my heart, and fonder still endears,
Bright beaming, with the light of Love's pure rays,
Turn on me, sweetly smiling, thro' her tears:—
And thus, e'en tho' the world in madness deems
That we should ever love—oh let us love in dreams.

Charleston, S. C.

JOHN CARPER,

THE HUNTER OF LOST RIVER.

CHAPTER VI.

The departure of ten of his twelve enemies led to a change in Carper's plan. He determined to wait long enough for the ten to get to a distance of many miles, for so far he conjectured they would travel—there being no habitation nearer than fifteen miles, and their errand being plainly of a predatory character—and then to deal boldly with the two left behind. A cattle grazer of the South Branch valley had established a man, named Daniel Ridgway, near some salt springs, in the mixed glade lands near Cheat River, about fifteen miles distant in a north-western direction. Ridgway had built his cabin only two or three years before, and Carper knew of it only from the report of hunters. The party of ten were striking, he supposed, for this homestead, as their march had been begun in

that direction, and as there was no other habitation nearer than thirty miles, in that, or any other direction. It was impossible to know whether the two Indians were to await, where they were, the return of their comrades, or to reunite with them at some rendezvous on the general western route. More than an hour passed by. The hunter, finding that the two Indians had become quiet, and that the fire-light had died away into an occasional flicker, drew himself back, and regained the side of his mistress. She was on the alert, and welcomed him with a pressure of the hand. He inquired, in a whisper, if she could guess at the purpose of the party who had left the camp. She could give him no farther clue than he already possessed.

"Now again," he whispered, "roll out of your nest, and come with me. Be brave, but quiet. One to two is not odds for a true man to be afraid of in a good cause. We shall get back and be happy enough."

Nelly followed her hunter on her hands and knees; Sharpnose, crouching along close to the ground, came last. Carper soon reached a point for safely crossing the run. The Quakeress might have passed dry-shod upon the stones, but her stout lover would not miss the good excuse for his gallantry, and, lifting her in one arm, bore her to the other bank. Here, keeping upon his feet, he led the way and soon accomplished the necessary circuit, and approached the tree to which he had fastened the black horse. Now had arrived the time for carrying into effect a stratagem which he had devised in his meditations under the oak. He led Nelly into the gloom of the wood, where he bade her remain concealed, and then, returning, unfastened the black from the tree. He next felt the priming in the pan of his rifle, and placed the handle of his knife within ready reach. Having done this, he took Sharpnose under one arm, and carrying him to the head of the horse, made him understand a familiar signal, and snap sharply at the animal's nostrils. The black stallion threw himself up with a simultaneous spring of all four feet from the ground, and snorted furiously. Carper pressed the neck of the dog under his left foot, and cocked his rifle, imitating at the same instant the snarl of a wolf. There was then a slight noise in the direction of the fire—a rustle of the bushes followed—and one of the Indians came stealthily out into the grassy area, and stooped to examine the hobble of the horse. He was within ten feet of Carper, who had designed to shoot him, trusting that the Indian left at the fire would mistake the report of the rifle for that of a shot fired by his comrade, to scare the wolves from the horses. This was his first design, but the nearness and posture of his enemy invited an onset of a different character. He leaned his rifle against a tree, and drew his knife. He measured the distance with

his eye, and threw himself at a bound upon the stooping man. The Indian fell with his face to the grass, under the onset, and before he could make an effort to rise, or even cry out, the long knife of the white hunter had ploughed its way upward from the fifth rib, dealing a terrible wound. Before the knife had sunk to its handle, the knees of the warrior had failed, and he was flat upon the ground; he quivered and gasped, and was a dead man. Carper seized Sharpnose promptly and prevented the noise with which this faithful friend might have signalized the victory. The horse had plunged away as he leaped upon the Indian, but now stood still confined by the hobble; the hunter refastened him to the tree. Then he took his rifle and walked without caring whether he was heard or not, feeling sure that he would be mistaken for the Indian returning to the fire from an inspection of the horse, and so came within twenty paces of the comrade of the dead man. This poor devil still wore the night-cap and shawl. The failing fire now flickered up, now sunk, giving out an uncertain light. Carper raised his rifle; he found no small difficulty in getting his aim; the sights of the rifle were useless for want of light, and his eye had no better guide than the dusky line of the long barrel. At last he fired. The Indian, instead of falling, jumped like a frog, from his sitting position over the fire, knocking the brands with his feet, and rising, without stopping to pick up his rifle, scudded off into the woods. Carper dashed into the glade and pressed after him. Sharpnose ran before and disappeared; the hunter heard the dog yelp, then whine piteously. Hurrying on as fast as he could in the darkness he met his dog returning. He at once gave up the chase and retraced his way to the fire. Here he discovered that Sharpnose was bleeding from a gash in his side. The Indian had beaten him off with his tomahawk. The cut was over the ribs and did not disable him or even hinder his seizing upon a venison bone from the refuse of the recent supper. The escape of the Indian added to Carper's haste to be gone. He kicked the rifle of the fugitive into the run, called through the dark woods to Nelly, mounted the black horse, took her up behind him and rode away northward. He left the pony, upon which she had before travelled, still hobbled, feeding in a grassy opening near at hand. I leave the conversation of the lovers to be imagined by the reader, except so much of it as may be necessary to an understanding of certain matters requiring explanation.

"The horse seemed to kill the Indian of whom thee speaks," said Nelly in the midst of a dialogue occasionally interrupted by the bounding and irregular motion of the brute, of which she spoke, amongst the obstacles of their dark and often rough way. "When the party came in, bringing the beast, that Indian took charge of him, and soon

began shaking a blanket at his head and tormenting him. The Indians laughed very much at this. The man held the reins, and the horse, after drawing back often, at last ran in upon him, beat him down with his knees, and ran around him kicking and making an angry noise. When the Indian's friends drove the horse from him he was apparently dead. They placed him on the ground, wrapped in his blanket, with his weapons by his side, and left him. Thee says that thee found him alive, but left him no longer so."

"Has Girty made love to you on the journey?" Carper asked at another stage of the conversation.

"Thee should scarcely care if he had done so. But he did do so. And I tell thee frankly, dear John, for between thee and me there should be frankness, I answered gently. The lad, from whatever cause, was my protection against worse men."

"You make a great mistake Nelly; there is no worse man in the party than Girty."

"More dangerous men, if not worse—if thee excepts to that word. He told me of his wigwam on a stream clearer than Lost River, and insinuated many things about my being his wife in the beautiful country, out in the west, where the earth is a field of grass and flowers. I did not say no to the youth, but, trusting in God, gravely listened to him. So Girty, wicked as he doubtless is, kept me safe from the rudeness of the others—placed the branches of trees for me to sleep upon, in places where the rude eyes did not watch me—and altogether behaved more after the manner of his civilized instruction at uncle Blake's than of his Indian blood and nature. Thee does not know me, John Carper, if from this seeming of yielding to the love-fancy of the youth, thee is of opinion that, in the end, succor being hopeless I would not have opposed the youth utterly—aye, even to such an act as slew Sisera."

"I believe every thing you say, Nelly," replied Carper, moved by her firm words. "In your conduct to the lad you were as wise as you are pretty and good."

The mountain on their right guided their course, and riding as rapidly as the darkness and nature of the ground well permitted—and these in fact presented greater impediments to their speed than the hunter, who had never traversed the country on horse-back before, had imagined—Carper and the little Quakeress came, a little after dawn, upon that large glade which modern travel first strikes in the route from Romney to Clarksburg. No traces of the Lost River hunters appeared. The Indian party, Carper supposed, were at a safe distance in the west. The fine rivulet of the Youheganey, recently sprung from its fountains, had been just crossed. He drew up his horse for a few minutes and meditated his future course. It seemed to

him best to ride north to the residence of William Crawford. The house of this widely known person was in fact a fort, and his family, and the laborers in his employment, made up a force amply sufficiently to prevent even an attempt of so small a party of Indians against it. Leaving Nelly at Crawford's he would return with all who were willing to assist him, pursue the Indians, and eventually recover the stolen horse and goods left on Blackwater Run, and see to a decent disposition of the remains of the murdered boy. The Lost River hunters might be up in time to join with Crawford's men in the pursuit of the Indians. These views and purposes passed swiftly through his mind, and he lifted his horse's head to ride northward. Nell, at this moment, drew her arm tightly around his waist, and exclaimed in a husky voice—

"Look—look!"

Her finger pointed westward. Carper instantly saw several mounted Indians dashing out from the wood that made the western boundary of the glade. They were coming at full speed directly toward him. Here was cause of speedy flight, and that too in the direction of Crawford's, where safety might, with a few hours of hard riding, be obtained—not in the direction of home, over a series of wild uninhabited mountains. He struck the black horse with his heels, shouted to him, and instead of riding directly away from his enemies, took a line across their course—Sharpnose running gallantly at his side. As he did so the Indians also turned as quickly as their speed would let them, and pursuers and pursued rode fast toward one point, an opening at the wood at the northern end of the glade. Carper's selection of this course of flight reduced the advantage which he had, at first, in the start; but he was still nearer, by more than two hundred yards, to the outlet, than his enemies.

"This comes," muttered the hunter, lifting his rifle angrily and urging his horse to full speed, "this comes of missing that whelp of the devil—missing a fair shot. I might have known that the rascal would dog us in the dark, and, after finding the course we took, be off on his long legs to bring the whole gang down on us. Nelly I must run more than is agreeable—to save not only myself but you. When running no longer answers, I must die game. It wont do for a man to give up and cry like a woman. If it comes to the worst, submit yourself quietly and trust to Providence, and the friends who must be coming on from home."

"Look," he said a moment after—"you sit in a way to see them well. How are they coming on?"

"One rides first on a horse that runs as fast as a bird flies. Two others ride much behind. Some are coming on far back on foot."

"Is the foremost man Girty?"

"No; he is much greater in size. Thee will scarcely outstrip the first rider. He gains upon us.

John Carper, thee has fallen into ruin to save me. If thee dies I will die also."

Carper, fairly screaming to his horse, and striking him with both heels, drove on furiously to the outlet. He reached it nearly two hundred yards in advance of the first horseman of the enemy. The two behind, badly mounted, were a quarter of a mile in the rear, and still losing ground. If Carper could continue his pace, he had but one enemy to fear. A mile onward from the beginning of the outlet, after passing for that distance between thickets which occasionally met in his way, he gained a second glade. The earth here was wet and he turned a little to the right to gain firmer ground, and, in doing so, interposed a part of the thicket and wood between him and his pursuers. As he turned, a neigh was heard from behind. It came from the mouth of the leading Indian and not from his horse; it was a trick to arrest the speed of the stallion. It was successful. The black horse threw up his heels.

"Nelly, sit back, if you can," said Carper piteously. He was on the withers of his steed; the Quakeress had followed his forward motion. A second neigh—the black horse threw his heels yet higher into the air.

"Nel, if you can't sit back, we are gone." Carper had risen from the withers to the neck. Clinging to the mane, his rifle crossing the crest, Nelly fast locked about his waist, the young hunter, never very graceful or expert as a horseman, made anything but a gallant and heroic figure. A third toss of the brute's heels completed the work; the hunter was pitched some feet forward and struck the soft glade, with his Quakeress safe at his back. Her plump little person bounced off and rolled unhurt upon the grass. Sharpnose barked and snapped at the black's heels in revenge. Carper was almost instantly upon his feet—rifle in hand. The leading Indian dashed out of the narrow pass between the thickets. It was Tobe's murderer, with the eagle-plume and bar sinister of white paint. Carper fired and tumbled the warrior from his horse's back. It was one of those great shots which only the best of our riflemen, accustomed to strike a buck in his bound, can make. The Indian fell with the reins in his hands; he struggled in vain to rise; his horse pulled a little and then stood still, panting from the race. The black, making a gallant round, with crest lifted and tail streaming, thundered up to the strange horse and dying man. He yerked his heels in a hostile manner at the latter, but seemed to claim friendship with the animal of his own kind. Carper, without staying to load his rifle, approached his enemy, dragging Nelly, whom the fall had somewhat bewildered, after him; drove the black off with a blow, seized the reins of the strange horse, mounted, drew the stupified girl up behind him, and resumed his flight.

"This is a good tame brute and a fast," he said as he urged the new horse to his speed; "only he is too low for my legs, and if he sinks at all in the mud will be apt to run from under me."

He had not ridden a minute, when he heard firing in the great glade in which the chase had begun. The shots were numerous. He drew up. On a current of the light wind came the shouts of men and other noises, which assured him that rescue had arrived and a battle, or new chase, begun. He was not long in putting this past doubt; and Nelly, within half an hour of her fall from the terrible black, was safe amongst her Lost River friends. They greeted her presence with shouts and every extravagant demonstration of joy. The flower of the Lost River maidens was well beloved, and would have been sorely missed if rescue had never overtaken her.

The newly arrived party had come within view of the great glade as the chase was going on; had attacked the Indians as soon as possible; had killed two or three of their number and driven the rest off. Girty was not among the killed. A part of the white force was still in pursuit, having pressed on so far as to be out of sight when the hunter and Nelly joined those least advanced. This pursuit Carper determined to join with ulterior views. He would press it at least to the banks of Cheat River; examine into the condition of things at Ridgway's settlement—from which the horses, recently in the possession of the Indians, must have been taken;—and, afterward, return to Lost River by the southern route, in order to bury the boy Tobe, and regain the horse and goods left on the banks of Blackwater Run. As for the black stallion, he sent a hunter after him, vowing never himself to mount him again in any extremity.

Nelly's return was to be begun without delay—except of a few hours for rest and refreshment. Four safe hunters, detached from the party, were to conduct her back, carrying her behind them on horseback, by turns, by the direct route to Lost River.

Carper bade her an affectionate farewell, and the lovers parted in the glade.

CHAPTER VII.

The reader will please go back with me to the house of Joshua Blake. He will suppose the little Quakeress to have been restored to her uncle, and all parties to have returned from the pursuit which had resulted so fortunately to her. A great fire was burning in the kitchen hearth and casting its light through the windows upon the fruit trees and out-houses, which were beginning to darken in the twilight of a pleasant evening. Joshua had a crowd of guests about him, William Mace and his five grown sons being of the number. Vanslaken, the Dutchman, was present from the valley of the

South Branch. He had escaped massacre, having received timely notice, from a cow-boy, of the approach of the Indians, and had sustained no eventual loss, his horses and goods being returned to him. He had been more fortunate than Daniel Ridgway, of Cheat River; the Lost River party had found that poor man dead in his door-way.

At the moment of time at which I resume my narrative, John Carper, who had returned the day before, was endeavoring to draw Joshua Blake aside, for greater privacy in the conversation which he wished to hold with him.

"It is not necessary, friend John," said the Quaker, "that thee should speak with me privately. The company is friendly, and thee and me may speak out."

"Well, then," said the hunter, no little annoyed that so many persons should be made to hear so delicate a demand as that for the hand of his mistress—"well, then, I saved Nelly from the Indians, Mr. Blake, and she is now safe and well."

"I am grateful to thee, friend John, for the manly services which thee has rendered the child, also for the redeeming of the money. Thee shall surely have a just proportion for thy services; to be computed at a time when we are at greater leisure."

I must mention here, that the bag of dollars had been found amongst the bundles, left by the Indians on Blackwater run, and brought safely back to the Quaker.

"It is not of the money that I want to speak to you," said Carper: "in fact, I give up my part. But you gave me your written obligation, that if I brought Nelly back, I should have her for my wife. I want to know when we shall be married." As he spoke, he pulled the paper, which Joshua Blake had signed, from his pocket.

"If thee will read that paper, friend," said Joshua, "I will do as, on clear understanding, I find that I have promised."

Carper read the paper in the midst of a crowd of grave faces, which were turned up with looks of inquiry and interest. With some bashfulness, but a great deal of dogged resolution—for driven as he was to a public demand of what he considered his right, his courage came to his aid, and he determined to hold his ground stubbornly—he decyphered and read, in a loud tone, the bond, which he felt was conclusive.

"Whereas Joshua Blake and John Carper are wishing to get back my dear Ellen Blake from the felonious Indians, into whose blood-thirsty hands she is fallen, and whereas John Carper mistrusts in my mind, the said Joshua Blake of a promise he has made of Ellen to me for a wife, if I bring her back; now the said Joshua Blake binds himself and his heirs to said John Carper, to give my dear Nelly Blake to said John Carper for a wife."

"What do you say to that?" said the reader triumphantly.

"I say I will do by thee, as I am bound to do. Thee shall certainly marry the girl, if thee has won her own consent."

The hunter seized the Quaker's hand in rough ecstasy. "Well, that is downright dealing!" he exclaimed. "Your drab is true blue after all. When shall we have the wedding?"

"Well, that is another matter," answered Joshua, with an extremely innocent look and tone. "The child is young, at present. Thee must wait some three years, at which time she will be of a more marriageable age."

The hunter was utterly confounded. He stood before the Quaker with mouth and eyes wide open—the paper held at half-arm's length.

"Why," stammered he, "in three years, Nelly will be twenty-one, and then I wont want your consent. Do you mean to break your bond?"

"If thee will inspect the obligation, thee will find that no mention is made of the *time* at which thee and Ellen shall marry. Thee, in thy doubt of me, has overreached thyself. If thee had trusted to my bare word, thee should presently have married the girl. But thee took, instead of it, the bond, and by the bond thee must abide."

Carper looked again at the paper. His hand shook and his jaws were clamped together, whilst a flush of passion began to mount to his forehead.

"Do you mean to say," he at last quietly asked, "that you will take advantage of my not putting the time in the paper, and break the bargain as it must have been understood between us? Do you mean to say that?"

"Thee must not get into a heat on the subject," answered Joshua, who observed the hunter's rising colour, and construed the quiet of his manner aright. "Whether thee shall presently marry Nelly, or wait three years, depends upon additional matters. I have spoken thee publicly on this subject, because two or three of the friends here present know concerning it and are ready to advise thee forcibly into courses, which will give thee Nelly at once. If thee expects to be obliged, thee must thyself oblige."

The Quaker then proceeded to inform Carper of the meditated tory rising; that this rising would take place in a few days; that if he lent himself to their cause, to which they were anxious to bind him, as an able soldier and a man of influence with the young hunters of the region, he should be captain of a company, and, even before setting out for service in the lower country, marry Nelly Blake. These declarations and persuasions were strengthened by occasional words from the elders of the company; who, it seemed pretty clear, had put Joshua upon this plan of using his rightful power over his niece, to induce the young hunter to lend

himself to their views. Carper, after hearing the whole, answered—

"You have your opinions, and I have mine. If you think it right to take the British side in the war, take it and stand up to the consequences; that is part of the business. I was at Saratoga, and elsewhere, with General Morgan, and it is likely that, having talked with more men, I know more of what our duty is than you; but whether I do or not, it is certain that, believing as I do, if I were to join your party, I should be an infernal rascal. Now I tell you three things: I *will* marry Nelly Blake in a very short time—I will *not* join your d—d insurrection—lastly, I *will* start for Winchester, to-night, to let General Morgan know what you are doing."

Saying these words, the hunter called loudly to Nelly, and she came to his call.

"Good bye, Nel," he said. "Broadbrim has cheated me in the transaction which we had about you. Don't mind it. We must take care of ourselves. I will see you again in a day or two."

He turned to the door, leaving the Quakeress embarrassed by the crowd and greatly distressed.

The elder Mace had exchanged whispers with his sons. As Carper stooped in the door-way, five strong men threw themselves from behind in a crowd upon him. After a fierce resistance, he was thrown down and disarmed. A consultation was held amongst the elders. The result of it was that the disarmed hunter was dragged, with his hands securely tied behind him, to the smoke-house, a strong building of heavy logs, and there locked up. This was quickly done, and just before the thick door, studded with wrought nails, closed upon him, he heard Joshua Blake say—

"This is distressing enough, friend John; but thee has threatened to endanger our safety. I think thee will hardly journey so far as Winchester to-night."

The hunter's answer was a most energetic, but useless oath.

It was near day-break. The house of the Quaker, still crowded with its company, had long been silent. Nelly Blake stood at the door of the smoke-house.

"John!" she called in a low voice.

"Nelly—is it you? God bless you. I thought you would be here some time or other."

As the girl received this answer, conveyed, as her own speech had been, through the key-hole, honest Sharpnose came around the house and gave her a cordial salutation. Carper whistled and the dog went back.

"He is digging me out," said the hunter. "But perhaps you have the key."

"No," said Nelly, "I have not. Uncle Blake took care that I should not get it. He knew that thee would not stay long if I got the key. Ah,

John, thee has been poorly repaid for thy kindness to me. But thee is in no personal danger."

"Nelly, your friends are at open war with me now. Will you be true to me?"

"Surely thee need not ask that. Yes, thee will find me true to thee in all things, now and forever."

"I believe you, Nel. As soon as possible you must run away with me."

"Hush, John," said the Quakeress, "I hear a noise in the distance."

"What is it?"

"The noise of horses coming at a trot up the river."

"Listen well and tell me what you hear."

"They come more quietly. The trot is now a walk."

"Look out; probably they are in sight."

The Quakeress, stepping to a point of advantage, used her keen eyes, and then returning to the door, whispered—

"It is a great number of men upon horses. Some are coming, by the road, to the house; and some are moving around under the shade of the mountain. I must get back."

The girl scampered off, looking like a ghost, in her white night-dress, and crept by an open window into her closet. She had scarcely done so, when Sharpnose, drawing his head from the hole, which he had been burrowing under the foundations of his master's prison, snuffed the dirt from his nostrils, gave a leap outward and barked furiously. The rush of shouting horsemen immediately followed. It was the force sent under Morgan to suppress this foolish tory movement in the valley of Lost River. News of such a movement had reached the lowlands some days before, and now the rough hero was present to deal with it.

By sunrise a scene of great confusion had closed at the house of Joshua Blake. His friends had been seized and were in the hands of the great captain of the Cowpens. One of the Maces had been needlessly shot. Morgan's bugler killed him. With this exception no blood was shed. As the hubbub subsided, thumps, kicks and shouts were heard in the direction of the smoke-house. Carper was presently led out, and came forward, with his hands still bound behind him, and with the most extraordinary mask of red dirt thick upon him from the top of his head to his shoulders. He had been attempting to force himself through the opening made by Sharpnose.

"Who the devil, are you?" said Morgan, as the hunter approached. "Untie the man, and let him wash his face."

Carper, no little mortified at his uncouth appearance, contained himself before so important a person, until, his bonds being cut, he had used his freedom to cleanse his face of its disguise.

"Why, my brave fellow, I know you now.

Eh! How do you do, Jack! What's the matter?"

Carper began to tell his story.

"Take a little grog to wash the mud out of your mouth," interposed the great man, handing him a gourd of whiskey-and-water.

The hunter's story was at last told. Morgan called up Joshua Blake—swore at him for ten minutes,—and then said:

"I know Jack Carper very well. He is a stout, respectable young man. I have seen him do good fighting. There is no law for making you give us a wedding to-night; but if you don't, I will tie you to my horse's tail, and lead you back to Winchester, for this bit of tory business. Do you hear?"

Joshua Blake did hear, and, after an interval of quiet stubbornness, consented. A messenger was sent in haste to Morefield for the parson. Morgan continued his route up Lost River, effectually exterminated the misjudged insurrection; seized a Scotchman by the name of Claypole, who was supposed to have been the originator of it, and before sunset had returned to Blake's house. The parson came in due season. Nelly Blake, "with a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye," gave her hand to John Carper. If the reader wishes to know more of this wedding, at which so famous a man as General Morgan danced, drank whiskey, and swore uproariously, he may learn it in the right pleasant chapters which Doddridge—full of graphic power—has given us, descriptive of the merry-makings which border fashion made customary on such occasions. I steal away from so boisterous a wedding.

* * * *

A year had elapsed from the day of the wedding. The groom had taken his wife home, received her three hundred pounds, increased the size and comfort of his house, bought cattle to sell again at a profit, and was, in country parlance, doing very well. It was near sunset of a May day. Carper and a laborer in his employment, named John Hogeland, had gone up amongst the mountain spurs, to look after their wolf-traps—each carrying with him his rifle, after the frontier custom. Nelly Carper sat in a wicker chair, near the door-way of her house. Her uncle, Joshua Blake, sat near her, making awkward efforts to hold, without damage to its tender person, a child of two or three months, which promised to become a pet of the softened old man. Nelly was laughing, with a gay face and light heart, at the unpractised Quaker's extraordinary motions. Sharpnose, just a little watching the glee of his mistress, lay basking in the evening sun. Breaking in upon the cheerfulness of this scene, came John Carper, with a hurried step and face somewhat pale. To the looks of inquiry, with which his wife received him, he answered—

"Jack Hogeland has killed Girty."

After a few moments, during which his wife and the Quaker remained silent, and in that awed expectancy with which we await the story of a death, he proceeded to a detail of the circumstances. The substance of his account was as follows. He and Hogeland were coming in from the hills, but had turned from their direct course to find, and drive in, the milch cows. Going up a green hollow, shaded with wild poplars and papaws, they heard the ringing of a cow bell. At first they held on their way in the direction of the sound, but on a repetition of it, came to a stand. The bell sounded as if it was *swinging*, and not in the tremulous tinkle commonly made by the motion of the feeding animal. Carper proposed to his companion that they should go over a hill, and, making a turn, come in at the upper end of the hollow. While they were doing this, they heard the bell ringing, at intervals, in the same strange manner. They reached the upper end of the hollow, and crept on under the papaws, Carper giving the lead to his comrade. They had moved on a short distance in this way, when Hogeland saw a man, in the dress of an Indian, squatting as if to hide himself, and swinging a slim papaw, to which he had tied a cow bell. Beckoning to Carper to keep back, Hogeland crawled to a stump, fired and shot the bell-ringer through the head. "We went up," said Carper, "and found that it was Girty. He had killed the cow and was, no doubt, ringing the bell to bring me out, that he might do by me as Hogeland has done by him. I am sorry that the boy should have come to this end, and glad that it was Jack and not myself that shot him; for I do not like killing a man in that still way, in cold blood; and besides, although he carried you off, Nelly, he was decently civil and attentive to you in the wilderness." Here Carper kissed his wife.

"I am truly glad with thee, John, that thee did not kill the boy," said Nelly sadly. "Too much blood is not good for the conscience, and the poor youth was misguided."

Her husband continued—"Hogeland is with the body; Mr. Blake and myself must ride up the river, get some of the neighbors and go back to dispose of it. No Indians, I am sure, came with the boy this time."

Joshua, buttoning his coat to be gone, said:—"Thee has a cow the less, but I will replace it."

Carper added—"And an enemy the less."

"I hope," said Nelly, "that thee has not another left in the world."

In the bull of the canonization of Ignatius Loyola, 1623, Luther is called "*monstrum teterrimum, et detestabilis pestis.*"

LINES

Written impromptu on seeing the picture of Washington's villa, at Mount Vernon. By Rev. Wm. Jay, Bath, England.

The following lines were sent to us for publication by a very distinguished divine of our own State. We think we have seen them in print somewhere before, but even if this be so, their poetical beauty well warrants their reappearance. Such a tribute of admiration for the majestic character of Washington, from a Briton, will be pleasing to every American. The Rev. Wm. Jay is well known as its author of "Jay's Exercises."—ED. MESS.

There dwelt the man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.
There dwelt the soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in the righteous cause, to Freedom true.
There dwelt the hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsel from an upright heart.
And O, Columbia! by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the father of the realms he blessed,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise,
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

FISHES.

If we were obliged to assume any other shape in animated nature, than that which has settled into the form of humanity, we should of all things prefer to be a fish; not because they get on so swimmingly, but that we might escape that most odious phrase used so much by Englishmen of being "beastly." In choosing our class or species, we own there would be some difficulty, for we are not altogether familiar with their "household Gods" and whether to become a "Hydragas," a sea-serpent, (off Nantucket of course,) or a Leviathan, to run a race with Shakspeare's Puck, we are not Jonah enough to determine. Poets have sung of their desire to be butterflies, and ours to become a fish, is quite as reasonable, and as near, we imagine, the bounds of its fulfilment. Fancy being "so very like a whale," as to keep constantly "spouting," and so closely resembling a "sucker" as to set at naught the invincible principles of tee-totalism. And then what lives they lead; up all night drinking, with no watchmen, to insert their hooks in their gills, and no "fish stories" in the morning papers. We should consent to be an Eel by no manner of means, they are always slippery fellows and are often indulged in *spear* mint; besides, they live in mud and in that particular, the inhabitants of our large cities sufficiently resemble them already. A Shark is too

much of a Cannibal for our liking, and there are "land sharks" whose acquaintance we can cultivate if the fancy takes us. Jonah's trip to Whales made him "blubber," it is said, and, by this time, the man-to-chaw monster, is himself

"Grease, but living Grease no more."

We have been, from a child, fond of learning, and that may in some measure account for the singularity of our taste, in preferring to be a fish, for they are seldom out of "*schools*." In the event of the wish being gratified, what a rare chance would be afforded for seeing a real Mermaid, none of your "Fugees" or Fudgees, but a real *bona-fide* sea nymph, such as

"Sit on rock and muse o'er flood and fell,"

while combing their long green hair; but we pledge ourselves beforehand, never to interrupt the peace of their families, no matter how coquettish their manners.

There are shell-fish too, in whose society we might occasionally mingle:—their domestic relations are sometimes cited as models for families, and the proverb of being as "happy as a clam" is familiar to every one. Oysters are too prone to get into a "stew," besides, they lie in beds, get "crossed in love" and are guilty of many other misdemeanors, not entirely consistent with republican institutions. The Turbot is the alderman of his tribe, his affluent capaciousness of body and dainty habits, evidently fit him for the "united support of his constituents." Think of his election dinner and the cards of invitation. Mr. and Mrs. Turbot's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Haddock and request the pleasure, etc. Then the toasts, speeches and *fin* (?) funny stories, all ending with Haddock's swimming home with his wife at a late hour, and a curtain lecture from Mrs. Turbot. Mr. and Mrs. *Place* were of the party, and went home with *Skates*. The matter of founding an *Eelemosynary* institution for the benefit of decayed soles, was warmly discussed at this re-union. Resolutions expressive of each one's approbation of Dr. Johnson's definition of the Angler—i. e. "a rod with a fool at one end and a worm at the other"—were unitedly agreed upon before the party separated. All similar games of luck and chance, either by "*hook* or *crook*," were denounced and condemned. The Whale was declared to be the "king of fish" and each one was cautioned to beware of "Whalemen," for though they are usually callow birds, the inference is certain that they are King Fishers.

All are familiar, who are at all "curious in fish sauce," with the story of Le Grand Vatel and the French Monarch. The story is piquantly set off by Madame Sevigne and the version is thus rendered by an accomplished and *quaint* writer.

"Vatel lived in the time of Louis XIV., when flourished every thing that could quicken appetite,

and excite desire. Poor man—he did not see the end of it!

“He had gone to Chantilly, to prepare a fête. The king arrived; the supper was served. By some mistake two tables were without roasts. My honor is ruined, said he. Fortunately the table of the king was served. This restored courage to poor Vatel. Still for twelve nights he did not sleep. He told his friend Gourville and Gourville told the Prince. The Prince came to console Vatel; ‘nothing could be finer,’ said his highness.

“‘Monseigneur,’ replied Vatel, ‘your goodness overpowers me; but I know very well, that two of the tables were without roasts.’

“A royal breakfast was to be served towards the close of the fête. Vatel was all anxiety. He had ordered the choicest dishes of the kingdom.

“The morning came and Vatel was up at four. All were asleep; no one was stirring, except one fish-dealer, who brought two small parcels of *Marée*.

“‘Is this all,’ said Vatel.

“‘Yes sir,’ said the man;—not knowing that orders had been sent to every port along the coast.

“Vatel sought his friend. ‘Gourville,’ said he, ‘*mon ami*, I shall never survive this.’

“‘Pooh,’ said Gourville.

“Vatel went to his chamber, and placing his sword against the door, pushed it through his body, and fell upon the floor.

“La *Marée* arrives. They search for Vatel; they go to his chamber; they knock—there is no answer; they break open the door. They find him bathed in blood, and stone dead.

“‘Pauvre Vatel!’ said the Prince.”

Pauvre Vatel say we—he died a martyr to the cause of fish. What devotedness!

“Think of them, eat of them, then if you can.”

Sir John Hawkins in his comments upon Walton, says, “Fishing for Barbel is at best but a dull recreation—they are a sullen fish, and bite but slowly. The angler drops in his bait—the bullet at the bottom of the line fixes it to one spot of the river. Tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and exercising the patience of a setting dog, waits till he sees the top of his rod move; then begins a struggle between him and the fish, which *he* calls his sport and that being over, he lands his prize, fresh baits his hook, and lays it in for another.”

As dull as Sir John seems to make out this, which *we* do call sport, the anecdote he gives immediately after the above passage, exhibits the feelings of an inveterate angler in a somewhat striking point of view.

“Living,” says he, “some years ago in a village, on the banks of the Thames, I was used in the summer months to be much on the river. It chanced that at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman

in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations, for Barbel. After a few salutations had been passed between us, and we had become a little acquainted, I took occasion to inquire what diversion he had met with.

“‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I have had bad luck to-day, for I fish for Barbel, which, you know, are not to be caught like gudgeons.’

“‘It is very true,’ answered I, ‘but what you want in tale I suppose you make up in weight.’

“‘Why Sir,’ said he, ‘that is just what happens; it is true I like the sport, and love to catch fish, but my *great delight is going after them*. I am a man in years, and have used the sea all my life, (he had been an India captain,) but I mean to go no more. I have bought that house which you see there, (pointing to it,) for the sake of fishing. I get into my boat on Monday morning and fish on till Saturday night for Barbel, as I told you, for that is my delight; and this I have done for a month together, and in all that time, I have had but one bite.’” A victim of misplaced confidence indeed!

Before we quit this subject, as regards either sport generally, or barbelism particularly, let us just look at the remarks of Sir John, upon the attested Calendar, sent to the Catcher to Mr. Bartholomew Lome, in Drury Lane, February 24th, 1766, in which he distinctly registers the fact, that “from the year 1753, to the year 1763, being the result of ten years, one month and five days angling, he had ‘given to the public,’ i. e. caught, forty-seven thousand, one hundred and twenty fish.”

Whereupon, Sir John—and we give it as a set-off to the patient endurance of the maritime barbel-fisher at Shepperton—says, “If I had had the honor of an acquaintance with this keen and laborious sportsman, I might possibly, at times, have checked him in the ardor of his pursuit, by reminding him of that excellent maxim, ‘*ne quid nimis*,’—nothing too much. The pleasure of angling consists not so much in the number of fish we catch, as in the exercise of our art, the gratification of our hopes, and the reward of our skill and ingenuity. Were it possible for an angler to be sure of every cast of his fly, so that for six hours his hook should never come home without a fish on it, angling would be no more a recreation than the sawing of stone or the pumping of water.” This is perfectly true—the excitement depends upon the uncertainty. One word more as to Barbel:—In the Quarterly Review, No. 133, under the head of “Angling,” we are introduced to a certain Dame Juliana, (a sister, it is supposed, to Richard Lord Berners, of Essex,) who became Prioress of Sopewell in the year 1460.

“The barbyll is a sweete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a perylous for mannys body. For, comynly, he giveth an introduxion to the febres: and yf he be eaten rawe—hear it not Comus—he

may be cause of mannys dethe wyche hath oft be seen."

The reviewer goes on to say, "That the raw Barbel *ought* to cause the death of any civilized, unfeathered two legged animal, all cooks will allow; that such an event should have been frequent, can only be accounted for by the delightful state of unsophisticated nature, which prevailed in the fifteenth century."

Here is a stray fancy from the worthy Cotton :

"The angler is free
From the cares that Degree,
Finds itself with so often tormented;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred a day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented."

This is a joyous, free, and in the main, a faithful picture of that amusement which over-wise people are apt to underrate and contemn. Some one touchingly says, "there is a calm repose mingled with constant interest in the sport, most soothing and most delightful to those who, worried with business, hurried by engagements, are doomed to the noise and bustle of great cities, and the senseless din of what is called society. The quietude of the beautiful stream—the freshness of the air—the fragrance of the flowers—the music of the birds, form a combination invaluable to him whose head is over-worked, and whose heart is not at ease. It yields a balm, which those alone who have tasted it, can appreciate."

Some speculation has been expended upon the inquiry, why a fish which lives in a salt element should be fresh? The good Isaac Walton would pronounce this mere *carping*, and very properly. Such theorists should be taken *cum grano salis* for the *salt* of their wit is any thing but Attic. The "complete angler" would answer him in one of his melodious snatches thus :

"I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind to please;
Whose sweet, calm course I contemplate
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep
And for my past offences weep:"—

content with the "small fry" of his own happy England, whose fresh waters furnish an abundant and harmless pastime; where the angler in cheerful solitude fears not the coiled snake or the lurking crocodile. But let him speak:—"To some friendly cottage we can stroll with our day's spoils, where the landlady is good, and the daughter innocent and beautiful; where the room is cleanly, with lavender in the sheets, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall! Where we can enjoy the company of a talkative brother sportsman, have his trouts dressed for supper, tell tales, sing old tunes, or make a catch! There he can talk about

the wonders of nature with learned admiration, or find some harmless sport to content him, and pass away the time without offence to God or man."

"Away then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave our sorrows behind us;
If Miss Fortune should come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us."

One of the best piscatory puns on record, was perpetrated by Finn the actor. Playing with a well-known and popular actress by the name of Herring, a scene occurs in which he asks her hand;—adding at the same time that "nothing was more natural than a fin to be attached to a herring."

The God fish is a native of China, where they go by the name of Kin Yu, and are highly esteemed. The most beautiful kinds are taken in a lake at the foot of a mountain, called Tsyen King. They were first introduced into England about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 30 years afterward. The training of these scaly celestials is perfectly astonishing. When kept in pools they are taught to rise on the surface of the water by a sound of a bell, to be fed.

The paper and pearl Nautilus, are among the most curious and interesting of the shell fish. The Argonaut is six or eight inches in length, and but little thicker or stronger than paper—it is found in the Mediterranean sea and the Indian ocean. This is the famous Nautilus of the ancients, to whom it is supposed to have furnished the idea of navigation, as the poet sings—

"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale."

When it means to sail, it discharges a quantity of water from its shell, by which it is rendered lighter than the surrounding fluid, and of course rises to the surface. Here it extends upwards two of its arms, each of which is furnished at the extremity with an oval membrane, that serves as a sail, the other six arms hang over the sides of the shell and supply the use of oars and a rudder.

"Two feet they upward rise and steady keep;
These are the masts and rigging of the ship,
A membrane stretched between supplies the sail,
Bends from the mast, and swells before the gale.
The other feet hang paddling on each side
And serve for oars to row and helm to guide.
'Tis thus they sail pleased with the wanton game
The fish, the sailor, and the ship the same,
And when the swimmers dread some danger near,
The sportive pleasure yields to stronger fear;
The rolling waves, their sinking shells o'erflow
And dash them down again to sands below."

In some places when the sea is calm, great numbers may be seen diverting themselves by sailing

about in this manner; but as soon as the storm rises, or any thing gives them disturbance, they retract their arms, take in as much water as renders them heavier than that in which they swim, and sink to the bottom. The striking characteristic of the Pearl Nautilus, is the extraordinary structure of the internal part, which is formed into thinly or partly separate chambers, each communicating with the rest, by a small tubular hole near the centre.

How vividly the spirit of old times comes back upon us, when we recall the reminiscences of our fishing days; with a hoop-pole for a rod and a crooked pin for a hook, we sallied forth. How cautiously we peeped over the bank and watched with intense anxiety for a sight of the monster minnows that were to give us a bite. Good gracious! what a twitch we gave when he nibbled. The hoop-pole parted in the middle and while one-half went floating down the current, fish, line and all, we went sprawling on our back, flourishing our legs in the air with the other. With manhood came a more rational mode of "enlisting in the line," and there are places to which we can now repair, that have become pictures in memory's gallery. Away from the homes of men we strolled, prompted by a desire to be alone with Nature in her sternest and serenest moods,—fishing afforded an excuse for this. One favorite haunt was a mountain, whose summit holds sparkling up a silver lake, set in a frame work of summer's green and autumn's gold, the brightest mirror in which the sky above ever reflected the changes of its smiles or frowns. A birch canoe drifts upon its bosom, the willing companion of the winds, that floating by just dimpled its crystal surface, and then go wailing down the sunless glen in many a mournful syllable, repeating the last low dirges of the dying year. Our old friend, the swallow, which we have watched for hours together, has dipped his rapid wing there unmolested, and while his shadow crept along thy bosom like a living thing, he has dropped down as if to kiss it in the flood and then away again into the bosom of the sky: but he has had his rollicking all to himself; this season we have sown our seeds of care and thought in other places. When will the harvest come? Amid such scenes as these the soul has often drunk from the selectest fountains of peace and the heart been taught other lessons than those which prompt us to destroy life in any shape or form,—there the silvery perch and timid trout have wasted all their wariness; our tackle has never profaned their pure and placid world,

"Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

There are many mysteries buried in "thy sounding halls, thou lord of Ocean" worth a fish's curiosity to unravel. Could any one of the finny dwellers in his watery home speak with "miraculous organ"

of the fate of the "President," how should we bless his utterance! How many hearts would thrill to know the worst! Of these and many more, sucked down thy mighty maw amidst roaring winds fanned for destruction from the gentlest breeze that ever wooed from out thy hollow caves; that howling spirit set up in strife with the waves, over whose hissing tops despair's long shriek is rung in the ear of death and silenced by the Almighty's judgment. Of others, too, whose history is forever locked in thy azure world, they are witnesses. He who felt the blessed breath of home on his lips, (home which he never saw again,) and with swelling heart strained his weary eyes for the first sight of land, has gone down a ghastly dweller in thy sunless realm. Erect and tall with eyes turned up towards the sky, the form life could not bury, thy parted waters has given up again, to teach man his feebleness and death its might. Wherever roll thy restless waves plunging in Norland seas, "drifting in the bright Azores," sweeping round Southern isles or climbing the giant remnants of a runic world; thou art still the same vast emblem of the human heart, in whose swift currents glide storms that shake the Universe. "Boundless, endless and sublime," the upper deep lights with its mysterious fires thy world at night and both are mirrors in each other's face. When the world was deluged, the sky let down its flood to swell thy wrath, and both became the workers of God's awful vengeance. As one ceased, the other fled back, and a pure and perfect world "in the smile of God awoke."

It is generally asserted and believed, that in every portion of the animal world, the lowest tribes are inhabitants of water. To exist on the land requires a more perfect organization, a greater intelligence, a more considerable share of strength and activity. This is the case with the finny tribes. Inhabitants of a dense element, easily supported in any altitude, but feeble limbs are required to guide their path along the deep. It is also supposed that their sense is imperfect—the sense of touch cannot be perfect in an animal clad in an armor of scales. Can taste exist? If so, how blunted in an animal feeding as they do. Floating in an element often dense and muddy, through which the light can scarcely dart a single ray, the power of sight is of necessity feeble. Dwellers in the realms of eternal silence; entombed in the unfathomable depths of the ocean where no sound can penetrate—the voice of the storm find no echo, the sense of hearing is but little needed. Yet they live, they enjoy life and suffer pain; they scull themselves along the stream, in vast migratory tribes, from the bottom of the Arctic ocean, they hold on their way along the coasts of British Islands, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, until they gather in a mighty convention on the coast of our virgin world. Electrical fishes present the most remarkable phenomenon, which nature in her wonderful divisions

and harmonies has observed. The largest and most powerful of these live within the torrid zone. The Mediterranean contains four species of electrical torpedoes, but the shocks which they communicate cannot be compared in violence to those of the Gymnoti, which inhabit the rivers and stagnant pools of South America. It is related that some years ago it became necessary to change the direction of a road from Urituca, in consequence of the mules of burden lost in fording a river in which large quantities of these creatures were found. The temperature of the water in which they habitually live, is from 78° to 80°; their electric force is said to diminish in proportion to the decrease in the heat of the water. The Torpedo is regarded as an animal formidable and dangerous, but the manner of its operating is to this hour a mystery. To all appearance, it is furnished with no powers; it has no muscles formed for particular exertions, that perceptibly differ from the rest of its kind; yet such is the unaccountable power it possesses, that the instant it is touched, it benumbs not only the hand and arm, but the whole body. Handling it, says Kempfer, is accompanied with an universal tremor, a sickness of the stomach, and a total suspension of the faculties of the mind.

Goldsmith, in his "Animated Nature," in speaking of divers who have explored the depths of the ocean, relates the following wonderful circumstances. "Of all those divers," he says, "who have brought us information from the bottom of the deep, the famous Nicola Pesce, whose performances are told us by Kircher, is the most celebrated." Kircher's account purports to have been taken from the archives of the Kings of Sicily. True or false, it may serve to lighten the mind and amuse the reader. "In the times of Frederick, King of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicholas, and who for his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man had, from his infancy, been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea, brought it to be at last almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any food, but the fish which he caught there and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily to Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the King. Some mariners out at sea, one day observed something at some distance from land, which proved to be Nicholas; he showed them a packet of letters which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag. They took him into their ship, and he kept them company some time on their voyage, conversing and asking questions; and after eating a hearty meal, jumped into the sea and pursued his voyage. In order to aid these powers of

enduring the deep, Nature seems to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner, for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in at one inspiration as much breath as would endure a whole day.

"An account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the King himself; who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicholas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find him, for his time was mostly spent in the bosom of the deep, but at last, after much searching, he was found. The King ordered a golden cup to be thrown into the gulf of Charybdis; conceiving it would be a proper opportunity to test his powers. The diver, though not insensible to the danger of the whirlpool, remonstrated at first, but actuated with the hopes of the reward and a desire to please the King, jumped into the gulf and was swallowed up. He continued three quarters of an hour below and at last appeared holding the cup in one hand and buffeting the waves with the other. When requested to give an account of his voyage, he described the dangers as far greater than he anticipated. The water bursting up from the gulf made it dreadful even for the fishes. The abruptness of the rocks on every side threatened destruction, and the force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks made it appalling. The account, however, did not satisfy the King; he was induced to repeat his voyage, to make farther discoveries, and was never seen more."

How much there is in the "vasty deep" yet to be explored and set forth; of the manners, customs, habits, affinities of the mighty family, of which we at present know nothing, except their mere classification. An Audubon of Ichthyology may yet appear, in whose suggestion and illustration we may recognize the same presiding power manifested in the great artist's work on the choired minstrels of the air. The beauty and harmony of the wonders of the deep, are clothed in hues and forms which the human imagination can scarcely grasp, and it is not unnatural to presume that some poet of the seas may yet solemnize and adorn her multiplied perfections. Nature, or the God of Nature, is forever unfolding her simple round of action and maintaining her relative importance in every link; the congruity of every part flows from the harmony of the whole. Diffused through every organ of the living fabric of life and nature, an informing soul as the chief elementary principle runs, guiding us through the varied degrees of endless inquiry from earth to heaven, from sea to sky, from dust to Deity.

Penitus prorsum latet haec natura, subestque :

Nec magis hac infra quid quam est in corpore nostro ;

Atque anima est animal proporro totius ipsa.

SONNET.—VIRGINIA.

Thee, thee alone in every thing I seek.
 Each pure, bright dew-drop, star and cloud and flower,
 Symbol thy grace, glow with thy beauty's power ;
 The rose is but the bloom upon thy cheek ;
 Pale violets, thy dreamy eyelids meek,
 When tender melancholy rules the hour.
 And sunbeams feign thy bright hair's golden shower,
 While lilies only of thy brow can speak.
 The sky is but the heaven of thine eyes,
 And when the stars in silent glory rise,
 Each more resplendent orb is oftentimes fraught
 With thy dear mem'ry, or with hopeful thought
 Of the fair future ! But what shall fitly show
 The beauties rare that in thy spirit glow.

C. C. L.

Virginia, 1848.

BULWER, BULWER'S LUCRETIA,

AND SOME STRANGE PHENOMENA OF 'THE MARCH
OF INTELLECT.'*

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
 E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem ;
 Non quia vexari quemquam est jocunda voluptas,
 Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
 Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli :
 Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere,
 Edita doctrina sapientum, templa serena ;
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
 Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ ;
 Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
 Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
 Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

Such, in the lofty poetry of Lucretius, was the language of that selfish and blighting philosophy, of which he was the most profound and eloquent interpreter. But to those whose views of human life and human destiny are built upon broader and nobler foundations, no spectacle can be fraught with deeper melancholy than the contemplation of the dangers, the follies, and the vices of men. It is a gloomy picture, which it may be our duty carefully to study ; but the precious instruction thus derived cannot teach us to regard human aberrations with any feeling of pleasure. Such selfish and presumptuous complacency always indicates corruption within : it is only Mephistophiles who can jest and jeer over the weaknesses and iniquities of mankind. Could we attribute a healthy, moral

* *Lucretia, or the Children of Night*. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. New York, 1847.

constitution to the surgeon who took delight in the deformities and bodily sufferings of his patients : who could gloat over the wounds and mangled limbs of those who required his art, because the study of such sad misfortunes was essential to the knowledge and practice of his profession ? Shall we, then, take delight in brooding over the mental and moral maladies of others ? Surely not : To meditate upon the frailties of man—to unwind the labyrinthine mazes of self-deception with which he beguiles himself into the commission of crime—to trace the growth of intellectual depravity from the first feeble germination of the seeds of evil till they have sprung up into poisonous and deadly maturity—these are no sources of gratification to the taste, which has not yet been utterly perverted by habitually feeding on garbage. We cannot wander through the charnel house without being chilled by its noxious vapors and oppressed by the stifling odors of death—nor look upon the festering plague-spots and loathsome diseases of the lazaretto without sickening at the repulsive sight. But a still deeper horror awaits the heart rightly trained and the mind conscious of the tremendous responsibilities entailed upon the exercise of the intellectual faculties, when we are compelled to scrutinize and probe the sores, and ulcers of mental or moral corruption. Shall we seek enjoyment in the atmosphere tainted by the breath of the pestilence, or look for bliss amid the heaps of the dead and the dying ? If our nature revolts at such things, can we anticipate gratification from poring over moral diseases ? It is with no feeling of elation that we are about to enter upon such a task, and occupy ourselves for a while with pointing out new forms of moral contagion. With repugnance we undertake to expose the dangerous tendency of *Bulwer's Lucretia*, and unravel the tangled web of infamy which its author has woven. It is too late to attempt a methodical review of the novel, but it is not too late to unveil the pernicious influences which may be anticipated from this and similar works. It is necessary to do so, even at this day, for no one has yet spoken out fully, boldly, and freely, in deprecation of this new assault upon the fundamental principles of virtue. We do not design a formal review of the work, but we are determined to record our feeble protest against the Protean forms of literary demoralization with which the world is now threatened. The Literature of an age should endeavor to remove the prejudices and purify the feelings of the people to whom it is addressed :—wretched, indeed, is the condition of the time, when that, which should be the safeguard, becomes the channel of pollution. "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewithal shall it be salted ?"—if the water of purification become putrid by what means shall the uncleanness be washed away ? Some resistance must be offered to the torrent of corruption which is sweeping over our lite-

rature, or there will be no hope of redemption possible. Our insufficient aid shall be freely given, although the dam which we may be able to oppose to the desolating stream may not for a moment check the gathering deluge of infamy. But the censorship of letters, which we profess to hold, is, or should be, a sentinel upon the watch-tower to tell us of the night, and to give instant notice of peril or invasion:—it should espy danger afar off, and give warning to those within the City. Its functions are of the most sacred and solemn character—it is the intellectual priesthood of an enlightened age—and when the Courts of Literature are defiled by the offerings of the corrupt or the infected, those who minister, however humbly, at the altar, must be ever ready to sound the alarm, and cry out with the heathen priestess of old, *procul, o procul ite profani*. We have listened in vain for the more potent voice of those whose seat is in the higher places of the Synagogue of Literature: no cry has been raised; but it is the duty of the acolytes to repel pollution, when their superiors are either negligent of the ministrations of the Temple, or indisposed to perform them. Let this be our excuse for recalling at this late day the consideration of the principles and tendencies of *Lucretia*.

In alluding to the beautiful passage from *Lucretius* with which we commenced our remarks, *Bulwer* exclaims, in language rich with the graces of his better days,

“And now, O Poet of the sad belief and eloquence, ‘like ebony, at once dark and splendid,’ how couldst thou, august *Lucretius*, deem it but sweet to behold from the steep, the strife of the great sea, or safe from peril, gaze on the wrath of the battle, or serene in the temples of the wise, look afar on the wanderings of human error? Is it so sweet to survey the ills from which thou art delivered? Shall not the strong law of sympathy find thee out and thy heart rebuke thy philosophy? Not sweet, indeed, can be man’s shelter in self, when he says to the storm, ‘I have no bark on the seas!’ or to the gods of the battle, ‘I have no son in the slaughter!’ when he smiles unmoved upon woe, and murmurs, ‘weep on for these eyes know no tears;’ when unappalled he beholdeth the black deeds of crime and cries to his conscience, ‘Thou art calm!’ Yet solemn is the sight to him who lives in all life; searches Nature in the storm, and Providence in the battle; loses self in the woe; probes his heart in the crime; and owns no philosophy that sets him free from the fetters of man! Not in vain do we scan all the contrasts in the large framework of civilized earth, if we note ‘when the dust groweth into hardness and the clods cleave fast together.’”

Si sic omnia—if such were the whole tenor of *Lucretia*, and there was no reflux tide beneath the surface, we should be silent, or we should applaud. Certainly we should never have taken this novel as a text for our denunciation of the impurities of our modern Literature. Still, if the philoso-

phy of *Bulwer's* remarks be true, as we believe it to be, neither in the reading nor the reprehension of his novel can we look for gratification. The tale is a vast diorama of iniquity—and the tendency of the work is as much to be dreaded as the depravity of its leading characters. We can derive no pleasure from wandering through the horrible maze of real or fictitious crime. It is with reluctance that we trace back our footsteps, and again dwell upon the dark details which are embossed on the still darker canvass. It is with shuddering we stand upon the threshold, for the cave of the Cyclops is before us, and we have already penetrated the gloom of its hideous recesses.

*Domus, sanie dapibusque cruentis,
Intus opaca, ingens.*

There is a sympathy which, despite of compassion, makes us dread and avoid the miseries we behold. The consciousness of a common nature, the knowledge that in every heart are implanted the seeds of the same wickedness and frailties, should repel us from familiar association with crime, at the same time that it softens the harshness of our judgment of the criminal. But there is another species of sympathy which makes us gloss over iniquity, and draws us into closer approximation with the vicious, so that the sin and the sinner are confounded together, and the pity which we feel for the latter operates as an attraction towards the former. Thus, that tolerance and indulgence are extended to the offence which Christian charity commands us to show only to the offender. The distinction between the one and the other species of sympathy is both nice and difficult—it is one rarely made with due caution, and to which the blind, incautious, and unreflecting spirit of the day is wholly adverse. It is the latter and pernicious form of sympathy which *Lucretia* is calculated to excite: and from this cause, coöperating with the moral confusion of the two, principally arises its dangerous tendency. The weak or the imprudent may easily have been beguiled into too deep an interest in the tale: they may have imbibed the poison without having been aware that they were sipping the juices of aconite: they may have forgotten that the voice of the Syren swelled most melodiously on the ear when the hidden rocks menaced instant shipwreck. While the sunshine laughs upon the summer sea we dream not of the fury of the tempest, or the dangers of the treacherous calm. We yield to the fascination which genius wreathes around immorality, without heeding the viper which lurks beneath the flowers. The involuntary admiration which talent inspires insures our partiality to the work in which its power is displayed: and the universal sympathies of our common nature entice us unwillingly into closer communion with the vicious and the criminal than we would coolly or knowingly permit. We must rouse

ourselves from this trance of death and shake off the baneful influence of the growing delusion. We must dispel the treacherous mists which hover temptingly before our eyes, and awaken to the reality. It is thus only that we may avert the dangers of the corrupting literature of the day—thus only that we can discover the deadly contagion that festers beneath the surface of such novels as *Lucretia*. We are willing to concede that this last production of Bulwer's genius has a lofty scope—that its professed aim is noble; but unfortunately, the aim and the tendency are altogether at variance. The test of La Bruyère is the only one by which the purity as well as the excellence of a work can be estimated.* The whole difference rests in the heart and not in the genius of the writer. Hence arises the germ of truth contained in the paradox of Quintilian, *pectus est ingenium*. We do not mean to charge upon Bulwer any deliberate intention to minister to vice; but we will say that, from inattention, from want of skill, from the absence of true artistic feeling, or more probably, from the deficiency of his moral enthusiasm for virtue, for justice, and for right, he has not only neglected all the precautions that might have neutralized the noxious influences of the tale, but he has woven a wide and dangerous net that will surely entrap the feet of the weak, the erring, or the unwary. It is our purpose to detect and explain the perils to be apprehended from this and similar works, which are becoming lamentably numerous and *popular*—to unravel the tangled threads of error—to untwist the reticulated web of sophistry which has beguiled equally writers and readers—and in the case of *Lucretia* to trace the secret causes which have, possibly without the knowledge of the author, conspired to produce its immoral tendency, and to leaven with contagion his previous works. On former occasions we have given free utterance to our great, but not unqualified, admiration of Bulwer's previous novels, for until now we have not seen clearly the direction of his course: but, having discovered our own delusion and his aberrations from the narrow path of moral rectitude, it is our duty to sing our palinodia, and to put others on their guard, especially when so glaring a danger calls for immediate warning. With these views, but with little disposition to accuse Bulwer of intentional malignity, we will enter upon the examination of *Lucretia*.

We have never thought that this novel was calculated to add much to Bulwer's reputation. It would certainly have been a very remarkable production from any other writer; but it is in very many respects inferior to what might have been

expected from the author of *Eugene Aram*, *Rienzi*, and *Zanoni*. At first we were strongly disposed to doubt the authenticity of the book, and we did not admit it without many scruples. The characteristics of Bulwer's style and tone are in such excess as almost to constitute a caricature; while the usual richness of imagination and music of expression are seldom exhibited: "the hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob." This exaggeration itself excited doubt, which was of course laid aside when we found that we had no valid foundation for our surmises. The peculiarities which occasioned it may have been due solely to the approaches of age, which render natural defects more prominent and obvious, while they dry up the abundant juices of youth.

Lucretia is, as we have intimated, characterized by all the mannerism of Bulwer. We should not return to this were it not that his peculiarities are closely connected with the morals of his writings. His novels have been invariably characterized by a very high degree of metaphysical subtlety, and by the display of remarkable acumen in the analysis of human motives and human character. These are his strong points, and the undue cultivation of these talents has, in a great measure, impaired his merits as an artist. There is a passage in *Pelham*, which shows how deliberately, from the outset of his career, he has been laboring to introduce a metaphysical complexion into the literature of fiction. Scott had rendered romance at once antiquarian and historical, without neglecting the portraiture of real life:—he had made it the magic mirror, in which the figures and the social condition of past ages were recalled from the oblivion of the grave, and exhibited to our astonished vision with all the hues, and motions, and passions of the every day world. Bulwer was anxious to render romance psychological also. The various elements had been wonderfully and harmoniously united in the Dramas of Shakspeare, and Bulwer was desirous of producing a counterpart to *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. Every novel which he has written, with the problematic exception of *Pelham*, has been written with a conscious metaphysical aim. Yet all his exertions have been insufficient to create a character whose metaphysical propriety or profundity could rival the *Madge Wildfire* or the *Black Dwarf* of the Great Magician of the North. Bulwer has pushed his attempt too far:—it has become a mannerism and an idiosyncrasy. The knife is ever in his hands. He dissects and anatomizes most skillfully, but he does so continually:—and the scalpel, which lays bare the mysteries of human organization, and separates the delicate nerves which determine the action of the human microcosm, disfigures and mutilates at the same time the subject upon which it is employed, and destroys that hidden spark by which the organization is preserved and the nerves put in play. When the scrutiny is

* Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage: il est bon, et fait de main d'ouvrier. La Bruyère. Caractères. Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit.

ended and the result is to be exhibited, we are at last presented with the dead and dis severed members, instead of the living, breathing, glowing, harmonious unity of nature and of true art. It is the skeleton in the dissecting room, with its bones connected by wires, and its limbs jerked about by springs and mechanical contrivances, which alone is brought before us. This is the first great defect of all Bulwer's writings:—the breath has escaped from the body, while he has been prying into the seat of the disease, or the mysteries of organization. The only motion is the result of inanimate mechanism or galvanic excitation. We may admire his works as profound or ingenious essays in metaphysics; but we are compelled to admit that they are not wholly satisfactory as pictures of men and society:

We start:—for soul is wanting there.

Sundry unexpected excellencies have indubitably sprung up from this psychological tendency; but they supplant or overlay other excellencies more imperatively required. They render these fictions a more intellectual, and perhaps more useful study; but, at the same time, they render them less pleasing and effective as representations of life. They lower the subject from the empyrean region of the imagination to the more terrestrial atmosphere of the pure reason. They introduce philosophy, but they exclude vitality, and clip the wings of art. Coleridge characterized the experiments of the French *Savans* upon dead animals in search of the principle of life, as a folly similar to that of "monkeys, which put their hands behind a looking-glass." There is something of the same delusion in Bulwer's mode of depicting character and passion; he is looking at the reverse side, and analysing the amalgam behind, instead of turning to us the mirror of life, and exhibiting therein "the very body and pressure of the times." Analogous to this was the blunder of Euripides;—and such has ever been the first step in the downward progress of literature and art.

This method of treating subjects of fiction constitutes the most marked peculiarity of Bulwer, and one hitherto almost exclusively characteristic of himself. In *Devereux*, in the *Disowned*, in *Eugene Aram*, in *Paul Clifford*, in *Rienzi*, in the *Last of the Barons*—eminently in *Zanoni*—nay, in all his writings, this is the most prominent feature. In *Lucretia* he is more metaphysical than ever:—His aim is a metaphysical one; namely, to show the influence exercised upon the intellect and morals, by the *auri sacra fames*, which is the ruling passion of the day. For the attainment of this end, he traces the gradual development of evil from the hour in which the seed was dropped into the soil, prepared for it, till it attained its full growth, and bore its luxuriant harvest of fatal fruit. The scope of the work is thus purely metaphysical: and the

metaphysical evolution of a long series of causes and effects is intended to engross the attention rather than the dramatic progress of the action, and the succession of events.

To illustrate this in a fuller and more satisfactory manner, we will transcribe Bulwer's own exposition of his designs. His aims, and the feelings by which he was actuated in the composition of *Lucretia*, are thus stated in the Preface:

"There had long been a desire in my mind to trace, in some work or other, the strange and secret ways, through which that arch-ruler of civilization, familiarly called 'Money,' insinuates itself into our thoughts and motives, our hearts and actions: affecting those who undervalue, as those who over-rate its importance; ruining virtues in the spendthrift no less than engendering vices in the miser. But when I half implied my farewell to the character of a novelist, I had imagined that this conception might be best worked out upon the stage. * * With this design I desired to unite some exhibition of what seems to me a principal vice in the hot and emulous chase for happiness or fame, fortune or knowledge—which is almost synonymous with the cant phrase of 'the March of Intellect,' in that crisis of society to which we have arrived. The vice I allude to is Impatience. That eager desire to peep forward, not so much to conquer obstacles as to elude them; that gambling with the solemn destinies of life, seeking ever to set success on the chance of a die; that hastening from the wish conceived to the end accomplished; that thirst after quick returns to ingenious toil, and breathless spurtings along short cuts to the goal, which we see everywhere around us; * * characterizing the books of our writers, the speeches of our statesmen, no less than the dealings of our speculators, seem, I confess to me, to constitute a very diseased and general symptom of the times."

It was fortunate for Bulwer that he did not prosecute his intention of elucidating and developing these views upon the stage. The Drama is an imitation of actual life:—the truthfulness and breathing harmony of life are essential to success; and in no form of literature is it more dangerous to substitute the analytic for the synthetic—the metaphysics for the fact. The stage, too, is in a great measure out of date: it was useful and popular at a time when few could read, and fewer obtain anything to read—when the only means of communicating with multitudes was in the theatre or on the tribunal: but in our day men read and examine, instead of hearing and feeling. Novels have taken the place of Plays, and they have the advantage over them of offering a wider canvass. The action of *Lucretia* might easily have been compressed within the Five Acts of a Tragedy, but the Philosophy would have been cramped for want of room, and the Metaphysics would have been glaringly inappropriate.

The passages quoted from the Preface to *Lucretia* sufficiently indicate the highly metaphysical scope of the novel, but along with the aims therein

announced, another still more metaphysical and of no less importance is steadily contemplated. This is an attempt to show the cultivation of the intellect to be no cause, nor even a necessary concomitant of the amelioration of the moral character. It is an endeavor to prove that vice and learning are by no means incompatible; that the development of the mental faculties, unattended by the sedulous discipline of the heart, may only produce more subtle refinement in wickedness, and a greater capacity for the conception and perpetration of crime. The old remark is perfectly true, that mental culture, for the most part,

Emollit mores, et non sinit esse feros.

But *mores* does not mean morals here, it only signifies manners. The disposition to crime is not eradicated by intellectual pursuits, it is only glossed over by a sleek hypocrisy. This truth is abundantly confirmed by the examples cited by Bulwer from history—Cæsar Borgia, Nero, Richard III. He might have added Tiberius and Henry VIII.

The prosecution of any of these aims singly would have been amply sufficient to throw a highly psychological complexion over the present novel. The prosecution of the three simultaneously not only trebles the intensity of the dye, but multiplies it beyond calculation. They are all to be introduced in full play, and yet ever acting and reacting upon each other. Their reciprocal operation weaves a mystic web in which we can determine neither the frequency nor the direction of the several threads. Every result springs from a long series of prior results, each of which is due to the diversely proportioned influence of three dissimilar yet associate causes. Hence the metaphysical character of the work is infinitely augmented, and, indeed, so far increased, as, in a great measure, to defeat its aim. For instead of a clearer and more distinct perception through the instrumentality of analysis, the whole light is obscured and confused by the various play of crossing and oblique rays.

We shall shortly have occasion to return to these aims of Bulwer, for the sake of making a few observations upon the truth and importance of his doctrines in the present crisis of the world. We only notice them now as furnishing evidence of the metaphysical scope of the novel, which is so strongly characteristic of Bulwer's writings. In this respect, *Lucretia* far outstrips all its predecessors; for, though *Zanoni* is more purely addressed to the contemplative faculty, it is transcendental and allegorical, and appeals chiefly to the imagination, whereas *Lucretia* is eminently practical, though metaphysical.

We should not have insisted upon this peculiarity at such length, were it not so closely connected with the moral obliquity of the work itself. But this radical defect, or rather this characteristic excess of one special element, has a much closer af-

finity, as we shall hereafter see, with the pernicious tendencies of the novel itself than might at first be suspected.*

It follows from the direction in which Bulwer has proceeded, and from the nature of the ground whence he started, that the novel should be regarded by him as a more serious and elaborate production than a work of fiction is usually regarded. This point, though closely allied to his metaphysical aims, is not identical therewith. It rather results of necessity, than is the same thing. But if a work of fiction is made the vehicle of philosophical speculation, it assumes a much graver character than when it is employed merely as a channel of amusement. Here, however, we are not left to inference, we can quote Bulwer's own language :

"No man," says he, in the Preface to the *Last Days of Pompeii*, "who is thoroughly aware of what prose fiction has now become—of its dignity—of its influence—of the manner in which it has gradually absorbed all similar departments of literature—of its powers in teaching as well as amusing—can so far forget its connexion with history—with philosophy—with politics—its utter harmony with poetry, as to debase its nature to the level of scholastic frivolities : he raises scholarship to the creative, and does not bow the creative to the scholastic."

We might refer also to the very able Essay prefixed to the *Disowned*.

This serious character gives to Bulwer's opinions and writings greater weight than might otherwise be accorded to the views propounded in a novel. When, therefore, they are either erroneous in themselves, or presented in such guise as to threaten pernicious tendencies, they merit graver examination and a more serious refutation than might otherwise be accorded to them. They are not the light, reckless impressions of the hasty writer, who aims only at throwing off coruscations on his way to dazzle for a while, heedless whether he sheds forth the erratic blaze of a meteor, or the serene and fixed brilliancy of a star ; but they are the deliberate conclusions of one claiming to be a philosopher, whom we cannot deny to be a profound thinker as well as a beautiful writer. The glitter is not the reflection of mere tinsel, but of solid metal—whether it be refined gold, or tainted with much

* The close connection of exaggerated metaphysics and immorality has been very distinctly apprehended by one of the most acute and ingenious of our modern writers, Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. "If there is to be in England," he says, "and in the nineteenth century, an abhorrent or repulsive system of religion, it must be abstruse, ratiocinative, stern, and in some sense philosophical. It must assume the form of erudite and metaphysical theology ; and will be found no lover of shade, silence and peace—as inoffensive as imbecile ; but bold, arrogant, full of defiance, rancor, contradiction ; it will be loud, intolerant, severe, exclusive, aggressive ; it will be inexorable and factious. Such must be the style of anti-social godliness in our times, and for our country."—*Saturday Evening*, No. XVIII.

alloy, can only be discovered by cautious investigation. If we would follow Bulwer's reasoning, or detect its fallacies, we must examine with diligence equal to his own the grounds of his propositions or his plans; and no apology need be offered for the seriousness with which we prosecute this task.

It appears almost unnecessary to say that in solemn earnestness *Lucretia* as far transcends its predecessors, as it surpasses them in metaphysical subtlety. The aims contemplated sufficiently evince this, and the Preface, no less than the general tenor of the work, confirms it.

It would also be needless to point to other excesses of the *Bulweric* strain. They are continual and may be readily detected. The interruption of the narrative by apostrophic declamation, or didactic speculation—the introduction of the Billingsgate character from Fishmarket and Monmouth Street, and the contrast between the varnished hypocrite—the dissembling fiends of more polished life—and the untrimmed ruffians, whose natures are too coarse for disguise—these, and many other characteristics of Bulwer, might be mentioned as prominently displayed in *Lucretia*.

But if many of his peculiarities are exhibited in this novel in more than their usual success, there are two of the ancient elements of his power which have sadly faded since last he filled the stage. The rich and gorgeous imagination, which by its potent alchemy transmuted all it touched into the semblance of gold—which made his page bloom with flowers and fruits that reminded us of the fairy scenes of Eastern fable—which shed over the ordinary phenomena of nature a thousand brilliant rays of variant hues which poured over the magic world it created the sunlight of its own rich poetry—this vivid imagination now moves with languid and crippled wing. Icarus has approached too near the sun—the wax has melted before the fires of science, and his pinions are now drooping and dragging. The melody of his language, too, is sadly changed:—the music of expression which so aptly clothed the glowing metaphors, is now rugged and discordant—it no longer falls upon the ear in those lyric cadences which formerly bewitched the listener. At times, indeed, a sudden symphony—a burst of infrequent rapture reminds us of his former notes—but the plumes of the archangel are faded, and the voice of celestial melody has forsaken him. He has lost them amid the unholy fires and noxious damps of infection where his Muse has of late been straying. Possibly, time may have thus dimmed his imagination and untuned his lyre—or it may be that the neglect of recent years has robbed him of his art—or his soul may have been paralyzed by dwelling in an atmosphere of rank and poisonous dews. But be the cause what it may, the witchery of Bulwer's strain is sorely weakened.

In addition to these symptoms of decline, as ex-

hibited in the excess or failure of old characteristics, we find another indication of diminished vigor in his imitation of French extravaganzas. Bulwer, who a few years back disdained the monstrous inventions of the French school, and sneered at its authors, has fairly enrolled himself in their ranks by the publication of *Lucretia*. He seeks to win admiration and attract regard by outrageous conceptions; and deems the dread miracles of vice to be a fit and piquant condiment to tempt the depraved palate of the public. It is not merely that in one place he has borrowed from Dumas—an obligation which is acknowledged—but the whole strain of *Lucretia* is congenial with the recent taste of France—and nine-tenths of its horrible incidents have been palpably suggested by the Count of Monte Christo, and kindred works. The admirable and beautiful reflections on the true province and aims of art, which are scattered through Zanon, ought to have prevented this unholy alliance, and now stand as the record of judgment pronounced by himself on all such perversions of talent as the present: setting aside the obvious plagiarism, which seems strange in a writer of Bulwer's original power, but is a petty defect, compared with the moral aberrations of the novel;—his reason or his taste might have warned him of the error of entering the unallowed circle of the *littérature extravagante*. The chronicle of naked and unblushing crime is not a legitimate subject for either poet or novelist. If crimes be introduced among the topics on which their genius is expended, it should be solely to give occasion for the delineation of high virtue struggling against them, in whose behalf our sympathies may be exerted. But to fill the canvass with the gleanings of Newgate—or with criminals whose iniquities are unvisited by the laws—these are not the aims of true genius and correct taste. It is as much a violation of the laws of art as it is an offence against the dictates of healthy morality. The fashionable seductions of the French school are perverting the tone of all literature—the public taste is becoming depraved—the morals of the public are insidiously undermined—and the streams of pollution are filling every vein of the intellectual world, now coursing in full deep channels, now filtering itself through in almost imperceptible rivulets. Seldom, indeed, is the danger apparent to the incautious, or to those who are already fascinated by the Syren voice of the deluder; but from this source our Literature is rapidly becoming tainted, and it is time that the world should awaken to a knowledge of the contagion which is stealing over it. There is no influence more potent for good or for evil than the literature of the day, and if it flow from poisoned fountains, or through poisonous weeds, the venom is speedily infused into every vein and artery of society. This dismal process of moral death has already begun to operate amongst us—the springs

from which we drink are becoming noxious and polluted—the contagion will sweep over us with the current of destruction, if we do not cleanse the sources from which the corruption flows.

But a small portion of our task is ended; we have still to investigate the tendencies of the novel—to consider and weigh its aims—and to develop the connection of the characteristics which we have specified with Bulwer's career as a novelist, and especially with the influences apprehended from *Lucretia*. We do not now design any formal review of this particular work, and shall not, therefore, prosecute our inquiries with the same precise divisions, nor in the same order in which they are now indicated. Our attention will be first directed to the avowed purposes of the novel—the absence of all identity between mental and moral culture—the raging lust for wealth and its effects upon the social condition—and that impatience which so strongly marks the feverish pursuit of all desires in these latter days.

Horace, with that singular sagacity and moral truth, which so strongly characterize his poems, and still more the lyric poetry of Greece—and which have made them treasuries of wisdom—Horace, in one of his noblest Odes, alluding to the influence of nature and education, has prudently remarked,

Doctrina * vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcumque defecere mores,
Dedecorant benè nata culpæ.

And Lord Bacon agrees that “there is no stoud nor impediment in the wit, but may be brought out by fit studies;” but neither of these great observers of human life would have admitted without modification the fallacy of later times, that the cultivation of the intellect is alone a safeguard against vice. It may, indeed, diminish the frequency of crimes recognized by human laws—it may substitute, from motives of slippery policy, the vicious career for the criminal offences which entail upon the perpetrator the penalties assigned by legislation. Yet even this is problematical. Certain, however, it is, that it cannot transmute the depraved into the virtuous. The mind is but the minister of the will: our studies, as our labors, are guided by the passions and desires of the heart; and according as these be regulated or undisciplined, so will our aims and character be hallowed or corrupt. No culture can convert the deadly nightshade into the rose: it may increase its size and luxuriance, but it cannot change its nature. If the seeds of evil be implanted in the heart, and suffered to spring up and put forth leaves, the only remedy is to destroy the plant, and not to attempt by cultivation to make it other than it is. The earth may be stirred about its roots, and every device employed to enrich the soil, but the noxious weed

will only become a weed of larger growth: the leaves will expand, the fruit will swell; it may become more tempting to the eye and more abundant; but the poison increases in quantity and intensity with the increase of the fruit. It is a remark of Hippocrates that the food ministered to a sick body only feeds the disease, and thus, when the heart is infected, the nutriment afforded to the intellect does but add to its capacity for evil.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion, eame:
Each vital humor, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse,
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse,
Reason itself but gives it edge and power
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

The praises of Intellect have been so often and so variously chanted,—especially since it began its march, “beneath the flag of Lord Brougham and Vaux”—that the lower faculty of our weak human nature has been permitted to engross nearly all our care and sympathy, while we have been shamefully inattentive to the claims of the higher and nobler power. Is the servant above his master? Is the intellect more worthy than the heart? Certain high faculties of mind have been accorded to us, but they have been all placed by the scheme of Providence in subordination to the feelings of the heart. Our wishes determine the direction in which we sail; the mind points the course, determines the means, and enables us to accomplish the journey:

On Life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Thus, not from the mind, but from the heart springs the virtuous or vicious character.

The whole human race is linked together by the possession of one common nature; but this bond of union does not consist in the powers of the intellect. Neither rank nor station, nor chance, nor fortune, elevate the heart of one man above another: there the peasant and the prince, the rustic and the sage are alike. The only mark of distinction is within; and the purity or depravity of the heart may be equally predicated of individuals in every class of society. In this respect, all orders of men are placed by the hand of God upon the same platform: the only difference that is recognized is one that pervades all grades, independent of station. It is true that “blind circumstance—that unspiritual god”—if unresisted, may pervert

and corrupt those who under different contingencies might have developed their powers in a virtuous manner. But in a healthy constitution, accustomed to observe correct habits, the faculty of resistance grows with the necessity for its display. Thus, even in this case, the general law is not infringed—and the natural equality of men is preserved. But by the intellect one man is enabled to obtain preëminence over his fellows. This is in consequence cultivated from pride, vanity or ambition;—for the sake of place, power, wealth, or reputation—rarely from the pure love of excellence, or the duty of its pursuit. The end, which, through its instrumentality may be attained, is substituted thus in the desires of individuals and in the estimation of the world, for the end at which the intellect and the heart ought equally to aim. With worldly passions and with worldly views, we endeavor to invigorate the mind, to extend the range of its capacities, and to enrich it with abundant materials to work upon. Thus arrayed it goes forth to dazzle, and too frequently to mislead. The mind engrosses all our care; the triumphs of the mind attract the admiration of men; and the March of Intellect is deemed the laudable phenomenon of a regenerated society. Meanwhile the moral character and the condition of the heart and feelings have been strangely neglected. That power which is evidently the chief both in dignity and influence in the human microcosm, is thrust either wholly out of sight, or is ranged in a subordinate rank. While we have been enlarging the cistern, we have neglected to cleanse the springs whence the waters flow. In our anxiety for quantity, we have been heedless of quality. We have mistaken alike the destinies and constitution of man. The habitudes of our ordinary thought and conversation are framed under the constant, though not recognized influence of that false philosophy, which has inverted the laws of nature; and the cultivation of the intellect has been made exclusively or principally the object of our *enlightened* solicitude. In time this culture becomes absolutely exclusive in effect, if not so in theory: and the most superficial investigation into the state of the modern world, will indicate how completely it has overlaid the sedulous discipline of the heart. Fortunately by the action of that *vis medicatrix*, which accompanies the operation of all the laws of Providence, and either itself educes good out of evil, or creates an alarm which should render man conscious of the necessity of remedying past blunders, we can make no false step in reasoning which will not injuriously affect us in life, and no error in morals which will not contaminate our philosophy. “Wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished:” and when the penalty comes upon us, we may easily trace back its origin to the transgression; and knowing the transgression, it rests with us to amend our ways. Truly, in no

former time has the heavy rod of chastisement more urgently warned mankind to recall their footsteps from wandering in the giddy mazes of error, than at this present hour. The public taste is corrupted—its judgment impaired—its knowledge puffed up, arrogant, and unsatisfactory—and its morals gradually decaying. When such is the case, can we yield to apathy? Is it not rather a time for the sedulous investigation of the causes of our folly and errors? But as the undue cultivation of the intellect is one of the most prolific sources of danger, let us examine further into its phenomena.

It was a shrewd remark of an eminent gentleman, that a flourishing literature seemed to spring from a corrupt state of society. A paradox is never wholly true: it requires many modifications when we would apply it. There does, however, appear to be some consanguinity, or at least coincidence between the two. They spring often from the diversely operating influences of similar causes. It must, indeed, be considered remarkable, that every truly literary age has been accompanied or followed by the prevalence of depravity. This striking phenomenon confirms what we have said above. It is not owing to any necessary connection between letters and immorality, for the former cultivated under due restraints and in proper subordination to the dictates of virtue, is beneficial and ennobling. But these restraints are, for the most part, and especially in a literary age, disregarded. The general admiration of mental power, with the personal benefits which may be acquired by its means, leads to the sedulous and too frequently exclusive cultivation of the mind; and thus the naturally less obtrusive and less dazzling virtues of the heart are thrown into deeper shade, and are almost forgotten.

Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit,

says Horace; and to like purport, Ovid:

Crede mihi, bene qui latuit, bene vixit,

but this retiring virtue, so amorous of the shade, is nearly unknown in the era of the March of Intellect, for the exclusive cultivation of the mind generates an anxiety for the reputation and fortune which may be achieved by its excellence. It feeds and inflames ambition, and the impatient desire of riches and distinction. It becomes the cynosure of all eyes: all sing its eulogium and cry out in its praise; and those who cannot speak intelligently, will not the less vociferously cackle its commendations. Thus the more domestic virtues are slighted; and in the eager pursuit of present eminence or profit, moral culture is habitually disregarded.

Furthermore, it is a significant fact in the history of the world, that with the diffusion of knowledge, the circle of depravity has expanded, and its pestilential waters become deeper and darker.

The *popularization* of learning at Athens, which resulted from the labors of the sophists, was one of the earliest symptoms and main instruments of her decay: and at no period was education more widely diffused through the Roman Empire than during the long ages of its decline. Literature has been a lamp that blazed for a moment with serene light, and then, as the flame grew larger, gleamed with a murky ray, and threw around it dense clouds of poisonous vapor. In all cases the demoralization of literature has accompanied its diffusion, and been attended by the violation of the principles of art. The bitter, but spirited, and just censures of Euripides, with which the Comedies of Aristophanes abound, will furnish abundant illustration and confirmation of this law.

Let it not be supposed that we by any means decry either Literature or the most sedulous intellectual culture. Far from us be such madness. There is no necessary or irremediable connection between these and immorality—their union is merely contingent. Their tendency is to this result, unless their effects be duly constrained and directed by the authority of a higher law. The pernicious consequences have followed from inattention to the limits within which the mind should be cultivated, and the control to which it should be rigidly subjected. But the exclusive or overweening cultivation of the intellect has ever led, and must ever lead to ruin. We should add too that when the fever of literary ambition spreads like an epidemic over a whole people, there is a wonderful proclivity in society to disregard all precautions, and to invite the distemper in its most virulent form. When all are sick, who shall be the physician?—when all are equally unconscious of the plague, who will dream of the necessity of seeking his aid? And thus society sinks beneath the weight of the moral pestilence, wholly incognizant of its presence. When Pompeii was buried beneath the lava of Vesuvius, the storm of death, according to Bulwer, fell upon those who imagined not the proximity of danger.

The tendency and the result of unchastened devotion to intellectual pursuits have been particularly manifested in the modern world. Lord Bacon's great reformation in the processes of physical science, gave a singular impulse to scientific pursuits. His teaching rendered science more splendid and attractive, and also more prolific of fruits. Hence it became, and continues to be, the load-star of the greatest minds of Christendom. Its influence has been felt in every department of human knowledge, even when its operation may be least appreciable. But those studies which have more immediate relation to the feelings and character of man have since Bacon's day been sadly neglected. Metaphysics, it is true, has been abundantly studied, though with trifling advantage. Ixion and the Cloud furnish the symbol of the addresses paid by

metaphysicians to their mistress. This pursuit, however, (especially when followed by erroneous or insufficient results, as has been uniformly the case hitherto,) both encourages an over-estimate of the intellect; and is preëminently obnoxious to all the blighting consequences of that fatal mistake. Moreover, while it engrosses our attention in examining the machinery of the human mind, it makes us wholly oblivious or neglectful of the motive power, and all the checks and counter-checks of the system. But we may almost say, that pure Ethics, as a science, not as a part of Christianity, has scarcely made any important advance since Aristotle wrote. Thus, not only has the culture of the intellect been hitherto unaccompanied by the parallel cultivation of the heart; but it has been chiefly directed into those channels which diverge most widely from the wholesome springs which freshen and invigorate the moral character of man. Everywhere, but especially in a country like this, where rank is unknown—where station affords no prestige of greatness—where wealth is not acknowledged as conferring legitimate influence—it is dangerous to consider mental ability and attainments as the first great requisite. The man of greatest talents is not, therefore the best: Intellect, like fire, is an excellent servant; but a terrible master. According as we use or abuse it, is our capacity for good or for evil increased. The true rule, as the true democratic principle, is to estimate the man by himself, independent of station, fortune, or talent: if he be good, these things increase his capacity for doing good: if he be bad, these things augment his capacity of evil. Thus, true philosophy, sound politics and religion, all unite in inculcating the maxim that first must be acquired, wisdom, or the healthy discipline of the heart, and that all other things are only additions thereunto.

Perhaps, if we were to examine more closely, we should find that the Physical Sciences have been so sedulously cultivated, chiefly on account of their intimate relation to the physical wants and pecuniary profits of the human family. But amid the crowded populations of Europe, the prosecution of monetary results has already over-shot the mark: the accumulation of wealth is immense, but the people are nevertheless destitute: nations are overflowing with riches, yet every where are poverty and grinding want. To borrow an apt illustration from Carlyle, and with him apply it to England; "Midas has acquired the fatal gift of turning all he touches into gold; but when he would have bread, he finds no food but only gold." In the same manner intellect has gone astray: it has achieved mighty and splendid triumphs, but "its fruits are ashes:" for all its victories have hurried on rather than checked demoralization. It has so lent itself to the ruling passion of the last few centuries—has so ministered to the feverish lust for

wealth, that it has now become the most magnificent monument of human blindness, and proved how utterly ruinous may be even the cultivation of the mental powers, when not controlled by higher principles. It is much to be feared that since the reformation the generations of the world have mistaken the true path in intellect, in morals, in politics, and, if we judge from the continued discord of the sects, even in religion.

The connection which exists between the modern devotion to intellectual pursuits, and the wonderful development of the pecuniary resources of nations, brings us to the consideration of another of the objects contemplated by Bulwer in the composition of *Lucretia*.

This is the increasing love of money, and its influence upon the morals of society.

The multitude of new inventions facetiously termed *useful*—the rapid development of mechanical arts, commerce, and manufactures—the multiplication of artificial wants supplied by new artifices—and the increase of physical comforts for those who are able to pay for them—these form the sum of advantages bestowed upon society at large by the increasing labor of the last four centuries. With reference to these things, more than half the jurisprudence and legislation of every civilized country, has been framed—until by legal legerdemain ten talents have been given to him who had ten—five to him who had five—and from him who hath nothing has been taken away that which he had. For the sake of these objects, old codes have been cancelled, and new principles of law introduced. They have mingled with other coöperating influences in obliterating the privileges of rank, remodelling the constitution of society—and altering the political condition of the world. The desire of wealth has been the moving agent in directing the exertions of those whose lives and energies have been expended in the various occupations of productive industry. The object has been fully achieved:—diligence and perseverance have met with their reward. Immense riches have been acquired by commerce and manufactures;—and science, by becoming practical, has lent wondrous aid in augmenting the magnitude of this result. Thus has arisen the class of the capitalists, which has subjected to itself the industry by which it was enriched, and has become, not merely a *quart état*, but the ruling power in every state. “The House of Austria is in favor of war,” said an English newspaper, a dozen years ago, “but the House of Rothschild is against it, and there will consequently be no war.” The growth of national prosperity—the progress of the sciences—and “the diffusion of *useful knowledge*,” have attained their end, but—we are again reminded of the wisdom of Solomon, that “wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished”—that end is the enthronement

and coronation of mammon as the dominant, lord of the civilized world.

Under the operation of such combined influences, virtue, skill, science, learning, reputation, honor—everything, in fine, which in times past has been most highly prized, has lost its ancient fascination, and money alone has become the common object of adoration. If intellectual, or other excellence is pursued, it is sought neither for itself, nor for the tranquil pleasures which it may bring: it is desired but as the means to an ignoble end—it is valued only as it leads to the acquisition of wealth. We have wooed and won the false Florimel: and the result is bitterness and distress. *Diva Pecunia* sits enshrined in the sanctuary of our hearts; to her every knee is bent, every orison addressed; and to her all the fruits of merit are offered up as a welcome sacrifice, and a propitiation to ensure her smiles. The world cordially recognizes the claims of Mammon:

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowne, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this world's good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund, lo! all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, thern shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.

The degrading offer was scorned by Sir Guyon, it is thankfully welcomed by our age, and so far has the world already gone in its adoration of mammon, that it is ready to imitate the degradation of its god.

Mammon—the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven—for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine, or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.

We might fancy that this was merely a violent return of an intermittent fever, for the world has always been dazzled with gold and silver, and hankered after the fleshpots of Egypt, but the disease seems now to have become chronic, and leaves little hope of its early cure. We might reasonably hope for some alleviation of the plague, if the causes which have occasioned it, and which minister to its strength, were not active, deep-seated, and daily increasing in vigor. The old-fashioned system of ranks, orders, and classes of society has given place to relations in many respects more ad-

mirable and more consonant with human development. But a black strand is entwined with every white thread spun by the Fates, and with the disappearance of the regularly graduated system have vanished all those numberless links of mutual and intricate interdependence which bound men together in social harmony and comparative contentment. Then no class nor individual was independent of the rest—they all clustered and hung together—all lived for the common benefit—content to discharge the duties of their position without any solicitous anxiety for increase of wealth or elevation, in consideration of the security, the sympathy, and certain support which they received. These things had their day—their adaptation to the wants of men gradually diminished—they became antiquated, and were justly thrust aside. But when we snapped the old links which held together the framework of society, we forgot or neglected to supply their place with others. Money has usurped this function, and is now our only substitute. It cannot cement together the parts of the political fabric, but it can command the coöperation of others for a limited time and a definite purpose. It is a go-between equally respected by both parties, but incapable of uniting them by any permanent relations. Nay, it is ultimately dissociating in its tendency, and disorganizing in its remote effects, for the party who gives and the party who receives are equally independent of each other before and after the transfer is made. It is a menstruum in which all the elements float, and for which all have the strongest elective affinity. The relative strength of the affinities of each varies with the shadows on the dial: the other elements, however, cannot combine together into organic systems, in consequence of their constantly reiterated combinations with the common medium. The alchemists declared gold to be the universal solvent, and such is beginning to be the experience of the world. Still it is the universal substitute for faith, allegiance, duty, feeling, and as such the great motive power of life, and the first absolute requisite of existence. Money, or money's worth, can alone command labor or food: the same thing is the sole charter by which the poor man claims his bread, and the rich man ensures the service of the poor. Impassive, impersonal, immutable in its character, it repels while it attracts, and attracts while it repels,—it is the universal solvent of all social ties; and the first, last, imperative necessity of all. On this basis the foundations of our modern society insecurely rest.

The painful consciousness of this absolute necessity is directing the aspirations of all towards the same end. The advice of the satirist is ever sounding seriously in our ears:

rem,

Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo, rem.

To desires already keenly excited, a singular degree of fretfulness and restlessness has been communicated by the feverish spirit of the age. The introduction of steam and its application to machinery and manufactures in so many forms have given unwonted rapidity to our conceptions and our efforts to realize them. It is not an empty metaphor to term this the age of steam, and to attribute to men the habit of thinking by steam. We think, resolve, and perform under high-pressure action. We endeavor to imitate in the moral and intellectual world the velocity of movement exhibited to our eyes in the material. We would fain arrive at the complete accomplishment of our plans with the same rapidity with which we reach the end of our journey. Thus, in our anticipations, no protracted future is suffered to intervene between the project and its realization: the fulfilment of the hope must follow its origination as quickly as the sound of the thunder follows the glare of the lightning.

The vast expansion of commerce and manufactures—the numberless happy applications of science to the arts—the new combinations of machinery—the fortunate speculations which have occurred amid the shifting sands of modern policy—the energy, industry, and skill manifested—have concurred to furnish many opportunities and examples of the sudden acquisition of immense wealth. These instances are diligently treasured up in our memory and they impress upon our impetuous desires the appearance of feasibility. We are jostling each other in the same headlong race—all striving to reach the same goal. A wild fever of speculation has seized upon us all—money has become the main desire as the absolute necessity of man—we have seen others acquire wealth at a single bound—we remember only successes and are blind to failures—we all anticipate the immediate accomplishment of our schemes for its attainment—we expect an abundant fruitage to follow all but simultaneously the first feeble blossoming of hope—and instead of contenting ourselves with moderate success, or with gradual advancement, we are seized with a mad vertigo, and leap forward foolishly and fretfully to grasp at once the golden fleece which is the prize of all our dreams. In his haste Ixion embraced the cloud instead of the Goddess—the tempting fruit escaped the hands of the doomed Tantalus when apparently within his reach—and the return of Jason with the golden fleece was the commencement of a career of depravity and crime. We have overlooked the lessons of sober reason, and the whole world has become infected with the same wild, impatient, and uneasy lust of gold. In place of the healthy current of our natural blood, an unstable tide of quicksilver throbs furiously through our veins.

(To be Continued.)

THE TWO AFFECTATIONS.

There are two sorts of affectation current in the world: the affectation of being better than one really is, and the affectation of being worse. The former is, to my mind, decidedly the preferable sort.

Understand me. I do not speak of pretences that go the length of downright deceit in society, hypocrisy in Religion, or treachery about public duties. Such as those I neither justify, nor palliate. But I speak of a courtesy, which to most persons might seem overstrained; of bows, and civil language, and kind behavior, to one whom we do not like; of that politeness to all men, which answers to Lord Chatham's definition of true politeness—"benevolence in trifles." Let this silken behavior be carried somewhat beyond the line of strict sincerity,—let it betoken, to common observers, rather more warmth of regard for every one than the observed person feels—let a large majority of them, therefore, charge him, not unjustly, with affectation: and it is this which I maintain to be a virtue, in comparison with the opposite sort of affectation.

My two friends, Frank Softly and John Blunt, are living illustrations of my meaning, and proofs of my position. By nature, they had dispositions equally, yet not unusually kind, and capacities equally great.

But Frank showed, early in life, a great wish to please. It was owing to some casual impression made upon him in boyhood, by happily timed advice from a friend, or by reading Lord Chesterfield, or, perhaps, by the captivating suavity of a gentleman who used to visit his father. Frank adopted the winning style of manners, partly because he was charmed with the examples of it that he saw, and partly because he hoped it would gain him favor, and promote his success in life. Whatever his motive, he studied and practised the art of pleasing—not by wit, or by varied and rich conversation, which he did not aspire to; but by universal courtesy. Civility to all ages, and classes, was the rule of his conduct. When he grew up, and went forth into the world, where he was obliged to know that individuals he sometimes met with were knavish and in bad repute, he treated them more civilly than any one else did; nay, I fear, was more civil to a wealthy knave than to a poor one—as who is not? A thousand times he has put a constraint upon himself, to ask about the health, or the families, of men for whom he could not help feeling the utmost contempt. I have seen him rise and offer his chair to an elderly person whose character I knew him to hold in the liveliest detestation. Not only before such people's faces did he give them countenance; but when he heard them assailed in their absence, he would often undertake

their defence, and bring into view those good qualities, which the worst man possesses in some degree.

At first, this goodness of Frank's was forced; or, if the reader pleases, affected. But it has long since grown to be a second nature with him. His feelings have taken their tone from his words and behavior—his heart has grown softer, by the softness of his manners—until at length, I hardly know a more benevolent, or a more useful man, than Frank Softly. To avoid the shame of glaring inconsistency, he was compelled to act out the humanity he professed. His smooth manners drew him sometimes into friendly contact with the vicious, which (as he was on his guard against being corrupted by them), he occasionally improved for their good. Opportunities were afforded him, of giving them counsel; which was listened to, because he had the tact to give it delicately, and (above all) privately. Occasions of relieving distress, now and then presented themselves; and he could not wholly neglect them, though his generosity was not extraordinary. He is an agreeable companion, who never wounds the feelings of any,—never puts harsh constructions upon men's conduct,—is never censorious, and never offends any but those who think it a social duty to sit in judgment upon the characters and actions of their neighbors, and who cannot get Frank to join them in their self-imposed task of condemnation, even where the condemnation is deserved. Nor has his good nature ever led him into vicious indulgencies. He learned, betimes, the importance of knowing how and when to say no: and his kindly mannered refusal of all invitations to drink or game, gave no offence, but sometimes drew off a "fine fellow" from the bottle or cards. I have seen sturdier moralists than Frank plunge into dissipation, because they could not, or rather would not, say no as blandly as he would.

John Blunt's ruling sentiment, from youth upward, was hatred of all dishonesty: and he justly considered affectation as a species of dishonesty. Unluckily, however, he deemed nothing affectation, but the pretence of being better than one really is: and in his eagerness to avoid that vice, he ran into the opposite one, of pretending to be worse than he really was—like the gentleman satirized by Horace,—

"Dum vitant STULTI vitia, in contraria currunt."

John affected the rough and surly in his manners. He so much abhorred courtliness, that he was forever giving pain to the feelings of some person or other. There is no telling how many disobliging things he said and did to his mother, brothers and sisters, before he was twenty; though his affection for them was perhaps even warmer than usual. As he grew older, principle and reflection, with long absences from home, made him learn kinder man-

ners to them: but he still sometimes gave deep wounds to them, whom he would have shed his blood to protect. Abroad, where less allowance was made for "his way" (as he and his apologists called his rudeness) he was continually giving offence, and making enemies. While one was doing him a favor, he would be as gruff as most men would be on receiving an injury; and thus appeared ungrateful, though in his heart he detested ingratitude. He was ready for acts of romantic generosity or heroism, opportunities of which occur seldom in a lifetime; but he neglected all the small courtesies and graces, which may be practised every hour, and which form so infinitely the largest part of all that is amiable in human life.

In John, as in Frank, what was at first assumed has now become natural. If John does a kindness, "his way" often converts it into an unkindness: and it is only by a very few, who best know him, that he is reputed to be any thing more than a selfish churl. In truth, he is benevolent and public spirited: but distress dares not lay itself open to him, for fear of the rough treatment that accompanies his benevolence—as many poor-houses are made so uncomfortable as to frighten away all but extreme want from applying for charity. And his public spirit sleeps unexercised and unknown, because none but his few intimates can keep him company, in concerting enterprises for the public good. A hedge-hog for a bed fellow, is not more unpleasant than John Blunt as a companion to nine-tenths of his acquaintance. Thus his usefulness is perpetually circumscribed, and his happiness marred, by his affecting to be unaffected.

An intelligent Virginian, who had spent some years in France, once told me that he thought the politeness generally practised by all classes there, produced, in time, the kindly feelings of which at first it might be only the counterfeit. And no observer of human nature can help knowing, that the outward demeanor, when long and habitually practised, does mould and temper the inward character. The calmness of the Quaker's mind is admitted to be increased by the systematic quietude of his behavior. The pirate and the wild beast are rendered more fierce by their cries of rage. Ill temper is always heightened by indulging itself in audible out-breaks. The Englishman's unsocial surliness has grown, since it was noted by foreigners, and gloried in by himself, as a national characteristic.

I would not recommend any affectation whatever: but methinks it is obvious, that as "we do grow like to that we most affect,"—it is better to affect what is good, than what is bad. And I would relieve some honest people of the delusion they are under, in supposing themselves to be at all more honest in pretending to be one thing, than in pretending to be another.

STEAM-NAVIGATION TO CHINA.

Addressed to the Hon. T. Butler King.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, }
January 10th, 1848. }

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 21st December, 1847, in reply to mine of the day previous has been received. As it is the text for what is to follow, I take the liberty of quoting it:

"I am greatly indebted for your note of yesterday, this moment received. It discloses the remarkable fact, that in establishing the line of steamers from Panama to Oregon, we have actually taken a step of three thousand miles on our way to China! That California must afford the point of departure for our line of steamers to Changhai, which must consequently become our Commercial and Naval Depot on the Pacific! Why should it not also become the rendezvous for our whale ships, instead of the Sandwich Islands, and the terminus of the great Railway to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific? This great circle route from the shores of the Pacific to those of China, may justly be regarded in the light of an important discovery made by you—No other persons ever having suggested it—I must therefore beg the favor of you to give me your views respecting it, and the suggestions above more in detail—and also of the Gulf Stream to which you allude.

Most truly yours,
(Signed,) T. BUTLER KING."

With regard to a current of warm water across the North Pacific to the North-West Coast, from the shores of Asia, and corresponding to the Gulf Stream in the North Atlantic, I know but little more than what was stated by me in a paper on the CURRENTS OF THE OCEAN, read before the National Institute in 1844, and published in the Southern Literary Messenger, for July of that year.

I beg leave to refer you to that paper with the remark that all that I have since learned, tends to confirm the views there taken with regard to such a current. Should it be found really to exist, it will exercise great influence upon the course of navigation, and consequently upon the commerce of that Ocean.

Thanks to the enlarged views of the statesman at the head of the Navy Department, I am enabled to carry out a favorite project, long entertained, of preparing from the Log-Books of our men-of-war and merchantmen, a chart which shall show the prevailing winds and currents in all parts of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The plan is to lay down on this chart the tracks of several thousand navigators, in such a manner as to show at a glance, the winds and currents encountered every day by each.

Lieutenant Whiting and other officers have been detailed for the purpose of assisting me in this un-

dertaking. The sheets of the North Atlantic, prepared by that officer, and already published, have, by the importance of their results, attracted the attention of navigators, and given the undertaking renewed impulse.

With a liberality worthy of the enterprise of American ship owners, and in a manner characteristic of the intelligence of American navigators, the most active coöperation has been promptly and freely granted; so that in the course of this year, I expect to have the voluntary, but effective coöperation of several hundred merchant vessels, making daily, in all parts of the sea, and on their passages to and fro, the requisite observations for this purpose.

When the facts and materials thus collected shall be brought together, spread out upon the chart and discussed, we shall then know certainly as to *this* Gulf Stream, and be enabled to form correct ideas as to the prevailing winds and currents in all parts of that broad ocean,—a desideratum of great importance.

In the various projects which have, from time to time, been proposed for reaching China, partly by rail-road or canal across the Isthmus of Darien, or other parts of the continent, it does not appear that the great circle route across the ocean, has ever been considered. If we examine the course and distance from Panama to Changhai, as they appear on a Mercator's chart—which is the projection used in navigation—we shall find the distance to be about 9,500 miles, and the course to be by way of the Sandwich Islands, which are midway this route. But on this chart, as on all others, the surface of the earth, which is a sphere, is represented as a plane, and is therefore distorted. The shortest distance then between any two places, unless they both be on the Equator, or on the same meridian, is not the straight line on the chart which joins them, but it is along the arc of the great circle in the plane of which they are situated;—and this arc, when projected on the chart, will appear as a curved line.

Now, if we take a common terrestrial globe, and draw a string tightly across it from Panama to Changhai, it will show the shortest distance between the two places, and will represent the great circle route between them. And this string, so far from touching the Sandwich Islands, will pass up through the Gulf of Mexico, thence through Louisiana towards Oregon, crossing the ocean several thousand miles to the North of them. The distance from Panama to Changhai, by this route, were it practicable to travel it, is 8,200 miles, or about 1,200 miles less than it is by the way of the Sandwich Islands.

Now, to those who are accustomed to form ideas of bearings and distance from maps and charts, and not from *globes*, this statement may appear startling: yet it is nevertheless true, that a person

standing at New Orleans, is about 3,000 miles nearer to China, than he is when he starts from Panama by the way of the Sandwich Islands—notwithstanding he will have travelled at least 1,500 miles to reach Panama. But the great circle from Panama through the Gulf and Louisiana, to China, as a *travelling* route, is impracticable, and the next step, therefore, is to find a route which is practicable, and which shall deviate from this as little as head lands or other obstacles to navigation will admit. When we have found such a route, we can examine the advantages which it offers—compare them with other routes that have been proposed, and then form conclusions.

By still holding one end of the string at Changhai, on the globe, and carrying the end that is on this side, out into the Pacific, until the string will just clear the Peninsula of California, we shall have an arc of a great circle along which a steamer, with fuel sufficient, might sail all the way from Chili to the islands of Japan without ever having to turn aside for the land.

This, therefore, is the shortest route, and the nearest *navigable* distance to China for all vessels, whether from Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Equador, Central America or the Pacific ports of Mexico. In point of distance, *it is the great highway from America to the Indies*, and will, hereafter, be called the great *commercial* circle of the Pacific Ocean.

After running along this route and passing Cape St. Lucas and Bartholomew, if we look to the right we shall find, at the distance of a few leagues, the beautiful ports of Upper California, including the safe and commodious harbors of San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco. These ports are right on the wayside of this great circle and commercial highway. They occupy that geographical position, and present, in the future, those commercial advantages which will assuredly make the most favored of them the great half-way house between China and all parts of Pacific America.

The harbor of Monterey is said to resemble the beautiful Bay of Naples. It has water and capacity for the combined navies and ships of the world. The winds here never blow *home*, and the anchorage therefore is perfectly safe.

Merely as sheets of water, however, both San Diego and Francisco are, in the eyes of the sailor, still more beautiful; but San Diego is on the verge of a sterile country, while San Francisco is further out of the way of the great circle route than either of the other two.

My enterprising friend Wheelwright has a monthly line of steamers from Valparaiso, touching at the "Intermedias," Callao, and Guayaquil, to Panama. Under your bill of the last session, and by the energy of the Navy Department in giving it effect, Aspinwall & Co., of New York, have the contract for another monthly line of steamers from Panama to the mouth of the Columbia river. This line,

no doubt, will connect at Panama with Wheel-right's, and with one or more lines on this side to Chagres. The steamers of Aspinwall's line are to touch at Monterey; and Monterey is, therefore, the port for the American terminus of the China line.

It is in latitude $36^{\circ} 38'$, and is one third of the distance, and directly on the wayside from Panama to China; and from Monterey by the great circle to Japan is not nearly so far as it is from Panama, by the compass, to the Sandwich Islands—the latter is 4,500 miles, the former 3,700, or just the distance from Charleston to Liverpool.

There is no stopping place, no land, between Panama and the Sandwich Islands; and in the present stage of steam navigation, no steamer can carry fuel for 4,500 miles at a stretch, and pay owners.

Midway between Monterey and Changhai, and immediately on the wayside are the Fox or Elcouthian Islands, where the Monterey line can have its depot of coal. It is just about the distance both from Monterey and Changhai to those Islands, that it is from Liverpool to Halifax, where the Cunard line has its depot. Though the lines from New York to Liverpool, Havre, and Bremen, have proved that 3,000 miles are not beyond the fuel limits of steamers.

By examining the chart or a globe you will see that this route from Monterey lies wholly without the limits of the north-east trade-winds; and therefore so much the better for steamers. Though little or nothing is known of this part of the ocean, except to the enterprising whale-men of New England, yet reasoning from what we know as to the prevailing winds between the same parallels in the North Atlantic, I suppose that this route, under certain circumstances, will also be found the best for sailing vessels. But the "wind and current chart" which is in the course of preparation, will determine this point.

Before the navigation of the North Atlantic was as well understood as it is at present, and, indeed, the practice is scarcely wholly abandoned at this day, it was customary for vessels trading between this country and Europe to run down to the south many hundred miles out of their way, in order to get the north-east trades. This was done with the expectation of more favorable winds and a quicker passage; but experience has proved the contrary, and there are but few navigators now, who, unless they be bound to the West Indies, pursue the "southern route" across the Atlantic. The old practice in the Atlantic, however, still obtains in the Pacific. The Sandwich Islands are within the trade-wind region, and all vessels bound westerly across the North Pacific, are in the habit of getting into the trades and making those Islands.

The New York packet ships in their trips to Liverpool average 130 miles a day. Where the

trade-winds blow, a vessel will average about 150 miles a day. From Changhai to Monterey, by the great circle, a vessel would be for much of the way between the same parallels of latitude that she would be from New York to Liverpool. The prevailing winds are probably the same for each ocean; this, however, is conjecture, but like causes produce like effects the world over; and those physical conditions which make the west winds blow across the North Atlantic require them to blow, at least with equal prevalence, across the North Pacific. The latter is a more open sea and a wider ocean: there is less land in it to interfere with the prevalence of winds, to intercept them, to change their direction, or modify their force, and therefore we may suppose that the prevailing winds of the North Pacific are more uniform than they are in the Atlantic. But supposing them equal, one of the New York packets at her average outward bound rate of sailing, would make the passage by the Great Circle from Changhai to Monterey in 41 days, which is about equal to the passage from Rio to the United States.

If we suppose the same ratio to hold in the Pacific, which obtains between the outward and the homeward passage across the Atlantic, then the average sailing distance the other way, that is from Monterey to Changhai, would be 57 days by the Great Circle. The trades are favorable for the outward bound trips of sailing vessels from Monterey, and therefore the old sailor adage: "the longest way round is the shortest way home," will probably continue to hold good for that half of the voyage.

But you have asked me to consider the best route not for sailing vessels, but for a line of steamers.

The Great Circle is the route for steamers both ways—and supposing the vessels upon the proposed line to be equal in speed to the "Great Western" in her palmy days—and why should they not be superior? they will make the passage to and fro between Changhai and Monterey in 26 days, including the stoppage of a day for coaling at the Fox Islands.

It has been shown that Monterey is directly on the great highway from Western South America and Mexico to China. This fact is of itself sufficient to show why the preference should be given to it as the American terminus of the line.

Intimately connected with this subject, however, is a rail road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A rail road from Savannah and Charleston to Memphis has been already projected and is partly completed. From Memphis to Monterey, the distance by an air line is 1,500 miles.

Supposing your proposed line of steamers established to China, and this rail road completed to Monterey, the productions and rich merchandise of China and Japan might be placed in the lap of the great valley of the Mississippi within thirty days.

The intelligence brought by each arrival would be instantly caught up by telegraph, and as instantly delivered in New York and Boston. Here the steamers would receive it on board, and in thirteen days more arrive with it in England, thence it would be taken across the channel in a few hours and immediately communicated through the magnetic wires to all parts of the continent. And thus, by this route, intelligence might be conveyed from China through the United States to the people of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and perhaps at no distant day to Constantinople also, within forty-five days.

I see no reason why the rate of travel over the rail roads, hereafter to be built in America, should not at least be equal to that of the English and European rail roads. I believe the usual rate in England to be about forty miles the hour. Over some roads, it is more. But supposing the rate over the great Atlantic and Pacific rail road to be only twenty miles the hour, the time from Monterey to Memphis would occupy three days.

This route has further the advantage of being at once the most central and direct route that has ever been proposed from the United States to China.

The distance from Memphis by Monterey and the Great Circle, is only 7 per cent greater than it is by a "bee line" drawn through the air from Memphis direct to Changhai.

If you look to the long and much talked of canal across the Isthmus of Darien to Panama, you will find that a person from Memphis to China by that route would, on making Cape St. Lucas the southern point of the Peninsula of California, be no nearer to Changhai, in point of distance, than he was the day he embarked at Memphis, notwithstanding that to reach Cape St. Lucas he would have travelled upwards of 4,000 miles; and if he should go by the way of the Sandwich Islands, he would, to reach China, have to perform a journey of 5,000 miles greater than would be required of him on this new route by rail road and Great Circle *via*. Monterey.

In the progressive spirit of the age, time has become to be reckoned as money; and if there were a canal already cut from Chagres to Panama, the circuitry of the route and the loss of time compared with what is to be gained by the proposed line from Memphis and Monterey, would, in time, cause the abandonment of that and the completion of this, so far at least as raw silk and other small parcels of merchandize for England, travellers and the people of the United States are concerned.

The route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, though not so far out of the way as that by Panama, is nevertheless quite a round-about way; the distance by it to China being over 2,000 miles greater than it is from Memphis *via*. Monterey.

In 1521, Cortes caused a survey to be made of

the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, for the purpose of uniting the two oceans. Afterwards, it became the favorite route by which the Manilla merchants and others crossed over from Acapulco to the Gulf of Mexico.

Towards the latter part of the last century, an accidental circumstance gave it fresh importance. The Vice-Roy Bucareli observing some brass pieces in or near the famous castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with the stamp of Manilla foundry upon them, wished to know how they were brought to the Gulf. It was ascertained from the archives of the Imperial city of Tehuantepec that those heavy pieces had been transported from the Pacific to the Gulf, partly by land and partly by water across that Isthmus. The route from the Pacific being up the Chicapa across the rual-paso, thence by land over the grand Cordilleras to the head-waters of the Coatzacoalcas, which empties into the Gulf. At what sacrifice of money, time and men those pieces were transported is not stated—but it should be recollected that the feat was performed when the Spanish galleons from Acapulco were ballasted with silver and laden with gold.

In 1814, the Spanish Cortes actually ordered the canal to be made; but this order produced no other result than a reconnoissance by Gen. Obregoso, which I have before me in the very excellent work of De Mofras, entitled "Exploration de Territoire de L' Oregon, Paris, 1844." Although the General's geodetic report was never completed, it gives, in the language of that intelligent writer, "very correct ideas of the nature of the ground and of the difficulties it presents."

I have also before me a MS. copy of the survey made three or four years ago by Cayetano Moro, in connexion with the grant by Santa Anna to Don Jose Garay, for connecting the two oceans by canal through this Isthmus. This MS. was obtained by Commander McKenzie, U. S. N., at Mina-titlan, from one of the assistants of the survey. It was copied by Lieutenant May, U. S. N., by order of Commodore Perry, and sent here, and is now in the hands of the Engraver for publication.

With these, and other sources of information to guide me, I have attentively considered the practicability of a ship canal through the mountains of Tehuantepec.

From sea to sea, the distance across, in a North and South direction, between the parallels of 16° and 18°, is rather less than 120 miles. By Moro's MS., you can carry 9 feet water 150 miles up the Coatzacoalcas, though other authorities put the head of schooner navigation at the Island of Tacanachipa, which is only 25 miles from the Gulf.

But taking the most favorable view which gives 9 feet for 50 miles, and commencing the canal at the point proposed, which is about 15 miles further up at the confluence of the Malatengo, there remains a circuitous distance of seventy odd miles

in which there is an ascent and descent of at least 700 feet to be overcome.

In this distance, the Sierra Madre is to be crossed; and I have never heard that here is to be found the famous Irish mountain, "with a bog on the top of it," affording water enough to feed a *ship* canal! The Mexican Engineers, however, propose to bring it by two lateral cuts 20 or 30 miles from a mountain streamlet.

The canal to be a *bona fide* ship canal, should be at least 17 feet deep, by 80 feet broad at the surface. It must be a copious stream, indeed, to supply water enough to lift up through 700 feet and safely to let down from this elevation again, the fleets of ships which we are told are daily to pass through such a canal.

Suppose the feeder to be ample, let any one who would form an idea as to the cost of a ship canal in the pestilential climate and inhospitable country of this Isthmus, recollect the expense of the Louisville canal constructed, with every thing at hand, in a healthy and settled country, around the falls of the Ohio,—and it is but as a rod in length, and only as a race for shallops in comparison with this. Let him recollect the difficulties, nay, practically, the impossibility of deepening the western rivers. We have not been able to increase the depth of the Mississippi itself, at low water, even so much as two feet, much less sixteen. What, think you, would have been the expense of digging out the Ohio river, from Wheeling to Pittsburg, before that country was settled, so as to afford an uniform depth of 17 feet at low water? Go into the calculation and examine the items; after that, you may be able to form something like an appropriate estimate as to the cost of a ship canal across this Continent, in the most unhealthy region of the globe; a region in which native or acclimated laborers are not to be found, and where foreign laborers, knowing they should have to work knee-deep in mud and water, under a tropical sun and in such a climate, could not be had for wages.

So impressed are the Mexicans themselves with the unhealthiness of the route, that Santa Anna, after granting to Garay this privilege, which he proclaimed to his countrymen, would make Mexico the focus of the world's commerce, the emporium of wealth and power, issued a decree directing Judges to sentence malefactors to work on this canal, and then ordered a prison to be built on its banks to keep the laborers in.

But suppose the mines of Potosi to be exhausted and the canal to be made, I doubt much of its extensive use, for there are in the minds of sailors, great obstacles still in the way. It is well known that in that part of America, during the sickly season, even a few hours on shore are considered sometimes fatal, and always dangerous to unacclimated foreigners.

Two years ago, the United States Frigate, Sa-

vannah, cruising in the Pacific, touched on the coast of Tehuantepec during the *healthy* season. Four of her crew deserted, and in two weeks three out of the four were dead. She was followed by the Warren; seven of her crew deserted, one of whom in a very short time after, wasted and worn down with disease found his way back, and reported himself as the only surviving man of the party.

During any season, but especially the sickly season, which on this Isthmus is most of the year, a night in the "Black Hole of Calcutta" would be quite as inviting to travellers, as a passage through this canal. I suppose that seamen would not ship to sail through it, at such seasons, on any terms. But if they would, there are other obstacles still in the back ground. Perhaps they are *the* obstacles; I allude now to the bars across the harbors, and to the dangers at either terminus of the canal. The bars are shifting bars, and therefore more difficult to remove.

The water and that at the mouth of the harbor, on the Gulf, is variously stated at from 14 to 20* feet, while the outlet at the other end, is obstructed by the bars both of Teresa and Francisco. As often as vessels, on approaching the mouth of the Coatzacoalcas from the Gulf should be caught in a Norther,—and hurricanes prevail here for much of the year,—there would be danger, if not wreck. The ship would be embayed, close on a lee shore, from which there is no escape: there is no harbor nor shelter to the South of Vera Cruz, that a vessel at such times, could make. During a Norther the sea breaks "feather white" across this bar, and where the sea breaks in a gale, no ship can live. With such an exposure to the swell from the North, as this bar presents, to prevent the rollers from breaking over, it would require a depth twice, if not thrice as great as it now has.

There are the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi river, choking up the commerce of that great valley, checking if not damping, the prosperity of the whole country; and yet the labor and cost of deepening them even so much as *two* feet more, are such, that the enterprise of the nation has not yet found itself equal to the task.

Look at the coast line about the mouth of the Coatzacoalcas. This port is in the middle of the crescent formed between the peninsula of Yucatan and the coast below Tampico—now you will observe, that if a vessel were caught in a *Norther* off the bar of the Coatzacoalcas, she could not make any course that would take her clear of the shore. She is now in a *cul de sac*; and there is no escape for her.

On the Pacific side it is worse. The bars there have not so much water in them, and the outer one is exposed to the full force of the waves that come across that broad ocean. Here, the sea is visited

* The highest ever known.

by the most violent storms, accompanied with thunder and lightning that are described by sailors as truly awful. In short, such are the dangers and difficulties of navigation in that region, that there is an Admiralty order forbidding British ships of war to visit it between June and November.

There are also the Nicaragua and three or four other routes that have occupied more or less the attention of nations and capitalists, from time to time; but the difficulties and objections with regard to them are quite as serious as those which I have been considering with regard to Tehuantepec and Panama.

But if the connexion by any of the routes across Central America could be made at half the expense of the Monterey, or of Wilkes' or Whitney's Rail Road, I should consider either of the last three of far greater importance in a national point of view to this country, and its people, than any route that can be projected to the south of us, free though it should be to them and to it.

To canals, rail roads and all such improvements, there are attached two values; a PARTICULAR and a GENERAL value; if I may so call them. By the particular value of a rail road or canal, I mean that value which attracts the capitalist, and which induces him to invest his money in it for the sake of dividends. It is simply that value which inures exclusively to the benefit of stockholders and consists in the aggregate only of the nett proceeds of the work.

By the *general* value I mean all the collateral advantages which such an improvement draws after it and distributes through the country and to the people of the country through which it passes. These advantages are far greater than the other. They consist first in the benefits of the original expenditure in making the new high-way and the daily disbursements along it: afterwards, in using and keeping it in order, with a large train of numerous benefits to the working men who find profit or employment in consequence of its existence. These collateral advantages consist, too, in the increased value which the improvement, be it rail road or canal, gives to the land along it, and to the produce which is taken up on the way side and conveyed by it to market. Take an example: in consequence of the internal improvements which benefit New York, it is estimated that each house-keeper in that city pays on the average \$50 less a year for such little items even as eggs, milk and butter, than he did pay before these improvements were made and than he would now pay were they destroyed. Each house-keeper, therefore, in that city, who uses milk, butter and eggs, may be considered to have, on account of those items alone, a monied interest in these improvements sufficient to produce an annual dividend of \$50, which is equal to 6 per cent interest on a permanent investment of \$833 33.

The country dairymen, who supply these articles, are equally benefitted.

Were it possible to enumerate all the items under the head of general value of the canal and rail road in the State of New York, we should find millions of people who never invested a dollar in those improvements reaping large annual dividends from their general value. Destroy the great Erie Canal to-morrow and the worth of real estate and other property along it, which constitute but a part of its general value, would be depreciated by an amount exceeding many times the original cost of the work. Suppose, on the other hand, the whole region of rich country through which this canal passes were to be blighted in a day and made as barren as the deserts and as pestilential as the coasts of Africa, leaving the canal only as a connecting link between the lake country and the sea. In this case what would be the general value of that canal in comparison to what it now is? It might still yield dividends and its particular value be good, but its general value would be merely nominal in comparison with what it now is.

A cut through the Isthmus would be the canal through the desert, and in comparison would bring to our country and her citizens but few general advantages.

But the Rail Road to Monterey is the improvement through the rich country, and it would increase the value of lands, invite settlers, and benefit the public through innumerable sources under the head of general value, and strengthen the arms of the nation. A canal across the Isthmus would do no such thing.

There are annually employed in the Pacific three hundred American whaling vessels manned by twenty-five or thirty seamen each. These vessels have to break out their holds once or twice during the voyage to recooper, etc. For this and other purposes of necessity, they seek the ports of South America, of the Sandwich and other islands in the Pacific. They are a hardy set of men who follow the whale in all parts of the ocean. It is a rule with them to visit port once or twice during the year to cooper, refresh and repair, for which several weeks are required; and I presume it is a moderate estimate to set down the average annual expenditure of each of these vessels whether in money or in kind on account of her crew and ship expenses of all kinds at \$5,000—or one million and a half for the whole fleet.

The Sandwich Islands on account of the facilities they afford in the way of outfits, stores and repairs are at present the principal rendezvous for the vessels of this fleet. But were this Rail Road to Monterey completed, they would, as soon as that port should be able to furnish them with the necessary facilities, all resort there—and for the following reasons.

1st. They would be in immediate, direct and cer-

tain communication with owners and friends in Nantucket and elsewhere. 2nd. They would be relieved from the vexations, seizures, forfeitures, duties and port charges to which they are at present liable and often subjected. 3rd. They would be in their own free country under the protection of its righteous laws and glorious flag—and to their country they would assuredly come to expend for pleasure, outfits and refreshments, that million and a half of money which they now scatter yearly over the broad Pacific. Monterey is within their cruising grounds, and is even now often visited by them. From this source arises one of those items under the head of general value connected with this rail road, which dollars and cents cannot wholly express—suppose the rail road to Monterey would induce the whalers to expend annually a million and a half of dollars in our own country and among our own people, which is now expended in foreign ports—\$1,500,000 is 6 per cent interest upon a principal of 25,000,000, and if the improvement should realize this result, besides penetrating the rich country between Memphis and Monterey and tapping many a source of wealth and prosperity that now lies hid on the way, it would prove equal to a funded investment of 25,000,000 by the nation in 6 per cent stock, the dividend from which would annually be expended among our own people instead of being taken from the circulation of the country, carried off and expended among the Islands of the Pacific as it now is.

Suppose the Mexican Canal should draw the whalers to Santa Teresa or Tehuantepec, the million and a half would go to the Mexicans and not “a los Yankees;” we should lose it.

The Sandwich Islands owe their commercial importance chiefly to the whalers and to the circumstance connected with the fact of their being considered the half-way house between America and China. The star of their commercial prosperity has not yet reached its meridian height. Establish this line of steamers, and the day the decree is made for this rail road, that star will culminate.

This rail road would take the inland trade to Santa Fé and Mexico and increase it many fold. It is probable that several millions of Mexican people would use this road as their commercial thoroughfare. For the extent of country to be supplied resolves itself into a question of dollars and cents. All those people who could get articles for less cost over it, than they would pay to receive the same over the rough roads from Vera Cruz and Tampico, would certainly use it.

There are other items of vast importance under the head of general value, some of which it may be proper to enumerate.

Memphis is the point of departure for this route; a city in the heart of the country and occupying a central position; it is situated right on the wayside of the great National highway and commercial tho-

roughfares between the North and the South, the East and the West. The Charleston rail road will connect it with the Atlantic. The Mississippi river already connects it with the Gulf and the lakes and thousands of square leagues of a rich and thriving country, through a ramified system of navigable tributaries, which if drawn out into one continuous stream, would more than encircle the entire globe. Growing out of these circumstances, the Statesman will discover a general value containing items sufficient in consequence and importance to tempt nations into prodigality, for among these items, they would recognize the sovereign right to tax forever millions of property and people whose ability to pay is derived from the facilities afforded them to buy, sell and get gain.

Both Whitney's and Wilkes' Roads to the Pacific have each its advantages, friends and advocates, and deservedly so. The country is wide and I do not start this in opposition to either of the two. Without the requisite topographical and geodetic information as to either of the routes that have been proposed from the valley of the West to the Pacific, I have been considering the most direct routes *geographically*, by which some central point of the country may be connected with China by rail road and steamers.

I did not select Whitney's as a link in this chain, because it is out of the way of the Great Circle route from Western America to China, because it lies within a colder region and would be liable to obstructions in winter, and because the harbor, at the mouth of the Columbia river, is not comparable to those in California. Lt. Howison* was wrecked at the mouth of that river two years ago in the U. S. schooner, Shark. She went to pieces at a place on the bar where but a few years before the Exploring Expedition found water enough to float a 74. He chartered a vessel to take himself and crew to the Sandwich Islands, and though drawing but 8 feet water was detained 63 days just inside of the bar and within one hours sail of the open sea, waiting to get out. I learn from that officer, and upon professional subjects there is not to be found better authority—that the character of that harbor has entirely changed since Captain Wilkes surveyed it.

* We are pained to announce the death of this estimable and accomplished officer. He died in the town of Fredericksburg on the 23rd of February. Few men in the Navy enjoyed more of the confidence and esteem of their superiors than LIEUT. NEIL M. HOWISON. A service of more than twenty years had pointed him out in a marked degree to the notice of the Department, and, had he lived, we do not doubt that he would have risen to the highest rank on the quarter deck. Naturally ardent and generous in temperament, he was remarkable for the unremitting ease and elegance of his conversation, and the uniform simplicity of his manners. Although his death was sudden, it is consoling to know that his last moments were spent in the sacred circle of home.—[Ed. Mess.]

I did not select the route proposed by Wilkes from the Missouri; because it too is out of the way of the Great Circle and also liable to obstruction in winter.

Nor did I select nor have I advocated the route from Memphis as the very best that is; I wish you to understand that I do not pretend to know anything as to the nature of the ground or the obstacles in the way further than what may be gathered from a mere geographical knowledge. San Diego and San Francisco may either offer a better terminus for the rail road than Monterey. Lt. Minor, U. S. N., who has been the governor of San Diego informs me that he found bituminous coal in the Solidad valley, about six miles from the port. He found it on the surface and used it in the forge though it was impregnated with sulphur.

Geographically speaking, however, Memphis and Monterey are the points. But *geodetically*, practically and commercially it may be better to improve the navigation of the Rio Grande so as to ascend it by steam boats some 4 or 500 miles to the Paso del Norte or even further up, then cross over the Sierra to the head waters of the Gila, thence down that shallow stream with locks and dams to its junction with the Colorado—and thence to San Diego and the ocean. But seeing that practically with us it is not so easy to make navigable those rivers in the west which are not so, I do not expect ever to see this route successfully pursued or even seriously advocated. Crossing the Mississippi midway between the gulf and the lakes the proposed route from Memphis would be through a healthy, and for the most part a fertile country. It never would be blocked up with snow—of all the routes ever proposed from the United States to China it is the most direct for the people of the states, the West Indies, Brazil, Bolivia and all the intermediate country. The length of the rail road may be shortened several hundred miles for the present at least by starting it from the sources, or head of navigation, the Arkansas. The effects of a substantial rail road from Memphis to one of the ports of California in connection with a line of steamers thence to China would do much to break up old thoroughfares and channels of commerce through the Pacific and to turn them through the United States. A good rail road with a moderate rate of tolls, but sufficient, nevertheless, to keep the road in repair, could be felt at the Sandwich Islands as a serious injury to them and their commercial importance.

Let such a rail road be given to the country, and after it shall have been for a little while in successful operation, you will hear no more said by the people on the Atlantic side in favor of a canal or rail road, across the Isthmus of the continent, for their convenience in communicating with China and "*Old East*." So far from the people of the Atlantic wanting a highway there to get to the Pa-

cific on their way to China, the people of the Pacific, at least of all Pacific America south of Mexico, will want to cut through the Isthmus of Panama to get to us on their way to China and the east.

The time from Panama up the Pacific coast to Monterey allowing the same rate at 220 to the steamer would be 15 days and 3,300 miles. This part of the voyage would be tame to a degree having scarcely variety enough to make applicable the travellers witticism, "sometimes we ship a sea, sometimes we see a ship." Say then which of the two lines would a passenger, on arriving from Valparaiso, at Panama, or at Cuba from Brazil, or at Jamaica from England, be most likely to take, the one on this tedious route along the Mexican coast, with its dull monotony, or the one through the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi and thence across the country by rail road to California?

Considering the present commercial condition of the Japan and Chinese empires, regarding the destiny of the Pacific states of the Union as one of glorious promise, taking the changes which are annually occurring not only in the articles of trade but in the channels of commerce, and recollecting that of the eight hundred millions of people who are said to inhabit the earth, six hundred millions of them are to be found in the islands and countries which are washed by the Pacific it is difficult to overrate the value and importance to the Republic of a safe and ready means of communication through California with those people.

These six hundred millions have always been behind the two hundred millions of the Atlantic in the art of ship building and in commercial enterprise.

Their junks and proaks were made only for creeping along the coward shores, not for venturing across the broad ocean. They are content that those white winged vessels which come from beyond the "black waters" should fetch and carry for them.

The Islander will cease to go naked—the Chinaman will give up his chop-sticks, and the Asiatic Russian his train oil the moment they shall find that they can exchange the productions of their climate and labor for that which is more pleasing to the taste or fancy. Hitherto the way to reach these people has been around the stormy capes and the expense of carrying to the laboring classes, whose name there is legion, suitable articles of food and raiment, has been greater than they can bear.

Do you suppose that the laboring classes of China would live and die on the unchanged diet of rice if they could obtain meat and bread? This country will soon be offering from its western shores not only these articles but many other items of commerce which, by constant and familiar intercourse with our people, they will soon learn to be want and taught to buy. I regard the proposed rail road and line of steamers as but an entering

wedge—which, that these new channels of commerce may be safely opened, should be driven with energy.

The rail road must be a work of time—the line of steamers may be quickly started. I would, therefore, beg leave to call your attention to the importance of putting into simultaneous operation with the steamers, a mail to run in connection with them from Monterey to the most convenient point in the states.

This mail would not probably be oftener than once a month. If it come to Memphis or Little Rock the direct route would be near Santa Fe and through Taos—supposing a grand pass should be found through the mountains, this mail would want an escort, and should be carried on horseback. On account of the Indians, etc., which beset this route it might be well to establish a line of small block houses for the protection and safety of the emigrants to California. These stations could also afford horses, riders and escorts for the mail.

In that country a journey on horseback once a month of 50 miles in 12 hours—4 miles an hour—would not be considered impracticable either for man or beast with relays to accompany the riders 6 miles an hour or 72 miles in 12 hours would not be impracticable. But suppose the rate to be only 50 miles in 12 hours or 100 in the 24 it would then be practicable—continuing the mail day and night—to reach Independence, Mo., or Fort Gibson, Ark., from Monterey in 10 or 12 days and thus letters from China might be delivered in New York within 45 days after date. It now takes more than twice that time.

When this mail route shall be established the merchant in Boston 45 or 50 days after his ship shall have sailed for China may send via Monterey fresh instructions and they will reach consignees as soon as the ship will.

Whether San Diego, Monterey, or San Francisco shall be selected, as the terminus of the rail road and the line to China, will or ought to depend partly upon the comparative facilities by which these ports may be reached from Memphis and partly upon the advantages which they offer for the principal dock-yard hereafter to be established on the Pacific. The necessary surveys and examinations are wanting to decide this point.

The bills and reports submitted by you to the House of Representatives in 1841, and subsequently have caused you to be considered in the Navy as the leader in Congress upon the subject of ocean steamers as connected with the naval defences of the country. In the policy of encouraging merchants to build for our lines of mail steamers vessels that are convertible, at the pleasure of the government, into efficient men-of-war, is contained a principal of naval expansion, and the sinews of that maritime strength which, when rightly understood, by the people and properly carried out by the gov-

ernment will make us in war the strongest power on the ocean that the world ever saw.

This system of man-of-war built mail-steamers, constructed with the aid of a trifling bounty from the government, and commanded by educated officers of the Navy, but manned and sailed on private account, will be to the Navy in war precisely what the militia, led by West Point graduates, have proved themselves to the Army. Closely and intimately connected is this great national rail road with that beautiful system of public defence.

Respectfully, &c.

M. F. MAURY.

Lt. United States Navy.

N. B. I send you a chart with the routes marked off. The distances mentioned are in *Nautical* miles.

HON. T. BUTLER KING,

*Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs,
House of Representatives, Washington.*

RETURN OF THE REDBREAST.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

Warble on pretty redbreast
Out by the lawn;
Come build now thy downy nest,
Winter is gone;
No more fear the chilling blast,
Shrink not again,
See, Spring has its blossoms cast
Wide o'er the plain!

How sadly thine Autumn lay
Thrilled in the grove,
When faded thy bower away,
Bower of thy love;
Then mourning thou took'st thy flight
On rapid plume,
Away to sweet groves of light,
'Mid tropic bloom.

Thou hast been to a sunny clime,
Far, far away,
Where comes ne'er bleak Winter time,
Frosting the spray;
O'er fields ever green and fair,
There thou could'st roam—
And was thy heart lonely there,
Yearning for home?

What though in the spicy land
Glow rarest flowers,
And come with the breezes bland,
Sweet scented showers,
When thy heart's on the blue hills
Skirting thy home,
Where leap the wild mountain rills,
Sparkling with foam.

A glad welcome home again,
Sweet be thy song,
As free o'er thy native plain
Gliding along;
O, come build thy mossy nest
Here on this tree,
When care has my heart oppress,
Then sing for me!

Louisville, Ky.

LAW REPORTS.

Every man, and every class, have their grievances, under which they groan without the sympathy, or even the knowledge of other men and other classes.

Among the grievances that oppress the class called "Lawyers," not the smallest is the number of law-books. The vulgar idea, that lawyers delight in the bulk, number, and complexity of law-books, and try to increase them in order to make themselves more necessary as interpreters, is one among the most egregious of vulgar errors. All lawyers know, that such an increase adds tenfold more to the tax on their purses and their brains, than it adds to their profits. Let laws be as few, as brief, and as clear, as human wisdom can make them,—and still the ever varying emergencies of society, the perpetual conflicts of interest and clashings of opinion, will make courts, and lawyers, always indispensable. Nor can the demand for them be much lessened, by any art of law-making. But certainly, much may be done to increase their ease and satisfaction in expounding the laws, and to diminish the delays and vexations which torment suitors, by weeding away those cumbrous superfluities, that form four-fifths of our law-books. We say deliberately, four-fifths. For, taking statutes, law-essays, and books of reported cases all together, at least that proportion might be struck out with unspeakable improvement to their precision, their clearness, and every other quality desirable in law-books.

The legislatures are chargeable with much of this evil. Laws are commonly penned by inferior hands; and often so hastily, that it is no wonder they are wordy and confused. Few enactments of the Virginia Legislature,* or of Congress, but would be improved by shortening them one half, or more.

But the courts—the highest courts—and their reporters, are more chargeable than the legislatures, with the bewildering bulk, complexity, and

multitude, of law-books. The decisions of those courts in the cases referred to them, are reported and published as guides to inferior courts, to lawyers, and to the people. These decisions, and the manner of reporting them, contribute most largely to the evil we are regretting. These probably constitute nineteen-twentieths of the volumes in which all who would know what the law is, must search for it: and it is in these, that redundancies of various kinds crowd most upon the mind.

Let us declare in the outset, that the evil is no way peculiar to Virginia. We believe that neither her books of reported cases, nor her books of legislation, are more voluminous, considering her age, population, and varied interests, than those of any sister state, or of the Mother country. But from Virginia, as the mother of states, and as the leader in much that is good—from Virginia, as one whose sons are heard and felt over the great West, wherever eloquence or energy can find a field, and who is looked to by half the Union for lessons of political wisdom and individual excellence—something better might be expected than the rubbish in which her laws are hidden. She is rescuing her statutes from *their* part of that rubbish: will she not do the like for that far vaster part of her jurisprudence which is en-chaffed in her books of Law-Reports?

The necessity of reformation in this thing is now imperious, from various considerations.

The reported decisions of Virginia's two highest courts, (the Court of Appeals and General Court) already, in this her infancy, fill 44 large volumes, averaging more than 600 pages each!* The Supreme Court of the United States, whose decisions in many cases are binding upon our courts, and in all cases are strongly influential, has put forth about 45 volumes!

The decisions of courts in other States are not binding in Virginia, but they are regarded as "persuasive authority,"—are often quoted in her courts, and weigh so powerfully upon all doubtful questions, that no well-read lawyer dares be ignorant of them. Those oftenest quoted and most respected are from New-York, South Carolina, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Kentucky, Maryland, Connecticut and Indiana: but, Tennessee, Alabama, Ohio, Missouri, Pennsylvania, and others, also furnish occasional authorities. Now New York has more than 50 volumes of Reports; Massachusetts nearly 50; and the rest, we believe, from 10 to 30 each. In all, several hundred volumes of our sister States.

English decisions are of more weight than those of the sister States—partly through prestige, but more through merit: and they are more numerous than all the American decisions put together. We

* The enactments of the late session, in revising the Code, are a pleasing exception to this remark. They will form an epoch in Virginia legislation, by their brevity and lucidness.

* In Hening and Munford, are some cases from the Richmond Superior Court of Chancery; but they occupy only a small space.

cannot tell how many volumes of reports have come from the several high courts of England since the year 1800: they largely overgo one hundred. And these are as nothing, to the multitudes issued in former centuries.

All these judicial Law-factories are still plying their powers, to push yet further the multiplication of law-books. The two Virginia factories (besides her Legislature) put forth a volume every year. Those in other States, we dare say, are equally industrious. And in England, where Justice has no longer the hobbling gait that she retains here, but is clear-minded and dispatchful to a degree that might well make us ashamed,—we suppose there must be three or four volumes annually.

Such is the vast, and continually widening field, in which the Virginia judge and lawyer must labor. Thoroughly to master the decisions of his own highest courts alone, would be no light task. We have often known lawyers of high repute uninformed, even of *them*; and judges, as often. Those forty-four volumes are more than any ordinary mind can comprehend and remember, except by exclusive devotion to them. Add the hundreds of other volumes, and what human faculties, what human lifetime, are adequate to the toil? But besides Reports, and Statutes, there are hundreds of treatises written by jurists on various legal subjects, in one, two, three, or four volumes each, which it is not safe for the advocate or counsellor wholly to neglect.

Enough has been said to show that some remedy is indispensable, for the magnitude and number of our Law-Reports. The remedy, of course, is COMPRESSION. It may not be wholly too late, even for the tomes already published. We have hopes that even they, or most of them, may be cleared of their chaff by some patient and judicious winnower; and we are certain that the six or eight volumes thus produced would be worth more, and sell infinitely faster, than the present forty-four. But the main labor of compression should be directed to future Reports. We believe a scrutiny of those existing will prove, that a condensation into one-fifth of their present compass is easily practicable, would greatly facilitate the mastery of their contents, and, by ridding them of loose, extrajudicial, and misleading opinions, would vastly increase their value as judicial oracles. Taking the average of reported cases, we think each one might spare three-fourth of its length, with decided improvement to its merits. Many cases might beneficially lose a larger proportion. And many ought to be omitted altogether.

If these views are correct, a yearly pamphlet of 100, or 150 pages, would suffice to report our decided cases; instead of the ponderous leather-covered tome of 600 or 800 pages, in which the law is now smothered. The pamphlet might be sold at one dollar, or less—instead of the six dollars at

which the tome is sold. For, of the one hundred lawyers or more, with whom we are personally acquainted, we believe not more than thirty buy the late Reports at all; and it is because so few purchase them, that the State cannot afford to sell them lower—by a well known law of trade. Probably all lawyers, and other persons besides, would purchase the pamphlet: so that the price could be reduced in a much greater proportion than the bulk.

Will the reader go with us in a scrutiny which will prove all that we have said about the compressibility of the Virginia Law-Reports? He will,—unless he is insensible to great interests, which the subject involves. For the wide promulgation, and easy comprehension of the laws, are matters in which all are concerned.

We propose to take the latest Reports—the three volumes of Grattan—which are decidedly freer from redundancies than the ten or fifteen volumes next preceding. And even these three, we think, can be shown to contain something like five times the number of words and pages that they ought to contain.

These volumes are swollen to their undue size by three principal means: 1. Arguments of counsel, which ought not to be inserted at all; 2. The reporter's statements of the cases, which statements are greatly too long; and 3. The opinions of the judges, which often exceed a just length as much as the reporter's statements do. Sometimes, when several or all of the judges give separate opinions in a case (though coming to one common result), all these opinions are spread out in full by the reporter; instead of being moulded by the court, or by him, into one comprehensive expression of their material thoughts.

Mr. Grattan's first volume consists of 564 pages; of which 219 are filled by arguments of counsel! The reporter's statements (besides his abstracts, or summaries, of the points decided) fill 140 pages; and the opinions of the court, 188 pages. His two other volumes are less excessive in the first particular: as the second volume devotes to the counsel's arguments only 139½ and the third only 102½. The three contain of those arguments, 460 pages! It is consoling to observe, that this excrescence diminishes even faster relatively, than absolutely: since it forms above a third part of the first volume, little over a fifth of the second, and less than a seventh of the third. All future ones, we trust, will discard it wholly—except, perhaps, a mere reference to the chief authorities cited by counsel, where no opinion of the court is delivered. It may safely be said, that not one in ten of the lawyers who read the reports (besides the authors of the arguments) would wish those arguments inserted. The space they fill, the money they cost to purchasers of the book, the false lights they hold out as to the law, and their tendency, if reported,

to encourage that *cacoethes loquendi* which so greatly retards business in the Court of Appeals,—are evils far outweighing any possible good that can result from their insertion.

Then, the Reporter's statements are too long. These are the narratives of the facts upon which the decisions are given. Many of these narratives are twice the needful length; some three times; and others, five times. Scarcely one, but might beneficially be shortened a third, a fourth, or to some other considerable extent. They are distended by the needless introduction of names and circumstances no way essential to the points decided; and by needlessly multiplying words in stating essential things. It is incredible, to most story-tellers, how much more intelligible a story is made by leaving out of it all immaterial persons and facts: persons and facts not conducing at all to the result, and no more needing to be introduced to the reader, than the common soldiers or mob-men in a play need be known by name to the audience. None of the *genus* story-teller more require to be taught this truth, than the *species* Law-Reporter. It was our habit, long ago, (in pursuance of counsel given by our legal instructor,—given also by Mr. Jefferson to a pupil of his, as we see by the last Messenger,) to abridge reported cases which seemed important, in order to master their principles more perfectly. Applying this old habit to some of Mr. Grattan's cases, we have had the curiosity to count the words in his reports, and the words in our abridgments. The results more than verify what we have said. The reporter's narrative in the case of *Phœbe, &c. vs. Boggess* (1 Grattan) consists of 423 words: the abridgment, of 171. In *Strider vs. Reid's Administrator*, (2 Grattan,) the reporter's statement has 580 words: the abridgment, 185. In *Patterson vs. Ford*, (2 Grattan,) the reporter's statement has 1330 words: the abridgment, 220. In *Lowe vs. Miller*, *Atkinson vs. Christian*, and *Yerby vs. Lynch* (all in 3rd Grattan,) the reporter's narratives are abridged from 576 words to 260; from 500 to 285; and from 400 to 167; respectively—and might probably be further abridged with advantage.

We are by no means conscious of having selected for abridgement, cases at all more susceptible of it than the rest. We believe them to be fair specimens.

The opinions of the court, too, are spread out to an excessive length. Sometimes in Grattan, but much oftener in all its predecessors, the separate opinion of each judge is given: almost every one saying four-times what is necessary. This is the very consummation of weariness, and of confusion. In the long and earnest argument by which the judge seeks to demonstrate the correctness of his conclusion, he exhausts every topic—combats every adverse view—quotes, often at needless length, every confirming authority. One, two, three, or

four of his brethren follow, in like manner, though usually with some mitigation of length; attaining sometimes the same result, sometimes a slightly different, and sometimes an opposite one, by courses of reasoning, varied as it is natural for different minds to vary. Commonly the youngest judges give the longest opinions. In such dissertations, numberless incidental opinions, and passing remarks—*obiter dicta*—are thrown out, which even their utterer perhaps would not adhere to upon mature deliberation, and which, when they come up for decision are as likely to be overruled as affirmed; but which are seized on by lawyers as veritable expositions of the law. Thus a thousand erroneous doctrines are scattered through the profession, with great chance of being adopted by the inferior courts; heightening continually the Law's "glorious uncertainty." Thus, in *Hunters v. Waite*, one judge dissertates through 18 pages; another through 12. In the *United States v. Blakeney*, one opinion is 17 pages long, another 15, and a third one page. In *Yerby v. Lynch*, the opinion of the Circuit judge is introduced, eight pages long; then those of four appellate judges, filling one, twenty, twelve, and (again) twelve pages. The whole case occupies 57 pages: and its most stupendous feature is, that the four judges are divided in opinion, so that the decision is of no authority!* But the paragon of cases—that, before which *Whitworth v. Adams*, and all others hitherto deemed most prodigious, must "hide their diminished heads," in *Garner's*, the kidnapper's case, filling 131 pages! It was in the General court; and involved a discussion of the Ohio and Virginia boundary. Two of the opinions are of 15 pages each: four others are of 17, 19, 21, and 28 pages! To aggravate the wrong of inserting this case in a book which many lawyers are *obliged* to buy, it decides nothing. For a majority of the judges agreed, we believe, in no one point discussed, except that (for reasons in which the majority differed among themselves) the prosecution could not be sustained.

A less grievous method than that of separate opinions, is when a single judge gives his opinion, in the results of which his colleagues acquiesce. Such a single one, however, is in nearly every instance infected with the prevailing evil. That delivered in *Patterson v. Ford*, for example, is 12 pages long. We have compressed it into less than a seventh of that length, without losing, we believe, a solitary idea that ought to be retained. Many others are similarly compressible. But in many—perhaps in most—of Mr. Grattan's cases, the admirable plan is adopted, of letting one judge express the COURT'S OPINION; which, then em-

* It is but fair to say, however, that as the circuit judge and the lamented Judge STANARD, who died while writing his opinion, (of which 12 pages are given,) concurred with Judges Baldwin and Cabell, the decision is highly "persuasive." But surely this is no sufficient reason for reporting a case 57 pages long. If inserted at all, the briefest abridgment should have sufficed.

bodily only the views in which all the judges fully concur, is of course very brief. This plan is admirably carried out by Judges Cabell, Stanard, Allen, and Baldwin, in many opinions which it would be difficult to amend by materially shortening them. Yet many others of this class can be shortened, with advantage; some, one third—others one half—and others two-thirds or more.

The fourth great cause of excessive bulk in Law Reports is the insertion of cases which ought to be omitted; or only brief abstracts of them inserted. These are cases not decided by the number of judges requisite to make them binding, as precedents. Such are those in which only three of the five judges were sitting, and only two of the three concurred in the decision; or those where four judges sitting, were divided two and two in opinion. In this latter event, the decision appealed from is confirmed; and in the former, the opinion of the two judges prevails: but neither decision is in the slightest degree obligatory upon any court or person, except in that single case. And the only effect of reporting it, is to present *questionable* if not false lights as to the Law. In 2d Grattan, the cases of *Wilson v. Burfoot*, and *Siter &c., v. McClannahan*, jointly containing 70 pages, were decided by two out of three judges; while *Pollock v. Glassel*, of 33 pages, was decided by the full concurrence of but two out of four,—a third judge dissenting as to three out of six points, and the fourth dissenting yet further. This case, we think, had better not been reported; on account of its tendency to produce misunderstanding about the law which it determines. The two former cases certainly ought not to have been reported. In 3d Grattan, the cases of the *Rivanna Company v. Dawson*, *Yerby v. Lynch*, and *Garner's case*, amounting to 195 pages should have been omitted—the two last for reasons already given,—and the first because it was decided by only two judges out of three. The propriety of inserting *Sheppards v. Turpin*, and *Wills v. Spraggins*, (57 pages,) was questionable, from the doubtful concurrence of one of the three sitting judges. We have not examined 1st Grattan with reference to its cases that should have been omitted. But such abound through all the Virginia Reports.

Let us exemplify the compressibility of the latest of these reports, by abridging for our readers, two cases—taken, one from 1st, and the other from 2d Grattan. The former contains in the printed form, nearly fourteen pages, of which eleven are the arguments of counsel. These we shall omit altogether. The latter, in print, contains nearly five pages, of which two and a half are counsel's arguments.

PHŒBE and others v. BOGGESS.

(1 Grattan, 129—143.)

[*Absent, Cabell and Brooke, J.s*]

Boguess, in 1844, owning several slaves (Phœbe

and others,) and being on his death-bed, requested one of several neighbors who were present, to write his will. That neighbor, sitting by B.'s bedside, wrote from his dictation, in the hearing of three others, a will emancipating his slaves and disposing of his whole estates, real and personal. The will was then read to B., he approved it, sat up, and attempted to sign it; but desisted, saying he could not see—and requested the writer to sign it for him. The writer had taken the pen, and was in the act of writing B.'s name, when B. swooned. The three other persons, at the writer's request, soon afterwards signed their names with him to the will as witnesses. B. died two or three hours after swooning; having done or said nothing further to complete the will.

The County Court on motion of the emancipated slaves, admitted the paper to probate, as B.'s nuncupative will.

The Circuit Court, on appeal, reversed that sentence; and the persons claiming emancipation appealed to the Court of Appeals.

Grattan for appellants—assigned as counsel by the court.

Harrison and C. Johnson for appellees.

THE COURT—by Allen, J.

The statute (1 Rev. Code, p. 433, §53,) authorizes two modes of emancipation: one, by will; the other, by an instrument of writing executed, attested, and proved or acknowledged in the mode prescribed. The *will* intended, is such a will, so executed and proved, as to constitute by law a valid testamentary disposition of properties of the kind referred to in it. The mode in which a valid disposition might be made by will, had been previously regulated: it was not the purpose of the statute, by attaching new qualifications to a will emancipating slaves, to distinguish between it and a will disposing of slave property otherwise. The directions of the statute, in the clause under consideration, must refer, and be restricted, to the "other instrument" by which the owner was authorized to emancipate.

The decedent's declarations, as proved and reduced to writing, constitute a good nuncupative will; and as such, were properly admitted to probate by the county court.

Judgment of Circuit Court reversed, and sentence of County Court affirmed.

STANARD, J. dissented from so much of the opinion as held the paper to be a good nuncupative will.

This abridgment contains 391 words: the printed report, 4,100! By referring to the chief authorities cited by the counsel, the abridgment might be usefully enlarged.

The second case we abridge, is

Strider v. Reid's Admr., 2 Grattan, 38—43.

Reid, having mortgaged a negro boy for debt, made a written agreement with Strider, that Stri-

der should pay that debt, and that Reid should leave the boy in S.'s possession till a day specified (about three years distant,) and then refund to S. the money he had paid, and take the boy; or receive the additional sum which the boy might then be worth at a fair valuation, and make a good title for him to S.: also that R. should procure an assignment to S. of the existing mortgage.

Strider paid the debt; and the mortgagee wrote on the mortgage an assignment of it to S., but it was never delivered to him.

Reid died a year or more after the day appointed for his refunding the money, without having attempted to redeem the boy: and some time afterwards his administrator sued in Chancery to redeem the slave; insisting that the agreement between Reid and Strider was only a mortgage. The Circuit Court, being of that opinion, decreed that Strider should deliver up the boy, and pay a balance due for his hires, after deducting from them the money which S. had paid for Reid, with its interest.

Strider appealed.

Cooke, for appellant, cited 1 Wash. 14, 125; 7 Cra. 218 (or Pet. Cond. Rep. 479;) 1 Call 280; and 2 Call 421.

C. and G. N. Johnson, for appellee, cited Coote on Mortgages, p. 9 to 13, in vol. 18 of Law Library; 7 Cra. 218; the cases quoted in 2 Rob.'s Pract. 51; 10 Leigh, 251; and Coote on Mortgages, 33.

THE COURT, by Allen, J.

The contract of Reid with Strider was a conditional sale of the slave, at a fair valuation. The mode of ascertaining the price was for the seller's benefit; which frees this case from an objection sometimes urged, that such contracts are devices to obtain property from needy debtors at less than a fair value. Possession was delivered to the purchaser, who was entitled to retain it until the time fixed for payment of the money, without accounting for hires. The seller reserved the right to abrogate the contract of sale, by returning the money advanced, without interest: and if not so abrogated the contract became executed, and Strider became liable for the balance of the slave's value. It was error, therefore, to hold the contract a mortgage.

As it appears by the commissioner's report, that the slave was worth \$600 about the day appointed for Reid's refunding the \$180 which Strider had paid in discharge of the mortgage debt, S. should have been decreed to pay \$420, the balance, after deducting the \$180; with interest from that day till paid.

Decree recorded with costs: and a decree entered according to the foregoing opinion.

The case as reported contains 1,485 words: our abridgment, 466. In the book the court's opinion contains 290 words; in the abridgment, 197.

The reader is invited to examine the Reports

themselves, along with our abridgments, and with all that we have said; and to judge if we have overstrained any thing—to see if we have not more than made good our early positions. Strike out the cases which ought not to have been inserted, and condense properly the remaining ones, and would not these books be reduced to less than one fifth of their present dimensions?

We are glad to see that Mr. Grattan is restoring, to some extent, the sort of brief marginal abstract which Gilmer's and Randolph's Reports used to give of the points decided. But he still has something to amend in this respect. Many of his abstracts are not so concise as they might be.

The court, we believe, and not the reporter, determines what cases shall be reported. And when the court gives ever so long and ever so rambling an opinion, or set of opinions, in a case, we doubt if the reporter is at liberty to condense or remould. No matter where the fault lies we wish it noted, and hope it will be corrected by whoever can correct it. If necessary we would even invoke the high powers of Public Opinion and the Legislature to remedy the varied grievances of our Law-Reports.

If it is not already apparent from what we have said, let us now say, that no censure is due to our present Reporter for the faults we have been pointing out. They came down to him not only from all his Virginia predecessors, but his English ones; and they are shared with him by his brethren in all the sister states, into whose reports we have looked. The cumbrousness of Law Reports is one of the many follies which we have borrowed from Mother England,—along with a far greater number of things inestimably good. If Mr. G., in his future volumes, fail to amend what it is in the reporter's power to amend, we shall attribute the failure to what seems a general truth in regard to such work—that it does not suit a lawyer of a very high order. The ablest lawyers have commonly made the most indifferent reporters: as the doers of great actions have rarely excelled in recording and celebrating them. The best, the fairest, the ablest speech that we have ever heard in any civil cause, was made by Mr. G.: we shall only be sorry—not surprised—if such a mind as his cannot be brought to do the plodding drudgery involved in our *beau ideal* of Law-Reports. Let him remember, however, that the mightiest of quadrupeds cannot only launch a ship, but pick up a pin: and that the vastest of human intellects (that of Bacon) is eulogized by the first of living writers no less for its power of grasping small things, when utility bade, than for its power to span the universe.

Let all Reporters, let all Law-book makers, remember how incredibly, beyond any former example, the calls upon readers' minds are now multiplying—at home, in the neighboring sovereignties and in England: how new subjects of contest, and

new principles of decision, are continually springing into view: how many thousand fresh themes of interest, in society, politics, literature, and science, crowd upon the mental eye, and crave a share of attention! Then let them remember (what the witty Sidney Smith and Macaulay after him, have suggested) that men once lived near a thousand years, and could then afford to be tasked with voluminous books, such books as are written for lawyers; but that the great Flood reduced man's life to three score and ten—a span too brief for masses of reading suited only to antediluvians. M.

March 10, 1848.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LINE OF STEAMERS TO CHINA.

Although it is not a habit with us to call attention to particular articles, which appear in our pages, yet we feel constrained by the very peculiar nature of that, which is laid before the public, in our present number over the signature of Lieut. Maury, to violate a general rule. The reader, we are assured, will find in the essay in question, ample ground to excuse us for a departure from what we may fairly designate as a foregone conclusion.

The project developed by Lieut. Maury, and to which Mr. King awards him the title of discovery, opens to the mind's eye a boundless vision of national greatness and power. The trade of the East—the wealth and jewels of the Orient—has been, from the earliest ages, the object to which has been directed the attention of all the nations of the earth. From this were derived the splendor of the Ptolemies, and the magnificence of the Caliphs. For this, Venice espoused the Adriatic, and with the *spolia opima* of the Indies rose to an unexampled height of commercial prosperity. It was, at once the day-dream of the Spaniard and the cherished hope of “the world-seeking Genoese.” The daring navigators, who first braved the perils of the deep, did not doubt that their barks would be borne on to

“Where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,”

and in more modern times—nay, even in our own day—the profusion of the Nabob has attested the abundant rewards of the traffic of the British East India Company. To secure the trade of Asia to ourselves, to cause this rich current to flow through our land, is assuredly then an object of paramount importance.

We are not prepared to pass judgment upon the views of Lieut. Maury, the subject being in a great degree new to us, though it undoubtedly possesses interest for all. Yet there appears to go along with him so much of reason based upon knowledge, that we confess ourselves almost half-convinced before we are half-informed. We acknowledge that we were “startled from our propriety,” when we learned, for the first time, a fact, which might have been very easy of ascertainment, that New Orleans is 3,000 miles nearer in the direction of travel to China, than Panama. Upon examination, we find that it so indeed. The practical knowledge which he has shown himself to possess of all matters

with regard to the long spoken of Tehuantepec Canal, cannot fail to strike the reader, as it certainly did us. We, along with many others, (like the man who found a mill-site on the top of a mountain admirably adapted to the intended purpose, in all respects, except that there was no appearance of water in the neighborhood to set the machinery in motion,) had been in the habit of regarding this as the first stage to China, without asking ourselves where the water was to come from that was destined to float the ships. We confess ourselves under great obligation to Lieut. Maury. We wanted light, and he has given us enough to make us doubt all mere theory for the rest of our days.

This is certainly one of the most remarkable papers of the day, and whether its speculations, (which are not numerous by the bye,) be just or not, must command the most serious attention. If he is a *theorist*, he is a very bold one; if his paper is designed to set forth mere speculations, it cannot be denied that he is a most original thinker; if he be merely indulging his fancy, he has made a most unaccountable display of practical knowledge. We cannot help believing that this paper is likely to produce no small degree of sensation, both here, and abroad. Let its fate be what it may, however, the author will be classed among the first minds of the age.

We again commend our readers to the diligent perusal of this paper, and a thorough understanding of its contents.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES.

Mons. Alexandre Vattemare, the enlightened founder of the System of International Exchanges has made a visit to our city in the prosecution of his praiseworthy designs, and has been received with cordiality by the Legislature of Virginia. He brought with him many valuable contributions to the State Library from corporations and societies in Europe. We had the pleasure of a long conversation with Mons. Vattemare, in the course of which he set forth with great enthusiasm and feeling, a plan for an institution of great interest to be established in the City of Paris. This plan, which must address itself at once to the gratitude and national pride of every American, is (in his own eloquent language) “to build up, in the most splendid edifice of the metropolis of the old world—the Hotel de Ville—a special and enduring monument of American genius,” by founding an American Library to consist solely of the free-will offerings of the people of the United States to the City of Paris. In the hall set apart for this purpose, each State of the Union will have an alcove expressly appropriated for the reception of its contributions, distinguished by its armorial bearings, its name and the date of its incorporation. Here the thousands of visitors who frequent the Hotel de Ville will learn something at least of the institutions of America, here may be seen at every turn the records of her greatness and her glory, and here the American citizen, who shall linger in the gayest of European capitals, may walk with a proud step and survey with a feeling of generous exultation what has been, in some measure, the work of his own hands. In this noble enterprise Mons. Vattemare invites the coöperation of all “State-Legislatures, cities, corporations, scientific societies, authors, artists, publishers and amateurs.” We are assured that this appeal will not be in vain and that Mons. Vattemare, when he shall recross the Atlantic, will carry with him the materials for a worthy beginning of the work. It may be well to state, for a better understanding of the scheme, that all private donations intended for the Library, should be sent in the name of the *State*, where the donor resides, with the donor's name subjoined, as for example, “The State of Virginia to the City of Paris. Presented by —.” All persons in our own State desiring to con-

tribute will send their offerings to the State Librarian, who is instructed by a vote of the Legislature to forward them to their destination.

To this System of International Exchanges, Mons. Vattermare has directed all the energies of his mind and body for many years. He has spent a large private fortune in its establishment and asks in return only a recognition of its high claims. Simply as tending to advance the cause of Science and the Fine Arts, it deserves all the assistance we can afford it, but as affecting the social relations of different countries, as binding them together by the sense of mutual courtesies and good-feeling, we cannot too highly commend it. We bespeak for Mons. Vattermare, wherever he may go, the distinguished reception he so eminently deserves at the hands of the American people.

Notices of New Works.

TITUS LIVIUS.—*Selections from the Five First Books, together with the Twenty-First and Twenty-Second Books entire. Chiefly from the text of Alchefschi, with English Notes for Schools and Colleges. By J. L. Lincoln, Professor of Latin in Brown University. With an accompanying plan of Rome, and a Map of the Passage of Hannibal. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.—Philadelphia. G. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.*

The lovers of classical literature in the United States, amid many discouraging circumstances, have reason to rejoice in the increasing number and excellence of the school editions constantly issuing from the American Press. The taste and habits of our people must be completely revolutionized, before the ponderous editions, so common in Europe, can be saleable or even possible in America. But the cheap text-books of Felton, Dillaway, Packard, Woolsey, Owen, Cleaveland and many others, are ample enough for the brief time, and briefer patience of our scholars.

That indefatigable and voluminous compiler, Anthon, has almost completely neutralized the real excellence of his productions by stuffing them to repletion.

We have hailed the Livy of Professor Lincoln with great pleasure, not because we resemble the valiant Baron of Bradwardine in ever having made the author of it our vademecum, or because we set any peculiar value on the work as a history. The Niebuhr school have succeeded in reducing it, when considered in that aspect, into the same class with Ivanhoe, and, like all innovators, have adduced strong reasons for overthrowing this venerable fabric of blind credulity, formerly erected around the authority of the eloquent Roman. But Niebuhr himself has, in warm terms, acknowledged the matchless beauty of the composition, which is peculiarly fitted to charm all youths who have the capacity, and due preparation for its intelligent perusal.

In the United States, they have long needed a better guide to the sense and excellencies of this admirable writer. The only American edition prior to that of Folsom, which we have seen, is one printed at Cambridge, containing the first five books only, and without a single note. Such editions, at least when well-printed, which this old edition is not, in the hands of teachers who have the ability, industry and time to give the requisite explanations themselves, or to direct their pupils to the proper sources of information, may be made highly useful. But in these days of Telegraphic education, such instructors resemble

"Angels' visits," both in paucity and value. Text-books must supply their deficiencies.

Mr. Folsom's edition was a decided improvement. It was more handsomely and correctly printed, not only than the old one, but than even Professor Lincoln's. It embraced extracts from 40 books, and among them some of the most interesting portions of the early history, and of the decade containing an account of the Second Punic War; but it still labored under the great defect of meager and unsatisfactory notes, which rendered it inevitable that it should be superseded.

Lincoln's has less text, but far more commentary.

He has first given some specimens from the earlier or what may be called the poetic portion of the work, and then some from the later or more authentic. He has the twenty-first and twenty-second books entire, having selected them, because they describe the origin of the second Punic War, and its progress until after the battle of Cannae, and accompanied them by a map showing the route of Hannibal over the Alps. His plan of Rome is also exceedingly useful, in connexion with a book describing so many transactions which took place in the city.

The annotations, which occupy about one third of the volume, are brief and judicious, being usually directed to points of real importance, and making those points clearly intelligible.

Nothing can be more erroneous, than the supposition, that a very small modicum of ability and learning, suffice to write grammars and commentaries. But the mistake may well be excused, when we see so many lamentable instances in which men, without clear conceptions, and without judgment, accumulate a mass of crudities, often more unintelligible, than the difficulties which they profess to elucidate.

A real grammarian or annotator must not only possess an extensive and accurate knowledge of his subject; but a clear head, filled, not with the idea of displaying his own erudition, but of leading his readers along the most direct and obvious path to a point from which they can have a clear and extended view of the subject under discussion.

The diction should be simple and perspicuous, and all extraneous matter should be carefully excluded. The constant recurrence of pedantic technical phrases, is a wretched drawback on the utility of both commentaries and grammars.

One annotator not satisfied with clearing up every real difficulty, "seeks a knot in a bulrush," and writes a long note on "rubro sanguine," in which he most scientifically informs us, that oxyde of iron is the coloring matter of blood. Is it surprising, that any young man of sprightliness, after reading one such note on a Latin poet, should skip half the rest, to avoid being bored again by a treatise on animal chemistry?

Another gives notes so few and short, and so carefully avoids every thorny passage in the original, that a learner soon ceases to consult a help which he perceives to be merely nominal.

Others are guilty of a far more pernicious offence, in giving liberal translations of difficult portions, without one particle of the grammatical, historical, geographical or other information, necessary to a comparison of the two idioms, or a proper understanding of the author's meaning. Editions on this plan, ought to be utterly repudiated, as affording strong encouragement to indolence and ignorance, by furnishing idle parrots with words, as substitutes for ideas.

Prof. L. has avoided the faults to which we have alluded. His notes are brief and simple, without often pretermittting what requires elucidation; we say *often*, because we have observed some cases, in which, no doubt accidentally, he has overlooked passages, absolutely unintelligible to be-

ginners without explanation. He appears to have had access to the best annotators, and editions, and to have made a judicious and temperate use of them.

In his preface he thus gives his plan of writing notes, "The notes have been prepared with chief reference to the grammatical study of the language; to the illustration of its forms, constructions, idioms, of its usages in general, and in particular of the usage of Livy. Wherever it was possible, it has been thought best, simply to furnish apt references to such grammars and auxiliary works, as were supposed to be in the hands of the student; but important difficulties, which required more ample means of investigation and study, have been more fully discussed and explained. It is hoped that the notes will be also found to embrace all necessary information relating to the history, geography and antiquities, together with useful references to such standard works as are accessible to the student."

This plan is, on the whole, an admirable one, and admirably carried out; he is more clear, copious and satisfactory on the use of the moods and tenses, and some other important grammatical points, than any other brief annotator whom we have ever read. We differ from him in only one particular, and in that, not so much, because we consider him intrinsically wrong, as, because his scheme does not suit the actual condition of things.

It would greatly promote brevity, and, what is far more important, habits of industrious investigation in those who use notes, if they were confined, as much as possible, to "mere references to grammars and auxiliary works." But they will of course be useless to persons not in possession of the works to which reference is made. Now it must be manifest to all acquainted with the real state of the case, that a very large number, probably a majority of those who will read his Livy, will not have access to his works of reference. The name of "grammars and auxiliary works" is Legion, and scarcely any two schools or colleges in the country use the same. Besides there is a lamentable parsimony among our students generally, in the purchase of expensive text books. We should therefore consider it far better, that the grammatical principle, the fact in history, geography, or antiquities necessary for illustration, should be always clearly and distinctly stated in the outset, and followed by appropriate references for the benefit of teachers, and all readers who have access to the authorities, and leisure to consult them. This improvement, as we conceive it to be, may easily be made, without any inconvenient increase in the size of the second edition, which we foresee will soon be required. We shall hope also for a correction of the typographical errors, which, although not very numerous, are more frequent, than might naturally have been expected in a work prepared, in most respects, with such admirable care.

We can most heartily recommend the edition, both to those who design reading Livy for the first time, and also to such as desire to refresh their old recollections of this delightful writer. An acquaintance with its merits, will make us look forward with peculiar interest to one of Horace by the same hand, said to be now in the course of publication.

ERNEST CLEMENCEAU: or British Philanthropy Illustrated. A Tale of Guadeloupe in 1838. Translated from the French of Frederick Soulié. By a Lady of Charleston. Charleston. Burgess & James.

M. Frederick Soulié is one of that class of writers—the French *feuilletonists*—which pours forth from the daily press of Paris such an inexhaustible supply of romances. And M. Frederick Soulié is, perhaps, the most voluminous of them all. The other prominent writers of the class have confined themselves, for the most part, to a single gazette,—

Dumas publishes his bad morality in the '*Siècle*' and Sue cut throats principally in the '*Debats*'—but M. Soulié has been ubiquitous, printing his volumes in every journal and accomplishing the most extraordinary and incredible feats of composition. Let it not be supposed from what we have said, that we are at all familiar with the works of M. Soulié. We know them (a few of them) only by their titles, Ernest Clemenceau is the first that we have read. We are sorry, however, to see this in an English version, for it is kindred in its style with those more fascinating and dangerous serials, whose pernicious effects we have so often deplored. We do not mean to quarrel with la belle France for sending us such a literature. We like her in many points of view: we admire her people, her public institutions of learning, her *politesse*, her *patés* and her gloves! We admire M. Thiers,—the fame of *Very's* and the Sorbonne has reached us,—we respect the genius of Blin. But in the name of a great republic, we protest against her novelists.

"One little favor, O Imperial France,
Still teach the world to cook, to dress, to dance;
Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and barbers roam,
But keep thy morals and thy creeds at home!"

This novel before us was published originally in 1843, we think, under the title of "*Le Bananier*." Its purpose is manifestly political, to expose the designs of England upon the French colonies in the West Indies with regard to slavery. A Frenchman with his bosom swelling with hatred for his old enemy, writing upon such a subject might very naturally be expected to care little for his statements and accordingly we find charges of the most serious and atrocious nature, made against the East India Company and the British Government; charges amounting, indeed, to an intention, through the instrumentality of a secret agent, to pillage the island of Guadeloupe by exciting the slaves to rebellion and massacre. That the pseudo philanthropy of England in meddling with the institution of slavery, (England, with her Hindostanese slaves and Irish paupers,) has given cause of offence to the Creole slave-owners, we are ready to believe, but that the Hon. East India Company or any Premier of the realm could stoop to the pitiful malignity which M. Soulié develops, is absolutely incredible. M. Soulié becomes very poetical in his description of the condition of the slaves in Guadeloupe. Not content with representing them as comfortable and well-cared for, (doubtless the true state of the case) he makes their existence a dreamy round of delights and amusements, they work but six hours a week; the men are more intelligent than their master and the women far more lovely and accomplished than their master's daughter. But this is the *couleur de rose* of an extravagant and volatile Frenchman and finds an excuse readily enough in the inherent enmity he cherishes for John Bull.

The translation of Ernest Clemenceau is well-done and attests a very intimate knowledge of the French language.

THE CZAR; HIS COURT AND PEOPLE. By John S. Maxwell. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1848.

Kohl, Stephens and other accredited travellers have given us interesting accounts of Russia; but the peculiarities of the country are as yet but imperfectly appreciated in consequence of the reserved manner in which many of her institutions are conducted and the diplomatic relations which she sustains with the rest of Europe. Perhaps the only nation towards which the Emperor has reason to feel perfectly candid is our own; and this is the reason why he has sometimes extended facilities to American inquirers into Russian character, policy and condition not accorded either to

the English, French or German. At all events, we prefer the testimony of one of our own countrymen—not only because he is likely to see more than is open to other eyes, but on account of the comparatively unprejudiced point of view in which he will regard everything. Besides, books of travel are confessedly the *forte* of our writers. They certainly have a liberality of tone and accuracy of observation only occasionally met with from other sources. The neat volume before us justifies this assertion. There is no attempt at fine writing, and the sanctities of private life are respected; yet we have a vivid picture of Northern Europe drawn with spirit and judgment. The author is concise, sensible and evidently a faithful narrator. As Secretary of Legation at the Russian Court, he enjoyed excellent opportunities which he has obviously improved. We believe this is his first production, and we trust it will receive the favorable recognition it so eminently deserves.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. By J. C. Z. Simonde De Sismondi. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The reputation of Sismondi for thorough and accurate research, philosophical insight and cultivated taste—has been very warmly recognized since his death. His name is honorably identified with the science of Political Economy—(of which throughout his life he was a devoted student,) with standard history and general literature. Reflective men doubtless find his “Italian Republics” the most suggestive of his works; but readers imbued with a genuine love of belles-lettres cannot fail to turn with delight to the volumes named above. Upon renewing our acquaintance with them, after an interval of many years, we have been agreeably surprised to find the interest awakened by them as fresh as ever. Indeed, the account of the Troubadours and of Italian literature abounds not only in curious information and personal anecdote, but traces the progress of the human mind and especially its relations with language and poetry in a discriminating and attractive manner. The work is very neatly printed and should adorn the library of every man of taste. The same publishers have just issued a sparkling book entitled “The Bachelor of the Albany.” Its characteristic is an unflagging liveliness; and it is the cleverest thing of the kind which has appeared for a long time—a most entertaining companion upon a journey and by the fireside.

A SUMMER IN SCOTLAND. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1848.

The kingdom of Great Britain, from John O’Groat’s to Land’s End, has been so extensively traversed of late years that there is scarcely a nook or cranny in either island, which has not been described to us at length in the journal of the tourist. No obscure book-stall within sound of Bow-bells, but has been set down with the minutest particularity—no loch or burn of bonnie Scotia, invested with the traditions of many centuries and endeared to us in the pages of Sir Walter and the poet ploughman, but has been depicted by the traveller, with the aid of wood-engraving and quotations from Marmion. Indeed the field has been so frequently trodden, that little remains to be said of it, besides the mere personal incident of travel.

In the volume before us, the author disclaims the attempt to produce anything that shall be new to the reader. “The book,” says he, “claims no higher province than that of offering a rational source of entertainment to the reader in leisure hours.” As such, we can commend it very highly. His reflections are always sensible and we cannot but ap-

prove the good-nature with which he pursued his wanderings, never disconcerted by any unforeseen change in his plans, or vexed by the misadventure of getting drenched in the Highlands.

If we were disposed to find fault, at all, we should question the propriety of calling the book a “Summer in Scotland,” when Scotland is not reached until the 130th page and we should assuredly take just exception to his views of slavery in the District of Columbia; but we forbear comment upon this latter, which is *vexata quæstio*, as this is not a proper place to discuss it.

The book is for sale by Messrs. Drinker & Morris.

HAWKSTONE—A Tale for England in 184—. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1848.

The questions which divide the church, at this moment, both abroad and at home, are very ably presented in this work. A discriminating view is given of the true grounds of difference between the Catholic and the Episcopalian, and the evils of fanaticism are described with severe, but incontrovertible illustrations. In fact, “Hawkstone,” under the guise of a novel, unfolds the present condition of religious opinion among a large body of Christians. All are more or less interested in the points at issue; to those who are actually partizans, we can imagine no recent volume half so attractive. As a story, it is vivid and dramatic; while as an exposition of theology, it conveys a vast amount of information as to the existent state of the Church of England at once authentic and agreeably conveyed. On the whole, Hawkstone is a remarkable work and we commend it to our readers as worthy of a careful perusal. The same publishers have just issued “Mark Wilton, or the Merchant’s Clerk,” by Rev. Charles B. Tayler, the popular author of “Lady Mary,” and other religious novels.

A SYSTEM OF ENGLISH VERSIFICATION; containing rules for the structure of the different kinds of verse, &c., &c. By *Erastus Everett, A. M.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1848.

This is really a very excellent little volume and will become, we do not doubt, the *vade mecum* of a large class of bardlings. Of the good effects of its publication, however, there may well be two opinions. On the one hand it may be urged (in objection to Mr. Everett’s design) that as the race of ballad-mongers is increasing among us, to a most alarming extent, any book that promises to facilitate their efforts and swell their ranks is a serious evil and ought to be discountenanced. On the other, it may be said that as great numbers of young gentlemen and ladies will write verses, at all hazards, it is a laudable undertaking to teach them to write good ones; at least, to place within their reach a manual which will give some notion of the *casura* and induce a regard for allowable rhymes. We incline to the latter way of thinking, and we therefore look upon Mr. Everett as a public benefactor. Let all such as meditate an epic or would indite a ballad, read this book with attention.

SHAKESPEARE PROVERBS: or the wise Saws of our wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance. By Mary Cowden Clarke. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. London Chapman & Hall.

The first thing that strikes us in opening this little book is its exquisite typography, the next is the fact that Mrs. Clarke has changed her manner of spelling the name of

Shakespeare, since the "complete Concordance to Shakspeare" was published.

"Patch grief with proverbs," says one of the characters of the immortal bard, and in doing this, we should resort to him after the inspired lessons of Solomon.

The arrangement of the "Shakespeare Proverbs" is alphabetical, with reference to the initial letter of the line; which may be best illustrated by citing a few examples. We open at the letter *H*.

Hope is a lover's staff.
He that dies pays all debts.
Hold, or cut bow-strings.
He is well paid that is well satisfied.
&c., &c., &c.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

CHess FOR WINTER EVENINGS. By *H. R. Agnel*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

This valuable and interesting manual should be in the hands of every votary of the noble game to the illustration of which it is devoted. It contains, in the first place, the Rudiments of the Game—then, Elementary Analyses of her most popular openings exemplified in games actually played by the greatest masters, and a series of Chess Tales. These materials have been derived from the most authentic and desirable sources. The volume consists of more than five hundred pages and is very handsomely printed. In the preface the Editor eloquently vindicates his subject from the character of a mere diversion and quotes both the precepts and practice of illustrious men in support of its claims to an admirable exercise of the reasoning powers. He quotes from Franklin's *Morals of Chess* to prove that Foresight, Circumspection, Caution and Self-reliance, are all cultivated by the habit of Chess-Playing. But if any one is a skeptic on the subject, the attractive manner in which the subject is unfolded by Mr. Agnel in his volume, would soon convert him. There are four admirably conceived illustrations, (besides the diagrams,) representing the playing of the celebrated games. We understand the designs were prepared expressly for the work by Weir.

THE PRINCESS: A MEDLEY. By *Alfred Tennyson*. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1848.

This is the most extended poem which has yet appeared from the pen of Tennyson. It contains numerous passages of exquisite beauty; especially those where minute description is blent with singular refinement of language. We have been struck with many of the comparisons which in their simplicity and boldness, remind us of the choicest lines in the old English dramatists. But while the beauties peculiar to the genius of the author are widely scattered through these captivating pages, he sins against the dignity of the Muse by frequently resorting to a free and easy style—almost colloquial and in striking contrast with his more elevated strains; occasionally, too, some petty affectation mars the effect of a delicious effusion. Yet this Medley abounds with fresh poetical conceptions that cannot but delight every reader of refined sympathy or delicate fancy.

THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER AND LITERARY ADVERTISER. No. 1. January, 1848.

THE IRIS: Devoted to Science, Literature and the Arts, Including Medical News. Edited by the *Quidnunc Club*. March, 1848.

Our enterprising publishers, Macfarlane & Fergusson,

have issued the first numbers of these magazines. The Virginia Historical Register, a *projet* of the Virginia Historical Society, must become, as their organ, an interesting and valuable publication. The Editor, Mr. Wm. Maxwell, long favorably known to the literary world, introduces the work with a graceful Editorial, in which he marks out the course it will pursue and invokes (we hope not in vain,) the generous encouragement of the public. With the increasing interest manifested throughout our State in the prosecution of historical studies, we predict for the Register a large circulation and an extended field of usefulness.

THE IRIS is a very unpretending though excellent publication, at the low price of \$1 50 per annum, edited by an association of gentlemen, whose names are not given to the world. The editorials are written in a pleasing style and are marked with good taste. We hope to see it prosper.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE AND THE ENGLISH QUARTERLIES. New York. Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton Street.

We have too long delayed the expression of our thanks to the American publishers, for copies of these excellent works, sent to us regularly through the Richmond Agents, Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse. To say anything in their praise would, surely, be quite unnecessary, as their merits are well known throughout the United States. Blackwood is, by far, the best of the English monthlies and is still the same brilliant, good-humored, delectable falsifier that it has ever been. We always take it up with avidity and lay it down in a pet. There is invariably a high-tory article for home consumption, followed by two or three admirable sketches, with some bursts of poetic melody, (when that sweetest of lyrists, Delta, strikes the chords,) a pleasant story in the department of fiction and very many absurd fictions and stories about America. Indeed we have long since ceased to look for fairness in anything that it publishes. But we cannot be so far swayed by prejudice as not to award to it the highest literary excellence.

The American reader will peruse with great satisfaction the article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh* on Sir Francis Head's Administration of Canada.

It may be proper to state here, that by an arrangement with the English publishers, Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co. receive the sheets of Blackwood in advance of its publication and are thus enabled to issue it, before the English copy reaches this country.

LITERARY NEWS.

J. C. Riker, of New York, has in press, and will shortly publish, a new edition of the "Italian Sketch Book," by H. T. Tuckerman, greatly enlarged and improved. This volume is the result of two visits of the author to Italy and will contain sketches, tales and essays, suggestive of the most attractive features of that beautiful, though unhappy land. The style of Mr. Tuckerman is familiar to all readers of the *Messenger*, and we know they will be glad to welcome the appearance of this revised edition of his Sketch Book.

Mess. D. Appleton & Co. have in press an elegant work entitled "The Romance of the History of Louisiana," from the pen of a distinguished native of that State.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, MAY, 1848.

NO. 5.

HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION

OF THE EARLY ROMAN COMMONWEALTH.

The three great nations of antiquity, the Hebrews, the Greeks and the Romans, have, each in its peculiar sphere, exerted a powerful and controlling influence over the thoughts, the feelings, and the destinies of the human race.

The Hebrews have emphatically written upon the heart of the world their religion; the Greeks their poetry and philosophy; and the Romans their history. And all have written them in lines and characters that can never be effaced. So deeply have the effects and the principles of each sunk into the human mind; so thoroughly have they become interwoven with the very texture and framework of our nature, that their controlling influence will cease only when every trace of civilization and learning has faded from the world, and men have ceased to yearn after the knowledge of things of olden time.

But though alike in this respect, they differ widely in another. The inspired records of the Jews, embodying their system of religion, have come down to us in a wonderfully complete and perfect state; the great works of Grecian genius containing their poetry and philosophy, their eloquence and history, with few exceptions, still remain entire; but with Roman history it is far otherwise. It has been well said, that for a long while, the Romans were so much occupied in making their history, they had no time to amuse themselves with writing it. But at length the time came when they did write it, and they wrote it out, but not for us.

With hardly an exception, all that remains of their great historical works, are mutilated fragments. Had, however, these magnificent fragments been properly understood and interpreted, much of the history of the early Romans might still have been known to the world. But the spirit of historical criticism was never possessed by the Ancients, even in their most enlightened days, but in a very moderate degree, and with the decline of learning was lost entirely. The consequence was, that until modern times, even scholars knew not that the whole of the early history of Rome, as commonly understood, was naught but a beautiful and romantic fiction.

In emerging from barbarism and seeking after knowledge, the operations of the human mind must ever be the same. Men must enlarge the boundaries of their information before they can begin to

examine and critically compare the different parts of their knowledge. And hence it is, that when the public mind of Europe first stirred from its slumber of a thousand years, the spirit of investigation, of discovery and invention took the lead, while that of criticism followed far in the wake. The former was active in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the latter did not awaken until the middle of the seventeenth. Then it was that the great English critic, Bentley, appeared, who was so far before all the scholars of his age, that it was impossible for them to appreciate his attainments. He long remained without a rival in any part of Europe. It was not until the year 1685, that the spirit of historical criticism may be said to have exhibited itself in any definite form.

About that time appeared the *Animadversiones* of Perizonius, Professor in the University of Leyden, in which was clearly pointed out many of the gross inconsistencies of the early Roman history. But the great claim he has to the thanks of the student of history, is, that he was first to discern beneath the stately rhetoric of Livy traces of the popular songs and legendary ballads of which so large a portion of his history is made up. Bayle styled the work of Perizonius, "the errata of historians and critics," and Niebuhr pronounces a high eulogium upon its merits.*

Next came Giambattista Vico, a Neapolitan historian, who published his remarkable work† in 1725. He seems to have been a man of singular and wonderful genius, but his judgment was often so perverted by whimsical eccentricities, that he was sometimes thought to be partially deranged. He had an intuitive faculty of perceiving the truth, though concealed beneath heaps of fiction and rubbish, and he divined, as it were, many of the great truths that Niebuhr afterwards discovered and demonstrated. He it was who first called into life the old *Gentes* and *Curiae* of the Roman constitution, and pointed out the true relative positions of the patricians, the clients and plebeians in the early organization of the State. He anticipated Wolf in his hypothesis respecting the origin and nature of the Homeric poems, and pronounced them to be the great work of a nation. His history contains many sound general principles and profound observations, but so inseparably interwoven with wild speculations and fanciful theories, that his real discoveries would probably have been of but little

* See Nieb. Hist. Rom, vol. i, pp. 251, 252.

† *Principi di una Scienza Nuova d'intomo alla Natura della Nazioni.*

value, had they not been re-discovered by other and sounder heads.

Close in the wake of Vico's *Scienza Nuova*, followed the treatise of Beaufort (*De l'Incertitude, &c.*, in 1738.) He went into a critical examination of the early history of Rome, brought together and exposed its numberless inconsistencies and absurdities, and prostrated the whole system to the ground. But like Voltaire, he was the architect only of ruin. He knew how to destroy, but not how to reconstruct. He taught the world that Livy's history was a splendid romance, but told them not what they might believe, and if the subject had remained where he left it, we might question the benefits resulting from what Legarè calls his barren scepticism.

At length, however, came forward the great historian, who was destined to revive and reanimate what time had almost effaced. Perizonius had suspected, Vico had divined, Beaufort had doubted, but it was reserved for Niebuhr to discover and to demonstrate the whole theory of the Roman constitution. He too pulled down, destroyed, but he rebuilt more than he pulled down; he reconstructed more than he destroyed. It is for his discoveries, and not for his doubts, that he is so much revered. In the language of Michelet, he knew Antiquity as Antiquity knew not itself. That the great truths put forth and demonstrated by him were nearly all his own independent discoveries, is shown by the fact, that the first edition of his history was published before his attention was called to the remarkable coincidence between several of the positions established by him and the previous conjectures of Perizonius, and particularly of Vico.* But in all such cases, though the discovery may have been anticipated by another, the demonstration is all his own. It is almost needless to specify particular instances of his beautiful discoveries, when nearly the whole theory of the old Roman Commonwealth is his.

We will, however, mention as one of his definitions of an Agrarian Law, which it is hardly too much to say no one before him ever understood. We cannot now enter into a full explanation of its character, but will simply remark, that the odious sense that the term has acquired in our language was founded upon an entirely erroneous idea of the measure, and that so far from being a levelling of all the barriers of property, it was but an act of sheer justice. It meant only a fair and equal division of the public land conquered in war, between all the citizens of the State, instead of giving it all to the nobles. In speaking of the importance of this discovery, Dr. Arnold remarks, that "twenty-four years have not elapsed since he first published it, but it has already overthrown the deeply rooted

false impressions which prevailed universally on the subject; and its truth, like Newton's discoveries in natural science, is not now to be proved, but to be taken as the very corner-stone of all our researches into the internal state of the Roman* people." As another instance, we may take the important fact, which we believe he was the first to point out, that the term *populus* (People,) so constantly used and misused by Livy, when applied to the early history of the Roman State, is to be confined exclusively to the nobility. We shall speak of this more fully hereafter.

After Niebuhr had led the way and brushed aside the cobwebs of poetry and fiction that had for twenty centuries clustered around and concealed the early history of Rome, he was succeeded by a host of eminent writers, who, with industry, learning and perseverance, following in the footsteps of their great leader, have continued to pour a flood of light upon this deeply interesting subject. Among them we may be permitted to mention, *absque invidia*, the names of Arnold, Malden and Michelet, and Bunseu and Gherard and that crowd of German scholars of whom it was quaintly said, that the great historian had left his city Rome to a German colony, who were carefully taking an inventory of all that belonged to them by right of conquest.

The story of the early Roman history is so familiarly known to every reader, so marvellous and poetic in its features, and so deeply impressed upon the recollections of our childhood, that it would be a needless waste of time to give even a meagre sketch of it here. The miraculous preservation of the twin brothers, the foundation of the infant city, its struggles and treaty with the Sabines, the midnight meetings of the good Numa and the nymph Egeria, the pathetic story of Lucretia, the noble heroism of Brutus, and the expulsion of the haughty Tarquins, are perhaps better known to every school boy in the land than the most striking and important incidents in the history of our own country. It has been intimated above, that all this well-known story is a beautiful and romantic fiction. We cannot, of course, in the very limited space allowed to us, go into the arguments at length to prove this proposition, but we shall endeavor in as brief and popular a manner as possible to give some of the evidences of its fabulous character, and the reasons that lead us to reject what was so long believed, and believed even by most of the Romans themselves. And in thus summing up these evidences, we do not pretend ourselves to any great originality. We but follow at a distance those great names we have mentioned, and guided by the clear lights they have held up, have attempted to thread our way through the complicated labyrinths of historical criticism.

* Vid. Hist. Rome, by Malden, in Lib. U. K., c. iv, p. 137, note.

* Vid. Hist. Rome, vol. i, ch. ix, p. 105.

Let us, then, examine for a moment the sources from which our knowledge of early Roman history is obtained, and from the character of the fountain judge of the nature of the stream.

Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus are the two principal authorities from whom has been drawn the common narrative. Now, Livy wrote during the reign of Augustus, and Dionysius a few years later, so that they were separated by an interval of about 750 years from the time of the events and transactions of which they give such minute and circumstantial accounts. It cannot be very unreasonable in us then, before giving full confidence to all their statements, to ask from what source did they derive their information, and what surety had they for the genuineness of the history of ages so distant from their own? They inform us that they have drawn from the old annalists who preceded them, and whose works, except a few scattered fragments, have since been entirely lost. Before we examine the character of these old writers, let us cast a hasty glance at that of the two historians who stand between us and them.

Livy was a man of brilliant imagination and remarkably fond of telling, and telling too in an incomparable manner, the fine stories with which the early pages of his history abound. He forewarns us in the outset that it is not his intention, either to affirm or to refute accounts that partake more of the character of poetic fables than of stern history.* And again he afterwards remarks that he would not spare the care of investigating, if by so doing it were possible to arrive at the truth; and that he shall rest satisfied if what we receive as true be like the truth.† If Livy thus openly acknowledges the unsatisfactory nature of his materials, and sets up for himself so low a standard of historical truth, it cannot be considered very presumptuous in a modern historian to refuse credit (as Niebuhr has done) to his statements, when they conflict with the known current of events, and bear stamped upon them all the features of a romance.

Dionysius was a writer of altogether a different cast. He possessed more patience, more research, more investigation, but less candor and honesty. He wrote for a special purpose, and that a dishonest one. He was a Greek, and commenced his history with the avowed object of proving that Rome was founded by the Greeks, and consequently, that all the Roman glory belonged still to the Grecian race; and that Greece, instead of having been subdued by a barbarian power, had only been

brought under the dominion of another branch of the same stock of people. In following out this darling theory, he hesitates at no alterations it becomes necessary to make in the accounts given by the old annalists. He never, even in treating of times the most remote, honestly acknowledges, like Livy, the contradictory statements of his authorities and the uncertainty that hangs over the whole subject. His history moves on in one unbroken stream, giving in monotonous and wearying succession circumstances and anecdotes, that from their very nature, could never have been known, even if true. We often discover from Livy, that upon certain points the old annalists directly contradict each other—from the account of the same subject given by Dionysius, we would never suspect that he had met with the slightest discrepancy in his authorities.

In short, if we are sometimes compelled to discredit Livy's narrative, from his carelessness and passion for relating fine stories, in a much greater degree are we forced to question the credibility of Dionysius from his want of candor and honesty. Such, then, being the character of the two historians, from whom we derive nearly all our immediate knowledge of Roman history, it may be well for us to look behind them, and discover, if we can, something of the character of those old annalists from whom they have drawn. We shall give the names of the principal of these and the periods at which they composed their works. The first was Q. Fabius Pictor, a Senator and Consul and cotemporary with the close of the second Punic war, so that his history must have been written about the year of the city 550. L. Cinius and M. Porcius Cato, also Senators, lived about the same period with Fabius, and compiled their works only a few years after his. Piso followed at an interval of sixty or seventy years, and was succeeded at about the same interval, by Val. Antias and Licinius Macer. Polybius, the Greek historian, also wrote upon the early history of Rome about the same time with Piso, and although the part of his work that contains this digression has now been lost, it seems to have been the principal source from which Cicero drew the substance of the early Roman history contained in his treatise *De Republica*.

It were a needless task to examine the character and credibility of each one of these in detail. We shall confine ourselves only to a few of the arguments that equally affect all. It appears from the dates we have given, that the earliest of these writers was separated by an interval of five hundred and fifty, and the latest by more than six hundred and fifty years from the foundation of the city.

The question then again recurs with still greater force, from what sources did they draw the materials for the early history of Rome; and were those sources reliable? In seeking from them the an-

* "Quae ante conditam condendamve urbem, poeticis magis decora fabulis quam incorruptis rerum gestarum monumentis, traduntur, ea nec affirmare, nec refellere, in animo est. Datur haec venia antiquitati."—*Livy Preface*

† "Cura non deesset, si qua ad verum via inquirentem ferret, nunc fama rerum standum est, ubi certam derogat vetustas fidem."—*Liv.*, l. vii, c. 6.

‡ "Sed in rebus tam antiquis, si, quae similia veri sint, pro veris accipiantur, satis habeam."—*Liv.*, l. v, c. 21.

swer to these questions, we find that their real materials were very scanty indeed. The Priests, it is said, had been accustomed at the close of each year, since the foundation of the city, to record upon tablets some of the great events that had occurred during that year, and that these tablets, called *Annales Maximi*, or great Annals, were preserved and handed down from year to year. If this had been so, and they had been diligently studied, they would have afforded at least a safe, though narrow basis, for the historians to build upon. But when we examine into it, we find upon the express testimony of Livy, that nearly, if not quite all of these records, were destroyed when the city was taken and burnt to the ground by the Gauls. And this is rendered still more probable, when we remember that they were in the city plundering and burning for seven months, and that the Capitol was the only building that did not fall into their hands. This capture and destruction of Rome by the Gauls took place in the year of the city 350, more than a hundred years after the time allotted to the banishment of the kings and the organization of the Republic. Now, if we are willing to suppose that these Pontifical records were continued regularly from this time downward—a supposition by the way very difficult to establish—here at least is a point at which we are compelled to halt, a gap which we cannot overleap; and be it remembered also, that this point at which we are thus brought to a stand, is full 350 years from the foundation of the city. Notwithstanding, however, this obstinate fact, we find the history of this long period related by Livy and Dionysius and by the writers from whom they drew, with all the circumstantial minuteness of a full account written by a cotemporary. Whence, then, come these glowing accounts of the early days of the Roman Commonwealth? What is their origin? It cannot be that they are entirely the fabrications of the historians who have transmitted them to us. It cannot be that those rich and noble romances ever came from the dull prosaic brain of Dionysius. The answer is simple. We believe that the greater part of these stories was taken from the old legendary ballads of the people. And we shall give a few of the reasons why we think so.

In attempting to form some idea of the general character and origin of ballad poetry amongst a rude and uncultivated people, we must carefully exclude from our minds all thoughts of that refined and elaborate species of composition with which we are familiar under the name of poetry. In a cultivated age like the present, poetical is the most elaborate and complicated of all species of composition; in the rude age of an uncivilized people, it is the most simple and unadorned. In a cultivated age, it is a pure intellectual enjoyment offered to a few enlightened minds; amongst a rude and barbarous people, it is addressed to the passions and feel-

ings of every individual. It is the natural outpouring of exuberant feelings and a heated fancy, when those feelings and that fancy are subjected to no conventional rules of criticism. And hence it is that the earliest productions of almost all nations are their old national ballads. They sometimes become lost and leave scarcely a trace behind; sometimes they are woven into the later poetry and thus preserved; but oftener still they are transferred to the pages of the earliest chroniclers, and copied from them by succeeding historians. That such has been the case in some countries, we have positive proof, and that it has happened in many more, where the evidences of the transformation can hardly be perceived, we have as little doubt. To illustrate this farther, we will take a few examples. We have evidences that there were such songs amongst the Amorites,* who were expelled from the land of Canaan by the Israelites; and that the Israelites themselves had old ballads in which were sung "the wars of the Lord."† Such beyond all doubt were the triumphal songs of Miriam‡ and Deborah.§ Again the Homeric poems furnish a noble specimen of the old ballad poetry of the most poetical race of people that ever breathed forth their feelings and passions in rich and flowing melody, and it does not materially affect the force of the illustration whether they are regarded, as we believe they undoubtedly are, as the great work of the nation, or as the production of one man. They represent, in a state of great preservation, the National songs of the early Greeks, and contain, moreover, distinct allusions to songs and lays of still more ancient date. Thus, when the mediators between Agamemnon and the offended Achilles came to the tent of the latter, they found him playing upon the "sweet toned lyre and singing the illustrious deeds of Heroes."|| Both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are full of allusions to such songs. Whilst other nations have in many instances permitted their noble old heroic lays to sink into oblivion, the Greeks have ever loved with enthusiasm, and preserved almost with veneration, the songs of their old national bards. In fact, the whole circle of the Cyclic poets belong to this class, and we know that they were valued highly by the Ancient Greeks because they afforded something like a connected history of great events, and were afterwards transferred almost entirely to the pages of the earliest prose writers. The poem of the *Cid* will afford another splendid instance of a great national heroic poem, second perhaps only to the *Iliad*. It had sung in rude, but lofty strains, the "illustrious

* Numb. xxi. 27, 30.

† Numb. xxi. 14, 18.

‡ Exod. xv. 20.

§ Judg. v. 1, 31. If reference will be made to a paragraph Bible, the evidences of these songs will be still more clearly seen.

|| Vid. *Iliad*, l. ix, v. 184, 189, and again same, v. 524.

deeds" of Don Rodrigo, and had almost passed from the sight of the world, though the traces it had left upon the national mind of Castile, were too deep and lasting ever to be effaced. The name and memory of the old bard had been forgotten—the poem itself had faded from view, but its spirit, Phoenix-like, sprang forth under a new and different form. Its romantic incidents were all copied into an old chronicle, and many years afterwards were again transferred from the old chronicle to the classic pages of Mariana. A century and a half after the death of the great historian, a single tattered copy of this remarkable poem was found, more than four hundred years old, and given to the world. And there was seen the origin of all those beautiful romances that had for so many years thrown a delightful charm over the pages of Spanish history.

In the days of Tacitus, the barbarians of Germany celebrated in ancient songs* the origin and founders of their nations, and it was, says he, the only kind of history they possessed.

The exploits of Attila and the heroes of the warlike Huns were sung in the poems of the Niebelungen, in strains of which Germany is still justly proud. The Goths, the Vandals, all the nations of Scandinavia, had their war songs, in which were recounted the valorous deeds of their ancestors. These were sung by regular bards at all their great feasts, and were handed down from generation to generation. Charlemagne had heard and learned some of them, and had them, for the first time, committed to writing. The revolting cruelty of the English monarch, in putting to death all the old Welsh bards, in order to break down the patriotic spirit of the people and make them forget the unconquerable freedom of their ancestors, has thrown a halo of undying glory around the old national songs of Wales, and forever consecrated their memory to the sympathies of freemen.

It surely cannot be necessary to remind the English reader of the noble fragments of ballad-poetry that we still possess in our own native tongue. Chevy Chase and Childe Waters would themselves immortalize the memory of old England's bards. Lear and Cymbeline—the stories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, are all founded upon old English ballads, and Shakspeare has given evidence of his appreciation of their high merit, by drawing largely from them in many of his finest plays.

Scotland is still richer in this respect than England. The lofty beauties that shine even through the prose translation of Ossian, stamp those poems as specimens of the highest poetic excellence. The poems of Ossian, too, like the Iliad and Odyssey,

* "Celebrant carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoriae et annalium genus est, originem gentis conditoresque." And again see Tac. Ann., l. 2, last chapter. Tac. De. Ger., c. 2.

are not only themselves specimens of national poetry, but also contain numberless allusions to still more ancient bards.* The day has not been long by when the mountain glens of Scotland reëchoed to the sound of her glorious old national songs, and the precious relics of the Minstrelsy of the Border can be forgotten only when the name of Scott has faded from English literature. Long before the liquid verse of Campbell had endeared them to our memories, the generous-hearted sons of the Emerald Isle "had struck to the numbers of Erin go Bragh."

The heroic deeds of the early crusaders, and the chivalrous gallantry of the knights errant, afforded inexhaustible themes for the beautiful and melodious lays of the Troubadours. The Persians, the Hindoos, and the Arabians all had their legendary songs. The North American Indians, the ancient inhabitants of Iceland, and the natives of the Sandwich Islands, alike celebrated the memorable deeds of their heroes in their rude but spirited national lays. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa tribes of negroes who celebrated in triumphal songs the victories of their heroes in ancient times.

But it were needless to prolong this list of illustrations. We hope we have given sufficient evidences to warrant the assumption, that, as a general rule, the earliest productions of all nations are legendary and traditionary songs, and that these songs often, nay usually, become the basis of their first attempts at history.

Had Rome then none of these fine old ballads reciting in glowing strains the noble deeds of her early heroes? Analogy would lead us to suppose that she had, even if we could now find no traces of them existing. But fortunately we are not left to rely upon the force of analogy alone. We have positive evidences from various sources of the existence of such traditionary lays. Cicero states upon the authority of the old annalist, Cato, that in ancient times it was the custom at great feasts for the guests at the table to sing in turn to the sound of the pipe the praises and virtues of their illustrious men.† And he fully laments the loss of those old songs. The circumstance that they were sung promiscuously by all the guests, would argue that they were very generally known and truly national in their character. Varro, the great antiquary of his country, and Dionysius, the historian, both mention the existence of these songs and their legendary character.

Besides these heroic lays there was also another class of a different character, which may, to some

* In "the war of Caros" first part, we find mention of the "bard of the times of old." And again in the "Songs of Selma," last part, we have Ossian spoken of as "the first among a thousand bards," and so in many other instances.

† Vid. on the subject, Hist. Rome, in Lib. U. K., by Malden, p. 53.

extent, have furnished materials to the early annalists. These were the funeral songs (*neniae*) that were chanted by the mourners in the funeral procession and accompanied by the mellow sound of the pastoral flute.

To some readers it may appear strange to speak of the existence of Latin poetry before the time at which they began servilely to copy the literature of Greece. But, in fact, there were two entirely distinct eras and classes of Latin literature. The one with which we are generally familiar is the Graeco Latin literature, dating from the time of the second Punic war and continued through the succeeding ages of the Republic and Empire. Of this school Ennius is the first and has been styled the father of Latin poetry. This is true when applied to the Latin school of Roman poets, the school to which belonged Lucretius and Ovid, Virgil and Horace. He was undoubtedly the first that introduced the metres and versification of Grecian poetry into the rude but nervous old language of Latium. He sneered at the rugged and manly old Saturnian measure, and did much to bring the literature of his country under the humble vassalage to that of Greece which it retained to its latest day. But there was another and a purely Italian literature that had existed from the earliest days of the nation. It lacked the polish and the elegance of the Greek imitations, but was more original and possessed more nationality. This school became extinct with Naevius, who lived just long enough to witness the successful innovation of his rival Ennius, and passed from the stage with the melancholy consciousness that with him died the last of the old national bards of Rome.

Ennius has spoken in contemptuous terms of Naevius and the class of poets to which he belonged, but the accomplished Cicero has repelled the insinuation and paid a just tribute to his merit.

That this ballad literature of early Rome had a real existence, rests as we thus see, not upon conjecture, but upon positive evidence. But there are still one or two other witnesses whose testimony is perhaps more directly to the point than any we have yet cited. The laws of the twelve tables contained a severe enactment against the authors of libellous poems. This of course shows conclusively that they existed as far back as the days of the old Decemvirs. The testimony of Ennius himself is also direct and conclusive. He wrote the history of his country from its commencement up to his own time in verse, and says that others have also written of this in strains such as the Fauns and other prophetic deities sung before any one had climbed the rocks of the Muses.* The

song of the *Fratres Arvales*, which has come down to us, is undoubtedly one of these old Latin poems, and belongs to so early a period that it was almost unintelligible in the days of Augustus.

The subject of these old ballads was usually of course the conquests and triumphs of Roman heroes, and the praises of illustrious men, and they were recited or sung upon some public occasion. Nor is it very difficult to conceive how they were often transferred into the pages of the old Annalists. It was a custom in Rome, at a very early date, for some one to deliver a funeral oration upon the death of any distinguished man, in which were set forth in no cautiously measured terms, the brave deeds performed by the departed hero. In preparing these funeral orations recourse would certainly be had to all the triumphal songs in which the praises and victories of the hero had been sung, and these triumphal songs would thus often furnish nearly the whole of what was said by the orator. Copies of the eulogy would be preserved with great care by the family of the deceased, and be handed down to their descendants through successive generations. Thus would be accumulated in large numbers in many or probably all the great and noble families, private records, founded in a great measure upon the triumphal songs of the popular bards. And these records we know in after years furnished no small share of the scanty materials from which the first writers drew the history of their country. In fact, the private memorials of the noble families of Rome furnished so considerable a portion of the matter for the first historical writers, and one too that had so marked an influence upon the whole character of the history, that it ought not to be passed over without a more particular notice. It has often been observed by readers, that in the accounts of their wars and battles given by the Roman writers, particularly of the earlier ages, nothing is met with but one continued succession of conquests and triumphs by Roman leaders and Roman armies, and of captured cities and territories, that, so far from passing under the dominion of the conquerors, again in a few years furnish them with new triumphs. This highly censurable feature runs in a greater or less degree throughout the whole current of Roman history down to its latest day.

The offspring of overweening arrogance and inordinate national vanity, the character of their history in this respect finds no parallel in that of any other people that ever lived. What amongst other nations occasionally results from the enthusiasm and excitement of the moment is with them a regular and inveterate habit. Exaggerated and partial statements, that, amongst other nations, sometimes spring from distorted views and heated passions, with them are the result of wilful, deliberate, and unblushing falsehood, arising from a cold and selfish heartlessness. It is, indeed, difficult to

* "———Scripsere alii rem
Versibus quos olim Fauni Vatesque canebant
Quum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat
Nec dicti studiosus erat."

Ennius quoted by Cic. *Burt.* 19.

speak in other than unmeasured terms of censure, of this national stigma, that, like a cankerous ulcer, diffuses its infectious poison throughout the whole stream of Roman history.

There can be no doubt that this characteristic was owing, in a considerable degree, at first to the fact that so large a portion of their history was taken from these funeral orations and other private family records of which we have spoken, founded, as they were in a great measure, on the old triumphal songs and national ballads.

From such sources then were the works of the old annalists drawn, and on such foundations rests the whole fabric of Roman history, as sketched by the masterly but fanciful pen of Livy. Those noble old heroic lays, though broken up and dressed out in another guise, still shine in every page through the stately and measured rhetoric of Livy, and enliven even the dreary and monotonous pedantry of Dionysius.

In speaking of the credibility of the early Roman history and the reasons for rejecting it as poetical and fabulous, an examination of the inconsistencies of its chronology, should occupy a prominent position. We can only now, however, cast a hasty glance at the subject. According to the common story, the duration of the Roman monarchy was 244 years and included in the reigns of seven kings, thus allowing something more than an average of 34 years to each. Sir Isaac Newton observed, that it would be impossible to find in the whole course of modern history, with all the chances of a minority, an equal number of successive reigns stretching over an equal period; and when we remember that none of these kings mounted the throne until they were full grown men, that four of them met with violent deaths, and another was expelled from the city nearly twenty years before his death, the gross improbability of the whole system becomes evident. Inconsistent and improbable as this chronology appears in its outline, it becomes infinitely more so when examined in detail. To give a few specimens of its absurdity. Ancus Martius, the fourth king, reigned twenty-four years, and died leaving the stranger Tarquinius the guardian of his sons, who were then old enough to be sent out on a hunting party, when Tarquinius wished to get them out of the way in order to secure the election to himself. He was elected to the throne, and the sons of King Ancus deferred their vengeance upon the usurper for thirty-eight years, until they must have been at least fifty-three or four years of age, and according to the chronology, Tarquinius not less than eighty, and his wife, Tanaquil, seventy-five; and yet he leaves no son of age sufficient to take the throne; the assassins escape, and Tanaquil puts up her dependant, Servius Tullius, to secure the royal power in the family. Servius Tullius a short time before he is made king is married to the daughter of Tarqui-

nus and Tanaquil, and yet, soon after his accession to the throne, he is the father of two grown daughters, whom he gives in marriage to the two sons of the late king, the brothers, be it remembered, of his own wife, and the uncles of his daughters. According to the old story, they were matched unequally, the wild and vicious one in each case being mated with the meek and virtuous, and this is given as the reason of the disagreement and the consequent murder of a husband and wife on each side, and the union of Tarquin the Proud with the wicked Tullia.

All this, however, strange to tell, does not take place until at least forty years after their marriage.

Tarquinius Superbus, according to Livy's chronology, must have been twenty-seven at his father's death when his mother was compelled to place the crown on the head of Servius; he waits, however, patiently for a period of forty-four years before he takes any steps to obtain his father's kingdom. He must have been near seventy when he began his intrigue with Tullia, and about seventy-one when he hurled the aged king down the steps of the senate-house and seated himself on his father's throne. At ninety-six he was at the head of his army besieging Ardea when he was expelled from his kingdom, and yet he makes a long and powerful struggle to regain it. He engages actively in the battle of Regillus when he is at least one hundred and six years old, and dies at Cuma some five or six years afterwards. Again Brutus, at the commencement of the reign of the last Tarquinius, is a mere child, and twenty-five years afterwards has two sons old enough to be leaders in a conspiracy for restoring the banished king. But enough of such absurdities; his must be a wondrous faith that can stand all this incongruity.

And this is Roman chronology—and yet Roman chronology is perhaps as consistent with itself, and with common sense, as any other part of Roman history.

But it may be asked if we reject all this well-known story, what remains of early Roman history, and with what materials has it been reconstructed by modern historians? It must be confessed that it is not a very easy matter to give in a few words a satisfactory answer to these questions. The truth of Niebuhr's views of the early history of the Roman commonwealth, and of his outlines of the ancient constitution, can be seen and felt in its full force by those only who have patiently followed him through his long and laborious researches. It is, in short, from internal and not external evidences, that the full conviction of the truth of the system is irresistibly forced upon our minds.

It has been well and truly remarked by a great historian, that when we have taken a point of view in which the whole course of the history that be-

fore was confused and unintelligible becomes clear ; and events, which before seemed inconsequent or inconsistent, follow one another in a natural order—it is evident that our mode of viewing them must be right. But, at the same time, this species of evidence can be properly appreciated only by those who have seen it developed in the course of the history. We will, however, mention some of the sources from which Niebuhr has drawn—some of the materials from which, with unrivalled skill and ingenuity, he has constructed so magnificent an edifice.

The great narratives of Livy and Dionysius of course furnished the foundation for his history, or, perhaps, it might be called his historical dissertation. A long and intimate acquaintance with every part of their works enabled him often to judge them out of their own mouths, to point out their errors and the necessary correction drawn from their own explicit statements in other places. His almost instinctive faculty of perceiving the truth amidst a mass of fiction often enabled him to discover it when the author himself was not aware of its existence, and to draw out a clear and satisfactory account from confused statements that the writers had not fully understood themselves. Or, as Legarè has well expressed it, he could perceive when a blundering author knew the truth without telling it, or told it without knowing it. From his vast acquaintance with ancient literature, his wonderfully tenacious memory and his great acuteness of intellect, he could bring to bear upon his subjects at once all collateral authorities and illustrations, and thus often correct a loose and inaccurate statement of Livy by the more explicit and definite language of Cicero or Varro. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that there was nothing in the wide range of the ancient languages throwing light upon the history, the constitution, and the laws of the Roman State with which he was not acquainted. He collected as it were all the small streams of light that were scattered over so vast an extent, united them into one, and formed a blaze of light that poured its bright rays into the darkest recesses of any subject which he was investigating. All the fragments that had come down from antiquity were carefully collected, and diligently studied and compared. Old copies of laws and treaties, broken tablets, many of which were excavated from the very soil of Rome, mouldering columns and trophies with their half-effaced inscriptions, some of which dated as far back as the days of the Pelasgians, were all carefully examined, and as it often happened, if they threw no light upon the history and constitution of the early ages, they served to distinguish and trace out the different elements of the language spoken by the ancient inhabitants of Rome. And in the hands of a philologist and historian like Niebuhr, this examination of the several elements of which a language was made up, often lead to im-

portant truths in the history of political revolutions. It has been conclusively shown that in not a few instances, terms and phrases that had been used in a clear and correct sense, by the old annalists, were copied by Livy without a right understanding of their meaning. One important instance of this has been given above, with reference to the signification of the term *Populus* (People.) Nor is it at all strange that Livy should often thus mistake the meaning of the old writers ; for Polybius, more than a century before, states that the most learned Romans found it difficult to interpret the old treaties and inscriptions upon the tablets ; and Livy evidently had but little taste for such learning.

Such are some of the materials that have been used, and such is the laborious manner in which has been reconstructed in modern times the fabric of early Roman history and the outlines of the ancient constitution.

In the outset we had designed presenting to our readers some of the more important points in the history, and a sketch of the leading features in the constitution of the ancient Roman commonwealth as developed in the treatises of modern writers. But we fear, from the time we have already consumed, that we must either weary their patience or make this part of our remarks too brief to be clear and satisfactory.

In tracing out the early history of any people, the first question that arises is, what was their race and language, and the next, what was the original form of their social and political organization. Much time and learning have been expended in attempting to discover who were the original inhabitants of Italy, and after all no very conclusive result has been attained. Perhaps we cannot do better than to take the old Pelasgic stock as the most ancient race in Italy of whom we can ever have any very certain knowledge.

No one can cast even a hasty glance at the ancient world before the light of history had dawned upon the darkness of the traditionary era, and fail to be struck with the importance of this widely spread and remarkable race.

Belonging to the great Japhetic family they peopled all the vast countries washed by the northern waves of the Mediterranean, from the heart of Asia Minor westward through Greece to the most distant shores of Italia, and perhaps of Spain. Troy and Rome were alike the work of their hands. They were every where a peaceable, industrious and agricultural people, and have left scattered over this wide extent of country, massive walls and huge Cyclopean towers that still mock the ruthless hand of time and forcibly recall to our minds those days in which there were giants in the earth. Devoted entirely to the pursuits of a quiet life they were constantly overrun, trodden down, and oppressed by the more warlike races, with whom it

was their misfortune to come into unceasing conflict. An impenetrable and mysterious gloom hangs over the history of this singular and fated race. Long before history had emerged from the twilight of fable, they swayed the sceptre over vast and populous countries, and then faded away from view, or became absorbed into other and more powerful races.

They undoubtedly passed into Italy from the eastward, and it seems under the name of Tyrrheni or Tyrseni, and probably brought with them, besides other arts, the Pœneecian alphabet. We have seen upon a former occasion that throughout Greece they were brought completely under the dominion of the Hellenic race. They met with a like fate to a considerable extent in Italy. One of the earliest settlements they appear to have made in the West was upon the Tiber, principally upon the right bank, though afterwards they spread also to the South over Latium, and finally over nearly all Southern Italy, and probably Sicily. North of the Tiber they were overrun and subdued by the barbarous Rasenae or Etruscans, who took the name Tyrseniones from their Pelasgian subjects. In Latium and around the immediate situation of Rome they became intimately blended with another warlike people, the Oscans.

That the Oscans were the military rulers and the Pelasgians the subject population has been inferred from the composition of the Latin language, of which the Oscan and Pelasgic are the two elements. It was observed with singular sagacity by Niebuhr that it cannot be mere accident that the words for a *house*, a field, a plough, wine, oil, milk, kine, swine, sheep, apples, and others relating to domestic and agricultural life should agree entirely in the Latin and Greek languages, while those relating to war and to government are altogether different. We know that the common element in the two languages is the Pelasgic, that in Greek the other element was furnished by the warlike Hellenic rulers, and in Latin by the Oscans. The Oscan tongue, then, must have furnished all military terms and words of government, and if so, the inference is fair, that they were the barbarian conquerors and the Pelasgians their subjects.

These two races becoming intimately blended furnished the nucleus for the population of that commonwealth, which was destined ultimately to embrace so large a portion of the human family. The union of this native Oscan tribe with the stranger race from the East was well symbolized by the reception of the Trojan Æneas, and his marriage with the native princess Lavinia. And we may remark here, that this method of symbolizing, of tracing nations to mythic ancestors and cities to mythic founders, is a common feature running throughout the whole traditionary system of the Ancients.

Nations were constantly personified in some in-

dividual, and affinities between different nations were indicated by the relationship between these imaginary persons. The early history of the Greeks is filled with such traditionary heroes, the fathers of different races, and the founders of cities and states.* And so also in the West, the Itali were the people of Italus, the Latini of Latinus, and the Ausones of Auson, and in the same manner is it to be understood that Romulus was the founder of Rome.

The ancient population of Rome was divided, it is said, into three tribes, the Ramnes, the Titientes, and the Luceres. And the origin of each tribe or division is pretty clearly marked by the traditions of the early kings. The Ramnes, the oldest and for some time the most important of the three, were, in all probability, the old Oscan conquerors, of whom Romulus is but the personification.† The Titientes are distinctly declared to be of Sabine origin.

All will remember the story of the difficulty between the ancient Romans and the Sabines, as drawn by the delicate pencil of Livy.

Thirty Sabine virgins are seized by Roman youths,—the whole nation assemble under their king Tatius to take vengeance upon the robbers for the insult and injury,—during the heat of the conflict the objects of the contest throw themselves between the combatants, now their fathers and husbands, and entreat them with tears to stay the bloody strife. Their entreaties prevail, and not only is peace made, but a close union is entered into between the two nations, and Romulus and Tatius are made joint rulers of the united people.

The striking incidents of this poetic legend no doubt embody much historic truth. The original foundation of Rome by Romulus was stated in the old legend to be on the Palatine hill, and after the treaty and union the Sabines were established upon the Capitol and Quirinal hills. This agrees precisely with our knowledge of the locations of the two tribes. The Ramnes always resided on the Palatine, and the Titientes on the other two; and the statement of the old writers is thus fully confirmed. As Romulus is the representative of the Ramnes, so Tatius evidently is of the Titientes.

It may be observed that the complete union of the two elements of the nation could only have taken place gradually, and accordingly we find the several parts of the tradition answering to the successive steps in this national amalgamation. At first the two nations or tribes reside on separate hills, they have two kings, and each has a senate of a hundred old men, who meet separately to consult on any measure before they meet together in common council. After Tatius dies, Romulus reigns alone for a number of years, and the two senates are united. Romulus then dies and the question

* Vid. on this subject. S. L. M., March 1848. Art. An. Gr.

† Vid. Hist. Rome, by Malden, C. iv., p. 122, and also Niebuhr.

arises upon whom the government shall fall, and neither tribe is willing to yield the sovereignty to the other.

Finally, however, a compromise is effected, and the Ramnes choose a king from the Titienses or Sabines. This is the good king Numa. We may now observe the complete union and equality of the two races under the common name of Quirines, and the sacred walls of the city are extended around the limits of the Capitoline and Quirinal hills. The senates are permanently united and the whole people welded into one.

As to Romulus was referred the whole system, civil and military, of the Roman polity, so to Numa was referred the whole system of their national worship. The former was the personification of the people during a turbulent and restless period, the latter is the embodiment of their national religious institutions.

Since Montesquieu wrote, no one has doubted that great maxim of political philosophy, that laws and institutions are the offspring of the manners of a people, and faithfully represent the progress of society. But before Montesquieu, Vico had felt the force of this great truth, he had intuitively discovered that all the laws and customs, the whole government and constitution of a people, can never be perfected, save by the people themselves, can never be the work of one man or of one age; and that the whole heroic age, as it may be called, of the early Romans had heaped into one man.

But if one man or one age can never perfect the civil and political institutions of a people, neither can it their religion. And yet we are told that one generation was sufficient to transform the stern barbarian conquerors of Romulus into the peace-loving and religious subjects of Numa. It surely cannot be necessary to argue the impossibility of such a sudden and complete change. Nature knows no *saltus*, no abrupt transition, either in the moral or physical world.

The wild whirlwind of the French revolution had for generations been muttering in the concealed depths of the national mind, had been gathering all its powers before it burst forth in its fearful fury and desolated that unhappy land. The tremendous torrent of the Reformation that swept away institutions which had grown gray and venerable under the hand of time, was no exception to this immutable law of Nature. The wild waters of discontent* had for years been dammed up in the hearts of the people—Luther but raised the floodgate and let forth the troubled waves.

We have thus seen two of the three ancient tribes placed on an equal footing in political rights and welded together; this condition of equality was not allowed by the third for a considerable period. The fact that the Luceres were always

mentioned last, and were excluded from equal rights with the others for a long period, agrees well with the hypothesis that they were the subject Pelasgians; and their residence on the Caelian hill, the original habitation of the Pelasgians, serves still farther to identify them as the same.

As the progressive steps of the union of the other two tribes are represented under the reigns of Romulus and Numa, so the development of the rights of the third is embodied in the reign of Tullus Hostilius. He is said in the story to have extended the limits of the city around the Caelian Hill, and to have added a new tribe to the nation; by which we are undoubtedly to understand the tribe of Luceres, though it is not so stated in the legend. The whole of his reign is equally poetical with that of his predecessors, and is to be understood only as representing the third great period in Roman history. It is the period during which the three elements of the Roman people finally became completely united and fused into one homogeneous mass. This is perhaps the most suitable point for us to pause and briefly scan some of the outlines of the ancient constitution as attributed to Romulus.

The three tribes into which the whole Roman people were divided, were composed each of ten divisions called *Curiae*, and these again were subdivided into *Gentes*, or Houses. The whole state thus consisted of thirty *Curiae*. The number of *gentes* that each *Curia* contained is not known with entire certainty, but there are strong and conclusive evidences going to show that each *Curia* contained ten *Gentes* and each *gens* again ten householders or families. If this be correct, the original division of the *Curiae* into *Gentes* consisting of an exact number of families must have been to a considerable extent arbitrary. Though it is still probable that the families composing a *gens* or house, were, in many instances at least, really connected together by ties of blood.

But the great bond of union between the members of a *gens* or house, was a participation in its common religious rites. Each house had its consecrated altar, its peculiar solemnities, and its regular time for the common sacrifice.

When any important question was to be submitted to the whole people, they met together in their different *Curiae*; the vote of each *Curia* was taken separately and determined by the majority of householders in that *Curia*, and the vote of the whole assembly was decided by the majority of the *Curiae*, each casting its vote as an unit. This national assembly was called the *Comitia Curiata*. In addition to this there was also another regular deliberative body more legislative in its character. This was the senate. It was originally composed of one hundred old men of the principal families of the State, but upon the union with the Sabines or Titienses, this number was doubled, and finally,

* Vid. Andin's Life of Luther, preface.

after the third tribe had become thoroughly united with the others, a third hundred was added by the elder Tarquin.

The thirty Curiae into which the people were divided, corresponded to the thirty centuries of which the Roman legion was made up, and the three tribes, in like manner, to the three centuries of Equites or Knights.

It is said in the common story, that when Romulus divided out the State, he placed in the Curiae and tribes all who could show a noble origin in the States from which they had come, and thus gave them a share in the administration of public affairs. This tradition undoubtedly embodies the truth, at whatever time the facts stated in it may have occurred. But after the State was once organized, and the tribes, the Curiae, and the Gentes, had been set apart in their regular divisions, they became exclusive in their character, and closed against all others the entrance into their privileged order.

It was thus that the Roman aristocracy began; and based upon the fundamental principle of all aristocracies, that of perfect equality among its own members and superiority over all others, it remained the same restrictive and exclusive body throughout the whole of the early history of the commonwealth. In this division of tribes, Curiae and Gentes, we must not suppose that all persons at Rome were included. There was still another class of persons who were not considered worthy of being participators in the government, and therefore were not enrolled in the Curiae. They were the dependents of the families who composed the Houses and Curiae, and consequently had no connection with the State. The relation in which they stood to these families was entirely a private one, and yet not to be confounded with a state of servitude. They were called Clients, and the persons to whose families they were attached, were called their Patrons. It may not be out of place here to remark that to these Clients was restricted the practice of all the mechanical arts and the trading business of the community, agriculture and war being reckoned the only employments worthy of the Patrician freeman.

The principal feature in the constitution, that we have so far discovered is, that the population was composed of two entirely different and distinct classes. One class belonged to the families, and therefore to the Houses, the Curiae, the tribes, and the State; the other class, being merely dependents, not belonging to the families, and therefore having no connection with the State.

But we must now notice the introduction of another and an entirely different element into the population of Rome. It is highly probable that in the first division of the families into tribes and Curiae, there were a number of persons at Rome, whose low extraction prevented their being enrolled

amongst the citizens, and who were yet not the dependents of any of the families. But though their number may have been insignificant at first, such a class as this will naturally spring up under every aristocracy. Personally free and independent, but having no share in the management of the government, they constituted what was called the Plebs, or Roman Commons.

We must here carefully guard against the error of confounding this class with the Clients, an error originating with Dionysius, and repeated by Plutarch and all the succeeding historians, and one that has confused and obscured all their accounts of the ancient constitution. The Plebeians belong to a later period than the Clients. We have seen that the thorough union and blending together into one mass, of the original elements of the Roman population, gradually took place and was finally completed under the reign of the third king. The Plebs or Commons, however, do not appear to have been recognized as an element of the State until the reign of Ancus Martius, the fourth king. Though still enveloped in the hazy atmosphere of poetry and fable, the traditions respecting this king are much more historical than those of any of the preceding, or even succeeding ones. And we may, perhaps, without leaving the limits of historic truth, concede his personal existence. It is related that he waged war against, and subdued many of the neighboring Latin towns, and transferred their population to Rome. We may question the existence of Ancus, but this conquest of the Latin towns is clearly established by historical evidence. It is indeed highly improbable that the whole population of these towns was removed to Rome, but a considerable portion undoubtedly was. We are not to suppose, however, that when thus forcibly brought within the pale of the Roman Commonwealth, they were enrolled in the Gentes and the Curiae, and thus admitted into that exclusive and privileged order of aristocracy, in whose hands was the whole management of the government. A very slight acquaintance with the principles of an aristocracy, would enable us at once to understand that such could never have been the case, even if there was no direct evidence pointing to the truth. We are not left, however, to so general an inference. It is directly stated that these subject Latins when removed to Rome were placed upon Mount Aventine, and this circumstance fixes their position in the State. We know that the Aventine was always the peculiar home of the Plebeians, that the Patricians were jealously excluded from it, and that although densely inhabited, it was not included within the sacred Pomoerium of the city, until long after the Republic had merged into the Empire.

This large accession to the small class that had probably existed from an early period, would at once give it greatly increased importance; and more especially as it is quite likely that many who

thus entered the Commons at Rome, had been nobles at home. And consequently we now first find them distinctly recognized as a constituent portion of the Roman State; and a portion too of very great importance, as furnishing the materials for the main body of the legions.

The Plebs stood in a general relation to the State, were personally free and independent, but in none of the essential requisites, were they citizens. It will be perceived at once, then, that when the people (*populus*) of Rome in this early age are spoken of, none of course are meant but the full citizens, the members of the tribes and Curiae. The early writers undoubtedly understood and used the term in its proper sense, but when they came to be copied by others who lived under a different state of things, and who we fear were no better acquainted with the language of the old Annalists than they should have been, the meaning of the term was often mistaken, and it was used in the wide signification it had acquired in their own day.

Thus excluded from the great national assembly of the *Comitia Curiata*, and loaded with a full proportion of the national burdens, the noble Commons of the *Aventine* struggled manfully against the grinding oppression of the *Patrician* aristocracy, and the history of Rome for the next three hundred years, presents one continued scene of fierce and bitter strife between the two orders, until the *Plebeians* finally won their way to a full equality of political rights.

Such is a slight sketch of the constitution, as it existed under the early Roman kings. Some important changes were made in it by the elder *Tarquin*, and the whole fabric was reconstructed upon a different plan by *Servius Tullius*. The whole story of these later kings is equally as poetical and fabulous as that of their predecessors, and perhaps more likely to impose upon us, inasmuch as they embody much real historic truth. Dr. Arnold has well remarked that the constitution of *Servius Tullius* is as real as the *Magna Charta*, and yet its reputed author is scarcely a more historical person than king *Arthur*. We know not even his name* or his race; whether he was a dependent in the House of *Tarquin*, or a military adventurer. We have pointed out above a few of the absurdities in the stories of *Servius* and the two *Tarquins*, and yet their names are still used for the sake of convenience, to mark the eras of the several changes in the constitution; changes that are as real as their authors are imaginary.

It has been stated that the whole Roman people were divided into three tribes and thirty *Curiae*, and that corresponding to these were three centuries of *Equites* or *Knights*, and thirty centuries of foot-soldiers. When, however, the elder *Tarquin* moun-

ted the throne, he found at Rome a very large and powerful class, entirely excluded from the *Curiae* and from all share in the government, whilst many of them had been nobles in their own States, and were still wealthy and powerful. He wished to include a portion of these in the number of Roman citizens, and for this purpose proposed to double the number of the tribes, the *Curiae*, the centuries of knights and all the other divisions of the *Patricians*. But he met with so obstinate a resistance on the part of the nobility, that he was compelled to modify his plan. We have already remarked that the third tribe of *Luceres* was not raised to an entire equality with the others, until the time of this monarch. This was probably a part of his plan which he first accomplished; and the full equality was marked by the addition of the third hundred to the Senate and the increase of the number of *Vestal virgins* from four to six, two for each tribe.

After having created three new tribes of ten *curiae* each, and three new centuries of knights, he was prevented from placing them by the side of the others, as he had intended, and consequently he incorporated them into those already existing, thus in reality doubling the number of the ruling class, though the number of divisions was not increased.

These changes made in the constitution by *Tarquin*, afforded some relief to the large class who were excluded from the rights of citizenship by a small and narrow oligarchy, but *Servius Tullius* reorganized the State throughout all its parts.

We can here only give the outlines of his constitution, and refer those who wish to look into the details of the whole system, to the pages of *Niebuhr*.

He divided the main body of the *Plebeian* population of the State into thirty tribes, corresponding to the thirty *Curiae*, four of which included those who dwelt in the city and twenty-six those in the country. These tribes met together to consult and determine upon all matters relating to the interest of the Commons, and the assembly thus formed was called the *Comitia Tributa* and organized upon the same plan with the *Comitia Curiata* of the *Patricians*, and its decrees were called *Plebisceta*. Thus, to borrow an illustration, there were in the State two coördinate bodies corresponding to the House of Lords and the House of Commons in the British constitution.

The divisions of the *Patricians* were also changed in many important particulars; and in addition to the two assemblies we have mentioned, the *Comitia* of the *Curiae* and of the tribes, the one exclusively *Patrician*, and the other *Plebeian*, a third was instituted including both classes, called the *Comitia Centuriata*. We will now attempt to give as clear a view as we can of this mixed assembly, premising, however, that there is still a

* By some authorities he was called *Mastarna*, and said to be a military adventurer.

good deal of obscurity hanging over many parts of it.

The *Comitia* of the *Curiae* was based exclusively upon distinctions of birth or family; the *Comitia* of the tribes upon purely democratic principles; but in the mixed assembly of the centuries, it was necessary to avoid both these extremes, and to adopt some principle that would at the same time preserve the necessary distinctions and also give the Commons their proper weight. The one adopted by *Servius* was that of wealth, as affording the fairest prospect of enabling the Commons to balance the weight and influence of a hereditary aristocracy.

It was stated that *Tarquin* had in reality doubled the number of the ruling class; but the *Patricians* had so far succeeded in their resistance as to adhere to the old forms of the Constitution in the number of its divisions. *Servius*, however, changed the name as well as the reality, and the double centuries of the knights of the old *Ramnes*, *Titenses* and *Luceres* counted as six centuries, as they really were called the *sex suffragia*, and possessed six votes in the new assembly of centuries. To these were added twelve new centuries of knights chosen from the wealthiest of the *Plebeians*, and voting along with the other six in the new assembly, though they still belonged also to the assembly of the tribes. These centuries of knights, however, composed but a small proportion of this new body; the great mass was made up of the centuries of foot soldiers, who belonged to the Commons, and in order to the introduction of these, it was necessary to arrange them into classes with reference to the amount of their property. Consequently, the whole body of the Commons, who were to serve on foot, were divided into four classes, according to their wealth, and it naturally happened that the first class was the smallest in number, the second next, and so on through the third and fourth, the last being much larger than either of the others. Their weight in the assembly, however, did not depend upon the number of persons in each class. This was arranged by an arbitrary system. The first class formed eighty centuries, the second, third and fourth each twenty centuries, in this mixed assembly. So that the first class possessed more weight than the other three together; but as a compensation on their part for this advantage, they were required to arm themselves in a much more complete manner than the others, to serve in the front ranks of the legions, and to pay much more to the support of the State. These four classes composed the phalanx, or main body of the Roman army.

There was then a fifth class, probably containing a very large number, whose property fell below the amount required for admission into the phalanx, who were formed into thirty centuries, and equipped themselves as light armed troops to follow the army.

All the others who could not enter this class were included in four centuries, from whom was required little or no military duty, and the last two were also exempt from taxation. And finally there were three centuries composed of persons not according to their property, but according to their occupation. These were the centuries of Carpenters and Smiths, of Hornblowers, and of Trumpeters, all of whom were required to attend upon the army.

From this outline it would appear that this assembly of the *Comitia Centuriata* was composed of one hundred and ninety-five centuries. It is, however, quite certain, that the *Clients* were also admitted into it, though in what manner is not distinctly known. The probability is that they were attached to the centuries of their *Patrician* patrons, who thereby acquired more weight in this body than they otherwise appear to have had.

Such is a brief and popular, but we hope clear and satisfactory sketch of the celebrated Constitution of *Servius Tullius*. It was, however, never fully carried into effect. Scarce had it been completed by the "good king of the people," when, as the story goes, he was hurled from his throne by the second *Tarquin*, and every vestige of the free Constitution, and the rights of the Commons, were swept away by the rigorous tyranny of the last monarch.

We have already observed more than once, that none of these kings are to be regarded as historical persons. But though they may be the mere shadows of fable, yet the great revolutions which they represent are real and substantial. Laws and institutions, we cannot too often recollect, are but the offspring of the manners and customs of a people,* and these can never undergo any great and important change, without leaving behind traces that can never be obliterated. The memory of rights once theirs, (and wrested from them by the hand of tyranny,) will ever live in the hearts of a people, and it usually seeks to embody itself in the person of some favored monarch, whose name is made to swell upon the national chorus, until its reëcho is caught by the historian of a distant age. Such undoubtedly was *Servius Tullius* with the Roman *Plebs*, and such we know was *Edward the Confessor* with the old English Commons.

From this time the whole internal history of the Roman Commonwealth is one protracted struggle between the *Patricians* and *Plebeians*. Within a few years after the expulsion of the kings, the celebrated secession of the *Plebeians* upon *Mons Sacer* took place, and the *Tribunes* of the Commons were created to defend them from the oppression and cruelty of the aristocracy. But the evil was radical and permanent, the remedy only partial and temporizing.

*Vide on this subject *Legaré's* very able report on the Arbitrament of National disputes.

The internal dissensions continued, and the sacred cause of the Commons steadily advanced, until finally the barriers of the hated aristocracy one by one were levelled to the ground, and the whole Roman people united into one mass. The Licinian law first threw open to the Plebeians the office of the Consulship; shortly afterwards the Ogulnian law admitted them to the sacred offices of the national religion, and finally the right of intermarriage completed the unity of the nation.

And then it was that Rome entered upon that long and wonderful career, that terminated in the conquest and subjugation of the world.

HYMN,

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Before thy sight, we give, Oh God!
This humble house for thine abode,
Let arch and aisle and turret be
A pleasing tribute, Lord, to thee.

Here let thy sovereign grace be poured
Thro' the rich mercies of thy word,
And here thy choicest blessings flow,
As on thy favored court below.

May each imperfect note of praise,
That here our feeble voices raise,
To all thy guardian care proclaim
And glorify thy matchless name.

When here we bow before thy throne,
Lord, make thy radiant presence known!
And shed upon us from above
The inspirations of thy love.

And when at last, in life's decline,
This earthly temple we resign,
May we unite to swell on high
The choral raptures of the sky!

Σ.

A FEW PLAIN SUGGESTIONS

AS TO THE

LIBRARY OF VIRGINIA.

We propose offering a few plain suggestions as to the Library of Virginia, with a view to its utility as a means of education and improvement to our citizens—views which we have for some time entertained and in which we were greatly strengthened by a conversation which we had the pleasure of holding with that distinguished Frenchman and true “friend of America,” M. Vattemare, during his recent visit to our State.

Our State Library as at present regulated is *not the Library of Virginia*, but of her Legislature and a few of her public officers—gentlemen who are presumed for the most part to have already received a liberal education, and consequently not to stand so much in need of its benefits as the larger portion of our community. It is true, that by the courtesy and kindness of our Librarian and his Assistants, (which we take leave here to say, are always extended to every applicant,) a person desiring information on any subject can obtain admittance to the Library for the purpose of examination; but there are few of us who would be willing to tax that courtesy and kindness to any great extent for our own instruction or amusement—certainly not to the extent that we would if we had *the right* to do so.

We repeat, then, emphatically, that our Library is *not now the library of the People of Virginia*. And why is this so? Was it not purchased and is it not kept up at *their* expense—and why should not *they* enjoy some of its benefits? Was it the design of its founders to collect together valuable works to be secluded from view and use “as a miser hoards his gold”? Or was it not, on the contrary, their intention that it should be a *medium* of circulating knowledge and spreading information and enjoyment throughout our land?

And here we must say that we ask these questions in no demagoguish spirit. God forbid that we should ever in any way countenance or encourage *that spirit*, which alas! is already too prevalent amongst us and which we fear is to cause our ruin. On the contrary, our aim in the present undertaking is to afford another source of enlightenment to our people, so as to enable them to rise superior to the wiles and deceptive arts of the vile and contemptible demagogue, who, to compass his own ends, professes to be actuated solely by love of “the dear people.”

We submit, then, that a State Library ought to be free and accessible to all its citizens. We at least have always supposed that the main object in founding such an institution was by an unity of effort to collect together a fund of knowledge—*far beyond individual enterprise*—to be enjoyed by all contributors. The genius of our institutions is such, too, that any citizen, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest rank, whether in science or in politics—but *that aspiration ought* to be predicated only on native intellect, cultivated and improved by education and study: and we conceive it to be the duty of Government to foster and aid such development of intellect in every way practicable.

We hear in our sister States of “learned blacksmiths” and “literary operatives,” but *we* know them not amongst *us*. Does Virginia lack native intellect, or is it owing to the deficiency of her sources of education and improvement? Our State pride

would forbid our acknowledging the former, even if we were not painfully conscious of the truth of the latter cause. We all lament, *deeply lament* the deplorable State of ignorance prevalent amongst our masses and the total inefficiency of our present system of education—but still we do nothing to remedy it. We rest on the “past glory” of Virginia and content ourselves with repeating that “*the sceptre has departed*” from the “mother of States and of Statesmen.” Or if we do anything, it is to hold Education meetings and conventions, draft reports and resolutions, make speeches and *do nothing more*. Action is what is essentially necessary to advance the cause of Education: but like the man in the fable, each one of us calls upon Hercules for “help,” instead of putting his own “shoulder to the wheel.” There is scarcely a State north of us, but has, (in addition to its system of Common Schools,) Public Libraries, Museums and Atheneums in every town and village.

It is true, that owing to the sparseness of our population and the character of our domestic institutions, we cannot adopt to the *full extent* the Northern system of Common Schools, still we can do something to reform our present system, which is almost as bad as none at all—and we can afford *light* too to our fellow-citizens in other ways. And we ought to do so.

Providence has blessed us with “free institutions,” for the preservation of which we must rely on the *virtue and intelligence* of our citizens. Our Constitutions to be respected, must not only be written on parchment, but they must be engraved on the *hearts of the people*—else, as “writings in sand,” they will be swept away by successive ebullitions of popular feeling. We must be taught to *know and appreciate* the beauty and blessings of our systems of government both State and Federal—and “*knowing* dare maintain them.”

Let us arouse ourselves, then, from our apathy, and do *something* to regenerate Virginia.

To aid that cause, we propose that the State Library shall be kept open from 9 o'clock in the morning to the same hour in the evening—*free and accessible to every person* to read and examine during that time, any work contained in it, in the presence of the Librarian or his Assistants. Of course we would not extend the right to *take any work away* any farther than it is at present enjoyed, and we would have stringent rules too to prevent any injury being done to the Library during the time that it is kept open.

We have proposed that the Library should be kept open until 9 o'clock in the evening, for the reason that there is many a man occupied with his business during the morning hours, who would gladly pass a leisure *afternoon* in a Library, reading and improving himself: while there are many young men who have to work for their daily bread and who feel “the stirrings of ambition,” but have

not *the means* to improve themselves at home, who would thus have an opportunity to spend their *evenings* in storing their minds with useful knowledge, and thus fit themselves to be ornaments to their families, to society and the State—young men, whose destiny it may be, at some future day,

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise—
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

With this arrangement, we will require probably another Assistant Librarian, or at any rate an increase of the salaries of the present incumbents, and we propose that that increase of expenditure shall be borne by the citizens of the metropolis, who would derive more benefit from it, than those from other portions of the State, and who would thereby quiet any jealousies which might otherwise arise; while the tax upon them would be as “a grain of sand upon the sea-shore” in comparison with the benefits to be derived. For this last suggestion we are indebted to M. Vattermare, whose just appreciation of our institutions and quick perception of our character struck us very forcibly.

And in this connection we trust we shall be pardoned for urging upon our citizens the claims of that system of International Exchanges, to effect which, that interesting gentleman has paid a visit to our Country and State, at such a sacrifice to himself of time, money and domestic enjoyments: a system marked by “the largest philanthropy,” which has for its object the *introduction* of nations to one another, and the cultivation of more intimate relations between them through the medium of free-will offerings of one nation and its citizens to another—even as an individual feels more kindly inclined towards a stranger who has extended to him any courtesy or civility of life. It is a system, too, which should appeal *especially* to the *patriotism* of every American as enabling us in some degree, by means of our writings and works of art and science, to *falsify* the charge of ignorance so often brought against us as a nation by foreigners, and to show to the Old World, that in our rapid strides to power and greatness, we have not been altogether unmindful of Literature and the Arts.

Under this system, *properly sustained*, every American would visit with a light heart the *Hotel de Ville*, and as he entered the Hall of the “United States,” would point with a conscious pride to *their representatives*, claiming to be admitted as members of the great “Republic of Letters.”

And shall the praise-worthy efforts of “our friend” fail for want of encouragement on our part? Remember, too, that it is *la belle France* who makes you this offer through one of her citizens:—she who in the hour of need, through the agency of another son, lent us a “helping hand” and enabled us to triumph in war, now gives us an oppor-

tunity of achieving another victory as glorious and even more enduring, because *pacific*.

And especially do we trust that Virginia,—who was one of the first to give an earnest of her intentions—and *her citizens* will not suffer the system to flag, (for we must not be satisfied with a beginning,) but that *she* and *they* will continue zealous in the good work and that when M. Vattemare shall have “fulfilled his allotted time” and shall be called “hence,” that he will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that he has been “somewhat useful in his day and generation.”

Nor should this system be extended to foreign nations only, but let us establish a similar system between the several States of our Union and not content ourselves with simply exchanging *codes*, but exchange Public Documents of every description, and acquaint ourselves as far as practicable with the character and institutions of our brethren, of some of which we are almost as ignorant as of those of foreigners.

We have thrown out these crude suggestions for the consideration of the people of Virginia—and especially of her Legislature, in whom exists *legally* the right, and upon whom devolves *morally* the duty, as we conceive, to do something to enlighten our people and thereby conduce to the true interests and permanent glory of the “Old Dominion.”

IN THE BLOOM OF HER BEAUTY SHE DIED.

In the bloom of her beauty she died,
Far away, and no loved ones were near
To sing her across the dark tide,
And through the dark valley of fear.

Yet strong in that hope of the soul,
Of blissful reunion above,
Her spirit passed off to its goal,
Though the smile still remained of its love.

She had smiled at the thought of alarm—
The shadow of death had no fears,
Where the angel would lead, without harm,
That had led through the valley of tears.

And we knew not that ere the warm glow
Of bliss left her lips and her eye,
That her mission had ended below—
That her spirit had gone to the sky.

In the bloom of her beauty she died,
Yet why should we mourn o'er her youth,
Ere life's vain delusions had tried
Her heart's full devotion and truth.

G. B. WALLIS.

Washington, April, 1848.

THE ROSE.

The Goddess, Flora, whilst walking in her garden one day, called all her little attendants around her, and gave to each a small ivory box containing paints of the most beautiful and delicate colors—every box was supplied with a sufficient quantity of small fine brushes.

Each little fay was entrusted with the care of some particular flower. To one she gave charge of the rose—to another the hyacinth—to another the violet—and so on until there was a guardian fairy to every flower. There was one little elf who was so ill-natured and capricious, that whenever a leaf was not shaded to suit her fitful fancy, she would tear it immediately from the stem—dash it with violence to the ground and crush it beneath her tiny foot. Her cruelty rendered this delicate plant so timid that whenever she, or any one, approached and touched it, the leaves would tremble and shrink together as if to seek protection from one another. The Goddess Flora admired and pitied this tender flower—and called it the Sensitive Plant.

Another fay, equally cross, had charge of the violet—and this little flower always hid behind the leaves when she heard the footsteps of her keeper. She became so fearful, that at last she acquired the habit of just peeping from her hiding-place and never ventured farther. Yet the sweetness of her sphere often betrayed her.

One flower, fortunately, had a pleasant mistress, who attended her with such unceasing care, and diligence, and patience, and kindness—that she feared no one, and soon became the most beautiful of the floral race. The Goddess was much pleased at this, and admired her beauty and dignity so much, that she erected for her a throne in the midst of the garden and crowned her the Queen of flowers !
It was the ROSE.

S.....

Jeffersonville, Indiana.

TO SUSAN,

AUTHOR OF “FIRE-LIGHT MUSINGS.”

Lady, a Stranger knows not who thou art—
Whether a blooming Matron, on whose knee
Bright rose-cheeked children sit in prattling glee :
Or a fair Maid, whose slightest accents dart
Rapture or sorrow to some votive heart—
Yet can he not repress the sympathy,
Which in his bosom fondly turns to thee,
And speaks the bliss thy tender lines impart :—
For oh ! if Poetry be that sweet power,
Which offers to the broken-heart a charm,
To cheer it, lonely, in Life's dreary hour,
And once again its injured feelings warm—
Then may he for thy snowy brow entwine
A WREATH, in honor to thy “Gift divine !”

Charleston, S. C.

ALTON.

A TALE OF HELIGOLAND.

(From the German of Wachsmann.)

From a very early period, the attention of the inhabitants of the coast bordering on the German Ocean, has been directed with interest to Germany's "Ultima Thule," Heligoland: Its bold and precipitous rocks, extending eight miles into a stormy sea, and rising to an elevation of two hundred feet, had attracted the fancy of the old Friselanders so strongly, that they had there established the temple of their principal God; and even in later years, when nothing remained to declare the former abode of the divinity except the name Heligoland, (Holy Land,) and a few hills, under which reposed the bones of the Druids and the old Kings of Friseland, the Island remained of political importance; situated as it is at the mouth of three navigable rivers; so much so, that Germany felt inclined to keep the key of its portal, an office which Denmark was equally desirous of possessing.

In the year 1470, King Christian entrusted the Island to the Chapter of Heswic; but when, in 1544, Holstein and Heswic were divided, Denmark, perceiving the importance of possessing Heligoland, put in its claim; though a century after, we still find it fortified by a Heswic grandson, until on the 7th of August, 1714, it was bombarded by the Danes.

The appearance of Heligoland was, at the time of our story, very different from what it now is. A strip of land, in the form of a half circle, connected the island with the main land; thus affording a safe harbor for ships of middle size; and as its rocky platform could only be reached at one spot—all other points ascending precipitously from the sea, it was difficult to take possession except by a great stroke of war; and Denmark had only one ship of war stationed near Heligoland, whose business it was to blockade if necessary. This vessel, "The Falcon," under the command of Captain Springer, lay in the middle of the channel leading to the haven, and about a cannon shot from the southern point of Heligoland; thus preventing all commerce with the island. No vessel could enter without saluting the Danish flag, and quietly lying to, until a boat was sent to search it from deck to keel. The Danish despot could make any demand on the inhabitants who lived, as now, entirely by traffic and fishing; not even a vessel of provisions was allowed to enter without being first inspected; and in spite of their superiority in numbers, the Heswic garrison in the Blockhouse, under the command of Major Boldervahn, a brave old soldier, could offer no opposition. No fisherman's boat was allowed to pass the "Falcon," without yielding up a part of its booty for the support of the Danish crew; on this account, the boats gen-

erally returned in company; and loud was the jeer and open the scorn, which befel the unskilful boatman, who fell into the hands of the hated foe.

It was on a bright sunny afternoon, when the two beautiful daughters of the Governor of Heligoland set out for a walk to the southwest coast of the Island, where rose a circular hill called the "Flag Mount," which hung directly over the sea. Although twins, the maidens were entirely different, both in mind and appearance; for while Regina was slender and uncommonly lively, of energetic character, and regarded by the Islanders as proud, Margaret was small in stature, quiet and almost melancholy in disposition, and a general favorite. In intellectual acquisitions, the former far surpassed the latter; for having received her education in Hamburg, in the house of a relation, she was well acquainted with every branch, suiting a female capacity; and had only returned home a year previously, to find herself far from happy amid its utter seclusion. Often did she speak of the society she had left behind her, and of the refinements of city life; comparing them, in the presence of her sister, (for she feared to murmur before her father,) with the barren cliff, where she was now a prisoner for life, unless something could turn up to assist her escape. Margaret had, on the contrary, never left the Island; reading and writing were all she had acquired; and in the department of house-keeping lay her greatest enjoyment. She felt herself sufficiently rewarded, when after a day of domestic activity, Siemon Siemons, the town clerk and chosen companion of her father, would drop in at supper time and pronounce the puddings or groats excellent, or declare that no one else knew so many ways in which to prepare the shell-fish and haddock; while a certain mischievous glance always accompanied the praise lavished by him on his favorite.

Master Siemon Siemons was a man of considerable importance. In his youth he had commanded a merchant ship, and amassing considerable property, took up his abode in Heligoland after the loss of his wife, who died childless. His only heir was a youth, who was usually regarded as a relation, but over whose birth hung some mystery, since he was a year old when first brought from the continent to the island. Some asserted, and he corroborated the assertion, that the young man was the son of a deceased ship-captain, a cousin of Siemons; others hinted that he was a nearer relation, and if not his own child, probably the son of his sister, Ulla, who, after a residence of some length in Hamburg, had returned home so disordered in mind, as to be generally regarded as a lunatic.

Philip Rickmer was greatly beloved by his uncle Siemons, who, having been in early life an active sailor, was very desirous that the youth should follow the same calling; but while Philip's active

frame, healthful color and strong arm, seemed well suited to a seafaring life, he showed no disposition for the same, but from childhood had evinced such a passion for books, that the old curate, whose favorite he was, frequently urged Master Siemon to allow him to study theology. Seafaring life was that which was almost universally adopted by the young men of Heligoland; and Philip's unsuccessful attempts at fishing, and his want of dexterity in managing a boat, constantly drew on him the derision of his companions; indeed, they ventured so far as to declare that it was not a lack of skill alone, which caused the youth to dislike the occupation in which they were all so emulous of success, but a want of courage. Even the Governor, although his adopted father's closest friend, regarded the youth with but little respect, and would often exclaim, in the presence of his daughters, "Philip is an old woman—a timid fellow;" at which Regina would laugh loudly; while Margaret, who had grown up with him, shared his every thought, and was aware of his secret inclinations, felt that the Major did him injustice, and mourned in secret over every word of derision.

Such, in fact, was Philip's insurmountable modesty and natural want of self-confidence, that he actually laid himself open to these suspicions, particularly in the presence of the Commander, who was aware of the mutual attachment existing between him and his daughter.

"Margaret," said he, one day, when the town clerk had hinted his desire of an alliance between the maiden and his relative, "do not indulge the thought of ever marrying Philip; since such a thing can never happen: allow that the youth will be one day rich, and that his station in life is almost equal to yours, since his father was a sea-captain—and I commenced life as a common sailor. But the boy is a visionary, a book worm, a fellow who possesses no courage! Such a one would not suit for my son-in-law. But enough."

Whenever the old gentleman exclaimed "*enough*," his daughter knew, from experience, that it was needless to press any desire further upon him; and Margaret, therefore, quietly waited a moment when she might again openly express her attachment to Philip.

Hardly had the maidens reached the rocky ledge at the southwest corner of the island, which rises one hundred and fifty feet precipitously from the sea, when the "*Falcon*," under light sail, passed at hardly the distance of two gun shots from them; and just at the time, when several fishing-boats were coming in from sea. There was something strikingly handsome in this vessel of war. Its slender spars, its broad yards—the perfect arrangement of the cordage, made it compare very advantageously with the Swedish schooner, and a heavy Oldenburgish Kuff, which had been lying at anchor for several months, prevented by the pres-

ence of the Danish vessel, from getting out of port. The cutter had approached so near the island, and the day was so cloudless, that one could readily perceive a young and well-formed man, who stood at the poop, and who was probably the Captain, since at his back, a dark signal flag was elevated to the mast. As the Cutter, like a graceful swan, passed slowly and proudly by, the stranger looked upward towards the cliff where the sisters were standing, and bowed low as he raised his hat; which salutation Regina promptly returned by fluttering her handkerchief in the breeze.

"What do you mean?" said Margaret somewhat angrily, "by thus noticing that bold stranger? My heart burned within me, when I saw him elevate that flag; while you returned him thanks for thus deriding us."

"Deriding us!" exclaimed Regina, with a careless laugh, "his salutation was very seriously meant; that is to say," she added quickly, "I believe that when a handsome man bows to two young ladies, there is no ground for thinking that he means to insult them."

"And how do you know that he is handsome?" asked the other inquiringly; "you have never seen him."

"Ah! I only fancy so," replied the sister; "at this distance you yourself can see that he is graceful and well-formed. But see! he is putting on more sail. Ah! a vessel of war is a different thing from our ships and schooners; does it not look like an angry swan when it bristles its feathers and is about to fly? But I forget that you have never seen a swan on this miserable island: for the engraving which hangs in my father's chamber looks like a fattened goose; quite different from the noble creatures I saw in Hamburg. Hush! there goes a report of cannon. Ah! it is from the Dane, who is probably in want of some dishes of shell fish, and thus stops yon fishing boats in their course."

"You speak as though you rejoiced to see our brave people thus plundered by the despot," cried Margaret angrily.

"And what matters it," exclaimed Regina; "a few dozen shell fish is no great loss. But the boats flee: see! they are pursued."

"There goes the cannon again," said Margaret in terror. "Ah! I fear the boats will be sunk, and Philip is in one of them."

"Do not be afraid; he only means to frighten them—that is to say—I believe he cannot mean seriously; since no one has yet received any injury. Now three of the boats have passed in safety; but the fourth has been stopped: it seems to be unskilfully managed. I would lay a wager that Philip sits at the helm."

"How can you speak so carelessly," rejoined her sister.

"Oh, his life is not in danger; he will only lose

his day's work ; and I will tease him enough about it. Some one hands a basket of fish from the boat, and now it is allowed to go on its way. Did I not tell you that would be all ?”

“ Ah !” said Margaret, with a sigh, “ the fish are not worth naming ; but if Philip is the steersman, there will be no end to the bantering that he will have to endure.”

“ I cannot imagine why you are so much attached to that young man,” rejoined Regina, her bright eyes still turned towards the direction of the Danish vessel. “ He is handsome, I allow, but I have seen many far more so ; he is rich, but that does not matter on this barren rock, where one day is just like another, and the year is made up of fifty-two tedious, never ending weeks. Nay, what difference is there between the life of the rich town clerk and the poorest fisherman in yonder boat, except that the first drinks wine and takes his part in a game of piquet with our father ; while the other plays blockhead over a glass of schnaps ? Nay, father is quite right when he will not allow you to think of Philip. A man deficient in courage, is no man at all. I am braver than he is. The one that would please me, must be able to manage the raging sea ; must lead a three-decker round the world, or command a war-ship. Look at yonder small vessel !” As she spoke, Regina pointed to the Dane ; “ it holds in awe the two thousand men who inhabit this cliff. All eyes are turned to it, if but a gay rag is hung on its mast ; and when a cannon is discharged, it fills us with as much terror as though we were an army of mice.”

Margaret had been often deeply grieved by the ironical manner in which her sister spoke of Philip, and she was in the act of expostulating, when Regina seized her arm, whispering, as she pointed to the neighboring hill, called the Flag Mount, “ look at the old Ulla, yonder she stands, hour after hour, looking at the sea and muttering to herself, as she moves her hands in quick gesticulation.”

“ Poor creature !” said Margaret compassionately, “ God only knows what are her thoughts, while she looks over the waves. The old people say that she was formerly the most beautiful maiden of the island ; but after a few years residence on the continent, returned quite disordered in mind. It is said that her bridegroom perished with his ship at sea ; but she would never believe it, and remains sometimes for whole days and nights on the top of yonder hill, or wanders from one end of the island to the other.”

“ Yes,” said Regina, laughing, “ and people also say that she holds intercourse with the old soothsayers and heathen priests, who are buried beneath the hill, and constantly entreats them to tell when her lover will return. Come ! Margaret, let us hasten on and have some fun with her.”

“ No ! no ! we had better not,” rejoined her sis-

ter, though vainly, since Regina gaily pulled her forward.

On the level and somewhat elevated hill, stood a woman of about fifty years of age, clad in a crimson woolen shirt striped with orange, a dark blue jacket, and a small white cap, from which hung long locks of gray hair, the sport of every passing breeze. In spite of the regularity of her features, where might be discovered traces of former beauty, her emaciated face wore an expression of harshness and severity ; her eyes wandered constantly from place to place, and after glancing momentarily towards the approaching maidens, she turned from them to look again upon the sea.

“ Good evening, Ulla,” said Margaret kindly.

The woman bowed, but made no reply.

“ Do you expect any one,” asked Regina, “ that you are always on the lookout ?”

“ To be sure I do ; I have been waiting a long time—I believe it must be several weeks, perhaps a year, but he has not yet arrived,” she muttered, with a sigh, which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart.

“ Such suspense must be very sad,” observed Margaret compassionately.

“ Yes, child, sad, very sad,” she repeated, pressing her clasped hands over her heart, as if to stop its impetuous beatings.

“ Do you know when to expect him ?” asked Regina laughingly.

Ulla frowned on the maiden, but shook her head in the negative.

“ Does any body know ?” rejoined the careless girl.

“ Yes,” replied the other solemnly ; “ there is one who knows, but he will not tell me. Often at midnight and at daybreak I have asked him, but he will not speak ; kneeling, I have besought him, but he will not reply.”

“ And who is the person whom you interrogate !” exclaimed Regina.

“ He, on whose grave we are now standing,” replied Ulla, turning wildly to the maiden.

Regina laughed again ; and in spite of her sister's quiet entreaties that she would not further trouble the excited woman, she said, “ If you expect intelligence from such people, you will have to wait long enough.”

“ Do you think so, foolish girl !” exclaimed Ulla angrily, “ and yet he will speak when his answers regard not my personal sorrows. You doubt ! you smile ! Will you not believe, if I offer to tell you why yonder ship-of-war, only a few minutes ago, raised that small flag on its mast ? Shall I say why it was that you waved your handkerchief towards him, or what you purpose to do at midnight ?”

It seemed as though a flash of lightning had well nigh struck the maiden, so replete was her countenance with terror and alarm. Margaret tried to

soothe the old woman, but glancing angrily towards Regina, she turned hastily away, and taking the path leading directly over the waste to the north-eastern ledge of rock, she there disappeared in a hollow formed by a dry pond.

The above mentioned reservoir is connected with the oldest traces of civilization on the Island and is not without interest to the enquiring mind. Evidently dug by human hands, it was probably filled by rain water conducted to that spot from the whole Island plat; serving in ancient times for a bath, or place of washing, according to the rites of the Druids. In this pond, which, at the time of our story was dry, stood a block of granite, which was also an object of interest, since none such was to be found in the Island strata.

Muttering to herself, as though absorbed in some subject of thought, Ulla sat alone on this granite block, till, in a few minutes, she was joined by a tall and handsome youth, whose noble and not irregular features were overcast with sadness.

"I have come in search of you, cousin Ulla," he said, in friendly tones, as he laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder. "My uncle mentioned that you had eaten nothing throughout the day, and I come to enquire whether you will not return and share our evening meal."

Ulla appeared to waken as if from a deep sleep; her eyes became clearer and her countenance lost its wildness, as turning kindly to the youth, she said, "Have you been fishing to-day, and what luck have you had, my son?"

"Worse than ever!" answered Philip with a sigh. "I am not suited to the sea; far better would it have been, had my uncle allowed me to go into the counting-house of the rich merchant in Bremen, with whom he is acquainted. How I should delight to travel throughout the various countries of which I have read in books; to become acquainted with mankind, and to gain experience which would be afterwards useful to me as a merchant. I have no inclination—nay, every body says, no skill in fishing, and that is why I never succeed. How was it to-day? my lines were in the best order; the bait as fresh as possible; yet I did not catch half as many as the others; and even of those I have been deprived; for when by some want of management, I found myself behind the other boats, the Dane stopped me and compelled me to give up my day's profit."

"It matters not, Philip," said Ulla, sympathizingly, "no doubt there will be provision enough without the fish."

"I care not an iota about the fish: would that I were with them at the bottom of the sea!" muttered the youth petulantly; "but it is the jesting, the bantering, which I mind. This morning, again, I had to encounter whispers and smiles when I reached the shore, and some even hinted that the fish were a free-will offering on my part to make

friends with the enemy. I am not fit for a seaman. I know that I am too shy, awkward and unhandy; yet I am no coward, and have determined, at the next least insult, to show that such is the case and to make good use of my fist. I told my companions so to-day, and if the Major had not just then come up, there would certainly have been some fighting."

"And what said the Major?" asked Ulla.

"Ah! cousin, it was that which hurt me more than all the rest—'Let him alone! he cannot help it,' he said, and there was an expression of contempt and pity in his eye, which seemed to me a death-warrant to all my hopes, for I cannot exist without Margaret, and her father will never bestow her on such a one as he esteems me to be. He is right! how could I expect that he would sacrifice that good, noble, and beautiful maiden to a man whom he despised? I can bear it—no! I *will* bear it no longer! I will neither be an object of compassion to him, or derision to others. In two days I will bid farewell to the Island, and you, cousin, must make known my determination to my uncle."

"Philip! what ails you? You dare not leave us: whither do you wish to go?" exclaimed Ulla in anxious tones.

"To Hamburg, Bremen, or England, wherever I may prove to people that I am not the coward they take me for. I think of becoming a soldier."

"Never," cried Ulla; "think you that the Major would give his daughter to a common soldier? And must Margaret pass her young days in grief and anxiety, looking, perhaps vainly, for your return? No! here is the place where you must prove that they have done you injustice—that yours is not a craven soul. Here must you do something which shall cause people to respect you—to think highly of you—and I will help you to the means."

"You, cousin!" exclaimed Philip with an unbelieving smile, for although he knew that when the cloud which darkened her spirit was dispersed, Ulla gave proofs of a very strong understanding; yet these minutes were so brief, that the line between reason and fancy could not be marked with any certainty. "You would show me a way, cousin!" he continued, as he observed the powerful effort which Ulla made to collect her thoughts; "a way by which to win for myself the respect of those who now despise me."

"Certainly!" said she in strong tones, "and if you only conduct the matter with needful foresight, prudence and courage, all will be well."

"Courage!" cried the youth passionately, "yes, I will wash out the affront which weighs upon me, or die in the effort; but for prudence and foresight"—

"Do exactly as I bid you, and you cannot fail," answered Ulla. "This evening, arm yourself with two loaded pistols, and a quarter of an hour after

midnight, glide as quietly as possible along the south point of the Island, until you reach the strand in whose neighborhood stands 'Young Gatt,' (dark cavern,) ten steps from which rises, as you remember, a rock right out of the sea. There you will find a small boat fastened,—and the first thing to be done is to shove it as quietly as possible into the water; the least noise would spoil every thing and perhaps place you in great danger. As soon as you see the boat gliding away on the waves, conceal yourself behind the cliff, with your eyes turned to the cavern; from which, in the course of about an hour, will issue two persons—a man and a woman: the first of whom will accompany the latter some hundred yards and then return alone where the boat lay. Then is your time for action. As soon as he approaches you, with one hand seize him by the throat, and with the other present a pistol to his breast; and if he makes an effort to escape, shoot him down—for the man is Captain of the Danish vessel, and nothing is easier than either to kill him or make him your prisoner."

"Ah! if such is the case," cried Philip vehemently, "I will either make him my prisoner, or fall in the effort. But Ulla," he added, doubtingly, "how can I be assured that all this will happen as you say?"

His companion looked around, with a fearful glance, as though she was afraid of being overheard; then continued, "I could tell you who entrusted all this to me before I myself became a witness; but it must not be mentioned on this spot. I solemnly protest, however, that on the two last nights, I myself have witnessed the interview of the Danish Captain with a young female."

"Were you acquainted with the lady?" asked the youth enquiringly.

"Certainly!" replied Ulla, "and though she does not deserve that I should conceal her name, yet I will spare her for the sake of others; therefore, let her begone ere you imprison or kill the Captain."

"Your counsel fills me anew with life, and I will follow it!" cried Philip joyfully; for he now felt convinced, that in her frequent night wanderings, his companion had witnessed all that she had just made known to him.

"Perhaps," continued Ulla, anxiously, "you may not be able to manage the Dane alone; if so, take a young man."

"Never!" cried Philip hastily. "I will overcome him, even though he were a giant."

"If the boat is only safely launched in the sea, you are assured of your foe; since the cliffs and strong waves will prevent him from swimming from the vessel; and even if help is necessary, you might summon the Pilot-watch, which is so near, as to be able to hear your voice in the still night."

"It is needless!" cried Philip boldly; "let the Captain but cross my path, and he is mine!"

"Heaven grant it may be so," ejaculated Ulla;

"but," continued she, with a wild expression, "hasten away, my son, for now that the sun is set, there are those about this hill who are displeased to find a stranger at my side. Farewell! may success attend you."

The youth knew by experience that his companion's mind became always more disordered as the shadows of evening advanced; and with a few kind words at parting, he hastened homeward, and was soon busy in preparing a pair of pistols, the property of the town clerk, for his secret expedition.

It was about a quarter of an hour after midnight, when taking his way behind the counting-houses of Bremen and Hamburg, the only buildings erected at that time in the front of the Island, Philip moved towards the south and then glided on till he reached the cavern called "Young Gatt," which is a cavity of some extent, formed by the continual dashing in of the stormy waves, and which, at ebb tide, could be reached with dry feet. It was a starry, though moonless night; the sea shone like a mirror, and no sound broke on the stillness, save at intervals, the noise of the waves, those beating pulses of the deep. A single light might be seen beaming from the Danish privateer, and anxious to move along as quietly as possible, Philip stepped from stone to stone along the rocky cliff, which extended like a wall; every now and then stopping in his course to listen whether there might be any one in his path.

On reaching about one hundred steps from the entrance of the cavern, Philip had to pass beneath a rocky eminence, which rose to the height of a tall house, and where the water at ebb tide just reached, forming a convenient place for the landing of a boat. Stealthily he moved onward, his heart palpitating with anxiety, till on turning the rock, he felt that his hopes were realized, for there lay the small vessel on the strand.

"I have it! He is mine!" he muttered, and quickly laying his pistols on the cliff, so as to guard against injury, he immediately began to shove it towards the water as Ulla had advised. It was just the time of low ebb tide, unfortunately, and the bark was so bedded in the sand, that it required all Philip's strength to move it in the least, and even then not without considerable noise from the grating gravel and fragments of rock. For several moments the youth was undecided how to act, till fearful that his foe might arrive before the boat was given to the waves, he exerted all his remaining strength, till with a loud sharp scraping it was forcibly pushed from its resting-place, while, alarmed by the noise, Philip seized his pistols and stopped to listen. All around, however, was perfectly still, and rejoicing in his success, he once more stooped to use his strength for pushing the boat into the water, when he received a terrible blow on the back which laid him senseless on the ground. On returning to consciousness, he found himself bound hand and

foot with a strong rope ; a handkerchief was tied over his mouth, so as utterly to prevent him from uttering a sound ; and on opening his eyes, he met the savage gaze of a young and handsome man, who, presenting a pistol to his head, muttered, "Miserable fool ! with a ball I might shatter your brains ; but that would be allowing you to die the death of a man. Like a cat you came stealthily upon me ; therefore, you shall meet a cat's death by slow drowning ;" and with his strong arm, dragged him to the water's edge, exclaiming, as he turned his face towards the sea, "lie here, and count wave by wave, until they beat out your miserable existence !" then with a loud, contemptuous laugh, he gave the boat a final push, sprang into it, and soon disappeared in the darkness of the night.

All that had passed would have seemed but as a dream to Philip ; had not his helpless condition, along with a violent pain in the head, convinced him of the sad reality. With his first returning strength, he sought to free himself from the rope that bound him ; but this proved impossible, since his foe had knotted it so carefully behind, that it required the assistance of another to untie it ; and for the same reason he could not get rid of the handkerchief. The gradual rise of the tide, caused him, but in vain, to strive to push himself higher up the steep beach. Wave on wave continually approached ; inch by inch they drew nearer, while their regular advance allowed him to reckon the moment of his death, as exactly as if he was gazing on the hand of a clock ; while the uniform beat of the ever-returning waves, compared well with the noise of a pendulum. At first, the water line was about an ell distant from him ; then a foot ; now only a few inches, so that the spray actually bathed his face.

The situation in which the young man found himself was truly horrible ! His martyrdom must continue for a full quarter of an hour, since, as he was well aware, he could only drown by slow degrees ; every advancing wave recalling him to life ; and his breath would remain until the water rose even to his mouth. He determined to pray and then to turn his face so as to put an end to his misery as quickly as possible ; but hardly had the first ejaculation broken from his lips, when a wave stronger than any previous, almost stifled him with its foam ; and at the same time he felt some one busied in untying his fetters. The hope of life ran like liquid fire through his veins ! In the next moment, he felt himself free, and tearing the handkerchief from his mouth, looked closely on the figure who stood beside him, and discovered Regina.

"Can it be ? Are you my deliverer ?" asked the astonished youth.

"No other than myself, Philip. How did you come here ?" asked the maiden, without expressing any surprise at the strange circumstance.

The youth was silent for a moment, for he hardly knew how he could explain himself without betraying Ulla. At length he said, "I was taking a late walk on the beach."

"What ! armed with pistols ?" sharply rejoined Regina, and she pointed to the weapons which lay on the rock. "Speak the truth—say that you came to spy after the man who placed you in the lifeless condition in which I find you—that you intended either to subdue or kill him."

"I do not deny it," returned Philip.

"And how did you know that you would meet him here ?"

"I cannot say, it would be ungrateful if I did"—

"Not if I demand it in return for the favor I have done you ?"

"Not even then ; yet believe me, Regina, with my whole soul I acknowledge how opportune was your assistance, though now I could almost wish that you had allowed my misfortunes to end by leaving me to the fate that threatened me. Tell me"—

"I will tell you nothing !" exclaimed Regina, hastily. "Perhaps it would have been better if I had left you to your fate ; for in what a dastardly manner did you seek the destruction of a man who is far, very far superior to you. If you wish to engage him in honorable fight ; how much better to have taken one hundred armed men with you and attacked his ship instead. Ah ! he would have stood steadfast ! he would have answered you with his cannon ! but you preferred to sneak after him, perhaps to shoot him down when his back was turned towards you."

"Regina ! Regina ! exclaimed Philip, greatly excited, "free me from my feelings of gratitude, and I might say things of you"—

"I care not for your gratitude !" she cried petulantly. "With the exception of my father, it matters little what you or any one else on this Island may say ; and if you choose to reveal this night's event, I, on my part, shall every where make known in what a pitiful condition I found you. Thus you will only have to thank yourself, if you become the laughing-stock of the Island ;" with these last words, spoken in a tone of utter contempt, Regina turned away and bent her steps homeward.

"Would that I were dead ! Why did she save me ?" cried Philip, almost weeping with mortification and passion ; and for a moment he looked upon the sea and resolved to bury in its depths his miserable existence ; but soon a feeling of self-respect prevented him from carrying out his sinful purpose, and in loud tones, he exclaimed, "I am worth more than they imagine ! I will live and compel them to respect me. Fate and man's injustice shall not make me throw away my life like a coward. From this moment I am resolved to establish my honor, even though I die in the effort ?"

It may readily be believed that Philip passed

a sleepless night, and while he resolved to conceal from Ulla the fact of his unsuccessful expedition, under pretext that the foe did not appear, he hardly knew how to conduct himself towards Regina. Ought he to refer to the incident or not? He determined on the latter course, though he felt that there was some mystery at the bottom, since it was impossible to believe that accident had led her to that lonely spot at that unusual hour. And yet it seemed impossible that she could be the person to whom Ulla referred, as having had several interviews with the Dane; for although his ship had been for six weeks lying in the channel, yet he had never once openly visited the Island, and as her father's foe, could the daughter of the commander possibly be leagued with her country's enemy? Philip was shocked by the thought and determined not to speak a word on the subject with any one.

At breakfast time, Philip was informed by his adopted father of an invitation to dine that day at the Major's, where the Captain of the Swedish brig was expected; and at the proper hour, our hero presented himself at the commander's house, which was a small, but neatly furnished dwelling. Their host, Major Boldervahn, a gray-haired, but fine looking old man, received them in the porch, which looked out on an extensive, but poorly planted garden. With a soldier's heartiness, he shook the town clerk's hand, nodded carelessly to Philip, then ushered them into the chamber, where sat the Swedish Captain, a tall, cheerful looking man, with the host's two daughters. At table, Philip scarcely dared to steal a glance towards Regina, who seemed equally desirous of avoiding him; but chatted quietly with Margaret, at whose side he sat. The Major was a lively old man, and one who, as his face indicated, loved a glass of good wine and was fond of a merry jest, particularly when the subject was poor Philip.

"What good luck was it," said he, when an uncommonly large turbot was placed upon the table, "that fellow did not get fastened in your hook—else the infamous Dane would have regaled on him instead of us. Nay, Philip, don't look so gloomily," he added, good naturedly, as he pushed the bottle of wine to the discomfited youth; "let us drink to a seaman's luck and skill, though both are rather slow in coming to you."

"A fishing boat has brought this letter," said a servant just then entering.

"Ah!" cried the Major, as he hurriedly broke the seal, "this letter is from the Dane; hardly did we speak of the wolf when he appears. The commander ran through the contents; and the further he read, the redder became his face, and the veins of his forehead swollen with passion, till striking his fist on the table, he made all the glasses clatter.

"What boldness! what insolence!" he cried, as he handed the letter to the clerk; "read it, Master

Siemons. This scoundrel makes a modest demand! that we should supply him with provisions, because his own provender is almost out. In conclusion, he declares that unless we comply, no fishing boat shall be allowed to leave the harbor."

After a careful perusal, the clerk returned the letter, and with a shrug of the shoulders, exclaimed, "he signs himself Jobst Springer."

"Who cares what his name is!" cried the host angrily; I should like to see him spring at the end of a short cable, with the other fastened on the foremast ten yards above deck. What think you of his modest request?"

"That we must comply with it," replied the town clerk.

"What! comply with it!" exclaimed the Major, angrily; feed the villain while he is starving us? Truly Siemon, you and your family may have been very good people, but I doubt whether you could ever have boasted of a hero.

"I see not what else could be done," observed the visitor not appearing to notice the affront. "If the Dane allows no fishing boat to leave the harbor, then are we all lost. '*Perdu*,' as the French say; for I know not how the two thousand inhabitants of the Island can get along without fishing."

"We must drive the Falcon out of the channel," cried the Major, growing bold over his replenished glass; "the old cannon which lies at the Custom-House shall be brought to bear on the south point. I will have a whole oven of bullets prepared;—I will mount with my forty soldiers on board the Dane!"

"With your forty cripples," quietly rejoined Siemons.

"We will seize the vessel."

"The Dane will not wait for you to do so, but will send you to the bottom instead," again interrupted the magisterial visitor. "No! no! Major, it is your old warlike blood which makes you speak so; but only reflect seriously for a moment and you must own that the Dane would not be such a fool as to lay at anchor ready to receive our flying bombshells. If so, he must be a pitiful seaman, and such he has not shown himself to be."

"Let me only have a band of volunteers, young, brave fellows! and after eight days drilling, they would be ready for service, and we could easily seize on the Dane by night," cried the Major, as he swallowed another bumper of Bordeaux."

"The truth is," observed the clerk phlegmatically, "and I avoided mentioning it before, I believe that this privateer Captain holds communication with some of the Island."

"What a strange notion," said the commander; "how could it possibly happen?"

"I am almost certain that it is so," observed Master Siemon, "for when he stops a fishing-boat, he makes such enquiries of the crew, as prove that

he is acquainted with every thing that takes place with us, and sometimes sets them right when they answer him incorrectly."

While Siemons was speaking, Philip observed that Regina never raised her eyes from her plate, but seemed to eat with an unusually keen appetite.

"I only wish I knew," observed Siemon, after a pause, "whether this Captain's name is really Jobst Springer, or only an assumed one."

"By the hangman! why should the fellow's name not be Jobst Springer!" cried the Major petulantly.

"I once knew a person of that name," continued Siemons, in a sad tone; "but he was lost with his ship, man and mouse, in the Indian Ocean."

"Then it is certainly not the same person: that you may rest assured of!" was the Major's good-humored reply; "but," continued he, changing his subject, "it is a shameful, infamous proceeding, if any one on the island conveys intelligence to the foe; not a spark of love of country can burn in his breast."

"Which country do you mean, father—Heligoland or Heswic?" asked Regina tartly. "I know not whether the inhabitants care particularly for either; but I do know, that the Island was once a Danish possession, and will probably become so again."

"Be silent, girl!" exclaimed her father, "'*Mulier tacit*,' but I am no Latin scholar; all I can say is, if it happens that any one is found in league with the enemy, he shall be summoned before a council of war."

It was at length determined, after a long argument, that Master Siemons should, on this very day, summon the council and wardens of the Island, to confer with them, on the best way in which to answer the demands of the enemy; and by some judicious arrangement to win more favorable conditions for the prosecution of their fisheries and importations.

Dinner being ended, the girls retired to their chamber; the town clerk hastened, with important air, to summon "*das pleunum*," as he said; the Major and the Swedish Captain remained at table to finish a bottle of Burgundy; and Philip, absorbed in thought, walked to the guard-house, where groups of young men generally collected to pass away idle time.

It was an hour before sunset, when with flushed face and sparkling eyes the youth returned to the commander's house, and hastily advancing to Margaret, who was walking in the garden, enquired—"Is your father at home?"

"Certainly! the Swedish Captain is still with him," replied the maiden, wondering what could be the cause of his haste.

"Where is Regina?" was his next enquiry.

"She has gone to walk, and I would have gone

also, had she not advised me to remain at home, in case my father should be in want of something."

"I wish to speak with the Major immediately, and dear Margaret: I entreat you, let no one intrude on him during our interview; above all, should your sister return, detain her with you—it matters not how. I ask it as a favor."

"Philip, what is the matter?" cried Margaret, alarmed by the youth's evident agitation.

"I dare not tell you, Margaret! No, I ought not! This much only do I say, either that I will win the consent of your father to our engagement before to-morrow morning, or will cease to live!"

These words were uttered with flashing eyes; and pressing the maiden's hand to his heart, with two springs Philip reached the sitting-room, where his entrance was scarcely remarked by the Major, who still thundered out denunciations against the Dane; till he ended by saying that he would sacrifice his own life, could he but sink the Falcon in the course of the next hour.

"Forgive my intrusion, sir," said Philip, in firm, but modest tones. "In the name of a number of young men, I come to make a proposal which may accomplish all you desire, without the necessity of offering up your precious life. We wish to seize the Danish vessel to-night. We are resolved to succeed or die."

"Are you mad, Philip!" cried the Major, "and if not, are you the man to conduct such an enterprise?"

"We are determined to make the attempt, if you will supply us with arms and ammunition," observed the youth calmly.

"Do no such foolish thing, my boy!" said the commander in a fatherly tone; "you have met with so many mishaps on the sea, as to make you the jest of your companions, and I myself have tormented you not a little, and now you wish to prove that you are not the man we took you for. I comprehend it, and do not blame you for it; but when one undertakes a deed, let him be first assured that it is practicable, else his loss of credit is only increased."

"The matter is feasible, and we will carry it through, or go to the bottom," rejoined Philip, animatedly. "Perhaps we might be surer of success if our band were somewhat stronger in numbers; but surely ten men full of courage and good heart may compute with thirty hirelings."

"What nonsense! to think of capturing the vessel with ten men," cried the Governor; "but let us hear your proposal, Philip, and if it is reasonable, I will perhaps add to your number."

"Nine young men of my acquaintance have agreed to take a part in the matter, and we think of conducting it thus: you are aware, sir, that our fishing boats generally go out at night, and being obliged to pass under the cannon of the Falcon, we must report ourselves to the Captain. As this is

a thing of daily recurrence, it will not surprise the foe, if we man two boats to-night and lie beside the privateer. There are usually only a few people on deck, and while these are questioning us, one of our crew, with a sharp knife, will secretly cut the cable of the cutter, and as the ship begins to move, the sailors will think that the anchor has dragged ;—while they hasten to the fore-deck to cast out a main-anchor, we will mount the cutter and seize on them. Confusion will certainly take place, for even if all the men are on deck, a part must be watchful to hold the vessel from the reef, and the rest of the crew we hope to manage”—

“Nay,” said the Swedish Captain, who had appeared much interested, “they would let the vessel float and turn the whole crew against you.”

“For this we are prepared,” observed Philip, coolly. “In such case we want the Major to promise that he will fire his cannon against the privateer without regarding us ; such a fresh attack would increase the confusion, and the enemy would suppose it some important attack.”

“Enough !” cried the Major, who had listened till now with lively interest, “the thing will not succeed ! Your band is too weak ! But,” added he, after a pause of thought, “the plan is not a foolish one ; all that it wants is a sufficient number, and I will place ten of my soldiers at your command. The poor fools are thankful if they can only creep up the steps of the landing place ; therefore, they will be worthless for mounting the sides of the vessel, but then they would do well enough to lie in the boats under the cannon, keep up a continual fire and cut the cable of the main anchor, if the Dane should throw out such a one.”

“I will lend you a half-dozen of my best sailors,” said the Swede ; “they will be useful to you with grappling-irons and rope-ladders.”

“And I,” rejoined the Major, “will look after my cannon and the old mortar. As soon as you get on board, cut away the cordage and shrouds, so as to prevent the Dane from manœuvring, and as soon as he sits on the reef, come over board, so as to allow me a chance of sinking him to the bottom.”

“Excellent ! excellent !” cried Philip, “we must, we will succeed !”

“Of arms and ammunition you shall have no want,” observed the Major, becoming even more interested, “and I will immediately make arrangements.”

“Let us entreat you not do so, sir : whatever arrangement is made, must not be until we are ready to get into the boats, since there is no doubt that there is some one in league with the Dane on this Island, who would give him intelligence of our least movement, if made public.”

“Shameful ! if it were so ; but possibly you may be right :—you hinted this to your comrades ?”

“We have pledged ourselves by an oath to men-

tion the undertaking to no one, till we are about to leave the shore. Excuse me, Major, but promise me not to speak of it even to your daughters.”

“Foolish fellow !” cried the Governor, laughing, “yet be it so. I give you my word that I will be mute till the affair is concluded.”

It was about midnight when our hero, accompanied by the Governor, descended the steps leading from the rocky ledge to the beach below. Deep silence reigned around, only broken by the noise of the waves, as they dashed against the battlements ; and when on reaching the last step, they stood in the darkness side by side, the old man, with evident emotion, seized Philip’s hand, exclaiming—“You are going on a serious business, my son ; and no one can say whether we shall ever meet again. It is well, therefore, that you should bear no ill-will in your heart ; since it is easier, with a free and unvexed soul, to reflect calmly on the probability of being this night summoned to the presence of your Judge. I fear I have been many times unjust towards you, and that I have thwarted you in your dearest wish, but believe me, if I had understood you better, I would have acted differently. Therefore, my son, pardon me before you go on this dangerous undertaking.”

Philip was deeply moved, for the Major had never spoken to him so kindly before. “Dear, sir !” he exclaimed, sobbing, “if I do not yield up my life willingly in this undertaking, then will I prove myself the coward you once thought me. You shall never see me again if I am unsuccessful.”

Overcoming his emotion with a powerful effort, Philip and his companions now hastened to the strand, where their boats were ready to push away. A number of dark figures, consisting of young fishermen, armed with swords and pistols, soon gathered around him, along with the old soldiers of the garrison and the small band of sailors from the Swedish ship. “My friends,” said Philip, “let us make proper arrangements before we set off. We who are the natives of this Island ;” he spoke to his nine comrades, “will man the first boat ; the others will follow close behind. As soon as we reach the bow of the Falcon and stop to answer the usual question of ‘Who goes there ?’ our hardy Swedish seamen will cut the cable of the cutter and throw out a ladder of ropes, provided with grappling irons, into the cordage of the bowsprit. This accomplished, let them lay on their oars before the beakhead of the vessel, while our soldiers are stationed at the helm. The ladder arranged, the Swedes will climb up as quickly as possible, while we, on our part, will board the vessel by means of ropes also provided with irons, springing into the shrouds, as our soldiers fire through the windows of the cabin, shooting down the helmsman as he approaches the wheel.”

“And I, on my part, will have every thing in

preparation to fire on the vessel when it strikes a reef, in case you are not successful," observed the Major. "Should you, however, become victors, place two lights at the foremast. God be with you! May you all return safe."

"To-day is mine—to-morrow thine," cheerfully exclaimed a strong built young native. "Should we fall by the enemy's hand, no doubt the parson will preach as good a sermon over us as though we had been drowned in a storm at sea."

"Right! Michael," cried the Major, shaking the youth's hand; "it matters not how we die, if it is but in an honorable way."

In a few moments the boats were ready; the crew sprang in; and although the sea ran tolerably high, they were soon beyond the breakers. Philip's boat took the lead; the others followed, and in the course of a quarter of an hour, the southern point of the Island lay directly back of them.

"Can the vessel have changed her place?" enquired Michael of Philip, as he stooped down and spied along the horizon. "Yet no—there she lies; her broadside turned towards us. Can it be that they suspect something, or have they thrown two anchors?"

"No," replied Philip; "it is its slenderness which gives it that appearance."

"Look!" continued the other, pointing backwards toward the Island, "what mean those three lights in the upper window of the Governor's house? Were it any other building, I should really think they were intended as a signal to the foe."

"Poh!" exclaimed Philip, animatedly; "one of the Major's daughters occupies that room, and no doubt she is fast asleep; but come! comrade, let us hasten onward."

The crew exerted all their strength, while from time to time, Philip looked anxiously towards the cutter, which lay motionless on the water, save when tossed by the mighty waves; then again he watched the three lights in Regina's casement; till at length they reached the vessel.

"Who goes there?" cried a voice from the deck.

"We fishermen," replied Philip, as his boat stopped at the bow of the Falcon, while the two others sought their proper positions.

"What! fishing in such a full sea? and why are you so strongly manned?" asked the same rough voice.

"On account of the strong current; though the fish bite best then," observed Philip, looking anxiously to the boat, where the sailors were busy cutting the cable.

"Wait a moment," cried the voice, "I must call up the captain."

"Be quick! hurry!" whispered Philip to the Swedes.

"Hah! what mean those three lights? Treachery! to arms!" cried the captain, in clear startling

tones; while at the same moment, flew the rope ladder into the cordage of the bowsprit, and the ropes fastened among the shrouds and braces of the yards, ere the sailors clambered on board, where they encountered a part of the crew, armed with swords and pistols. "Down with them! Shoot them down!" shouted the captain, as at the head of his crew, he rushed towards the fore-deck on the gathering foe.

"Captain, we are floating. The cable is cut!" repeated an anxious voice.

"Tack about! Veer the ship," commanded the youth, who fought at the head of the Danes.

"The Helmsman is shot down!" was the loud cry.

"Then let the ship get aground. Let her be wrecked to pieces on the reef, rather than allow one of these villains to escape alive," vociferated the commander; while the combat raged from the bowsprit to the poop.

While the men on board of the Falcon thus fought with the courage of desperation, half the population of Heligoland had gathered at the 'Falm,' a sort of breast-work, which encircles the outer cliff of rocks, on whose battery were several cannon, and an old mortar, which the commander had here disposed. The greater part of the gray haired garrison were here collected; and the spirit of war seemed rekindled in their breasts, as with straining eyes, they looked towards the sea, in the direction of the Falcon, from whence was heard the noise of pistol shots, and the clash of arms, mingled with wild cries that resounded with the foaming waves against the rocks. The Major, in particular, showed all the fire of youth, as he stood on the breast-work of the battery, his hat fallen from his head, and the night winds playing with his gray locks.

"Conduct yourselves bravely, my young men!" cried he as though the combatants were in sound of his voice: "Let the ship but sit on the reef, and then comes our turn. Nay! Klas Petersen," he continued, turning impatiently to one of his invalid soldiers, "throw out some bombshells at once, they will not strike the ship, and I would not wish them to do it, so long as our men are on board; but they will serve as a salute to the Dane, and show that we are alive and active."

Hardly had he spoken, when with a lightning flash, and a noise like thunder, the bombshells flew out, describing large circles of fire, and after lighting up the masts and spars of the Falcon, suddenly sunk into the sea.

The combat must have lasted more than a half hour; and there were already slight traces of dawn in the East, before all was silent.

With the multitude, collected at the 'Falm,' however, it was the silence of anxiety and expectation. Was the usurper in the power of the Heligolanders or not? Would the inhabitants breathe more

freely on the morrow, or else have to weep over the corpses of their fallen sons? An endless half hour elapsed, before it was clear enough at sea to allow them to discover the ship on the edge of the reef; where apparently it lay at anchor, the outline of its flag to be seen, but the large masses of mist, mingled with the smoke of powder, which hung over the masts like a thick veil, preventing them from discovering whether it was the banner of Denmark or the white, red, and green one of Heligoland.

Presently there was a murmur among the mass of people, collected along the Falm; then loud cries were heard, although those at the garrison could not discover whether they were tones of joy or sorrow. Soon a strong voice cried, "Where is the Major! where is the Governor?"

"Here! Here!" responded the old man, almost breathless with haste; as a youth with hands and face black from powder pressed through the crowd.

"How goes it, Michael?" exclaimed the Major anxiously.

"We have them! Yonder hangs the flag of Heligoland!" answered the youth, pointing towards the sea, while just then the mist dispersed and the tri-colored banner might be seen fluttering in the chill breeze of early dawn.

"The captain, the pilot and a half dozen soldiers are killed; the rest are made prisoners. Here are the ship papers," continued he in a breath!

"And our brave crew and Philip?" cried the Major.

"Only two remain and Philip is mortally wounded. He was shot through the body by a prisoner, who had a concealed pistol, but we used summary punishment and tucked him up at the hatchway."

The Governor groaned, then next enquired, "does the vessel sit on the reef?"

"No! the fight was over, before we reached the reef, therefore we anchored it."

"Let the dead be brought to the lighthouse, even the enemy must have honorable burial. The prisoners can be secured in one of the warehouses."

The Major now hastened as fast as age could carry him to the town clerk's residence, which was situated on the "Falm," and where Philip had been already conveyed. The youth was stretched on a couch, with his hand resting on the Danish flag; but as the governor entered, he opened his languid eyes, and with a cheerful smile, though in a feeble voice, observed, "you see, sir, I have kept my word; now I shall die happy, as an honorable man."

"No one fought more bravely than this youth," exclaimed an old officer of the garrison, who had accompanied the expedition. "Hardly had he struggled like a young lion with the captain, than hurrying up the mast, he tore away the Danish flag, which act, I think, caused the enemy to surrender."

"You shall live! You must live!" sobbed the Major, throwing his arms around the exhausted Philip; "else I cannot repair the injustice with which I have treated you."

On a closer examination of his wound, the surgeon declared, that although the bullet had passed through his body, he did not despair of his life, and among the crowd, who gathered in the parlor, Margaret wept aloud on learning the possibility of his recovery. On passing into an outer room, Master Siemons found the Major, sitting at a table, busily engaged in examining the ship papers; while at a window stood Regina, pale as death, with lips compressed, and dark locks, hanging in disorder around a face, which bore something unearthly in its expression. Close beside her, in a leathern arm-chair, sat Ulla, as motionless as some image carved on a tombstone.

The Governor opened one paper after another. "Here is his commission," said he. "This is the log-book: here is his appointment; and this, I believe, is his certificate of baptism. Let us see who he was and whence he came." He read in a low voice, as follows: "Baptized, in St. Peter's church, on the 10th of August 1680, a boy, by the name of Jobst Wilhelm, whose father was the Hamburg ship Captain, Wilhelm Springer, his mother, Ulla."

The Major stopped and hastily folding the paper, was about concealing it among the others, when springing forward, with a wild delirious cry, Ulla sought to snatch it from his hand.

"Go to your chamber, sister," said master Siemon decidedly. "Will you have the goodness to accompany her?" added he, turning to Regina. The maiden took her companion by the hand, who with no further effort, retired to her room, on the ground-floor.

"I have never loved you, Regina," said she, with a stern glance, "but misfortune is a strong link between two hearts; I know in what relation the dead stood towards you. Will you go with me to pay him a last visit?"

With a gesture of mute despair, Regina followed Ulla through the garden, until they reached a small tower, in whose lower story had been placed the corpses of the Danes. On a bier in the middle lay the captain of the cutter, who had been shot through the breast, as was evident from the blood which had stiffened his garments; though his pale face, even in death, was replete with manly beauty.

"With a loud, wild shriek, Regina fell on her knees beside the bier and covered the pale, stiff hand of the body with kisses; while, without uttering a word, but with a convulsive movement of the lips, that told of the inward conflict, Ulla stood motionless beside her." "My son! My son!" she at length cried in tones of horror, "My son! I alone have murdered thee. Yes, I counselled

Philip to seek him in 'young Gatt,' and when that failed, he attacked him on board his ship."

"No, you are innocent, Ulla; it was I who enticed him to death," cried Regina, wringing her hands in despair. "We met in Hamburg, we learned to love one another; we were secretly betrothed; for my sake he undertook the command of the 'Falcon.'"

Ulla now appeared wandering in her mind, and pointing to the ground, she whispered, "they are false! the spirits are false! they told me that the father was near at hand; but lo! it was the son. Come! let us haste away: they are here! they surround us! See! they mock us! there is no truth, either in the dead or the living."

"No, Ulla, you mistake," cried Regina passionately: "he, who lies dead before you, loved me devotedly, and I, the living, will remain true to him even to death."

With these words, she kissed the cold brow of the corpse, and seizing Ulla's hand, drew her wildly to the door of the tower, from whence descended three hundred steps to the ridge of rock. As if each knew the purpose of the other, although neither had spoken a word, they passed hurriedly through the portal, then stood, for a moment, looking down on the foaming billows, as they dashed against the shore, at the distance of one hundred and fifty feet below them.

"Are you willing?" whispered Ulla, with a fearful glance at her companion. For a moment, Regina hesitated; then with a low cry of despair, she threw herself into Ulla's arms, and together they sprang from the cliff. A shriek of agony was heard; and the roaring waves, as they rose again from their ocean-bed, bore the shattered bodies of the beautiful maiden and the emaciated matron into the deep sea.

Many weeks had elapsed after the above mentioned events, when the town clerk, Philip, and the sorrowful Margaret once more sat together in the Governor's apartment. The old Major reclined in an arm chair, with his hands folded, and his face bearing traces of many tears.

"The poor unhappy child!" he said, "she cost me much anxiety by her ardent and passionate temper; yet God knows, that I would willingly die, if I could but recall her to life, or could only conjecture the occasion of her self-destruction."

"Nay! I cannot but believe that it was entirely accidental," said the clerk: "she accompanied my unhappy sister to the rocky cliff, and who knows whether Ulla, in her wild desperation, might not have dragged your daughter with her down the fearful steep."

The Major shook his head mournfully, but made no reply; while Philip sought to comfort the weeping Margaret, who had already confided to him the fact, that her sister, in a moment of confidence, had informed her that she was engaged to a stran-

ger, with whom she had become acquainted while in Hamburg, and whom she hoped to marry in the course of a few months. She also mentioned, that on visiting Regina's chamber one night, when her father was taken unexpectedly ill, she found her absent, but kept the fact a secret, through fear of exciting the Major's displeasure.

Six months after the above events witnessed the marriage of Philip and Margaret; and when the banns were published, it was openly declared that the youth was neither Ulla's or the town clerk's son as had been falsely reported, but the orphan child of a distant cousin of Siemon's. As none of the Islanders further disputed Philip's courage, he gladly renounced the business of a fisherman, and was unanimously elected to fill the office of town clerk, when Master Siemons vacated the office on account of his advancing years.

MARY E. LEE.

MAN'S THREE GUESTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A knocking at the castle gate!
 When the bloom was on the tree,
 And the youthful master, all elate,
 Himself came forth to see,—
 A jocund Lady waited there,
 Gay were her robes of colors rare,
 Her tresses bright, to the zephyr stream'd,
 And her car on its silver axle gleam'd,
 Like the gorgeous barge of that Queen of yore
 Whose silken sail, and flashing oar,
 Sparkling Cydnus proudly bore.
 The youth, enraptured at her smile
 And won by her enchanting wile,
 And flatteries vain,
 Welcom'd her in, with all her train,
 Placing her in the chieftest seat,
 While as a vassal, at her feet
 He knelt, and paid her homage sweet.
 So, Pleasure deck'd his halls, with garlands gay,
 Bidding the sprightly viols play,
 Till her seductive power
 Chang'd day to night, and night to day,
 For every fleeting hour
 Bow'd to that syren guest of mirthful mien,
 Who linger'd till the vernal ray
 And summer's latest rose had sigh'd themselves away.

A knocking at the gate!
 And the lordling of the hall,
 A strong and bearded man withal,
 Held parley at the threshold stone
 In the pomp of his estate.
 At length, the warder's horn was blown,
 And ponderous bolts drawn one by one,
 And slowly on, with sandals torn,
 Came a pilgrim, travel-worn,—
 A burden at his back he bare,—
 And coldly said—"My name is Care!"
 Plodding, and weary years he brought,
 And a pillow worn with sleepless thought,—

And bade his votary ask of fame,
 Or, wealth, or wild ambition's claim,
 Payment for the toil he taught.
 But black with dregs was the cup he quaff'd,—
 And 'mid his harvest proud
 The mocking tare look'd up, and laugh'd
 Till his haughty heart was bow'd,—
 And wrinkles on his forehead hung, and o'er his path a cloud.

A knocking at the gate,
 'Mid the wintry even-tide,
 But querulous was the voice that cried,
 "Who cometh here so late?—
 Ho! rouse the sentinel from his sleep,—
 Strict watch at every loop-hole keep."
 "And man the walls," he would have said,
 But alas his early friends were dead,—
 And his own eagle-glance was awed,—
 And the frost that never thawed
 Had settled on his head.
 Yet still, that thundering at the gate,
 From dawn till midnight late,
 Knew no rest,
 And a boding tone of fate
 Like an owlet's cry of hate
 Chill'd his breast.
 Still, he rais'd the palsied hand,
 And earnest gave command
 To repel the threatening guest,
 And the Esculapian band
 In their armor old and tried
 He summon'd to his side,
 While the watchful nurses came
 Whose lamp like vestal flame
 Never died.
 But the siege advanc'd and a breach was made,
 For tower and bulwark their trust betray'd
 And thro' the chasm, a skeleton foot
 Forced its way,—
 And death's cold hand to a shaft was put,
 And the man was clay.

SONNET.

My cot shall be beside a peaceful river,
 Far in the west shall lofty mountains rise,
 While all the east before me open lies;
 When Spring appeared, such welcome I would give her,
 That she with me the live-long year would stay,
 For I would build a crystal green-house gay,
 And stock it with each rare and od'rous flower,
 Where she might safely make her winter bower.
 Without, the storm may beat, the ice may glaze,
 Within, green boughs, and books, and cheerful blaze,
 The chess-board's marshalled host, and music's tone
 And pleasing chat of youthful days long flown,
 Shall pay for all that winter's hand destroys,
 And make more dear the summer's idle joys.

C. C. L.

Staunton, Va., 1848.

ADDRESS.

Delivered at the request of the Military and Citizens of Richmond in commemoration of the life and services of John Quincy Adams, March 21st, 1848.

BY A. JUDSON CRANE.

(Published at the request of the Committee.)

Soldiers and Fellow Citizens :

When the Indian Chief, Pushmetaha, was about to die, far from his western home and hunting ground, surrounded by only a few of his tribe, his last words were, "go to my people, and when they say where is Pushmetaha, tell them that he is gone : that he has fallen like a mighty oak in the stillness of the forest." Untutored child of nature, *he* did not know his dying words were eloquent ; but now I borrow them as appropriate to the occasion which has called us together, for of truth it may be said "a mighty oak has fallen in the stillness of the forest:" and the echoes of its fall are still resounding through our land.

If the great man, whom we now commemorate, when he came at the call of his country's representatives to eulogise his country's friend, Lafayette, found it needful to pray

Oh Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire,

how much more needful is it to me to invoke His aid who turneth the hearts of the children of men ! I am to speak to you of a man whose eagle eyes have witnessed, and whose laborious pen has recorded the stupendous events of nearly 70 years, a period crowded with incidents fearfully tragic in physical and sublime in moral action—a period in which all the elements of social and political power have been resolved into chaos to reconstruct themselves anew,—incidents foreshadowing and following the apocalypse of Freedom which America revealed to the world. At an age when lads commonly are but learning to write, his earnest, boyish face was flushing with intense interest at scenes, that brought an empire into existence ; his hand was silently chronicling all that he witnessed.

I am to speak to you of a man whose very infancy was as the mature age of most men ; who, before he had fairly reached the period of youth, had made attainments and enjoyed advantages which seldom bless the longest life. He had seen and communed familiarly with men, both in Europe and America, who had led armies and ruled states, who were profound in knowledge, and great in all the elements of greatness ; and who stamped their impress on the world—in later years he sustained the honor of his country abroad on more occasions and

for a longer period than any of our countrymen; and advancing through successive gradations attained the Presidency of the United States, a power in comparison of which the proudest sceptre that kingly hands now hold is a feeble barren thing.

I am to speak to you of the scholar who found time amid the most oppressive official duties to commune with the great men of antiquity and comment upon their writings; who discussed with tragedians the master-pieces of the great dramatist, who corresponded with men of science and of letters, while his own eyes nightly swept the heavens on the alert for some new signal from the skies.

In short I am to speak to you of the statesman, philosopher, poet, scholar, patriot, christian, the combined acts of whom, with all the circumstantial details of his life point him out as one of the most remarkable and wonderful men of past or present times.

But my subject will still want much of the incident that gives popularity to a theme. He was no triumphal conqueror. There is no wreath of glory on his brow, snatched from the battle-field amid danger and death. The way of his journey was among the paths of peace. His battles were fought in the quiet seclusion of the study or the cabinet. His antagonists were armed not with the sword but the pen, led on by Castlereagh and Nesselrode, Metternich and Talleyrand.

He sleeps and o'er his peaceful grave
No banners soiled with conquest wave,
Yet he was freedom's cherished son
He sleeps—the friend of Washington.

How oppressive is my task and with what fervent sincerity and well-founded claim, while I distrust myself, may I rely on your patience and partial consideration. I should shrink in dismay from the attempt if I did not know that a glance at his life will suffice for his eulogy, a bare enumeration of his prominent acts will attest his great powers.

Fellow citizens: we stand this day, in contemplation at least, around the bier of the dead: we come as countrymen to do honor to one who has borne the highest honors our country can bestow; we come as a family of brethren to do the last sad offices to our elder brother. What though we differed in life! The hand of death has smitten one of us, and it is no time for any other thought, there is no room for any other feeling than all-absorbing grief. Let us in common with the nation gather around the sacred corpse and bow our heads in woe. Let us look into the venerable face of the departed, and recounting all his virtues and his mighty acts, give to oblivion every other feeling. His name is inscribed on nearly every page of the history of his country which includes his life. Let us look upon the brighter pages, and if there be any on which there is a shade let us turn our chari-

table eyes away from it. To him were committed the memories of our Washington, Madison, and Monroe, for eulogy, and he executed the task in such a way that the productions are literal histories of the times of those distinguished men. On no page of them has he recorded one ungenerous thought or unkind reflection.

Duty to the dead demands no injustice to the living. He, who has borne his country's honors and dies enveloped in his country's flag, is shielded by its consecrated folds from rude invasion or profane scrutiny. Perfection is not an attribute of humanity. The only human character which history presents that gives no salient point of attack even to his foes, the only career unique in its harmony and powerful in its majesty, is the career of him, whom we still delight to call the Father of his country.

If, before proceeding further, I might go a little into detail, I would say there is peculiar fitness in Virginia paying honor to a departed son of Massachusetts. They are the twin sisters of the family of states. In one the revolution began, in the other it ended. Lexington saw the first, Yorktown the last of the continental war. Adams, in Massachusetts, and Henry in Virginia, as if unconsciously breathed upon by some hidden angel, were at the same moment arming for the conflict, which their prophetic eyes saw to be inevitable. They gave successively the first presidents to the nation. Without disparagement to the other states of the confederacy, it may be said, without the aid of a metaphor, that their great men banding together, standing up shoulder to shoulder, formed that sacred arch, spanning like a rainbow the political heavens, on which the Goddess of Liberty came down to the earth.

Let the bands of that holy marriage solemnized by contract in 1776 in the face of the world, the prolific fruits of which are seen in seventeen new states of American freemen, let it, oh let it never be sundered!

As the august subject of my discourse once declared in the privacy of social converse, but with the emphasis of hearty sincerity, and with an energy peculiar to his character, "By the constitution of my country, by all its compromises for the south and the north I will stand to the last moment of my life," so let us stand by the compact of our forefathers and suffer no intrusive thought to weaken its grasp. Let us declare

Una Spes unaque Salus
Ambobus erit:

To us there shall be one hope and a common fate.

Passing by the birth and infant years of John Quincy Adams "whose nursery songs were the hymns of freedom," and whose infant soul was now darkened by the perils of the incipient revolt of the colonies, and now nerved and strengthened by the stern resolve, warm debate and lofty action

of the patriots around him, whose eyes beheld the smoke that rolled up from Bunker Hill,—passing them by as familiar or unsuitable we find him cast by the current of events at the early age of eleven years along with his father on the already perturbed shores of foreign lands. *Could* an American lad, upon whose mind the idea of freedom had fallen like a spark on tinder, could he go among the ancient dynasties, the then arbitrary governments and almost brutish serfs of the older world, and not find new, strange, powerful impulses awakened within him! What a contrast even to his youthful soul! leaving a country which had just awaked from slumber to find itself free—he walked among people, he beheld thrones, which for centuries the one to be governed and the other to rule by an arbitrary and unquestioned doctrine, brief as it was omnipotent “the divine right of kings,” had maintained a silence and repose astounding to him—the silence of political and social death. To think and to speak on great political topics therefore, even at so early an age, was a transition as natural and as congenial to him as the usual delights of boyhood, the hoop or the top.

The mission on which his father went, to borrow money for our impoverished colonies, fighting, bleeding for freedom, doubtless must have created in his breast a solemn conviction that he was part and parcel of a holy mission.

Without stopping to dwell on this picture or to invoke the aid of your fancy, is there a man who can conceive of the tide of swelling, oppressing emotions, which crowded in upon and overwhelmed this American lad—I might almost say this first of the Republic of North America.

Such a transition, under such circumstances, could have no other effect than to give to youth the soberness and sternness, the thoughtfulness and cautious forecast that belongs to ripe manhood. It may be that the frigidity of manner which characterized his after career, was acquired by being thus prematurely introduced into life, and made to see by an early and enlarged observation of mankind the necessity of prudence and circumspection. Certain it is, it was not the result of a selfish or unfeeling heart. One inevitable consequence of it was to brighten and employ his faculties to a degree that attracted the observation of the distinguished men with whom he came in contact, and hence at the puerile age of fourteen years, he was selected by Mr. Dana, then named as Minister to Russia, as the Secretary of that legation. Having heard the wrongs of his country, and the rights of his countrymen, discussed on both sides of the Atlantic by the great men of America and of Europe, and the great problem of free institutions debated by the master minds of the world; having been actually enrolled in his country's service at this early period, it is no matter of surprise that he imbibed a love of her institutions and a dislike of the Gov-

ernments of Europe, deep, burning and inveterate. This sentiment tinges all the productions of his pen at that period of his life, which have fallen under my eye, and I need not recall to your minds the familiar writings of his early manhood, in which this sentiment is every where present. His orations, and they are not a few, are exuberant with congratulations at the happiness of his country and eloquent invectives against governmental tyranny. Indeed, those who are at all familiar with his life cannot fail to recognize this feature in his public acts. A recent measure of public policy concerning England was an instance in point. He ever presented a firm, adamant front to the monarchies of the old world. He was for giving them no foothold, if possible, on this continent, and was ever on the alert to prevent their encroachments. His sagacity on this subject was surprising. In 1844 he made a remark in private conversation concerning the island of Cuba, which a recent debate in the Parliament of England proves to have been made with prophetic accuracy. It may not be generally known that he was the author of the political doctrine adopted by Washington during the French Revolution and which he promulgated in his Farewell Address to his countrymen, “union among ourselves and independence of all entangling alliance or implication with the condition or policy of foreign States.” It might safely have been predicated of a life begun under such auspices, that it would be devoted by inevitable necessity to the service of the country. The natal stars which prevailed at his birth were just appearing in the heavens, and taking their places within the belt of siderial fire, encircled in which they continue to float along the sky, catching the gaze of an admiring world. Their first mild radiance fell on him, and consecrated him to the cause of popular liberty.

All this in the man and the statesman was the legitimate influence of the early impressions made on the boy.

A few years spent at the different courts of Europe, or in study, and a few years in Harvard University, and in studying Law, brought Mr. Adams into active life as a practitioner in the city of Boston. His father was at this time Vice President of the United States. With all the influence of these then extraordinary advantages of education and connexion, his progress was slow and disheartening. Let it not be supposed that the subject of my discourse was wafted on the gentle wings of birth and fortune into places of honor and profit. He either voluntarily or of necessity wrestled with all those oppressing and formidable trials which beset the pathway of early professional life, and which seem like Harpies to cling with malignant fury to the skirts of those who are most worthy of exemption. Narrow means, neglect, want of employment, and consequent despondency, are the constant themes on which he descants at this period

of his life. I say this on the authority of some original letters of his which have been placed in my hands.

It is ever instructive to look back, if we can, at the first steps of those who have achieved distinguished honor. It may serve a good purpose in cheering that portion of my auditory who are still on the threshold of life, to know that Mr. Adams felt the chilling influence of straitened finances, cold neglect, self distrust, and personal embarrassment—and all these through several years, and so much so, as well nigh to determine him to abandon a pursuit so barren of rewards. He announces with great glee to his brother the advent of a client, and recounts his first appearance at the bar, “on Friday about noon Otis came to me in the Court House, told me he had a cause of assault and battery just coming on, stated the facts which he expected to prove at the trial; and told me he should be happy to have me assist him if I felt disposed. I was determined to take the first opportunity to get over a very formidable task, and I knew I should have no other opportunity of the kind during the present session of the Court, and, therefore, without any further preparation, I accepted the offer, and at 3 in the afternoon, immediately after dinner, the trial came on. W. Cranch,* in the same manner made his first appearance on the other side, supported by Mr. Dawes. We were plaintiffs, and such was the weight of oppression upon me, that I had hardly strength to read the writ. You might have seen me ‘shiver and look pale, make periods in the midst of sentences and throttle the practiced accents in my fears.’ I made out, however, to get through, after entertaining the jury about a quarter of an hour with pretty incoherent stuff. We obtained a verdict—so I had the comforting consideration of having done no harm to support me. * The agitation of my mind was perceived by every body present and has been mentioned to me by several persons. * * I think I shall have more facility for my next attempt; but am extremely apprehensive of a certain hesitation in speech, which I have never been able to overcome in private conversation.”

Here follows an extract which strongly brings to mind the passage in Richelieu,

Fail : fail !

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves

For a bright manhood, there is no such word

As—Fail.

“Speak I will, or give up the profession, for I had much rather earn my daily subsistence by hoeing the corn or mowing the hay upon my father’s farm, than sneak through life by the insignificant employment of defaulting writs upon a note of hand or a bond. Two or three years will, I presume, decide the matter.” In the same letter, he says : “How shall we contrive to continue our correspondence after the removal to Philadelphia. My

finances will less than ever admit of expense in the way of postage.”

I have dwelt upon these minor points because we are apt to think that there is something peculiar in the early life of distinguished men—and because it has been generally supposed that he of whom I speak, had passed by an easy and quick transition, into favorable notice. On the contrary, the facts go to show that he was indebted to his own unaided industry and talents for his promotion after a trying probation. It is much to be doubted whether, without these trials, he would ever have attained the high place he held for so long a period. They were the incentives to labor and laid the ground work of his future success.

Thus heavily went the time for four years with one who was destined ere long to stand before Kings and who filled for more than half a century, places of honor and responsibility. A few articles written shortly after this time, in 1793 or 1794, perhaps for want of other employment, for a paper in Boston, over the signature of Marcellus, advocating the doctrine of Neutrality in the war then in progress between France and the other powers of Europe, attracted the favorable notice of Washington, then President of the United States; and without solicitation or intimation to any of his friends, he was offered the post of Minister to Holland. This he accepted. Thus it may be said without figure of speech, that like Hannibal he was led by the Father of his Country to the altar of his country and made to swear fealty to her and eternal hatred to her foes. Mr. Jefferson recommended him for this post. He had been long unemployed—but now the mine of knowledge and experience which had lain so long hidden and useless,—the torch having been applied to it—began to explode in rapid and brilliant displays. The talents which were about to rust from nonuse found glorious exercise, and the spirit that panted for employment entered on a career of public labor which lasted fifty-three years. It ended only with his death. From 1794 to 1801 he held diplomatic stations in Holland, England and Prussia. He received also a commission to Portugal, but while on his way to Lisbon, his destination was changed to Berlin, where he effected an important treaty of commerce. How useful and faithful his services in those stations were may be inferred from the fact that Washington, in 1799, declared him to be “the most valuable public character we have abroad and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps.” In 1802, having returned home, Mr. Adams was elected by the city of Boston to the Senate of Massachusetts, and very shortly thereafter the Legislature of that State elevated him to the Senate of the United States. For causes which it is needless here to dwell upon, he resigned his seat in the Senate in 1808, having held it five years. While a Senator of the United States the Directory of

* Now Chief Justice Cranch of the D. C.

Harvard University conferred on him the appointment of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory—the duties of which he discharged during the recesses of Congress—and with such eminent ability that his lectures were crowded by other than Academic hearers. These lectures were published in two octavo volumes and have been extensively read. In 1809, he was recalled by Mr. Madison into the public service and sent as ambassador to Russia, where he continued about five years. During his residence at the Court of St. Petersburg, his services to his country were neither few nor small: among the most important of them was his securing the intervention of the Emperor between the United States and Great Britain, which resulted in the peace that was shortly after declared between those countries. In Russia, as every where else, his active pen was employed in contributing to the information and amusement of his countrymen, and his “*Journal of a Tour through Silesia*” was published and read in numbers with delight in America and translated into the languages of Germany and France. For the commission which settled the terms of the Peace at Ghent, of which Clay and Gallatin were two, Mr. Madison named him as the head. With them he afterwards went to London and effected a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. He was then appointed minister plenipotentiary at that court.

Here you will not fail to be struck with a coincidence which is worthy of remark. The elder Adams had taken the leading part in treating with Great Britain at the close of the Revolutionary war, and was our first ambassador there, and the son was the chief of the negotiators who brought the second war with Great Britain to an end, and was the first minister to that court after peace was restored.

Mr. Adams was called home from England to take the post of Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe in 1817. His appointment gave general satisfaction. Gen. Jackson declared him “the fittest person for the office; a man who would stand by his country in the hour of danger.” His career as a foreign minister ended here. He had held six commissions as ambassador and minister. If the number, variety and duration of these appointments be alone considered, it is but truth to say that he was distinguished beyond any of his countrymen; but when the difficulty, delicacy and magnitude of his labors are taken into the account, together with the ability he displayed and the universal acceptance of his services, it is not too much to say that he has never been surpassed, if he has been approached, in this department of the Government. He had represented the Union almost uninterruptedly from the moment when in weakness and in darkness it declared itself independent, down to the period when in courage and in strength it coped successfully with the growling Lion of

Great Britain. It is not easy to estimate the prudence and watchfulness which such a period demanded. America was just taking her stand among the nations of the earth. As in the youth of man, so the youth of a nation is the time when its habits, its policy, and if I may so say, its moral standing are fixed and determined. So far as these concerned our foreign relations, they were necessarily very much shaped and adjusted by the first ambassadors at the different courts. To Mr. Adams belongs the imperishable honor of having discharged with entire satisfaction to our early Presidents and the people, these important trusts.

During the eight years that he held the Secretaryship of State under Mr. Monroe, there were numerous acts of importance and responsibility which he was called on to perform. During that administration the claims of Spain were adjusted—the Territory of Florida was acquired and the freedom of the revolted colonies of Spain in South America was recognized. The administration of Mr. Monroe gave such uncommon satisfaction to all parts of the country, that it has been significantly styled the era of good feeling. Perhaps no administration of our government has met with so little opposition, or rendered more valuable services. Of necessity in the practical working of our government, a large share of the labor and responsibility falls upon the Secretary of State. The consentaneous voice of the country attested the zeal, fidelity and industry which characterized that officer. Whatever acts of that administration are still controverted points of history, and there is at least one—the acquisition of Florida—I leave where I find them, confident that history will do impartial and entire justice to those who counselled and negotiated that important measure. It is no purpose of mine, in tracing in this hurried way the prominent features of the life of this great man, to say one word or suggest a thought which will fall unpleasantly upon the ear of any one. It would be impossible for any man to have filled so many stations and been in public life so long, performing such a variety of duties without incurring dissent of opinion, if no stronger feeling; equally unlikely would he be to escape the common frailty of our race in the commission of errors; but believing him to have been governed by high patriotism and lofty morality, I shall not shrink from saying what truth demands in the discharge of the duty you have imposed upon me. In the rapid manner in which I have been compelled to glance at these prominent features I arrive at the event most conspicuous in the life of Mr. Adams, his elevation to the Presidency. The circumstance is too recent not to have kept alive some of the warm feeling incident, too painfully accompanying the recurrence of Presidential elections. Honest differences of opinion are not only to be looked for on such occasions, but to be respected as rights in-

herent in the very frame work of our political organization. Fearing, therefore, that I might mar the harmony of what ought to be on the demise of an Ex-President, a national symphony of grief—I shall pass over this part of his life with such remarks only as may be unavoidably necessary. The election of Mr. Adams took place in 1825. Unlike those who preceded and succeeded him, he was not elected by the direct voice of the people. The people having failed to make an election in the preceding fall, the election devolved, under the Constitution, upon the House of Representatives. Upon the first ballot in that body the choice fell on him. To this circumstance, undoubtedly, may be traced much of the opposition which his administration encountered. In his reply to the Committee of Congress, who officially communicated to him the fact of his election he expresses regret that the election could not again be referred to the people and uses this language: "It has been my fortune to be placed by the divisions of sentiment prevailing among our countrymen on this occasion, in competition, friendly and honorable, with three of my fellow-citizens, all justly enjoying in eminent degrees the public favor: and of whose worth, talents and services, no one entertains a higher or more respectful sense than myself. The names of two of them were, in the fulfilment of the provisions of the Constitution, presented to the selection of the House in concurrence with my own; names closely associated with the glory of the nation, and one of them further recommended by a larger minority of the primary electoral suffrages than mine. In this state of things, could my refusal to accept the trust thus delegated to me, give an immediate opportunity to the people to form and to express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, I should not hesitate to decline the acceptance of this eminent charge and to submit the decision of this momentous question again to their determination. But the constitution itself has not so disposed of the contingency which would arise in the event of my refusal," &c. Elected without the direct suffrages of the people, it is also to be inferred that his administration of the Government did not meet with their approbation. Though a candidate again he was not reelected. It is for after generations and the pen of history to record in their true colors the acts of his administration; we are too near them to be impartial judges. To the final arbitrament of history I leave them. The angel to whom is committed the record of truth is sternly inscribing on the everlasting tablets the acts of us all. He is neither restrained by our opinions, nor seduced by our hopes.

Though not advanced to the Presidential office by the direct will of the people, I find in his inaugural address the recognition of their sovereignty, in precise accordance with all the teachings of his life—"Our political creed is without a dissenting

voice which can be heard—that the will of the people is the source and the happiness of the people, the end of all legitimate government on earth—that the best security for the beneficence, and the best guaranty against the abuse of power, consists in the freedom, purity and frequency of popular elections—that the general government of the Union, and the separate government of the States are all sovereignties of limited powers, fellow-servants of the same masters; uncontrolled within their respective spheres; uncontrollable by encroachments on each other." I find there also another sentiment which cannot fail to find a response in every patriotic breast: "Ten years of peace at home and abroad have assuaged the animosities of political contention, and blended into harmony the discordant elements of public opinion. There still remains one effort of magnanimity, one sacrifice of prejudice and passion, to be made by individuals throughout the Union, who have heretofore followed the standard of political party. It is that of discarding every remnant of rancor against each other: of embracing as countrymen and friends and of yielding to talents and virtue alone that confidence which in times of contention for principle was bestowed only on those who bore the badge of party communion." In consonance with this sentiment, Mr. Adams proscribed no man on account of his opinions, but left the offices of the country open to men of all parties.

Called by the almost unanimous suffrages of his native Congressional district to occupy a seat as its representative in the Halls of Congress, Mr. Adams departed from the precedents of those who had filled the Presidential chair and entered the lower House in 1831. This departure from established custom must rest for its justification upon his desire still to be useful—his obedience to old and tried friends, and the almost absolute necessity of employment to one to whom labor had become from long habit essential. There is one view of it, however, which goes far to relieve him from animadversion. He had, during his whole life, sought to put the Republic of North America in as strong contrast as possible with the Monarchies of Europe. Those who sit on thrones are lifted up and sedulously guarded from contact with the people whom they rule. Power is assumed to flow down from the ruler to the ruled, while in our government, power reaches up from the people and not only creates, but controls its highest officer. Rebuked by the people for his administrative acts, he may have chosen to descend from the Presidential chair to mingle again with the mass of his countrymen and thus to illustrate the Republican doctrine, that there is no position in our country exempt from their influence.

That portion of his life that intervenes between his reëntry into Congress and the hour of his death is too recent and familiar to require more than a pass-

ing notice at my hands. Having been the servant of the nation, he does not seem willing to become a member of a party. Hence his knowledge, experience and influence were found sometimes on one side and sometimes on another of the parties which divided the House. Such a course could not fail to subject him occasionally to the censure of both. But with the independence and firmness which were prominent in his character, he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left.

During the session of the House, he was most constant in his attendance. It was a rare thing to find him absent from his seat. Blessed with a vigorous constitution, which he had kept in sound action by a rigid attention to the laws of health, he followed up the daily occupations of life with an assiduity and tenacity, which have, perhaps, never been exceeded. Every moment was crowded with employment. His relaxations were either mental or physical exertion. Turning from graver matters, he indited a sonnet for a lady or corresponded on some subject of science, literature or art. Thoroughly informed in all past history, he observed with minute accuracy the passing events of the present. Faithfully observant of all social and familiar duties, the recurring Sabbath found him, in sunshine or in storm, a solemn worshipper in the Temple of God. Just and liberal in all his dealings; strict in morality—stern in justice—unbending in integrity, no stain of moral obliquity has attached to his name from his cradle to his grave. Though not of easy or unconstrained manners, he was accessible to all who approached him from the highest to the most humble. Intrepid and of indomitable courage, he shrank from no responsibility and feared nothing so much as untruth or dishonor. He filled up the measure of his days with acts of benevolence and patriotism.

Mr. Adams was, without doubt, indebted more to labor and cultivation than to natural powers. As a writer, he was chaste without stiffness and forcible without redundancy: accurate, fervent—speaking only when he had something to say, he was not of that school of orators who leave a vague sound in the ear without any impression on the mind. He had none of that faculty that Bonaparte calls “the talent for harangue.” Assiduous in labor, he devoted his unofficial hours to severe study, and in the course of a long life he had acquired a fund of knowledge which ranks him among the most learned of this or any age. His motto was “*Vita sine literis Mors.*” Life without knowledge would have been indeed nothing but death. While harassed with the cares of the Presidential office, he found time to draw up for the improvement of his son, then a student of Law, most elaborate abstracts of the chief orations of Cicero and the Provençal Letters of Pascal. Indeed he much resembled Cicero himself, “with his hundred volumes, his varied perfections and extraordinary achievements,” or like

Varro, of whom St. Augustine said, “when I see how much Varro wrote, I wonder much that he ever had any leisure to read, and when I see how much he read, I wonder much that he ever had any leisure to write.” His knowledge was ever at the command of those who desired it. He believed with the bard of Avon—

“Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves.”

Notwithstanding the claim he had upon the attention of mankind, he abhorred everything approaching to personal display. He shrank from the public gaze. One might have ridden a long journey in company with him and been entirely unconscious of his presence. He made the just, but not common distinction between notoriety and fame. To the last hour of his life, he was earnestly striving after knowledge. He did not consider himself to have attained unto knowledge. A recent number of our Literary Messenger discloses a correspondence on scientific subjects with Lieut. Maury, a Virginian, whose name I am proud to mention in this connection. He looked upon life as the seed field of knowledge, the full harvest of which is reaped in manifold products beyond the dark winter of the grave.

There is a portion of the recent acts of this distinguished man which has been supposed to affect certain relations of ours, on which, if I consulted my inclinations merely, or the delicacy of the subject, I should forbear to touch; but having consented to speak of him, a paramount sense of justice impels me to say a few words on that subject. I am persuaded I shall be understood without using terms more broad or explicit, than to say that Mr. Adams has been by some supposed to be hostile to the interests of the South. I need not tell you, among whom I was born, that I consider this, if true, a grievous blemish upon the otherwise symmetrical character of a distinguished statesman. Hostility to the interests of any portion of one's country is inconsistent with enlightened statesmanship or genuine patriotism. But acts and measures may be sometimes so blended, as that action with regard to them may be misapprehended, and inferences may be drawn which the actor himself never purposed.

I am not about to make any plea for the dead. His defence must be made before the bar of God and of History. But inasmuch as I know that you love truth and cherish magnanimity, and that you desire to construe charitably what you may not be able to justify, I feel myself excused for calling your attention to some facts which are in your knowledge and some which, perhaps, are not. The first of these is, that Mr. Adams was never, (I believe.)

voted for or sustained by that organized band in in his own district, the avowed object of which is to interfere with and destroy the rights of the South. I have not been able to learn that he was affiliated with them. The inference to be drawn from this fact is, that whatever complexion his acts may have borne to our eyes, he had no purpose in common with them. For it can hardly be conceived that they would not be prompt to discover it. But if this were not so, he has declared in one of his speeches in Congress that he was in no way connected with them, and that they had passed severe condemnation upon him, and that he wished to make no interference with the institutions of the South.* Another fact unknown to many and which is of so private a character that it hardly finds an appropriate place in a public discourse—another fact is, that in the summer of 1844, a gentleman of this city, visiting him by invitation at his home in Quincy, carried along with his family a slave, then and now his property; and though under the same roof for several weeks, no word was spoken of a general or special character on the subject of our institutions, except on one occasion when the subject was introduced by the gentleman himself, with the view of learning explicitly his sentiments on that point. In that conversation, he stated that his opinions of the institution were not so much formed upon any knowledge of his own, as from intercourse with men from the South, naming Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Wirt, Chief Justice Marshall and others; that those opinions were formed some years ago—that they coincided exactly with theirs and he had seen no reason to change them. He denied to the General Government the right to interfere with the subject any where so long as it was kept within the limits of the constitution—that the constitution contained compromises on that very point, by which the rights of the South were determined, and that by the constitution with all its compromises he would stand to the last moment of his life. I must say further, that so far as he spoke of the South and Southern men, it was always with kindness and often with warmth.

I suggest these facts without any comment further than to ask, if there is not room to suppose that the two acts—the presentation of petitions and opposition to the acquisition of foreign territory—upon which alone I believe the opinion of his hostility to the South is founded,—I ask if there is not room to suppose that these two matters were connected in his mind with other constitutional questions, which led him to advocate the one and resist the other. You are aware that Southern members of Congress did advocate the one and resist the other upon the ground that there were other constitutional questions implicated in them. But, as I said before, these questions belong to history, and not to this occasion.

* Congressional Globe—Dec. 29, 1843.

In casting back our eyes over the rapid sketch we have traced of Mr. Adams' life, it must be apparent that any detailed notice of the prominent events of it is impossible—they cannot even be enumerated in the compass of an hour, and longer time would weary this immense and crowded throng. So numerous are they, that if I undertook to name them, my discourse would be but an imperfect index. So important have they been, that volumes will be required to do them justice. His orations and contributions to literature and science, exclusive of his State papers, will constitute a voluminous work. His more prominent actions are an inseparable part of the history of his country, and the memory of his name will be as undying as Time. He has left behind him materials for works of great interest and value, which, together with his life, will pass to future generations, who will assign him, with more impartiality than we can do, the place in the Temple of Fame which his services demand.

* * * *

Look in with me upon the House of Representatives of the United States. It is the 21st of February. To-morrow is the birthday of the Father of his Country. The House is in session. The business before it is a scheme of Literature and Philanthropy. It is the plan for a national exchange of books and works of art. A member has risen to speak. It is plain that he is an old—very old man; more than 80 years press upon his venerable head. His voice is low and tremulous. He is the patriarch of the assemblage. Thick coming memories of the past are crowding on that good old man. He saw the first Congress of his country that ever sat. He has watched his country from her infancy up to the present hour. A strong lover of his race, an enthusiastic believer in its ultimate bright and glorious destiny, he has seen the thirteen feeble colonies expand into thirty magnificent empires. He has watched the current of free institutions as it has rolled round the world, and his glorious vision, by anticipation, beholds the dream of his boyhood about to be realized. Monarchies tremble and topple to their fall, and on their ruins men are about to erect universal Republics.* He has seen these thrones. He has represented his country in the throng that surrounds them; he has seen Europe kindled with general war on account of republican principles; he has seen France pour forth her millions, dashing with misguided fury on the foes of freedom. He has seen the grand army of Bonaparte, scattered and thinned, flit like shadows back through the Russian snows. He has heard the thunders of Waterloo, and seen the throne of the Bourbons reërected in France. He has heard the abortive *vivas* of the three days of July give place to the shouts of 'long

* The recent revolution in France began on the 21st of February.

live the king ;' but strong in the faith of man's ultimate freedom, his soul expands at the memories of the past and the glorious recollections that connect with to-morrow—the birthday of Washington. I have said a proposition for exchanges of science and art between America and Europe is the subject of discussion. He favors it; for he knows that with that exchange another deeper and grander is rapidly going on—a free exchange of opinions on republican government: give it but scope and the fires of Vesuvius or Stromboli are as easily quenched with cords of hemp as the millions of Europe kept chained to their thrones. Thinking of these things, he has risen to speak. There is silence in the Hall. The members, as is their custom, have gathered about him. They listen to hear; but the tide of emotion that memory loosens is too strong and too rapid. The imprisoned soul swells beyond the worn and feeble tenement of clay, and he sinks down to rise no more. He falls in the Temple of Freedom at the foot of her altar, beneath the flag of his country, that flaunts out to meet the kissing breeze, exclaiming, "This is the last of earth; I am content."

May I not truthfully say, "a mighty oak has fallen in the stillness of the forest."

THE CONQUEROR'S BANNER.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

"*In hoc signo vinces.*"

No more by golden idols—
The Pagan monarch said—
Let our embattled legions
To victory be led.
Lo! heaven in fire revealeth
To us, the power divine,
That shall marshal forth to conquest
The host of Constantine!

The haughty-hearted Persian
Before its might will quail,
And the soaring Roman eagle
His lofty pinions vail—
And the Goth beneath his iron helm
Will hush his battle-cry,
When bold above our flashing spears
We rear the Cross on high!

Then far upon your banners
The sign be proudly borne,
And graven on your bucklers
The glorious symbol worn—
Thus set upon our battle front,
The talisman divine,
That shall scatter like the whirlwind
The foes of Constantine!

My heart! with cares environed—
That panting in the strife,
Hast set thine earthly idols
In the battle front of life—
When thou, amid the conflict,
Dost prove them false and frail;
Turn heavenward, like the Pagan,
For the Power that shall prevail.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

OF

FRANCE.

The following letter, is the first of a series that we propose to lay before our readers, from the pen of a very accomplished Virginian, residing in Paris. We do not doubt that his correspondence will be hailed by them with delight, writing, as he does, in the very centre of Continental commotion and amid the most exciting events of the age. The absorbing interest, felt by all classes in our country for the destinies of Europe, will render his letters, just at this time, peculiarly acceptable.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

PARIS, MARCH 1848.

Mr. Editor,—

The developement of Political Institutions and their results, depend so much upon the personal character of the agents charged with their administration, men are so inseparable from principles, that brief notices of the eminent citizens who constitute the new Provisional Government of France, cannot fail, I think, to be acceptable to the readers of the Messenger. There must, at this moment, be thousands in the United States, inquiring with the greatest interest, who and what are the men, that yielding to frenzied popular acclamation have proclaimed *The French Republic*? Who are they that have had the temerity to recommence that fearful experiment, and now direct the terrible engine which is to influence so powerfully, for weal or for woe, the destinies of France and of Europe?

I propose in this and one or two succeeding letters, to partially satisfy these inquiries.

It was late in the afternoon of the 24th February. The king had abdicated in favor of his grand-son, and fled from Paris. The armed people had burst, with shouts and banners, into the hall, where the Deputies of the nation were engaged discussing the question of the Regency. The President precipitately left his chair, and the members dispersed: and it was there, in a tumultuous assembly of the people, after this stormy close of the last sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, that the Provisional Government was nominated.

Its principal members are :

JACQUES CHARLES DUPONT, *President*.
Alphonse de Lamartine, *Minister of Foreign Affairs*.
Francois Arago, *Minister of the Marine*.
Ledru Rollin, *Minister of the Interior*.
Isaac Adolphe Cremieux, *Minister of Justice*.
Hippolyte Carnot, *Minister of Public Instruction*.
Garnier Pagés, *Minister of Finance*.

The President M. Jacques Charles Dupont, naturally calls for the first notice. He is generally known as M. Dupont de l'Eure, to distinguish him from others of the same name, he having been one of the representatives from the Department of *Eure*, in the late Chamber of Deputies. Mr. D. is a very aged man, too aged to take an active and laborious part in conduct of the new government. He was born at Newbourg, in ancient Normandy, the 27th February, 1767, and is now in his eighty-first year. He was called to preside over the new government because it was known that his silent participation in its measures would at once inspire prompt and complete confidence throughout the whole of France. Such is the glorious reward which M. Dupont is now reaping, for his long life of rare professional probity and political consistency. The history of France tells of many more brilliant and powerful men than Dupont (de l'Eure,) but of none—not even excepting his own intimate friend and our favorite hero, Gen. Lafayette—more virtuous, sincere, consistent and unselfishly patriotic. He was early destined to the legal profession, and was admitted to the bar at the *parlement* of Normandy in 1789, the year in which the first French revolution broke out. The young advocate commenced his career an ardent friend of the civil and political reforms which were the order of the day; and he has ever continued amid all the changes, which have so often and so deeply agitated his country, a firm, moderate, wise republican. In 1792, the day that he attained his majority, or 25th year, he was chosen Mayor of his Commune. From that time till 1811, he occupied successively and honorably many high professional stations. In the last named year he was nominated President of the Imperial Court of Rouen. It is related of him that some years before, while president of the criminal tribunal of Evreux, the Police, under the administration of Fouché, sent to Evreux for trial, several innocent persons whom it was desired should be condemned. Executive influence was applied in every possible way, to insure the verdict of condemnation. But all to no effect. Dupont presided. He courageously and honestly administered the law; and the accused were triumphantly acquitted. It might, perhaps be inferred from the reputation which this act of firmness and honesty gave to Dupont, that judicial integrity was not an every day virtue under the Empire. He remained President of the Imperial and Royal Court of

Rouen till 1818, when, under the Restoration, Baron Pasquier, then Minister of Justice, deprived him of the office. Since 1813 he has been almost constantly in public life, as Deputy. In that year he was chosen by the Senate a member of the Legislative body, and the next year, 1814, under the first Restoration, M. Dupont was chosen, unanimously, first Vice-President of that body. He took his seat, of course, upon the benches of the opposition—which fact accounts for the little favor which he enjoyed in the eyes of the restored Bourbons. In 1815, during the Hundred Days, he proposed, and caused to be passed by the Chamber of Representatives, of which he was the second Vice-President, the spirited and patriotic protestation which a deputation of the body delivered to the Allies then advancing upon Paris. The Protest declared "That France would not recognise any other government than one which should guaranty to it, by institutions voluntarily consented to, equality before the law, personal liberty, freedom of the press and of worship, a representative government, the trial by jury, the abolition of all hereditary nobility, the inviolability of the national domains, and all the grand results of the Revolution."

Faithfully watching over the interests of the people, M. Dupont was always preaching economy in the use of the national treasure. In 1818, under the Restoration, he struggled well, but fruitlessly, to reduce the salaries of ministers to \$25,000 per annum. And we shall presently see that what he preached he was ever ready to practise. In 1820 he resisted the retrograde tendencies of government. In the debate which rose upon the proposition to modify the laws, regulating trial by jury and censure of the press, he thus concluded his bold and eloquent protest :

"Gentlemen, France awaits with the most painful anxiety the decision you are about to pronounce upon one of her most precious liberties—the very last perhaps that is now left her! Already has society lost the guaranty of free elections; if you now deprive us of the freedom of the press and of trial by jury for political offences, there is an end of representative government. If my country is destined to experience this extreme evil, never will I aid in the act by which it is brought upon her. A thousand times would I prefer to renounce my legislative functions than become privy to all the evil which may result from the passage of the proposed act."

He never supported the elder branch of the Bourbons, and upon the occurrence of the Revolution of July, 1830, was far from hailing with unmixed satisfaction the accession of the Orleans branch. Lafayette and Lafitte, however, persuaded him to give Louis Philippe a trial. He was immediately offered the portfolio of Minister of Justice. Dupont declined it.

"Was I deceived," said the King, "was I mis-

taken in supposing you a sufficiently good citizen to accept, in behalf of the Revolution and of Liberty, the portfolio which I offer?"

"I must be candid with you," was the reply of this upright citizen. "The forming part of this government hardly accords with my popular notions and habits. I am in principle and disposition, republican!"

"And is it possible," said Louis Philippe, "that you are ignorant of my sentiments! Do you not know that it is impossible for a man of sound mind and good heart to have resided in America and not be a republican! Ah, sir, if you only knew how much I regret that I cannot live a citizen of the French Republic!"

Dupont was persuaded and it was he that on the 9th of August, 1830, administered to Louis Philippe the oath to observe the Charter.

His first act as Minister of Justice was to refuse the customary allowance of \$5,000 allowed to ministers, over and above their salary, to defray the first expenses of housekeeping.

"But by this conduct you indirectly censure your colleagues who have accepted this sum."

"I censure no one. I do but obey the dictates of my conscience. I have found the ministerial mansion well supplied with furniture and every thing that is necessary. It has cost me nothing to break up my former establishment; and I cannot, therefore, receive an indemnity."

The new minister made a general sweep of the unworthy functionaries whom favoritism and corruption had placed in office during the Restoration. Louis Philippe, whose own retrograde tendencies very soon manifested themselves, and who thought that these men would be very convenient instruments for carrying out his schemes, looked with an evil eye upon the thorough cleaning up and clearing out which were taking place under the auspices of his inexorable Minister.

"But will you never finish with this massacre of functionaries?"

"Yes, the moment your Majesty so wills it," was the reply, with the air of a man perfectly ready, and perfectly willing, and fully determined to retire from office if this purgatory operation were at all interfered with. But the King could not then dispense with M. Dupont: so he winced and signed every thing that his Minister presented.

The King one day remarked that the Minister had not the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his button-hole.

"How is this, sir; you have not the cross of Honor. Here, I give it to you—take mine!"

"Excuse me, Sire—I am an officer of the Order."

"I make you a commander, then!"

"I thank your Majesty, but I cannot accept this favor!"

And it could not by any persuasion be forced on him.

Dupont very early perceived the anti-liberal policy of Louis Philippe and intimated his wish to retire. But Lafayette and Lafitte were not undeceived and they persuaded him to retain his place. He came to an open quarrel with the King respecting Odillon Barrot. This gentleman in 1830 was prefect of the Seine. The King desired his dismissal and repeatedly urged the measure upon his Minister of Justice. But the impracticable Minister firmly, respectfully and successfully opposed. The King could not yet dispense with Dupont. He apologised for his violence, offered his hand and besought the offended Minister, who had seized his hat and was retiring, to be pacified and retain his place. The reconciliation, however, was destined to be of short duration. On the 24th of December, 1830, after having held office only five months, he retired, with little hope that France would ever enjoy under the reign of Louis Philippe, the progress and happiness which it was supposed were insured upon his accession to the throne.

Upon entering the Chamber of Deputies, the first time after having handed in his resignation, he inadvertently walked up and took his accustomed seat on the ministerial bench. A laugh from the members who had noticed his mistake recalled to mind the change of circumstances which had taken place. The Ex-Minister joined in the laugh with the utmost good-humor, and hastily rising, sought his place on the extreme left, which he never abandoned.

Of late years M. Dupont has very rarely spoken in the Chamber; but he was always present—closely attending to the matter before the house, and always giving to the side, which, in his wisdom, he thought deserved it, his countenance and vote.

On the 24th ult., after the President of the Chamber had abandoned his post and the ministerial members fled, M. Dupont was called to the chair, and he presided over the popular assembly which nominated himself and others to form the Provisional Government.

So long as Dupont (del' Eure) remains at the head of affairs, if sufficient strength remains to permit him to have a general supervision of the measures proposed, French patriots may rest tranquil, assured that nothing will be done injurious to Liberty properly understood. He is wise, moderate, honest, sincerely republican: and will sanction nothing that either falls short of, or goes beyond, wholesome and practicable republicanism. The fear is that his younger and more ardent and ultra colleagues will not consult him so often as they should, and that from his extreme old age he will be unable to exercise that practical oversight and control which is necessary to prevent young republicanism, and especially French republicanism, from running to

disastrous extremes. Indeed, this would seem to have already taken place. Several of the heads of Departments have issued circulars for the regulation of the conduct of their subordinates in the provinces, which Dupont never could have sanctioned and which the Provisional Government has been compelled to virtually disavow.

The inflexible probity of M. Dupont, his antique simplicity of character and manners, and the substantial, but unpretending service which he has rendered his country, throughout the whole of his long and honorable career, will insure to him a most distinguished place in the annals of French history.

M. Dupont is of the ordinary stature. His grey locks are thinly scattered over a head which would be an agreeable study to the benevolent phrenologist. His face is marked with the small pox; but its expression is open, frank and honest, inspiring the beholder with the disposition to give at once his confidence and hand. When he speaks, his voice is manly and assured, like that of one who has sincere convictions, and dares fully to express them. "His simplicity of dress" says a French writer, "his brevity of speech, his frank and guileless physiognomy form an *ensemble* which the imagination is fain to attribute to the founders of the American Republic."

But the most popular man of the actual government of France,—the greatest genius, the most brilliant, eloquent, dashing, and perhaps the most ambitious and democratic, is the religious, sentimental and *ci-devant* legitimist poet *Alphonse de Lamartine*. It is hardly possible to imagine a person and character more unlike the President, Dupont. The one is all simplicity—the other all pomp. The one is content to be of use, the other requires that every service he renders shall be accompanied by its due and perhaps its undue share of *eclat*. He might with Marcus Curtius, for the salvation of his country, have mounted his horse, and in presence of his admiring countrymen, dashed, armed, into the gulf that had opened in the forum. But then it must have been *he* that had the wit rightly to interpret the mysterious oracle: and they must have given him time to write some verses upon the occasion: for if France were to be saved by some private, obscure, inglorious act of self-devotion, the sacrifice would be made,—oh, yes, there is no want of such spirits in France—but it would be by some one, whom, in his opinion, the country could much better spare than Alphonse de Lamartine.

The Legitimist Poet and orator of 1844, who has become the republican Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1848, was born in Macon, 21st of October, 1790. He is now, therefore, in his 58th year. His father's name was *Prat*: but he early assumed that of a maternal uncle, Lamartine. I have never heard whether there existed in this instance the some thousands of substantial and tangible reasons which ordinarily induce one to abjure his

father's name: but an all-sufficient one, doubtless, in the esteem of the young poet, was that *de Lamartine* falls much more euphoniously and aristocratically upon the ear than the monosyllabic and vulgar *Prat*. *Prat!—Prat!—*Such a name were not worth immortalizing, and would be hardly more acceptable to Phœbus than *Amos Cottle* itself. Yet his father, it would seem, was a man of some note under the *ancien regime*, a major of cavalry under Louis XVI. and his mother was granddaughter of Madame des Roys, sub-governress of the princess of Orleans. After the tragedy of 21st of January, 1793, the Prat family retired into the provinces, and lived in privacy so strict, that it might almost be called secrecy. Alphonse was sent for education to the College of the Fathers of the Faith, at Belley: and it was there that he received the religious impressions which have given character to much of his poetry. Upon leaving College he was sent, in 1813, to Italy. Having travelled for a year or two, he returned to Paris just in time to witness the fall of Bonaparte. He immediately entered the army under the Restoration, and remained a cavalry officer till the latter part of 1816, when he retired from the service and returned to Italy. There he commenced his very distinguished and honorable career as poet. It is in Italy that he is understood to have written his "*Meditations Poétiques*," which were published upon his return to Paris in 1820. They established at once his fame and fortune; and constituted, so Frenchmen say, the most brilliant and best deserved literary success of the age, after that of another Frenchman, Chateaubriand. "France hailed the book and the poet with transports of enthusiasm—France, the fond parent of so many glories, saw itself the mother, in Lamartine, of one glory more." This literary success opened to the poet the diplomatic career. He married an English lady and became attached to the French Embassy at Florence,—then Secretary of Legation at Naples, then in the same capacity he resided for a short time in London. In 1825 Charles X. sent him back to Italy as *chargé d'Affaires* resident in Tuscany. It was during his diplomatic sojourn in Italy that occurred his duel with Col. Gabriel Pepe. This officer took offence at the following couplet which appeared in one of his poems having allusion to Italy:

"Je vais chercher ailleurs, pardonne, ombre Romaine!
Des hommes, et non de la poussière humaine."

This gentlemen gave himself the mission of avenging the insult to Italian humanity conveyed in the above lines; and he called upon Lamartine to retract or fight. It is to be sure a very clever sarcasm, to say nothing of its justice, upon the modern Italians. The poet thought it too clever to be stricken from his poems, so he preferred to fight. Lamartine does not lack a generous, high-

toned chivalric spirit. None more prompt than he to back his pen with his arm. So he fought, and bought, at the cost of a severe sword-thrust, the privilege of multiplying his sarcasm in fifty thousand copies and spreading it over Europe. The first act of the chivalric poet, after recovering from the effects of his wound, was to intercede with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with whom he was upon intimately friendly terms, in behalf of his patriotic adversary. In 1829, he published his *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses* which confirmed and still enlarged his reputation as poet. But it was not fame only that he won. A princely income was flowing in upon him, which he spent like a prince. His is a different fate from that of his brother poets—Tasso and Camoens, of the sixteenth century. He lives, and has lived for the last fifteen years, *en grand Seigneur*. A splendid hotel in the city, a magnificent chateau in the country, a numerous retinue of liveried servants, dashing equipages, and a large stable of English horses *de pur sang*, prove that in Lamartine's opinion, a high appreciation and full enjoyment of all the luxuries of life comport perfectly well with his claim to be the first sentimental and religious poet of the age.

Charles X. had appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece, and Lamartine was upon the point of departing upon this mission when the Revolution of 1830 changed the face of affairs in France and put a sudden stop to the poet's diplomatic career. Louis Philippe, it is understood, offered to continue him in the appointment, but Lamartine, born and reared in the strictest Legitimist school of politics, refused to serve the constitutional revolutionary government of 1830. He promptly ranged himself with the opposition and offered himself to the constituency of Dunkirk and Toulon as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. Just previous to this a vacancy occurring in the French Academy, upon the death of M. Daru, Lamartine had received the honor of a seat in that body. But if he was disappointed in his earliest political aspirations, the enjoyments procured by his large fortune, did not fail him, and he resolved now to realize a long-cherished project of Eastern travel. He had long heard within him a voice saying, "Go, weep upon the mountain where Christ wept! Go, sleep beneath the palm tree where Jacob slept!" But not in the guise of humble pilgrim, with staff in hand, and beads about his neck, and with bare feet, did the first religious and sentimental poet of the nineteenth century make his appearance upon the holy mount, and beneath the palm trees of Palestine. He determined to visit *en grand Seigneur* the tomb of his Lord—to impose upon oriental superstition by a brilliant display of occidental power and magnificence. The first sentimental and religious poet of the age must not pass silently and obscurely among the great memories

of Jerusalem. He must be gazed at—he must be talked about—he must be dramatic, and splendidly dramatic. So he took with him his wife and infant daughter, the *blonde Julia*! And he equipped a vessel at his own expense to convey them to the East. "With what happiness," exclaims one of his enthusiastic admirers, "with what happiness one reads the details of his arrangements! How one loves to recount the tender care of the father and the husband—that crew of sixteen men belonging body and soul to the poet—that library of five hundred volumes—that tent erected at the foot of the main-mast—that arsenal of muskets, pistols and sabres—and those four cannons charged with grape!" "I have to defend," said Lamartine, "two lives dearer to me than my own!" To the simple-minded mortal who loves his wife and children in the ordinary, it appears somewhat excessively poetic to voluntarily conduct Madame de Lamartine and the blonde Julia upon an expedition where such formidable preparations were necessary for their safety. But you could not insult the actual Provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs more seriously than by insinuating that he could love his wife and child, or do any thing else like an ordinary mortal. Is the first sentimental and religious poet of the age to be measured by the vulgar standard! They reach in safety the coasts of Asia and anchor is cast in the port of Beyrouth. "The traveller debarks," continues the writer quoted above, "purchases five houses for his wife and daughter, leaves them in the enjoyment of all the magnificencies of oriental life and starts for Jerusalem, with an escort of twenty cavaliers all his, mounted on twenty horses all his. The Sheiks of the tribes come out to meet him, all the cities open to him their gates; the governors answer for his safety with their lives. Such has been the pleasure of Ibrahim Pacha. Lady Stanhope, that Semiramis in miniature, half sublime, half cracked, predicts for him the most marvellous destinies, and the Arabs, charmed by the fine, imposing face, the tall and graceful form, and the glittering arms of the man who was galloping with his twenty horsemen across the desert, called him the 'Emir frangi,' the French prince, and bowed the head as he passed."

In the meantime the electors of Dunkirk thought better of his pretensions and chose him during his absence to represent them in the Chamber of Deputies. Notice of his election reached the poet in Jerusalem and he immediately made preparations for his return to France. This was in 1833. He brought back with him the body of his lovely little girl Julia. She had died in Beyrouth. His expedition to the East had consumed sixteen months, and the story of his "Pilgrimage" is told in two comely and (as the French call them) immortal volumes, which have been translated into English and published in the United States.

M. de Lamartine made his maiden speech in the Chamber of Deputies the 4th of January, 1834, in the discussion of the Address. He was elected by the Legitimists and immediately took his position on the opposition benches of the *right*. He succeeded in Parliamentary debate much better than his brother poet, Byron: and is deservedly considered one of the first orators in France. He is always listened to with close attention and never fails to receive the grateful tribute of admiration. Many of his speeches, which he has delivered in the chamber during the twelve or fourteen years, are truly eloquent and admirable both for style and sentiment. Though Legitimist, yet being in the opposition, he was compelled to take the Liberal side, so that many of his speeches may now be referred to by the republican Minister of Foreign Affairs, without the awkward necessity of having to defend himself from the charge of inconsistency. But he was not always in the opposition. He, early in his political career, thus prepared the way for the accommodation of his political conscience to the change of circumstances which had taken place since he had entered upon the stage. "The past," said he, "is only a dream. One may regret it; but one must not lose the day in uselessly weeping over it. It is always permitted, it is always honorable to sympathize in the misfortunes of others, but one must not gratuitously take share in faults which he has not committed. It is a duty to enter into the ranks of citizens, to think, to speak, to act, to struggle with the family of families, with the country!" This is certainly more politic than poetic. In 1844, he was warm and eloquent in defence of the numerous adherents to the elder branch of the Bourbons, when they left Paris and went to London to pay their court to the Duke of Bordeaux, the representative of the elder branch of the Bourbons under the title of Henry V.

Lamartine was re-elected to the Chamber by two constituencies, Dunkirk and his native town, Macon. He chose for Dunkirk, which had first conferred the honor upon him. Upon the third election, however, he gave the preference to Macon, which he continued to represent in the Chamber to the complete satisfaction of his constituents and himself, till that body ceased to exist with the dynasty of Louis Philippe. It must be frankly admitted that his parliamentary career has been very brilliant and beneficial to his country. He has almost invariably thrown the powerful influence of his name and voice upon the side of enlightened liberty and progress. Nor during latter years has his attention been exclusively devoted to political affairs. The *History of the Girondins*, and several other works afford ample proof of the industry and success with which he has applied himself to the increase of his literary reputation.

I have said that M. Lamartine was not always a deputy of the opposition. He was ministerial for

one short season, in 1837 and '38, during the second premiership of that old politician, and still almost legitimist, Molé. It has only been in very late years that Lamartine has shown himself so completely republican. But the illustrious poet and magnificent-phrase-maker, is not the less well received in the republican ranks on that account: and he makes up by zeal, and beautiful and brilliant professions of devotedness to the interests of the dear people, for the tardiness with which he has espoused their cause. The French people are addicted to phrase-worship. Magniloquent sentimentality is sure to impose upon them. Lamartine is therefore just now the idol of republicans. He is not so rabid and dangerous a democrat as Ledru Rollin, but there is no telling to what lengths his love of popularity, his fondness of power and especially his passion for *eclat*, operating upon his enthusiastic and poetic temperament, may impel him. Lamartine may be honest in his republican professions. Charity requires that when judging him we should ever remember that he belongs to the *irritable genus*. He is a great poet, a genius, exaltation is characteristic of him—the imagination is easily excited and is dominant over the judgment. It is not impossible, therefore, that with the facility to change, which is the privilege of genius, he, who was yesterday Royalist, may with earnestness of conviction and the enthusiasm of his nature, be to day Republican. Were he not a poet, however, I should not judge him so favorably. Were he an ordinary mortal, made of common clay, I should not hesitate to condemn him as a splendid, dishonest, popularity-hunting demagogue. Honest though he may be, I cannot, for all that, profess much faith in his statesmanship. Poets and statesmen cannot be made of the same stuff. They are two things very dissimilar—almost opposite. They require mental qualities and habits so incompatible, that they can hardly exist in the same individual. Lamartine, I think, too true and too great a poet to be a safe and good statesman. He would make an admirable secretary to a prime minister, writing, under the curb and subject to the pruning of a really wise, practical and liberal statesman, patriotic state papers, and public dispatches. If France had a Washington, Lamartine should be his secretary: but if he aspires to the place of Washington, he sadly mistakes himself, and if France gives him that place, she will rue the day that she does so.

In 1842, M. de Lamartine thus summed up his political principles "a summary which," says an admiring writer, "he has nothing to add to or subtract from now." It seems to me rather an amusing specimen of the pompous, unseizable phrase-writing of which Lamartine is so great a master.

"It is the organic and progressive constitution of the entire democracy, and the expansive principle of mutual charity, and of social fraternity, or-

ganized and applied to the satisfaction of the masses."

I recommend the above to the orators of both parties, Whig and Democrat, in the coming Presidential canvass in the United States.

Among the eccentricities of genius to which M. de Lamartine, as patriot and statesman, must plead guilty is his adhesion to the politico-philosophico-religious sect of St. Simonians or New Christians. Perhaps you can make something out of what he says below—for myself I confess it is almost as unseizable as the extract just above given. Were I a Frenchman, however, I should not doubt that so many fine phrases covered something very patriotic and statesmanlike, though a little above vulgar comprehension.

"St. Simonism has in it something true, grand, and fruitful, the application of Christianity to political society, and the legislation of human fraternity. Under this point of view I am a St. Simonian. You say that every thing is dying, that there is no more faith, no more belief. There is a faith. That faith is the general reason. Speech is its organ, the press is its apostle. It wishes to remake after its own image religions, civilizations, societies and legislations. It wishes in Religion, God, one and perfect for dogma; eternal morals, for symbol: adoration and charity for worship—in Politics, humanity above nationalities—in legislation, man the equal of man, man the brother of man, and Christianity legislated."

One of the latest pen and ink portrait painters of Lamartine, says, "There is a something, a *je ne sais quoi* about him, that reminds one of Byron. He has the same beauty of countenance and of look: the same habits of elegance and dandyism; the same air, a little stiff, a little English, perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished." I will only add to the above that Alphonse de Lamartine is the vainest man in Europe, unless indeed Alexander Dumas may successfully dispute that eminence with him. I will conclude with an instance in proof of his inordinate self appreciation, which I picked up in society a few months ago.

A young gentleman from the provinces, of much personal merit, of high intelligence and of most respectable family, was about visiting Paris. He was acquainted with the poet by reputation, what Frenchman is not? He had read his works, what Frenchman has not? He admired them like a Frenchman and desired to signalize his visit to the capital by a personal visit to the illustrious poet. He obtained, therefore, the most satisfactory letters of introduction, which were duly presented. A gentleman who was present at the first and only interview which took place, remarked that though the conversation of the young man was very sensible, and his deportment respectful but dignified and self possessed, his reception by the distinguished host was anything but cordial and flattering

and after the latter had retired, he took the liberty of remonstrating with Lamartine. "Why did you treat him so coolly? He seems a very well-informed and well-behaved young person—and he brought to you, in his letters, the most satisfactory testimonials of his merit and respectability."

"I don't like that young man," was the reply, "*Il n'était pas assez emu!*"

W. W. M.

THE TWO COUNTRY-HOUSES.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

In a part of Virginia, which I will not designate, on each of two opposing hills, whose bases are separated by a considerable stream, stands a large and costly country-house. The swelling *mamelles*, on which these two houses are perched, are a curiosity, from their perfect resemblance in shape and size. No feat of nature equals their matched beauty, any where in that country, remarkable, as it is, for the gently swelling and feminine beauty of its landscape. These hills, almost treeless, and covered with a soft verdure, range, one with the other, east and west. On the western hill stands Cotsworth, the seat of the Cars. On the eastern is Winisfalen, the seat of the Hunters. I have a story to tell of the inmates of these two country-houses.

About forty years ago, Charles Manners Car, a gentleman of fine mind, and excellent accomplishments, but of small fortune, married the only daughter of Peter Carabas, an old ginseng dealer, who had accumulated a great property. Car became, by this marriage, the owner of the Cotsworth estate, and built Cotsworth. He lived long enough to have a son born to him, whom, with a gratitude stronger than his love of euphony, he named Peter Carabas Car, and then died. His wife, a meek, sad lady, tenderly attached to her husband, fulfilled those words which consecrate to all times the conjugal devotion of the wife of Sir Albert Morton—

"She, for a little, tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died."

At a tender age, the child, Peter Carabas Car, became the inmate of Winisfalen, and the ward of its master, Colonel Henry Hunter.

When the boy had reached his fifteenth year, the family at Winisfalen, amongst whom he lived, consisted of Colonel Hunter, its head, a fine old gentleman inclined to free living, and a little irascible,

his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Hunter, widow of his only son, Lewis, who had been many years dead, and Mary Hunter, daughter of Lewis and Agnes, and now, at fourteen, the darling of her grandfather.

The reader will observe a singularity, in what I have stated in these preliminary remarks. The only son of Colonel Henry Hunter died, leaving an only daughter; the only daughter of Peter Carabas died, leaving an only son. Laws of primogeniture are supposed to be necessary to the retention of wealth in families, but here nature had produced their effect by placing no second-born in the way. The great wealth of Peter Carabas came, in a single line of descent, undiverted, to Peter Carabas Car; the wealth of Colonel Hunter, should he die intestate, would descend in a line as single upon Mary Hunter. With so much of introduction, I proceed to tell my story.

It was on a pleasant June morning, that the little maiden of fourteen years, Mary Hunter, went, at a strolling pace, down the hill from Winisfalen, toward the stream of which I have spoken as separating the two estates. The banks of this stream were grassy, and lined with sycamores, wild poplars, and lindens. Two other persons were already on the grass, by the water's edge—Peter Carabas Car, and Paul Grimshaw. This last was the son of Simon Grimshaw, a neighbor of the Hunters, and came every day to attend the school of the tutor at Winisfalen. The boys were fishing for mullets. Young Car,—whom his friends suppressing the apostolic prænomen, called simply Carabas Car, had grown to a good stature, and was singularly handsome. His brown hair curled naturally, his eyes were dark and expressive, and his features were delicate and regular; he would even have been graceful, in spite of his ungraceful age, but for a restless, and impulsive hurry in his every motion. His companion had straw-colored hair, white eyebrows, little gray eyes, a freckled face, and an enormous mouth. He was larger, lazier, and infinitely worse looking than the better bred boy. Whilst Mary Hunter approaches, let us hear what these boys are talking about.

"Yes:" said Carabas Car, dropping his rod, that he might the better trip his dog, Dash, a fat setter, into the water, "yes: I shall court Mary Hunter immediately. What's the use of waiting? You always wait. What do you get by it? You have waited a long time for a bite. Have you got one? You will lie there forever—I think—without a nibble. Let's stop fishing."

"I never will get a bite," answered Paul, "now that you've pitched that dog into the water. I wish when we are fishing you would fish and do nothing else. What do I care about you and Miss Mary Hunter?"

"Do you mean to say that you don't care for Mary Hunter?"

"Yes," answered Paul, with the stout manner of a big boy to a smaller one. "Yes: when I am fishing—that is."

Carabas jerked his rod up—found that the hook had become fast at the bottom—pulled impatiently to break the line, and not at once succeeding, threw the rod, a valuable one, finely jointed and tapered, far out into the current.

"Now Paul," he said, "I will give you a drubbing, for talking disrespectfully of Mary Hunter."

Paul was unable to see clearly why he should be made to fight on so insufficient a quarrel, but, relying upon his greater size, got up from the grass, and prepared for the encounter. When he had fairly put himself into posture, Carabas pushed rapidly in upon him, struck him under the chin with the edge of his hand, and adroitly tripping him at the same moment, terminated the fight without receiving a blow. Paul, indeed, thrown over the shelf of a bank, fell quite into the water. Dash barked. Carabas stood on dry ground laughing.

"I can't swim," sputtered Paul—"pull me out."

"Certainly," answered Carabas; and, reaching his hand to the boy, pulled him dripping up the bank. "You have scared the fish this time worse than Dash"—he continued. "This comes of speaking improperly of Mary Hunter. But let us be friends."

Paul assented to this. His courage had been extinguished. He was as spiritless as a drenched cock. Just then Carabas saw the girl, of whom he had chosen himself champion, reach the shade of some trees at a little distance. A little straw bonnet, perched upon a head of curly flaxen hair, shaded her milk-white forehead and the prettiest blue eyes in the world. Leaving Paul wet, and disconsolate, he dashed off at full speed to join her. The setter ran at his side, barking, pricking his ears, and bounding high to look for the object of his master's pursuit. An unfortunate calf just then jumped from a clump of hazels, and, staring a moment, wheeled and ran away. Dash opened upon this game, and a very animated chase ensued. The calf, with tail erect, swept by Mary Hunter at a great rate of speed. What an unsentimental scene was this!—and yet it was to tell Mary Hunter that he was, in the most frantic manner, in love with her, that Carabas came running behind the calf and dog.

"I have made up my mind, Mary;" he said, a little blown, "I think when people arrive at our years, they should think of becoming settled in life. I am perfectly in love with you. Will you marry me, Mary?"

The girl stared at him in surprise, and then put on a stately look, which was, doubtless, meant to be repulsive, but was, in fact, fascinating, for it wonderfully increased her beauty.

"You are a strange person, Carabas," she said gravely. "You come running to tell me all this,

as if you were chasing something. I shall be offended, sir, if you do so."

"It was Dash and the calf," said the boy, "that made it look so. I only came a little rapidly because I was so much in love. Mary, I am very unhappy: I do not think I shall live if you refuse to be my wife."

"Do you know how old we are, Carabas?"

"Yes; we are both becoming quite old. Do you observe these whiskers, which, but for my having shaved a few days ago, would really be quite distinct?" The chin of Carabas was of course as smooth as the girl's own.

"I meant, do you know how *young* we are, Carabas?"

"Yes; we are, perhaps, a little young after all—that is in years. But, if you had read a very deep novel which I have studied, you would know that years a'n't the thing. We may be young in years, but, at the same time, old in thought,"—here he shook his head wisely—"old in passion,"—here he looked the profundity of his love—"old in action, and old in—in misfortune." He uttered the word "misfortune" with a singular mixture of sheepishness and broken-heartedness. Mary Hunter, although rather a sensible than sentimental little girl, only observed the broken-heartedness. "How handsome Carabas is becoming!" she said to herself. "And how graceful and touching, his way of talking is." She did not, however, reply with her lips.

"But even"—resumed the boy—"if we are too young, which I think we are not, let us be engaged. That will be some comfort. We will be getting older, and I will not be so unhappy as I have been. Haven't you observed that I have had no appetite for some time? Yes, let us be engaged. I shall certainly die if we are not!"

Mary Hunter murmured her answer with the blushes and trepidation of eighteen. "If ma and grandpa are willing, Carabas, I will have no objection."

As she said this the boy would have kissed her, but she repelled him. He was earnestly informing her that all engaged people kissed each other, when a pack of fox-hounds, in full cry, swept over a hill in the distance.

"By Jupiter! Tom Manning, and the Johnsons, are out to-day with the dogs. I must have a ride."

He incontinently ran away as fast as he had come. In a few minutes he reached the stables. Robin, an old negro, the Colonel's head groom, was overlooking some stable boys, who were rubbing down the carriage and saddle horses. This dignitary, very corpulent, clean and respectable in his appearance, stood in a door-way, fanning the flies from his face with the white napkin with which it was his custom to try the coats of his horses after the boys had rubbed them.

"Where is Flash? What have you done with Flash?" cried Carabas, panting.

"He's lame, sir," answered Robin, "and I had him turned in the orchard."

"What lamed him?—he was'n't lame yesterday. You always lame my horse. Saddle Dragon this minute. I mean to have a ride." Dragon was Col. Hunter's favorite riding horse.

"Saddle Dragon for you?" retorted Robin, indignantly. "No, mas Carabas, Dragon don't go out of this stable 'cepting old master says so."

"You wont saddle him? Then I'll saddle him myself. Get out of the way."

Robin looked as if he had half a mind to lay violent hands upon the boy; but contented himself with hurrying off to the house to complain to his master. When he returned, Carabas was three hundred yards away, keeping Dragon well together as he cantered up to take his first fence. Robin saw him clear it and shortly after join a party of fox-hunters. The dignified groom, wounded in his pride of authority, immediately whipped a stable-boy.

It was near night when Carabas returned from the fox-hunt. He came back with Dragon very much knocked up, by hard riding, and a fall at a fence. He delivered him up to Robin, saying that he did not think much of him—that he was weak in the loin, and fell short in his leaps.

Colonel Hunter set in an arm-chair, with the head of his cane in his right hand. He was a very fine looking old gentleman—I think I have already said—but rather red in the face with generous eating and drinking, to say nothing of the flushing effects of a very quick temper. Robin entered the room; and stood at the door with his hat off.

"So, Robin, has the young gentleman got back?"

"Yes, sir; and brought Dragon back knocked up. I can't be 'sponsible for the horses, sir, if mas Carabas is to have 'em whenever he wants 'em. Besides, sir, he turns judgmatical, and says the old horse is weak behind, and no jumper."

"That will do, Robin. Let the young gentleman know that I want to see him."

Carabas soon entered. He had not received the message, but came of his own accord. In fact, he had come to speak about his marriage with Mary Hunter.

"Well, Peter," said the old gentleman—it was a pleasant mischief of his to call the boy by the suppressed name—"so you don't like Dragon."

"He is very good in the withers, sir, and carries up well," answered Carabas, "but he has bad houghs, and no more second thigh than a cow. Besides, I think he is weak in the loin."

"You are a rare judge of horse-flesh, Peter. Come a little nearer, my boy."

Carabas drew nearer. He was too much engrossed by his love, which, recovering from the shock occasioned by the appearance of Tom Manning and his dogs, had caught a fresh impulse from a chance meeting with Mary, since he entered the house, to think of the damage to Dragon, or to

notice a certain gleam of mischief in the old gentleman's eye. As he drew nearer, full of his subject, he began speaking.

"I have something to speak to you about, sir," he said with extraordinary dignity;—"something of grave importance--of very grave importance"--

Just at this point of his speech, having approached too near to the throne of the combustible old Czar—I grieve to record the fact—the gold-headed cane was wheeled suddenly in the air, and came down briskly upon his shoulders.

"Take that, you little monkey. Dragon can't jump, can't he! and has no more second thigh than a cow—eh?" It was clear that the old gentleman cared less about the abduction and hard riding of his horse, than about the censure of an old favorite.

The boy stood, for a moment, utterly confounded. Then clutching and opening his hands, he seemed to be looking about him for some suitable person to kill on the spot. He saw only the rubicund old gentleman, Mary Hunter's grandfather; and burst into a flood of tears. Shame, anger and despair of redressing the terrible indignity quite convulsed him.

"You have dis—disgraced me—struck me," he exclaimed, passionately sobbing—"disgraced me forever. I do not want to live."

The old gentleman, who was quite as soft-hearted as irascible, began to relent as the boy wept. He did not at once calm down into a kindly humor; he came to it by a series of descents, marking his progress by half-uttered speeches, partly petulant and partly consolatory. At last the continued grief of the boy quite overcame him.

"Come—come, my dear boy," he said softly, "don't—don't make so much of a trifle. I have only treated you as if you were my son."

"But I am not your son, or your grandson either," sobbed Carabas.

"You are not? Well, then, you shall be my grandson."

"Shall I?" cried the impulsive boy, his bright eyes sparkling through their grief.

"Certainly. What should prevent you? We all love you very much."

"That is what I came to speak to you about, sir. Mary and I have talked it all over, and we are engaged; if you and her mother have no objection." His tears were entirely gone by this time.

You should have seen the delighted countenance of the old Colonel, as Carabas communicated this juvenile engagement to him. It was a decided step toward the realization of one of his fixed hopes. He had long intended the children for each other. Carabas, full of boyish spirit, free in his actions, generous, so handsome in every feature and expression of his bright face, was scarcely less his darling than Mary herself. And then the union and descent, in one line, of the two noble estates. But the old man did not speak out his delight.

"Ah!" he only said, after a prolonged breath; "you take my meaning in that way. You and Mary seem to be beginning in time."

"But—but"—asked the boy, "hav'nt we your consent?"

The old gentleman answered cheerfully, "my dear Carabas, you are a fine, spirited lad, have a good estate, and if you become a worthy man, I see no objection to the match. Of course you must wait many years."

Carabas, absurdly enough, begged to be married immediately. The old gentleman laughed heartily. Carabas, a little mortified, began to see his folly, and gave himself up to the sorrows of delay. The conversation was not yet ended.

"When you struck me"—said Carabas.

"Forget that, my dear boy," interrupted the now placid old gentleman; "it was only a playful rap."

"Well, when you gave it to me, some one laughed at the door. I wish you would ask who it was. I am sure it was Robin. Make him come in, and see that you are kind to me, and treat me like a gentleman. I don't care, now, much about it, but if you don't, some of them will take liberties with me."

Robin proved to have been the eaves-dropper, and was sent for. He entered the room, and his master, after giving him a sharp rebuke for listening at the door, wound up by saying—

"Recollect that *Mr. Car* is to do as he likes with my horses. He may ride Dragon, or any of them, to the devil if he chooses. If you come complaining to me, I shall have to turn you out of office and put man Dick in your place."

Robin left the room crest-fallen, and muttering something about the world's coming to an end. When he had gone his master said to Carabas:

"Treat the honest old dog kindly, my boy. This will ruffle him a little, but do not make an enemy of even surly Robin."

"Indeed, sir," answered Carabas, "I understand this sort of thing. I rode Dragon without your consent; but now I will never ride him with it. As for Robin, he and I will be very good friends. I mean to be a gentleman now, and Robin will find out that I am one directly. You will see." That very night Carabas gave Robin a smile, a kind word, and his month's supply of pocket-money.

I have devoted this chapter to a day in the fifteenth year of my hero, that the reader might get a glimpse into his rash, impulsive and self-willed, but spirited and generous character. A month from the day so chronicled, Carabas Car, instead of the juvenile marriage to which he had aspired, went to College. With his years of study, or of indolence, at College, and with some later years of European travel, I will have nothing to do, but imagine him arrived at his majority, and in possession of his father's house, Cotsworth.

CHAPTER II.

When the young master of Cotsworth opened the doors of his noble country-house, a great festival commenced. How long this festival lasted, it would be difficult to tell, for Cotsworth continued open to all comers, and parties of gentlemen riding over the lands by day, and windows blazing from garret to basement, by night, might be seen month after month. The whole country very soon became full of comment upon the splendor and extravagance of the young heir's mode of living. Exquisite furniture, bought at extreme prices, filled his house. But this outlay, a person of his wealth might well sustain, and the adornments, so added, were perhaps demanded by his position, and the costly style of the mansion itself. Lord Bacon says, in one of those spicy brevities of wisdom, his essays—"a man ought warily to begin charges which, once begun, will continue; but in matters that return not he may be more magnificent." The gorgeous equipment of Cotsworth—marbles, choice woods, velvets, brocades, carpets sinking like moss under the feet and blazing with crimson and gold, superb plate, rare paintings—might be classed with charges not returning. But in his housekeeping, a charge forever recurring, there was no balancing stint, or limitation. Crowds, of whom he knew little, and cared less, men from far and near, some honorable, others with no claims to association with gentlemen, except such as grow out of the intercourse of the card-table, sat down daily to make themselves full and jovial at his board. Cotsworth could not meet the demand for edibles, and carts, like those of a nobleman's purveyor, gathered supplies for miles around. The crowd drenched its universal gullet with delicious wines. An agent had been despatched to a distant city, to buy the brandies left by a convivial old gentleman, who had recently, whilst drowsing in his chair after dinner, sunk into a gentle apoplexy. Another had gone to the mountains of Pennsylvania for the sole purpose of procuring choice rye and barley whiskeys. These strong liquors were for a class of visitors who trifled with wines, and were superlatively above relying upon them as a sustaining beverage. There was a Col. Bull of Tennessee, who made Cotsworth his head-quarters; this Col. Bull was, evidently, a man too strong for anything much weaker than aquafortis. In the Cotsworth stables were race horses, bought at great prices. For one of them alone—High-head, a chesnut with a blaze and three white pasterns,—Carabas had given a year's income. Negroes, instead of cultivating the land, hung about the stables, and seemed to have exchanged their care of the flocks and herds for the pleasant task of consuming them. I give these as instances of waste and mismanagement; there were extravagances enough to make a pru-

dent man shudder. But, finally, the country-side report made public a most fatal addition to the rest. The master of Cotsworth gambled day and night.

Time had not improved Carabas Car. It seemed, indeed, even to have converted his good qualities into bad ones. The boy of high courage, and a noble generosity, had become quarrelsome and a spendthrift. That he had become a reckless spendthrift, all saw. Quarrelsome his guests did not perceive him to be. The courtesies, due from a host to his guests, were perfectly observed by one who prided himself upon distinguished manners. But a certain Ned Tyler, his classmate at College, and the companion of his European travels, told many stories of his involvements in quarrel whilst abroad. In England he had taken exception to some trifling matter not worth a moment's consideration, invited an honorable gentleman across the water to Ambletuse, and there given him a wound which lamed him for life. In Vienna, too much phlegm in the demeanor of a Bavarian Count, at a casual meeting on the terrace of the old ramparts, led to an encounter of the same kind, and Count Thonderbergen, it was said, had lost his voice, from a shot through the lungs. At Naples, the Lieutenant of an English frigate had turned the tables upon Car and wounded him badly. It is pretty clear from this, that his courage, in itself a virtue, had become a nuisance to others and a source of trouble to himself. Whilst his better qualities had thus grown into the bad ones which were but their unrestrained excess, his original faults of character remained unchanged; operating upon a wider field and aided by a manly manner, they were only not so ridiculous in their display. How did the family of Winisfalen look upon the riotous life and downward course of Carabas Car? I will only say here that Mary Hunter, who for years had been constant to her youthful contract, but who had, nevertheless, deferred the marriage in sore doubt and misgiving, began to listen with a reason more yielding, and a heart growing sadder day by day, to certain grave warnings of her mother; and that her grandfather, as irascible, but as kind as ever, refusing to condemn utterly the conduct of his ward, the son of an old friend, the intended husband of Mary, and as such the long imagined successor to his own wealth, led a life of almost daily altercation with the cold and pious lady, Mrs. Agnes Hunter.

A great race is about to come off on a celebrated course, a few miles from Cotsworth, and let us leave these sad things to join the various company met to enjoy, or gamble in, so gallant a spectacle. High-head is to run to-day. The purse is large, and there are many entries. The weather is delicious. The course is firm and elastic—dry without dust. Ladies, some of them bold beauties, are crowded upon the higher parts of the stands. At least fifty "distinguished friends of the turf" are

present. It is computed that the number of black-legs is three times as great. The country crowd of lookers-on is not excessive. It is the fourth day of the races. Many of the "distinguished friends of the turf," a few of the blacklegs, and half-a-dozen of the country gentlemen, have been spending some time at Cotsworth. Carabas Car is standing in the midst of a crowd of very attentive and courteous persons. The bold beauties are passing a favorable judgment amongst themselves, upon his tall and straight person, his soft brown hair, and his noble face—not the less expressive for being somewhat haggard. But the horses are brought out and led up and down before the stands. Three appear; the others have paid forfeit. A little grey filly—a medley—comes first; her eyes are lustrous and large, her ears small and pointed, her limbs pretty, but over-fine. Behind her comes a brown horse, seventeen hands high, with the stride of a Titan, and a look about the eyes, forelock and nostrils, diabolical enough to remind one of the equine devils of the German etchers—the horse that carried Burger's Leonore, or that on which Mephistophiles is mounted in the midnight gallop with Faust. Last comes High-head, a gallant racer. At a signal, the grooms strip the horses and slowly saddle them. The filly looks like a mountain deer. The dusky coat of the immense brown is drawn over cords and knots of muscle; he is in a condition to "run for a man's life." High-head fills the betting men with disgust. He is as fat as a prize ox. But the universal censure of his condition touches a weak point in his master's nature, and Carabas Car makes heavy bets upon him. At the tap of the drum, the three start, getting off well together. The grey filly, with a wonderful turn of speed, dashes ahead, and for the full round of a mile, constantly gains. The owner of the filly gallops across and heads his rider with an oath and a command to "hold up." It does no good. The little medley will have her way; her rider might as well pull at a tree as at her mouth. At last High-head and the brown pass her; distance her; and finish the fourth mile side by side. Some pronounce it a dead heat; the judges, however, give it to High-head by six inches.

This heat over, Col. Bull, of Tennessee, examined the horses with a practised eye;—then, placing himself near his host, said, "Twenty to ten on the brown."

"Done," answered Carabas; "except that I reverse it, and bet twenty to your ten. What shall we make it."

"Anything you please."

"Thousands then—twenty thousand dollars to your ten thousand," said Car with a fixed and glittering eye. Pride in his good horse, a self-sufficiency that made him regard the censure of High-head's condition as something like a personal af-

front, and the spirit of gaming, combined to urge him to this extraordinary bet.

"As you choose," replied Col. Bull quietly, but with the look of a delighted tiger, "as you choose. A——large amount, to be sure, to bet on a horse in such a condition; but you know your own business."

"I am booking the bet," said Carabas coolly. Col. Bull followed his example. It was a safe thing with this worthy. First, he *knew* that High-head had been permitted to win the heat for betting purposes; secondly, he believed the brown to be the better racer, and he was certainly now in the better condition; thirdly if he lost the bet, he would have nothing to pay, for he had nothing to pay with. His personal property consisted, principally, of a Bowie-knife and revolver, and although his realty, (he had made a great blind purchase of wild lands, on a speculative credit,) might, one day, upon the principles of aqueous deposit and upheaval, become immensely valuable, it was at present worth nothing. So he took the bet—to be paid, if at all, with his Bowie-knife and revolver.

The horses were brought, after the usual respite, to the starting post. At the tap of the drum they again dashed off. The brown took the lead; kept it; increased it. Three miles were ended.

"What can the boy mean?" mused Carabas. "I told him to spare his horse, but he should be closing up, or it will be too late."

Every one else saw that High-head was terribly distressed, and, instead of closing up, was falling farther behind. The Cotsworth grooms and stable boys having heard a rumor of the great bet with Col. Bull, rushed out in a crowd, and, lining the course, dashed their caps, flourished sticks, and yelled like so many devils; but High-head was past responding to such spirited demonstrations.

"The plantation's bet on him—go it now or never," screamed the head groom to the spurring rider, as he lifted the horse by at a loose stride, far in the wake of the thundering brown. The rider looked unutterable terror, but blindly whipped and spurred. The head groom heard the shouts at the winning post. The brown, with a bound of seven and twenty feet, had projected his muzzle over the line. High-head had not reached the distance stand. Carabas Car had lost twenty thousand dollars to Col. Bull, of Tennessee, and some thousands to others.

Two persons were riding, side by side, from the race course, an hour after the defeat of High-head. The crowd had not yet broken up on the ground, and they were alone. One of them was Paul Grimshaw. He had not improved in his personal appearance. Indeed, as Carabas had become the worse in character, Paul had deteriorated physically. He had run up to a great height, and in spinning him out, Nature had forgotten proportions. His neck was, in particular, strangely long, and on the present oc-

casion projected almost a foot above the low collar of his coat, affording with its climbing neckerchief of sky blue, a fascinating contrast to his straw-colored hair. His companion was a stout, well dressed man, of middle age, and rode a fine horse.

"You were not so lucky as I was, said Paul, resting his weight on one hip, craning his long neck and puffing at a cigar. "I won pretty considerable. But, lord, if I'd only known how it was going to turn out, I might have made a fortune. You heard of Col. Bull's luck?"

"Yes," answered his companion, Tom Manning, the foxhunter. "It's a great pity. Car can't last at this rate. What did you win?"

"I won a five," said Paul, "and a treat to cobblers and cigars."

"You are in luck, and ought to push it," said Manning dryly.

Paul passed on in silence for a time.

"This will damage Carabas Car considerable," he at last said. "He has been to the old man already to borrow money."

"How much did your father lend him?" asked Manning.

"A cool seven thousand," replied Paul.

"It's a great pity," said Tom Manning again; "Car can't last at this rate."

"They say," Paul resumed, "that he's used up in the matter of marrying Miss Mary Hunter. There aint a finer young woman than that, Tom, in America;—so remarkable good too—and will have all of the old Colonel's property." Paul's little eyes shone with unwonted enthusiasm.

"You ought to try for her yourself," said Manning, with a sidelong look at the outline of his companion, "as you admire her so much. If old Simon, your father, who, I think has all the ready money in the world, has much to do with Car, you'll be apt to get Cotsworth."

"What will be, will be;—who knows?" half soliloquised Paul.

At this stage of the conversation, some fast riders of the dispersing crowd overtook them. One of the new comers was a voluble little man whose principal delight in life was to retail news.

"You missed the fun by coming away so soon," he said, drawing up between Grimshaw and Manning.

"What fun?" inquired both at a breath.

"Mr. Car," replied the little man, "has shot Digges, the sportsman." This was a graceful substitute for blackleg. "I'll tell you how it was, and all about it."

Manning and Grimshaw ejaculated a word or two of comment upon the fact about to be explained, and listened.

"You know widow Cox? Every body knows her. You know she married Mr. Cox, and went out to Kentucky, where he died, and where she didn't stay long, but came back, and has been dash-

ing about here. Well, widow Cox was coming down from the stand, with her feathers flying, and the long tail of her frock gathered up in one hand, and a little whip in the other, when who steps up to her but Digges. 'How do you do, ma'am,' says he, 'I'm glad to see you.' 'I don't know you, sir,' says she, with a stare. 'I'm Mr. Digges, of Kentucky, ma'am,' says he, 'and it's strange you do not recollect me.' 'I positively don't,' says she, 'and you'll oblige me by getting out of my way.' 'You are very grand, ma'am,' says Digges, a good deal put out, 'but I thought we were acquainted: I was very well acquainted with Mr. Cox before you gave him that nice little white powder, one morning, in his coffee.' You ought to have seen widow Cox when he said that. It seems there was something about her having put poor Mr. Cox out of the way. 'You insult me, sir,' says she, getting red in the face, 'and if no gentleman here will protect me, I'll cut your eyes out with my whip.' Well, just then, Mr. Car comes by. 'Mr. Car will protect me,' says she, crying with one eye and looking sweet on him with the other. 'Certainly, madam,' says Mr. Car. 'You are in the lady's way, sir,' says he, again turning to Digges. 'It's easier to walk round me than over me,' says Digges, savage like. 'Stand aside, sir,' says Car, with a kind of shutting down of his eyebrows over his eyes. 'I'm not to be ordered to do a thing in this way,' says Digges, feeling under the back of his coat collar. 'You are at that game are you?' says Car, drawing a pistol and putting it at the fellow's mouth—like a gentleman offering a friend a drink out of his bottle. Do you carry your flask to day, Mr. Manning?"

Manning pulled a flask from his pocket, and the little man, after taking a hearty drink of the sweetened apple brandy, continued:

"Digges had the handle of his knife a little out, when Car blazes away. The muzzle was'n't a foot from his front teeth, when the pistol went off, and every body thought his head must be clean off his shoulders."

"Certainly he must have been killed," said Tom Manning.

"Not a bit," replied the little man, who, like a practised raconteur, had kept this fact in the back ground until the last. "Digges got up, black in the face with the powder, and spitting his teeth out of his mouth. The bullet had knocked away his front teeth, and his jaw teeth, on one side, and gone out again, just taking a little splinter out of his jaw bone. He swore he'd have satisfaction, but Mr. Gamill, the attorney, was there, and took him to one side, and, when I came away, the matter was in Mr. Gamill's hands, and was to be arbitrated. Car will pay the man what they fix on, and there wont be anything done if the State don't take hold of it. My private judgment is, Car shot Digges in self-defence."

"May be so," said Manning, "but I'm sorry the thing happened. A prudent man don't have to shoot men in self-defence. Car can't last long at this rate."

That night, Cotsworth was, as usual, crowded. At a late hour, the affair with Digges having been adjusted at considerable cost, Carabas sat down to a game of brag with Col. Bull, who generously proposed to his host this means of reducing the debt of \$20,000 :—for which debt, by the way, Car had given his bond payable on demand. The game terminated a little before noon of the next day, and Carabas, a little pale and very haggard, gave an additional bond for several thousands. Col. Bull was riding upon a very hurricane of good fortune. He began to entertain ideas of settling down in life, and to look out from the windows, admiringly, upon the far-sweeping hills and vales of the Cotsworth estate.

Indeed, Carabas Car was devoting himself to ruin. But Col. Bull was not destined to become the owner of Cotsworth. Another of a very different class of blood-suckers, stood in his way. Simon Grimshaw, the money-lender, had fixed his eye, (he possessed but one,) upon Cotsworth some months before. Car had borrowed money of him at once on coming of age, to discharge debts contracted during his minority, and which were left after an entire expenditure of accumulations placed in his hands by his guardian. Simon, witnessing the costly discharge of these minority debts, decided that Carabas was a foolish young man of honor—and so, with his extravagance, an admirable subject for his practices. Observing and scheming upon these things, he had drawn in his moneys from many quarters, that he might be at all times ready to supply, and so monopolize the spendthrift, the possession of whose beautiful estate had become a leading desire of his life.

"If I let him have as much money as he wants," Simon would argue with himself, "he will hardly go to the banks until I get a deed of trust, and then who will endorse for him? As for borrowing privately, except from myself, where can he do it? There might be one or two with some money to lend, but, misguided creatures! they charge an unlawful per cent. How should he go to them, when he finds I am always ready to furnish him at lawful christian rates? The young man's landed property is worth every cent of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars; I have made the calculation; and then, the negroes, and the horses, and other stock, and the household goods! What a fortune for Paul and the girls! Providence blesses my labors and will give it to them."

When Simon heard that Car had lost the great sum to Col. Bull, he made unusual exertions to be ready for the expected application. Very jealous was old Simon of the intervention of others between himself and his prey. As he expected, so it happened; but he was not prepared for the mag-

nitude of the new wants of the master of Cotsworth. It was for a loan of more than \$40,000 that Carabas applied. Simon was staggered. He had not immediate control of much more than half so much money. He, however, used every means, sold some of his least valuable property, borrowed, like the terrible Jew, from "brother Tubal" and the rest, and very soon got together the money. Taking as security, for this and former debts, a deed of trust, (proposed by the same attorney, Gamill, who had adjusted the affair with Digges,) upon every acre, rood and perch of the Cotsworth estate, he lent \$45,000 to Carabas Car.

In this transaction Carabas was not punctured by the lancet of usury. His means were still large enough to save him from resort to such a remedy. Besides, Simon was not a man to lend money at an unlawful rate of interest. He was a very sanctimonious person, full of rebuke of the "unchristian rates" of others—and then usury has its perils to the lender. He gained the same end by taking deeds of trust, and forcing sales under them.

Col. Bull was summoned from a ride, which he had taken one fine morning to survey his future possessions, to meet his host in a private room. When he came from the meeting, his new plans of life were dashed, but he felt all the consequence of a man with money in his pocket. He had been paid his large race and card winnings.

"A most fortunate little visit," muttered the Colonel rubbing his hands as if washing them—as poor Hood expresses it—

"With invisible soap
In imperceptible water;"

"A most fortunate visit. But I think I shall be off. There's a dangerous something in the young man's eye—and there's some talk of the old Colonel on the other hill coming over in his coach. I might stand it all with an empty pocket book, but I think I shall be off now." Col. Bull left Cotsworth at once.

The visit of Colonel Hunter to Cotsworth was an imagination founded upon the arrival, just as the fortunate gambler had come in from his ride, of a messenger from Winisfalen with a note for Carabas, and upon some speech of the messenger himself—our old friend Robin. The note was from Colonel Hunter, and requested Car's presence at Winisfalen.

CHAPTER III.

Carabas Car, an hour after receiving Colonel Hunter's letter, mounted his horse and set off for Winisfalen. A great weight was upon his spirits. His alacrity and gayety had sunk under the burthen of pecuniary loss; and sleepless nights, with the long-continued excitement of gambling, had produced no little nervous irritability—their usual re-

sult. In company this irritability would have shown itself. In the solitude of his ride he was merely sad. He looked upon the massive walls of Winisfalen with a clouded face. He passed the spot where he had ducked Paul Grimshaw; then the spot where he had pleaded his love to Mary in so extraordinary a manner. How had he changed in the few years which had swept between that hour and the present! But Carabas Car was not profoundly penitent. He had not reached that wholesome stage in his progress. He was yet in the swift flow of his first wild year of manhood; and penitence visits the eddy of life, not the current. That he may one day suffer its griefs and extract the lessons of virtue and happiness from them, his friends may hope; at present he is only jaded, depressed; and inclined to gloomy views of the future. How would it have fared with Carabas Car on that sad ride, had he known that Mary Hunter, whom he loved entirely and devotedly, and of whose love in return he had never once doubted, and to become the husband of whom was a fixed necessity of his life, was looking from a window of Winisfalen with melancholy eyes, and only awaited his coming to break all ties between them?

He reached Winisfalen and entered. A large room on the right of the hall was open. He turned into it, and Mary Hunter stood before him. This lady had become a peerless beauty. Nature and refined nurture never made a woman more supremely beautiful. I will not write a wearying description here. Goethe's white-bosomed witch, with the fine red line around her neck, looking on at the dances of the Walpurgis festival, assumed, he tells us, to every man the appearance of his first love. I think that all undescribed heroines of the romancer have, for the very reason that they are not described, the spell of this syren, and assume to the mind of the manly reader, left free to its imaginations, such tender resemblances. As for the female reader, women care little for descriptions of the beauty of women. I leave myself, then, no farther committed than by the brief description which I have already given of Mary Hunter at fourteen, and by the general remark that she had become a peerless beauty. As she stood in the old drawing room of Winisfalen, to meet Carabas Car, her face was utterly pale.

"You have come at last," she said, breaking the silence which her lover, advancing to salute her, observed. He reflected suddenly that a fortnight had elapsed since his last visit to Winisfalen.

"I have come at last," he answered, echoing her words. Carabas took her white hand in his own and led her to a sofa.

"Let us have a long kind talk, Mary; but first, why has your grandfather sent for me?"

Mary bit her lower lip, looked upon the floor, and seemed both to be gathering firmness and framing her speech in her mind. She presently spoke.

"You have been absent long. Have you discarded me?"

Carabas stared; but imagining that his mistress was only piqued by his apparent neglect, answered, "You are angry with me. But I have had engagements—and some cares. They occupied me so fully that I did not note, shame to say, how long a time was passing without a visit to you."

"Yes," said Mary with as calm a tone as she could assume; "you have had engagements and cares. But they have been of a nature so little to excuse you, that even because of them, and not for so trivial a cause as your absence, I must, and do, break our long engagement."

Carabas rose from the sofa on which he had languidly seated himself. He stood before her with a countenance of great excitement—its expression a little touched with surprise.

"Your words are terrible, Mary," he said. "But it is impossible that our long love can come to so ordinary an end."

"Impossible? So I myself, but a little while ago, would have thought. But, I say again, our engagement is at an end."

"What is the secret of this fearful change?"

"Your course of life," Mary answered, "and the clear counsel of my mother founded upon it. Carabas—Carabas—if my heart breaks, I will speak truthfully and plainly. There has been that between us which seemed the foundation of my whole future. I have clung to my love for you—I have clung to the hope of my union with you; but I must, as a woman of upright, chaste heart, and a reason not altogether lost, forego my love and my hope. You have converted the house, into which how gladly would I not have gone, a bride blushing her happiness at your side, into a den of gamblers. Here, from this window, see the house of your good father," she cried, rising and lifting a curtain. "It shows fair to the eye. It is as we have always seen it, since you and I, Carabas, could stand upon our little feet and look out over the green valley. But you have made it a house of sin—even of low and vulgar sin. And you are not sacrificing pure tastes of your own to the demands of a fantastic hospitality. You gamble with the worst as with the best—and to such excess, as not only to imperil your fortune, but to make ruin certain. Your habits, apart from this fatal vice, are those of a reckless spendthrift. Last of all, but worst of all, it is but a few days since only chance saved you from the eternal stain of murder."

"Mary, stop—for God's sake," said Car, with a look of ghastly wretchedness, but with the fire of his bold nature struggling to light his eyes. "Our judgment of human conduct depends much upon the point from which we view it. You view my actions in their worst light, and apply the harshest names to them. One so true and noble should be more just—or, if to be just must be to condemn

me, more merciful. Have I fallen deeper into sin than those mid-depths which the kind of heart allot to *error*? And might not a gentle friend soften what you brand as vices into foibles? As for the crime, from which you say chance only rescued me—as I am a gentleman, I did but act upon my best understanding of the duties of self-defence. You may say that prudence will guard a man against such perils of choice between the loss of his own, and taking of another's life. So be it. I am not prudent. But am I to be cast off by a true heart for such a failing?"

"You gloss your terrible faults to the eyes of your reason," replied Mary Hunter; "and, so long as you do so, may despair of their correction. But this conversation must come to an end. I have here a letter written by a base, foolish person, utterly beneath your resentments." She placed a letter in his hands. "It concerns you, in part. Take it, and if you should ever be alone in the wild life of Cotsworth, read and ponder upon it. If you are not utterly lost, it may be of service to find how the base speak of you. Pride may do what nobler motives to a pure life have failed to do. To terminate this painful conversation, it was I that, in fact, sent for you. My kind grandfather, who still loves you, wrote to you at my suggestion. I should perhaps have written to you myself, but a lady's letter is hardly to be trusted to such an audience as you have at Cotsworth."

"Mary—Mary—you do me wild injustice," exclaimed Carabas, well nigh beside himself. "This last insinuation is utterly unendurable. Do you dream that I—I—could be base enough to make you a scoff and a lewd jest before any audience, good or bad? I say that you have passed the point of justice and do me terrible wrong. God forgive you for it—as for the rest of this cruel scene."

"I believe," said Mary, looking intently into his now flushed face—for shame had overcome its pallor—"I believe that in this I have wronged you. Forgive me. It is hard to endure, with a gentle temper, the overthrow of the dearest of our earthly hopes. You, Carabas, have wrecked my happiness. It is your fate to go down in a summer sea, in the very joyous prime of life's voyage; my sum of happiness sinks with you. I forgive you. Forgive me this one wrong. Farewell."

Carabas took her delicate hand into his own. A mist came over his eyes. He raised them to dispel it, and presently they were fixed in the direction of a wonderfully executed French engraving. The engraving was of a single figure—one of the gentlest of the suffering spirits of Dante's *Inferno*. It might have been the lover of Francesca, except that Francesca—his inseparable in the poet's vision—was not by his side on the infernal gale that buoyed his long and taper wings. But it was not upon the engraving itself that his eyes rested. Beneath it, printed in bright and clear characters,

were the words "L'AME PERDUE." He muttered these words. Despair was stamped deeply upon his face. "Mary," he at last said, "your words have been worse than deadly. I am a lost soul."

This interview was preying upon the very life of Mary Hunter. Anguish was beginning to take the place of resolution, offended pride and all else. But she made a final effort and regained her firmness. As Carabas uttered his last hopeless words, she struggled a moment with a convulsive sob, and spoke with a manner of distraction, but with inexorable constancy to her leading thought.

"We must—do you hear me?—we must part. I have done my duty as I understood it. God forgive me if I have erred. I have said that our contract is at an end. I say it still. My heart may break, but I will not yield myself to the shame of—But let that pass. If manhood is in your nature, call upon it, arm it, compel it into action; cast out the evil. Become a true and generous-hearted man—pure in life, noble in impulses, subdued in passions—and happiness is still in store for you."

The conclusion of this speech lifted Carabas above the "burning marl" into which he had been precipitated.

"Will such a change," he asked, with a confused hope stealing in upon his misery, "restore me to my position in all things? May I hope one day to win again the beautiful, wise, and brave woman whom my madness has lost?"

"I promise nothing," answered Mary. "Your reformation must be an unbought work. Appeal to Heaven, and your conscience, for direction and do your duty."

Pressing a hand upon her brows, she left the room.

Carabas, a little relieved of his intense misery, clutching at the phantom of a hope, which a calm survey—had circumstances permitted a calm survey to him—of his position, of the long and undenied attachment of Mary, of her evident present grief in the severance of ties between them, might reasonably have increased into a happy assurance of one day receiving her hand, as the reward of self-purification, left Winisfalen without making a visit, (he shrunk nervously from it,) to his kind old guardian, and turned his horse's head homeward. I must tarry behind him.

Whilst the interview, which I have just given, was yet unended, Col. Hunter was impatiently expecting his young friend to come up to his room. The old gentleman, much enfeebled by the six years and more that had passed over his head since the reader became acquainted with him—I refer to the date of the abduction of Dragon—was sitting in his accustomed easy chair, and leaning as formerly upon the head of his cane. Robin, quite gray-headed and a little shrunk from his former proportions, was standing near. His master had latterly made something of a companion of him;

for Robin could discourse forever upon the pedigrees, points, and performances of horses; and the old gentleman preferred such discourse infinitely to the homilies of Mrs. Agnes Hunter, a lady of cold manners and sympathies, but of rigid piety. The Colonel and Robin are talking. Carabas Car has supplanted the horse topic.

"Robin, have you seen the boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Robin, who, when not on his great topic was laconic enough.

"How is he looking?"

"He looked thin and whitish, sir, when he rode up."

"Poor fellow," mused the old gentleman. "Robin, Simon Grimshaw has got hold of him. What is the name of Simon's son?"

"Paul, sir."

"Paul!"—the old gentleman gave a sad chuckle. "Simon is at work, Robin; but I suppose it is only robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Robin did not understand the point of the sad joke.

"What was the name," continued his master, "of that sad dog that Simon fleeced with his deeds of trust, and turned out of house and home!—the youngster, I mean, that kept the fine pack and used to ride the crop-eared sorrel?"

"You mean mas Charley Cuthbert, sir," answered Robin.

"Yes, it was Cuthbert," sighed the old gentleman. "He was the son of wild Jack Cuthbert, who invited me out for a quarrel at cards. Jack was a dashing fellow. You remember all about it, and how I pinked him. When was it, Robin?"

"It's the best part of fifty years ago, sir," answered Robin, after counting back in his mind.

"Simon robbed young Cuthbert," continued his master. "He thinks to play the same game with Carabas. But our old walls here, and the lands, and the horses, Robin,—Grey Lock, and Miranda, and the fast bay, and the Timoleon filly, and all—must go before the boy shall be turned out of his father's house."

Robin looked disconsolate.

"The ladies bear hard against the boy," resumed his master. "They are full of religion and hardness of heart, Robin. What if the lad does scatter his wild oats? He will stop one day. As for the blood-spilling, and all that, a fine young man will do such things, when a blackguard, brought up to carry books under his arm and go to meetings with old ladies, will take a beating and sue for damages. I don't blame him for shooting the rascal Digges. I should have done it myself. A gentleman must protect a woman. The boy did some fine things in the old countries, Robin. Tyler gave me an account of them. What was the name of the fat German count—the one that he carried the voice clean out of with a bullet through the lungs?"

"I disremember, sir," said Robin, "but it was Thunder something."

"Yes," resumed the old gentleman. "It was Thunder something—Count Thundergust, or some such name. And there was the Englishman shot in the hip. He made them stand about, Robin. There's no falling off in the youngster. He shows the old strain. In the year ninety-five, Robin—I think it was ninety-five—the boy's father and myself"—

At this cheerful start upon the track of a pleasant reminiscence of the feats of his youth, Mrs. Agnes Hunter entered the room. Her calm eyes and frigid demeanor rebuked the rising fervor of the old gentleman. He became silent.

"Where is young Mr. Car?" he at length asked, "that he doesn't pay me a visit."

"He has left the house," replied Mrs. Hunter.

"Left the house, without coming up to see me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a look of astonishment and incredulity.

"He has been an hour gone."

The brow of the old man grew dark. "You have sent him off—have you? Turned the boy out of my house? Sent him to the dogs?"

"These are not words to be used on such an occasion," said Mrs. Hunter. "My daughter has certainly performed her duty and discarded him. But I trust she will never go beyond her duty and expel any one, however depraved, from your house."

"Robin—Robin," cried the old gentleman, "these women will be the death of me. Get the coach out. If the boy is driven away from me, I will pay a visit to him."

"You are not well enough to go to Cotsworth," said Mrs. Hunter, "And, moreover, a gentleman should not be seen amongst such persons as are constantly there."

"I am well enough—well enough," answered the old gentleman. "And why may not a gentleman trust himself where he pleases? If his house is full of bloodsuckers, the boy and myself will drive them out. Load the double-barrel, Robin, and brush up the pistols."

Robin was obliged to make at least a show of obeying his master.

A few minutes after he left the room, the old Colonel said, "I feel strangely drowsy."

He leaned his head against the back of his chair. Mrs. Hunter presently observed a change in his features. The kind old man had received a warning touch from the hand of the Dread Angel. It was surely paralysis that passed, producing a drooping languor upon his open and kindly face. The house was instantly in a state of great disturbance. The family physician was sent for. When he came, his patient had greatly revived. The physician pronounced the attack a slight one and administered proper remedies. The old gentleman saw Robin, in tears, standing by his bed-side.

"Never mind, Robin," he said with an utterance a little affected by the attack. "There's life enough in my old body yet. I am only scratched; the bullet whistled past. If you could toss Galipot and his medicines down stairs, we should do very well in a day or two. Come here, Mary. Stoop a little nearer. Kiss me, my dear. Call the poor boy back; my old heart is set upon it."

These were the scenes of a day at Winisfalen.

(*To be continued.*)

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

BY S. S. BRADFORD.

Thou mighty one! with blood-dyed garment come,
Where'er thy resting place, where'er thy home;
Come, scepter'd monarch of the countless dead,
Dart in thy hand and crown upon thy head;
Though life's red streams gush cold around the heart,
The pulse throb wildly, and the spirit start,
Though cold sweats stand in drops upon my brow,
In all thy terrors hover round me now.
The spirit waits to feel thy touch of fire,
Then snatch the harp and tune the quivering lyre,
And, bending low before thine awful throne,
To thee devote the song, to thee alone!

Look back, my soul, look back with awe, and gaze
Upon the gliding forms of other days,
When ocean's surges broke their bounding bars,
Sprang o'er the earth and glittered with the stars,
Crushed the proud mountains down beneath the wave,
And earth lay buried in a watery grave—
That was, O Death, thy day of triumph! then,
Beneath thee sank the thousand tribes of men;
Then, reignest thou, invincible—o'er all
The universe, was thrown thy dismal pall;
Where'er the sons of man have heard thy tread,
Stand the lone, silent "cities of the dead!"
Thy ways o'er earth, are paved with human bones,
Thy "marching music," children's, widows' groans!
On every ancient scroll we trace, with awe,
Those lines of blackness, which the prophet saw,
And ages past combine alone to swell,
In solemn grandeur, one vast funeral knell.
It wakes far distant, in creation's prime,
It sweeps, it thunders down the tides of time;
In night's dark hours, its depths of music roll,
Shaking the deep foundations of the soul;
Sweet, rich, and mournful—as the forest trees,
Like myriad harps, sound to the evening breeze,
Responsive chords ring deep within the breast
And low tones whisper of eternal rest!

'Tis no strange work of thine, O Death, to stand,
Thy sharpened arrow gleaming in thy hand.
Robed in thy terrors, by a dying bed,
Where sister holds a dying sister's head,

Or fainting parent presses to his heart
The well-beloved child before they part;
To stand, and silent wait the appointed chime
Ringing, to life and hope, the end of time;
Then, while affection's lips are quivering there,
And, with soft accents, urging thee to spare—
When nature, tired of the unequal strife,
With groans resigns to thee the sufferer's life,
Unswerving, plant the arrow in the breast,
And leave the sufferer to his last, long rest.

And so, dark, silent one, must each one feel
The thrilling coldness of that mortal steel,
And in those chains of clay and darkness bound,
Rest, rest for ages, mouldering in the ground;
We stand, in awe we stand, and gaze alone,
Over the world; where thou hast placed thy throne;
While, all around, the sickening surges roll,
Spraying and dashing o'er the fainting soul.
Comes there no gentle tone, no soothing voice,
To speak, and bid the sufferer's heart rejoice—
Not one blest beam from Heaven, whose gladd'ning ray
May turn the darkness into beaming day—
From fragrant bowers above no balmy breeze,
To bring the fainting heart and spirit ease?

The dead, the lovely, youthful dead,
Can they not leave their grassy bed,
Hallowed by many a tear,
And in night's still and solemn hour,
Led by affection's mighty power,
Visit their loved ones here?

For mightier than the waves of death
Is the swelling tide of love,
Springing from holy fountains first—
Fountains of life above;
And stronger than the silver cord,
Affections golden tie—
Can it not bind the soul to earth,
Though the body's pulses die?

O, can it be, that spirits bright
May call, yet call in vain,
And not an ear on earth have power
To listen to the strain,
Which the sounding winds refuse to bear
From the glorious regions of upper air,
Like a music note at evening tide,
Soft stealing o'er the wave,
Its birth-place in the ocean depths,
And in the sea, its grave!

And comes there not a whispering voice,
A gently breathing moan,
When night's dark pall, sweeps over all,
And the spirit is alone?
A soft, a Heavenly breeze to chase
Away the clouds of gloom
And stir the curtains dark, which hang
Between us and the tomb!

They come, with flowers around their brows,
Fresh roses, pure and bright:
They float upon the evening tide,
In robes of gleaming white;
But not the flowers which Love's soft hand

Threw thick upon the bier,
And not the shroud's pure snowy white,
Stained with Love's warmest tear!

Those funeral wreaths have faded now,
Those flowers no longer bloom,
And the shroud that wreathed around the dead
Is mouldering in the tomb!
These roses grow, above decay,
O'er the tomb of death, on high;
And the robe of white is the shining garb
Of immortality.

Vanished, bright heavenly vision! then, again,
Sad notes, awake—flow on thou mournful strain!
"I go to them by Heaven's high decree,
"But they shall never more return to me."
Death thou art terrible! to thee we bow,
Tracing no lines of love upon thy brow!
We shrink thy burning fiery glance beneath,
We twine thy spear-point with no flower wreath,
But calmly wait our time, and stern and still,
Obey thy dread, inexorable will!
Strength for the trial! shall we look to thee
Bright-eyed and calm one, dear Philosophy?
Strength for the awful trial—strength to stand,
And feel each weapon shivering in the hand!
Feel the dark waters settling o'er the head,
Yet, calm as sleeping goodness, feel no dread!
Strength for such awful trial, canst thou give,
Thou, who canst teach the wise man how to live!

Go to the islands of the sunny South,
And stand beside the fiery mountain's mouth;
O'er the red crater's gulf the green turf throw,
Where thousand flames, as molten iron, glow;
Lay down the sod and build a solid path,
Above the storehouse of the Almighty's wrath;
Then walk in safety o'er the glowing blocks
Of solid fire, the surge of liquid rocks;
But think not, child of earth, it is for thee
To find a path across that fiery sea!
Mortal! thy fainting steps I may not guide,
Through the dim regions where the dead abide!

Come, brighter hopes! O dawn upon the breast!
Come, cheer the soul and bring the sick heart rest!
Fair daughter of the skies! celestial Faith!
Thine aid we call, for thou canst conquer death!
Soft light shall play around the cold grave stone,
And triumph mingle with the dying groan—
O'er the pale face a joyous smile shall play
And every starting tear be wiped away!
Yes, mighty one! we triumph now; in vain
Thy fatal dart, thy cold, thy clayey chain!
Yes, strong in Hope and Faith we triumph now,
And tear the circlet from thy bony brow!
The time shall come, when stripped of all thy power,
Thyself, with Time, shall reach the dying hour—
The earth, long chained, start from beneath thy feet,
And all the pulses of creation beat,
When renovated life, as God above,
Opens new fountains of mingled life and love,
And crystal waters gush, outflowing free,
And spread and widen to eternity!

LIFE AND SERVICES OF MAJOR GENERAL HULL.*

In common with a large majority of those who had reached maturity during or immediately subsequent to the war with England in 1812,—we regarded the surrender of the post of Detroit as caused either by the imbecility or treachery of its commander, General Hull. We were nurtured in early life in the principles and prejudices of the dominant party which declared that war, and it would have required more than the firmness which belongs to youth and inexperience to have resisted the strong tide of popular opinion which set against its victim, especially when encouraged if not actually guided by some of the prominent men who were then favorites in council, if not at the head of Affairs. We remember well to have yielded without an effort and without enquiry to what seemed the general voice which consigned that injured man to the ostracism of a nation. The circumstances of the time were unfavorable to any thing like a fair investigation of the case. The popular feeling was for war, and the necessary preparation for that emergency never entered into the calculations of the masses, who, in all free states, directly or indirectly control the action of the government. The loss of an important military post at the very commencement of hostilities wounded deeply the national pride, and the event was at first so astounding that it might have been aptly compared to a thunder-bolt in a clear sky. It was unexpected, humiliating and perplexing, and the earliest recovery from the shock naturally gave place to a burning thirst for revenge; revenge upon the supposed instrument of the national disgrace, and revenge upon the proud adversary who had repelled the first invasion of her soil. Years have rolled on, and the stereotyped story of Hull's defection has been transmitted from generation to generation. Almost every writer of political events, from the author of some respectable octavo down to the humblest compiler for the nursery, has continued to repeat the narrative without once remembering that the business of the historian, or even of the annalist, is something more than to make a mere record of past errors. To correct those errors, howsoever consecrated by time and prejudice, and to render justice though tardy to the memory of a traduced patriot and revered ancestor are the objects of the volume we have undertaken to notice. If it had no other claims to our regard it would challenge our hearts as the offspring of filial love, and although, for the present, public attention may

* The Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General William Hull; prepared from his manuscripts by his daughter, Mrs. Maria Campbell, together with a history of the Campaign of 1812 and the surrender of the post of Detroit, By his grandson, James Freeman Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

"An unshaped kind of something first appeared,"

is a line in Cowley's famous description of the Creation.

be retarded or suspended, we predict, with confidence, that, "like bread cast upon the waters, it will be found after many days."

The first and largest part of this interesting work is occupied by General Hull's civil life and revolutionary services,—founded principally upon his own journal of the stirring scenes through which he passed, but prepared for the press by his daughter, Mrs. Campbell and interwoven by connecting remarks and explanations necessary to give completeness to the narrative. Mr. Clarke, in his preface to the campaign of 1812, says, that "it was a favorite and cherished object of this lady to erect this monument to the memory of her father, and her life was spared by a kind providence just long enough to enable her to complete it. Amid painful sickness and the languor of disease she labored diligently until it was finished. This labor of love seemed to sustain her failing strength, and when she reached its termination she could say 'Lord let me now depart'—and the daughter passed into the spirit land to meet the parent whom she so tenderly loved."

Mrs. Campbell's preface or address to the reader is eloquently written. It not only gives glowing utterance to her filial feelings, but presents a vigorous epitome of her father's wrongs in the Detroit Campaign. For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves *exclusively* to a brief notice of his revolutionary services.

A native of old Massachusetts, and of highly respectable descent, his early career resembled that of many of his countrymen. First enured to the healthful labor of agricultural pursuits, he passed from the plow to the college, and afterwards to professional life. The wishes of friends and relatives pointed to the study of Divinity; his own prepossessions looked to the Bar, but his unexpected appointment to a captaincy at the dawn of the revolutionary struggle determined his future pursuit. He went into the war with the taste and predilections of a soldier, and his first service was under Washington at the siege of Boston. It may, perhaps, be worthy of remark among the coincidences of life that when that great man took his leave of the army to embark at White Hall for Annapolis, Colonel Hull, at the head of a finely disciplined regiment, was specially designated to escort his commander to the barge in waiting at the wharf. The affecting circumstances of that departure, narrated by Marshall and other historians, are vividly told by Colonel Hull. In his revolutionary career he was first and last with the man who was his great exemplar in war and peace.

Washington's attention was more than once attracted by Hull's military talent, courage and energy. Few men, Napoleon himself, perhaps, not excepted, ever possessed, in a higher degree, the quality of reading the human character at a glance—of discerning the spirit, and thoughts, and qualifi-

cations of other men with whom he was thrown into contact. He selected Colonel Hull from among hundreds as the bearer of a communication of special trust and confidence to Count Rochambeau. He bestowed upon that officer and his comrades the "highest praise" for their gallant and successful attack upon Morrisiana, in which Hull was the leading and efficient actor, and as a crowning proof of the confidence felt by the commander-in-chief he offered him the honorable position in his military family of aid,—a position which would have been eagerly accepted by the first young men in the army. It is a strong proof of Hull's merit that this captivating offer was declined under the firm persuasion on his part of being more actively useful in another branch of the service. Having passed through the regular grades to the command of a regiment he was appointed to the post of Deputy Inspector General, under Baron Steuben, an appointment which afforded frequent opportunities of intercourse with that distinguished foreigner, and gratified a favorite passion for military order and discipline.

We have said that the first service of Colonel Hull was at the siege of Boston. We find him next in the retreat of Washington's army from York Island to the White Plains, and in the action at Chatterton Hill, where he was first wounded. There was in fact but little intermission in his continued course of active and frequently severe service. In the memorable battles of Trenton and Princeton which so signally raised the drooping spirits of the army and nation, Colonel Hull was in the thickest of the fight and not unnoticed by the eye of his great commander. He was conspicuous in the bloody contests of the 19th Sept. and 9th of October, immediately preceding the surrender of Burgoyne,—in the first of which his own command of three hundred men sustained a loss of nearly one half in killed and wounded,—a result more sanguinary than perhaps in any other conflict of the revolution. Passing over inferior operations we next find him at the battle of Monmouth, and soon after, at the early age of twenty-four, he was ordered on a separate command on the lines in the neighborhood of King's Bridge,—a station of great responsibility and danger—which he occupied with consummate ability in the face of a powerful foe, and surrounded by appalling disaffection.

When Washington's head quarters were at New Windsor, in the neighborhood of West Point, and circumstances obliged him for a while to act on the defensive, the enemy, under the command of the notorious Tryon, ravaged the Connecticut coast with fire and sword. The necessity of striking some decisive blow and of reconciling the public to the apparently inactive plan of operations which had been adopted,—together with other weighty considerations, determined the commander-in-chief

to direct an assault on the important garrison of Stoney Point. The expedition was confided to the brave and chivalrous Wayne, who, for his desperate enterprise in battle was known by the familiar name of "Mad Anthony." One of the three detachments, under that officer, was commanded by Hull, and the account given of the assault in his memoirs is extremely vivid and interesting. The advance was to be made at midnight with unloaded muskets, trusting to the bayonet alone, and a forlorn hope of twenty men was attached to each column of attack. One of these was commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, well known as an old and highly respectable inhabitant of Richmond. An incident recorded by the journalist deserves to be noted. "After the orders were communicated Major Hull recollected that there was a captain in his detachment to whom cowardice had been imputed on account of his conduct in the battle of Monmouth. He sought the young man and requested him to walk aside for a few moments, having something to communicate. When alone he said 'It is a subject of much delicacy, my dear sir, of which I am about to speak, and my motive to serve you must be my apology for the liberty I take. You are aware that reports injurious to your character as a soldier have been in circulation since the battle of Monmouth; as no inquiry has been made into your conduct on that occasion your brother officers still view you as wanting in bravery. You have, no doubt, a distinct recollection of the nature of your feelings at that time, and if conscious that there was a want of fortitude to meet the dangers to which you were then exposed you must be sensible that in the duties now to be performed they are of a character much more imposing; but that they are so is favorable, as you are furnished in the hazardous enterprise before us with a better opportunity to eradicate impressions for which no just cause may exist. But whatever might have been the truth I leave you to decide whether to return to the camp and give your company to the command of your Lieutenant or to lead it yourself.'

"Captain * * * * replied, 'I thank you sir for your consideration and candor, and hope to prove myself worthy of it. Wait a few moments until I return.'

He came, accompanied by his Lieutenant, and related to him, in the presence of Major Hull, the conversation which had just taken place. Then, with a calm and resolute expression of countenance, said, 'I request you to observe my conduct during the assault, and if I do not acquit myself with the bravery which my rank and the occasion demands, I beg you to kill me on the spot.'

The Lieutenant assured him his request should be complied with. So gallantly did Captain * * * * acquit himself in the assault, that from that time his courage was never questioned."

If time and space permitted it might be well to dwell upon the moral of this incident. That there are diversities in the natural organization cannot be denied. We have known some men in the course of our experience endued physically with iron nerves, who were totally destitute of moral principle, and others of pure intelligence and virtue who "could not look upon human carnage with the least composure." The courage which thirsts for blood is the feeling of a savage or a brute. That only is a safe and honorable sentiment which springs from a conscientious performance of duty to God and man, and is the only kind of courage that will stand the scrutiny of time and eternity. If the officer, in whose behalf Colonel Hull's kind feelings were so deeply interested, was conscious of any constitutional or physical infirmity at Monmouth, he certainly manifested at Stoney Point a much higher degree of bravery than that which belongs to mere animal nature.

The brilliant capture of that garrison and the subsequent signal success at Morrisiana to which we have already adverted formed the closing scenes of Colonel Hull's military career in the revolution. It is not our purpose to dwell minutely upon his civil services at the close of that war; but a brief notice of the most important may not be unacceptable. Political readers will remember that after the treaty of peace, causes of mutual complaint and crimination existed between the two nations. The detention of the western posts, by the British authorities in plain violation of one of the terms of the treaty, long continued a source of exasperation. At an early period of the controversy, Colonel Hull was deputed by the government to repair to Quebec and remonstrate with the Governor General on the subject, but the cogent views which he presented were totally unheeded. A bloody Indian war succeeded and desolated the north western frontier; and our armies, under Harmar and Sinclair sustained disastrous defeats which roused the spirit of the country. The hero of Stoney Point was commissioned to roll back the fearful tide of carnage, and well did he execute the task in the sanguinary defeat of the savages. Before the achievement of this victory, Colonel Hull was again deputed as commissioner to Upper Canada to negotiate an Indian peace under the auspices of Governor Simcoe. He was only partially successful; but the bayonets of "Mad Anthony" and Jay's British treaty, in 1794, restored the tranquility of the country.

Before this period Colonel Hull was active and efficient in the suppression of Shay's rebellion,—a remarkable event which occurred in the old Bay State, but which does not seem to have attracted much notice from the general historians of the U. States. It was a case of popular resistance far more serious and, in many respects, much more respectable than the theoretical insurrection of the

Rhode Island hero in modern times. The grievances of the insurgents were grave and practical, but unfortunately they assumed the false prerogative of subverting public liberty in order to redress private wrongs.

The 23rd chapter of Mrs. Campbell's work gives a very interesting account of Colonel Hull's unwearied exertions to obtain from the General Government for his brethren in arms the long promised pecuniary reward for years of toil, privation and suffering. This sacred trust and mission of fraternal kindness was confided to him by the officers of his native Massachusetts. Their petition was presented to Congress with the favor and approbation of President Washington, and yet strange to tell Congress postponed the application "to a more convenient season." That convenient season never arrived until most of the actors in the scene and their immediate relatives had descended to the tomb; and although it is true that most of these blood-bought obligations have been since liquidated by the federal and state governments, the benefit has enured in an equal degree to strangers as well as to the descendants of patriots who sunk to their last repose too often in sorrow and destitution.

In 1798, Colonel Hull visited Europe, and on his return received successive and substantial proofs of the confidence and esteem of his countrymen. He was appointed judge of the court of Common Pleas and Major General of militia, and elected a member of the State Senate. In 1805 he was appointed, by President Jefferson, Governor of the Michigan territory, which office he continued to hold until the war of 1812.

We have now arrived at the second and last and in some respects the most important act in this historical drama. Hitherto we find the chief actor, with the exception of the toils and privations of military life, as highly favored as moderate ambition could desire. His various trusts were crowned with honor and success, and his onward path was cheered by the benignant smile of a Washington. It is not given to mortals, however, always to journey upon smooth seas and in pleasant skies. It was the destiny of Hull as it is the destiny of thousands to pass through a tranquil meridian and in the evening of life to encounter storms of persecution and obloquy. It is chiefly to his brief career in the early part of the war of 1812 and to the harsh and, as we believe, unfounded denunciations of his military conduct, that we desire to point the particular attention of our readers. We hazard nothing in saying that Mr. Clarke's vindication will find an approving echo in every impartial and independent mind. It is obvious, that in preparing it, he has consulted with diligence and zeal all the sources of evidence both for and against the accused which were accessible. Some of the authorities referred to in the preface we have ourselves examined, and can bear testimony

to the fidelity with which the writer represents the facts and circumstances which bear upon the subject. A summary of the events which occurred as they stand in our military annals; a notice of the principal charges and imputations which spring from those events, and the grounds upon which General Hull relied for his defence and justification, we shall endeavor to present briefly, with the hope that Mr. Clarke's clear narrative and reasoning may be examined in detail.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the troubles and difficulties encountered by Governor Hull when at the head of the Michigan territory and as such *ex officio* agent for Indian affairs. In the spring of 1812, being at Washington, he urged upon the administration the vital importance, in view of the near prospect of war with England, of providing a sufficient force for the protection of the north-western frontier from Indian depredation. The President accordingly called upon the Governor of Ohio for a detachment of 1,200 militia to be joined by the 4th regiment of U. S. Infantry, and the command of the whole was tendered to Hull with the rank of Brigadier General. The trust was reluctantly accepted, and not without repeated importunity. Military distinction had few or no charms for one whose brow was already twined with youthful laurels, and more especially as the proffered service might enfeeble, if it did not dissolve the tie which, for six years, had united his affections to the people of Michigan. Notwithstanding these strong considerations, there were others, and it is natural that there were others of paramount force. He accepted and assumed the command, and after a toilsome march with the labor of opening a road 200 miles in length through the wilderness of Ohio,—reached the post of Detroit. In the meantime war was declared with England, and it is a fact as remarkable as it is important, that the British authorities in Canada received earlier intelligence of that event than our own forces scattered on the frontier. Urged by the impatient spirits around him, and by the implied if not positive order of the government, the General crossed the dividing stream and invaded the enemy's territories. Every thing at first promised success. The proclamation, issued by the commander, (which had the singular fate of being highly approved at Washington at one time and denounced at another,) was likely from its tone to conciliate and disarm the Canadian population. The British garrison at Malden seemed almost within our grasp, and might have been reduced but for opposing circumstances. But all these fair prospects were suddenly darkened by causes which not only seemed but were in truth irresistible. These causes were mainly three. First, the sudden surprise and capture by a British detachment of Fort Mackinaw, the principal security and barrier against Indian hostility. Second, the inter-

ruption of the General's communications with the State of Ohio by swarms of British and Indians, cutting off all military supplies from that State and rendering the situation of the army more perilous as the enemy had exclusive command of Lake Erie, and could of course intercept all assistance through that channel. Third, the armistice which was separately negotiated between Sir George Prevost and the American General, Dearborn, who commanded on the Niagara frontier, by which singular arrangement the British forces were enabled to operate against Hull, whilst that officer was himself deprived of all coöperation with the troops of Dearborn.

With this disastrous combination of events,—hordes of Indian allies brandishing their tomahawks on one side, and a strong English force investing the fort on the other, is it all wonderful that the post of Detroit was surrendered? Is such a result more strange or surprising than numberless similar events in the annals of war? But we will not, for the present at least, indulge in this train of reflection.

We are not conscious of giving any false coloring to this brief narrative. The facts presented are historically true, and it remains to be shown how these facts have been distorted into hideous shapes,—from motives and designs which, if never fully known, may at least be the subject of conjecture. Both before and after the charges had assumed the legal forms of trial by Court Martial, the wildest exaggerations pervaded the country and were eagerly received by popular credence. It was boldly and impudently proclaimed that the patriot of 1780 had not only been seduced by British gold, but had even bestowed in marriage one of his daughters upon the British conqueror at Detroit. This feverish state of public feeling was of course fatal to calm and sober investigation. National vanity so often the predominant passion in free governments was wounded by defeat,—and government itself, conscious of its rashness in declaring war without preparation,—so far from screening the victim sought in his downfall a scape-goat for its own transgressions.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are far from hazarding any imputation or complaint against the virtuous Madison who then presided at the head of affairs; but experience must be a dull teacher if we have not learned that in the practical operation of this as well as all other governments, the chief is not and cannot always be responsible for the evil which originates with, and is often widely circulated from, the fountains of authority. History will prove that Mr. Madison was above every thing ignoble; but it cannot prove that he was above the frailties of humanity, or that his generous nature did not sometimes confide where confidence was misplaced. Unless he has been much misrepresented he was personally opposed to the declara-

tion of war at the time it was declared. Without any knowledge of the science or practice of war he was sufficiently read in human affairs to know that a young, defenceless and unprepared republic could not cope with a powerful monarchy without a wasteful sacrifice of blood and treasure. Mr. Madison's apprehensions on this subject were fully realized. However just the causes and provocations which induced the measure, impartial history must decide that, at the time of its adoption, it was in the highest degree rash and inexpedient.

But let it be conceded, for argument sake, what has often been urged, that there could be no true preparation for war until the blow was actually struck; that military genius could only be excited by a trial at arms, and that no nation was ever yet instructed in the sublime art of man-killing without previous libations of blood. Yet even this concession, if it acquitted the authors and projectors must also acquit the instruments and agents whose means were insufficient, or whose plans were confounded by unforeseen events. It is obvious that General Hull could no more have avoided the surrender of Detroit than he could have changed the destiny of affairs or defied the fiat of Providence. *But he could have fought!* was the common exclamation of the day. He could at least have saved or preserved the national honor by firing his cannon at the enemy and causing some destruction of human life! We ask if there be any code of morals or any principle of military etiquette which requires the practice of human butchery as a point of honor, or as an empty ceremony without the least prospect of advantage? Mr. Clarke has, we think, conclusively shown that the surrender was *inevitable*, and that resistance would have been vain if not actually culpable. According to the Biographer's simple and energetic statement, the army was cut off from its supplies and with no adequate means of opening its communications. Hull was posted twenty miles in rear of the enemy's principal fortress. He was distant between two and three hundred miles from the base of his operations, from which all supplies were to be drawn. His communication with those supplies was through a wilderness filled with hostile Indians, and for seventy-five miles along a river and a lake exposed to the cannon of the British ships. Two attempts to re-open this communication had failed. The lake was in the enemy's power and could not be taken. All hope of aid from the army of Dearborn was extinguished, and even if General Hull had fought and conquered the British general in front, the enemy's naval force and his savage allies would have still retained absolute control and made victory fruitless. It is true that powerful efforts were made at the time, (and such will always be made so long as it is necessary to impugn the dead for the benefit of the living,) intended to impeach and discredit the facts upon which Hull's

vindication rested. It was asserted for example that needful supplies of provisions might have been procured from the Michigan territory, without being drawn from a distance; that at the time of the surrender the American force was greatly superior to that of the enemy; and to give greater point to specific items of accusation they were all concentrated in the one comprehensive charge that the General's misfortunes were justly chargeable to himself and neither to Dearborn nor the Federal administration. We shall not pretend to any detailed examination of these various points. Suffice it to say that Mr. Clarke has presented them in their full force and with the most commendable fairness, and that he has repelled them by a convincing array of evidence and an unanswerable train of reasoning. We should not fear to appeal to any honest heart or independent mind for a thorough vindication of the accused.

It is necessary for us to say something of the Court Martial and sentence of condemnation. We confess that we have read its history with surprise and not without mortification. That the whole scheme was one of *political expediency*, no man in his senses can doubt who will calmly examine the subject. It was perhaps the most remarkable military tribunal that ever existed in a free country. When Hull returned from captivity in Canada, and invited a trial,—the court was first organized at Philadelphia and was suddenly dissolved without explanation. Twelve months afterwards, (the prisoner still under arrest,) it was reorganized or rather a new one created, and General Dearborn appointed President. This was certainly a strange selection. Dearborn had the strongest interest in Hull's conviction, and the latter's acquittal was the other's condemnation. Mr. Clark remarks truly, that a man so situated would have been disqualified to act as a juror in a controversy involving a few dollars and cents, and yet he was permitted to decide the fate of an injured rival in a momentous proceeding of life and death. The Court itself was composed of some members at least, whose positions were not less equivocal than that of their presiding officer. Young subalterns who had served under Hull, and others who had acted as aids to Dearborn, assembled together with parchments of promotion in their pockets, and were doubtless prepared to consummate the premeditated work of injustice. Eminent Counsel had been employed by the government to assist the prosecution,—whilst the enforcement of a tyrannical military law prevented the prisoner's advocate from reading his defence. And yet we will not say that in spite of these barriers to even handed justice, there were not in that Court some noble spirits at least, who disdained the trammels of authority. The sentence of a majority, however, might justly be considered as a foregone conclusion. The only material charges were treason and cowardice, and of

those as a matter of course the accused was found guilty. The first and only specification of the treason-charge, which deserves notice, strikingly exemplifies the desperate shifts of power, to bolster up a feeble cause. It was no less than the curious accusation "of hiring a vessel to transport sick men and baggage from Miami to Detroit."—When Hull in his toilsome march through the wilderness of Ohio, arrived at the rapids of Miami, he found it necessary to dispatch his invalids and hospital stores to Detroit by the way of Lake Erie, and the vessel employed for that purpose was captured by the enemy at Malden. At the time, he was entirely ignorant of the declaration of war,—whilst the enemy had previously received the intelligence *with the frank of the Secretary himself*. We do not pretend of course, to ascribe this extraordinary fact to anything more than some *extraordinary* blunder in the Department at Washington,—but if it were *treasonable* under such circumstances to send the vessel and its freight from Miami to Detroit, the honorable secretary by all the rules of forensic logic, was either principal or accessory in the crime. It is unnecessary to say that this frivolous count in the government indictment was promptly dismissed even by that strange tribunal organized to try it. The accusation of cowardice, however, was thought to be entitled to greater favor; an accusation which, according to the sentiments if not the language of judicial men in similar cases, "is far more easily made than proved;"—an accusation which every envious or ambitious military demagogue may prefer,—but which minds of superior mould and exalted feeling are alone qualified to adjudge. What a picture does such a prosecution present? The hero of Revolutionary battles,—arraigned thirty years afterwards before a juvenile tribunal interested in his conviction and disgrace! In the language of Mr. Clarke, "what will be the judgment of posterity when temporary interests, passions and prejudices shall have passed away?"

We shall conclude in the further eloquent words of the biographer. "To that ultimate tribunal (posterity) the friends of General Hull confidently appeal. They call upon future historians of the war of 1812, to rise above the influence of prejudice and to render justice to the memory of their fellow-citizen. If his feelings can no longer be comforted by this tardy recompence for the unmerited abuse and calumnies from which he suffered; the truth of history may at least be vindicated. He sleeps in his tranquil grave, and can never hear that his countrymen have at last understood him. But our country itself will be honored, if it can be shown that though like other republics, it is sometimes ungrateful to its servants, yet that it will at last do justice to their memory; and that though clouds of misrepresentation may long over-

shadow the name of an upright man, the sun of truth has at last illuminated it.

"Respexit lumen et longo post tempore venit."

To the biographer's latin quotation, we add the words of our American Bryant.

*"Truth crush'd to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."*

H.

THE TWO TEARS.—A PICTURE.

I saw a young mother bend o'er her boy,
In the pride and flush of maternal joy,
And around her lips played a cheerful smile
As the rosy infant slumbered the while.
For a mother's love was fresh in her heart,
And the gush of feeling would sweetly start,
As she looked on the infant who slumbered there,
So calm, so beautiful, so fair.
There is nought, in this world of sin, so mild
As the balmy sleep of an artless child!
The parted lips, and the rosy breath,
The smile which tells of the calm beneath,
The brow so purely and brightly fair,
As though the image of God was there—
All seem to whisper, that angels keep
Their vigils over a child asleep!

But the first, bright smile of maternal pride,
On that mother's lip has faded and died—
And she shed one tear where the infant lay,
Then kissed the stain it had left away—
For o'er the future her fancy ran,
And she thought of her infant boy—a man—
When Care would darken the noble brow,
Which was so smooth and beautiful now—
When sickness and sorrow would dim the eye,
Which now softly closed in infancy—
And she raised her eyes, and, with accents mild,
She prayed that God would protect her child,
And ere the pure spark of existence became,
By the tempest of passion increased to a flame,
He would take the spirit which He had given,
In innocence back to its native heaven—

And sudden a change came o'er the child,
The lips, she had kissed, no longer smiled,
And it lay as still, and as calm in death,
As though it but waited its Maker's breath.
The mother's prayer had been heard on high,
And the child had gone to its home in the sky—

As a star, at the quiet hour of Even,
Peeps trembling from the bright chambers of heaven,
Ere the dark'ning shades of Night have come,
Then vanishes back to its starry home—
So the soul in this rosy shell, imperaled,
Had looked for a moment upon the dark world,
But it shrank from its cankering care and pain,
And calmly returned to Heaven again!

And a tear stood bright in the mother's eye,
As she saw the rosy infant die—
But she looked with the eye of faith and love,
And she saw, on the azure fields above,
A smile from her ransomed and angel boy,
Which gilded the tear with the rainbow of joy—
And thus each event, of our pilgrimage here,
Is noted at once by a smile and a tear—
A tear dims a smile for infancy's bloom
And a smile gilds the tear which is shed at the tomb!

CARRIL.

THE DOOM OF PAGANISM AND THE FALL OF ROME.

When the foundations of Rome were laid in obscurity upon the banks of the Tiber, gratitude to the founder procured his election by a grateful people to the office of King, of High Priest of their religion and commander of the armies of the newly arisen city. The favorite of the Immortal Gods he wisely dedicated himself and the state to their service and solemnly proclaimed and vowed a willing and entire obedience to their commands as revealed by the auspices of religion. Rome, reposing with implicit confidence and unwavering faith beneath the shield and protection of the Avenging Gods, beheld in the dim and shadowy future the bright destiny that awaited her, knowing that they would honor those whose chief business and highest enjoyment it was to honor and adore them. The mantle of Romulus descended with the kingly office, and amid all the changes in the civil and domestic policy of the Roman world, her chief magistrate ever continued her chief priest who, while he ruled Rome with mild or with despotic sway, ever listened to the behests and served at the altars of her gods. In every feat of arms, upon every field of battle, at home, abroad, in the deep gloom of the primeval forest or upon the tented field, upon the frozen Danube and beneath the sun of Arabian deserts, the Roman acknowledged and proclaimed his gods, and while the State acknowledged them in their public acts and reared temples to their honor and dedicated priests to their service upon every hill and in every valley, the devout and soul-believing Roman cherished as his chief treasure and paid morning, noon, and evening sacrifices to his household Penates. Religion became the very heart-blood of Rome, circulating through, warming, animating and agitating every part of the vast and mighty fabric, the sap which pervaded every limb of the empire and infused through the whole a strength, elasticity and vigor. But Rome fell. And was it that they forsook their gods, deserted their temples and worship, and suffered to die upon their altars the fire and the light which had guided them through every peril and

begirt them around with riches, and glory, and power? Or was it that their Deities had exhausted their powers, expended the sum of their virtue and, like Samson of old, feeling their strength decay, had exerted all their dying energy and overwhelmed in their own fall alike the friends and the enemies of Jupiter?

Religion has been defined by Carlyle to be that which a man believes and knows for certain concerning his vital relation to this mysterious universe and his duty and destiny there: and this he well says is the chief fact in regard to every man and every nation. For he who does believe and know for certain *anything* concerning his vital relation to this mysterious universe and his duty and destiny there, will govern his whole life accordingly, will pause, ponder and weigh well the consequences of every act and press forward with unfaltering steps to the goal whither his faith leads him. And in Pagan Rome there was a devout and all absorbing faith in the Deities of the Eternal City. Philosophers might doubt, as in every age it has been their fate and their privilege to do, but the masses believed. The teachings of childhood are rarely eradicated. They may lose sway and dominion for the moment, but they, like the food imbibed from the maternal breast, are a part of our being, and continually course through the brain as the blood through the veins of the animal man. And the mothers and matrons of Rome as of our own and of every age, looking to the glory and prosperity which surrounded them, and thence to the rock whence their fortunes were hewn, taught the infant prattler on the knee to look to the Gods alone as the authors of good, the founders and guardians of Imperial Rome. There was too something tangible in the religion of the Polytheists. Their heroes were their gods, and deified while living they preserved a place amid the statues of the capitol, adorned and beautified the world of a Roman patriot and guarded forever as a God that which he had created and preserved as a mortal. To the pious and devout and soul-believing Roman whose heroic deeds placed him while living amid the gods of his country was more than realized that beautiful fancy which will sometimes flit across the mind, that this world is to be for aye our resting place, and that with youth renewed he will yet again return to dwell amid the haunts of our childhood, purified and rendered a thousand fold more enchanting by the hand and the presence of the Deity.

Such was Pagan Rome when the star of Bethlehem arose. Such continued she, when riding high in the firmament, that star shot its feeble rays amid her groves and her temples. Such was she when the full blaze of the sun of righteousness beamed in upon the mind of her Constantine and fired his soul with zeal for the unknown God. The priest stood clothed in the sanctity of ages, the

fires which had been kindled by the breath of Romulus still burned with unfaded brightness, the victims lay bleeding upon the altars and the world lay prostrate before the shrine of Jove, when forth from the imperial palace came the edict which proclaimed the gods to be false, defied their power and decreed their dethronement. The priest was driven from the altar, the light of the temple was extinguished and a voice proclaimed, in tones which shook the Roman world, that a sacrifice *one* and all sufficient had been offered up for the sins of men. Had I been a Roman then I had wept at the change. Had the full blaze of the Sun of Righteousness shone around still should I have grieved to see the ancient gloom and superstition thus suddenly dispersed. For the light of truth was too strong for Roman vision. Men groped their way in continual doubt and labored in a continual agony of unbelief. The tolling of the first bell of the sanctuary was the knell of her departed spirit and the tomb of the christian emperor closed forever upon the memories and hopes of Rome.

I have anticipated my conclusion, and in announcing the decay of Roman spirit as the consequence of the extinction of her religion I have passed by or merely glanced at the reasons which in my mind have induced the conclusion. I return to scan with a closer scrutiny and to present in a more detailed form the causes which I conceive to have wrought the change.

The power which any religion exerts upon any people must depend upon two considerations. 1st. The degree of faith with which it is cherished, and 2nd the nature and extent of its connection with the daily habits and social relations of the people. By this latter I refer to the outward form and vesture in which the institutions of religion are clothed, as distinguished from religion itself of which they are merely the sign.

1. There are moments in the life of every man and every nation in which faith is all powerful and all controlling, in which belief has assumed the character of knowledge, and in which the actions of life are but the realization of the thoughts of the mind. Individuals frequently exhibit this truth in all its force, nations rarely so and then only so for a season. It is in nations the product only of an age of darkness and superstition, or in brighter and better times is confined to the masses who toil for the favored few. Europe, during the darkness of the middle ages, was full of truth, and acted forth with all the stern energy of enthusiasm the faith that was in her. Spain portrayed in hues of blood her entire adoption of the faith of Loyola. And Puritan New England proclaimed the unrelenting fury of her faith and zeal in the groans of expiring martyrs. Such is ever the faith of a rude and simple people. It is impossible it could be otherwise. To doubt denotes the power to reason and to reason upon abstract questions is the province of lei-

sure and refinement. And when Rome had attained the zenith of her fame and power, and conquered Greece had subdued and enslaved her proud oppressors by the magic of her eloquence and the subtilty of her wit, the same faith remained to the masses who down trodden and oppressed by her lordly aristocracy appealed to Gods of their fathers against their oppressors and fled to the altars of Jupiter as to their sure and only refuge. Doubt and infidelity found its only resting-place in the bosoms of the Philosophers and the haunts of the profligate. To the day when Constantine issued the edict against the religion of his fathers and when the temples in which continual sacrifice had been made to the Gods from the earliest dawn of Rome, were forever closed, the Priesthood retained its pristine dignity and power and all that controlling and subduing influence which every Priesthood, as the ambassadors of Heaven and intercessors between God and man, retain over the mass of men. And when the decree went forth that their days were numbered, and their office extinct, and their most holy services were declared unholy and unclean, a very abomination in the sight of Heaven, when the idols were hurled from their pedestals and the doors of the temples were forever closed to the inquirer, the penitent and suppliant, dark presentiments of coming evil took possession of the mind: Hope, buoyed and sustained by no future, where all was doubt, darkness and uncertainty, faded forever; and a deep and dark despair brooded over the city and filled every home and heart in Rome.

2. But the religion of Rome, like that of Greece, exerted a peculiar influence over its votaries by reason of its inseparable connection with the manners of the people and their daily occupations and most trifling concerns. The very amusements of the people in Rome were almost exclusively of a public nature, were sanctioned by religion and enacted under the guidance and authority of the chief Priests. Their games were a part of their religious worship, consecrated invariably to some God. The Gods presided at their daily banquet and the most interesting and important relation of life was never entered upon without first consulting the will and in obedience to the commands or permission of the Deities. And in fact there was nothing important or trivial in the life of a Roman citizen which was not tinged with the spirit of the religion of the empire. All this must have been the product of the most implied confidence, and the cause of a deep-seated and lasting attachment to the system of which these were a part. And when a new religion was suddenly introduced which was void of many, if not all of these peculiarities, or in which if they existed at all, they were so refined and spiritualized as to be unintelligible to the Pagan mind, and which prohibited as contrary to its spirit those pastimes and amusements which filled up so much of

the life of a Roman citizen, a fatal blow was aimed at the whole social life of the Empire. And the proud old Roman, as he gazed around his villa, stripped of the statues of his Gods and heard the sentence of banishment pronounced against the Penates of his house, no longer cherished a reverence for an Empire in which he was a Roman but in name.

And do I then conclude that to the Christian religion is to be traced all the horrors and enormities which marked the decline and were consequent upon the fall of Rome? By no means.

That Rome would long have maintained its integrity but for the public acknowledgment and establishment of the Christian religion as the religion of the Empire I believe. But the fall of Rome, though accompanied with many horrors and much at which the heart sickens, was a great good, and the humble observer and diligent student of the Providence of God can trace through all its darkness and gloom and chaos, link upon link of that chain of events which tends to the future glory and happiness of his race.

H. C. M.

Culpeper county, Virginia.

THE VOICE OF HOPE.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

As gaily down the stream of Time
Fast glides this bark of ours,
The heart should swell to Pleasure's chime,
The bark be filled with flowers.

For moving music fills the sail,
The silken sail so white,
And far behind the waters trail
Their curves of morning light.

They say this wave, whose whispering gush
Is soft as slumber's breath,
O'er darkling steeps and rocks will rush,
Into th' abyss of Death.

Believe it not! At close of day
This wave is gentlier rolled,
And crimson clouds and evening ray
Tinge all its breast with gold.

And when the night comes sweetly on
With cool, celestial dew,
The circling stars that fly the morn
Will twinkle into view.

Then gaily down the stream of Time
Fast glides this bark of ours—
Our bosoms swell to Pleasure's chime,
Our bark is trimmed with flowers.

Madison, Indiana.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

The following summary of the varied branches of human investigation is taken from the eloquent Discourse of the Hon. George P. Marsh, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, at the last commencement of Harvard University. We were so fortunate as to hear this Discourse and our impressions of its excellence at the time have been confirmed by a careful perusal of it in its published form. The view of Human Knowledge here given, presents indeed an "appalling array of life-long labors."

[*Ed. Mess.*

The vast and rapidly widening extension of the field of human knowledge is the most important among the many circumstances, that characterize and condition the intellectual life of the modern scholar. For many centuries, every successive generation has added new and laborious branches of study to the catalogue of things which man aspires to know, and the liberal arts have been multiplied and divided in the scheme of modern learning, as recent analysis has increased in number, and distinguished in essence, the primitive elements of chemical combination. An instinctive impulse inspires the true votary of learning with a feeling that knowledge is in itself a sufficient good, and in spite of his reason, which declares that it is but a means to an ultimate end, and therefore should be pursued with constant reference to its higher uses, he yields to the promptings of an unregulated appetite, and seeks to satisfy the undistinguishing curiosity of youth, by fathoming the mysteries of all science, and becoming free of the guild of every art.

What, then, are the knowledges, of which our ardent student proposes to write himself master? First, an acquaintance with the numerous languages, in which European genius in all past and present time has given voice to its inspirations, for he knows that language, no dead assemblage of arbitrary symbols, but a creation instinct with organic life, though itself informed with the thought it expresses, yet gives color to the sentiment of which it is the necessary vehicle, and both, thus interfused, become one essence, as indivisible as the living soul that springs from the coörganism of the body and the spirit. With him, therefore, the translation of a genial work into a strange speech is as impossible as the doctrine of the metempsychosis, and he believes that none can understand the poet, save those who commune with him in the accents of his mother tongue. If, then, he would appreciate the wisdom of Plato, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, the terrors of the tragic *Æschylus*, the comic philosophy of *Aristophanes*, the polished urbanity of the courtly *Horace*, he must give his days and nights to the study of the rich and fluent and flexible Greek, and the bald

poverty and rigid forms of the vague and inartificial Latin. The modern literature of Western continental Europe next attracts his attention, and the languages of Germany and France, and the Spanish Peninsula, Italy, and our cognate North, demand each its tribute of studious hours and midnight vigils. Nor even here do his linguistic labors end, for while he is busied with these rudimental and preparatory studies, new competitors, from regions which geography has yet but half explored, prefer their claims to a niche in the temple of knowledge. The wide and unknown East, which is just beginning to recognize its relationship to the families of civilized Europe, is found to possess a multifarious literature, and historical records of the ancient and modern fortunes of two-thirds of the human race. The dialects of barbarous America are discovered to abound in curious philological interest. The new intellectual development, the growing commercial importance, and the threatening political position of the Slavonic tribes conspire to render their history and their literature worthy objects of enlightened and not unanxious curiosity. But the dead too are awakening from long oblivion. Forgotten languages are revived. The monumental inscriptions of Egypt and Persepolis, and the sculptured rocks of Arabia, have been deciphered, and unburied Nineveh waits for an interpreter. Teutonic scholars tell us, that he who would know the principal European tongues in their sources, must study them in the remains of the sacred Sanscrit; and Greece, redeemed from the barbarian, rejects the modern corruptions that slavery had engrafted upon her noble language, restores the ancient inflections, and tempts the scholar, by addressing him again in the dialect of the Muses.

But we will suppose our student to have exhausted the utmost range of possible philological attainment, to have acquired the tongues in which the oracles of all wisdom have been uttered, and by thus possessing himself of the signet of Solomon, that shall unlock the hidden treasures of ancient and modern lore, evoke, at his summons, the spirits of the mighty dead, and make him coeval with all historical time and present in all earthly space, to be at length prepared to commence his triumphal progress over the wide realms of knowledge and fancy and art, that the ambition of man has subdued to his dominion. He is now to master the necessary and absolute truths of mathematical science, involving the relations of abstract number and magnitude; the general dynamic laws that govern the action of those forces of inorganic nature, whose operation pervades all space, binding together the separate members of the material universe, and, as their corollary, the science of the stars, which no longer with vain imposture, essays to predict the vicissitudes of the microcosm, but assumes to disclose how

The gorgeous Earth is whirled for aye,
 In swift, sublime, mysterious flight,
 And alternates elysian Day,
 With deep, chaotic, shuddering Night,—

how the force that causes, and the law that regulates, the fall of an acorn, arrest, at its utmost point of departure, the centrifugal flight of a comet, and how the planets are confined to their orbits by ever-varying, yet always balanced opposing forces; the subtle art of analytical chemistry, which has brought us one step nearer the secret laboratory of nature, by decomposing the very *semina rerum*, the primordial germs, of ancient physics, and revealed to us how this hard and ponderous earth, with all its garniture of rock and forest and flower and sea and cloud, is built up out of ethereal elements, now fixed and solidified by strange forces of elective attraction, and now again set free by mysterious repulsion; the startling speculations of geologists and cosmogonists, with whom man is but a new-born ephemeron, a stranger of to-day, upon the shattered crust of this old globe, that is half composed of the exuviae of microscopic animalculæ, the bones of extinct monsters more portentous in form than the fearful shapes that peopled the nightmare dreams of the ancient mythologies; and the remains of a flora as anomalous as the winged creatures that darkened the heavy air above it, or the creeping things that wallowed in the slime wherein it grew; the display of Almighty creative energy in the production of successive or contemporaneous tribes of bird and beast and fish and tree and grass and flower; the story of savage life and civilization and social progress, the triumphs of peace and the devastations of war, the slow building up and the gradual decay or sudden overthrow of great cities, and the revolutions of empire, as set forth in the recorded history of a hundred nations, each exhibiting a distinct phase of our many-sided humanity; the history of fine and industrial art, from its first essays in the fashioning of rude implements for humble uses, through the purely imitative and economic, to the ideal and decorative stages, and of natural science, in its progress from blindly tentative experiment to its development in the general expression of physical law; political and municipal law, or the cunning contrivances which the ingenuity of man has substituted for physical force in protecting himself against the rapacity and the injustice of his fellow man: the poetry and eloquence and criticism and metaphysics and religious dogma of sixty centuries, and finally, the attributes of the great First Cause, sensuously displayed in his material works, and revealed to our moral and intellectual perceptions, both in the direct apprehensions of our conscious being, and more plainly in his written Word.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS.

A Letter from Mr. Campbell.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER:

Dear Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an error into which I have fallen in my work on the history of Virginia, recently published, and which I will thank you to allow me to correct in your columns. On page 164 of the book referred to, I have attributed to Mr. Jefferson, the authorship of the Virginia Bill of Rights, whereas it ought to have been ascribed to George Mason, as appears by proofs that have been presented to me and which in my opinion are conclusive. The gentleman, who has called my attention to this error, informs me that many others before me have been betrayed into the same misapprehension. I regret that I should have been instrumental in giving currency to an error, in a matter touching the just claims of so eminent a patriot and statesman as George Mason.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

April 11th, 1848.

Notices of New Works.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND: *being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom.* Illustrated by several Hundred Woodcuts, of Monumental Records, Coins, Civil and Military Costume, Domestic Buildings, Furniture and Ornaments, Cathedrals and other great works of Architecture, Sports and other illustrations of Manners, Mechanical inventions, Portraits of the Kings and Queens, and remarkable Historical Scenes. By George L. Craik and Charles McFarlane, assisted by other contributors. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street.

This great work, which has been in course of publication for many months past, has at length been completed, and we have now an uninterrupted narrative of events, from the earliest ages down to the death of the second George. Beginning with the days of rudeness and barbarism, before Cæsar had pushed his eagles across the Channel and when Druidical rites were celebrated beneath the oaks of the forest, the history is unbroken to the time which is rendered forever memorable by the counsels of Chatham and the fall of Wolfe. It is well, perhaps, that it has stopped there. Subsequent events are too intimately connected with the prejudices and opinions of our own time to be discussed with the impartiality that history demands. We look at them through refracting media and the truth is apt to be distorted by temper and caprice.

Much has been written of late on the importance of historical studies and the very great influence they exert upon the formation of national character. The lecturer, the es-

sayist and the reviewer have taught alike the uses of historical knowledge. It is gratifying to know, in the increased attention given to this branch of investigation, that their teachings have not been altogether unheeded. For of all lessons that can be impressed upon the mind, the lessons of history are the most instructive. In its truthful annals, the good man will find the most eloquent exposition of virtue. He, who would be wise, will not hesitate to seek out and ponder its manifestations. Its legitimate tendency is to elevate and ennoble the character, by setting up models of excellence, and placing before us the warning examples of depravity. Rightly understood it enforces always the same moral. The skein of human affairs may indeed be tangled,—causes and their effects may sometimes be so disconnected as to perplex the inquirer,—bad men may be the rulers of a day and the virtuous become the subjects of obloquy and reproach, but it is the benign province of the Muse of History to re-arrange the threads,—to render clear and explicable all doubtful and confused circumstances,—to visit with merited infamy the reputation of the vicious and vindicate the memory of those, who have gone down to the grave amid undeserved censure and rebuke. Nor is this all. In the effective language of the enlightened President of the Virginia Historical Society, "History, like foreign travel, enlarges and liberalizes the mind, by transporting us into distant countries and ages, and showing us all that has passed or is passing in them worthy of regard. It lifts us from the narrow vale of familiar and parochial associations, and conducts us to an eminence from which we look down upon centuries at our feet, and survey nations and kingdoms, and all the varied conditions and interests of humanity lying in boundless prospect around us."*

Passing from these general remarks to the consideration of the work before us, we may observe that it is one among the numerous evidences of a great change that has been going on, of late years, in historical composition. History is no longer a mere compendium of battles and sieges, debates and state papers, but a mirror in which all the minute particulars of past ages are accurately reflected. The school of Robertson and Hume has passed away and has been succeeded by one more picturesque in its details. In the pages of our latter-day chroniclers we see not merely kings and chancellors, peasants and burghers, but they move before us in their quaint and oddly-fashioned habiliments. The spirit of antiquarian research has rubbed up the old armor that had gathered the rust of many centuries, and renewed the antiquated customs of the olden time. The baronial castle and the walled town are seen not dimly through the haze of distance, but with all the distinctness and vividness of objects in a morning atmosphere. Like the creations of Sir Walter, historical personages are shown as men and women; we draw around their firesides, we hear their familiar conversation, we marvel at their rude furniture and laugh at their comical dresses. Thus we have presented to our view at once the most important and the most minute circumstances, the grandeur of the court and the games of the people, the Plantagenet and the periwig.

As far as striking effect is concerned, this change in historical style is to be regarded, perhaps, as a salutary one. It undoubtedly tends to fasten upon the perception the distinctive characteristics of periods which have hitherto been connected together in our memory as a whole. Long intervals have passed away, in referring to which we could seize no prominent peculiarity to distinguish them from one another; but, shewn to differ most widely in architecture, in the arts of social life, in customs, in manners, they

make a deeper impression and are more easily remembered. "The Pictorial History of England" is designed to develop such particulars as these and no more useful effort could be made.

We have said that as regards picturesque effect the change in the composition of history might be considered salutary. When viewed in another light, however, we think it may well admit of question, whether history is not likely to lose force and actual truth by the alteration. In the accurate portraiture which antiquarian industry has afforded us, we are apt, we fear, to lose sight of great principles, the philosophy of history, in regarding the *minutiae* of life; to withdraw the attention from men and the study of individual character to fix it upon mere *accessories*. The speculations of Hume will be rejected as cold, and inquiries into the causes of events will be thrown aside for the details of the events themselves. We know that it looks very like a paradox to maintain that the thirst for information after antiquities which marks the change, should lead to a disrespect of these very antiquities, and yet we cannot help thinking that we will be induced to look upon the wisdom and learning of our respected forefathers as we look upon their cocked-hats and knee-breeches, and to reject both as altogether exploded and absurd.

"The Pictorial History of England" is the work of several authors and the English edition was published, we believe, under the patronage of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The work is divided into nine "Books," each containing an age or epoch of time and subdivided into seven chapters, devoted to distinct subjects; viz: "Civil and Military Transactions," History of Religion," "Constitution, Government and Laws," "National Industry," "Literature, Science and the Fine Arts," "Manners and Customs" and "Condition of the People." The first chapter, which is by far the most important and voluminous of all, is generally known to be the labor of Mr. Macfarlane and has been prepared with great care and caution. The second and sixth chapters were written by a Mr. Thomson, and present an interesting record of the progressive changes in the forms of worship and the customs of the nation. The third chapter is from the pen of A. Bisset, Esq., an eminent barrister, and exhibits a valuable transcript of the development of the Common Law and the gradual growth of the English Constitution. The fourth chapter was supplied by Mr. Planché and is highly entertaining. But the most attractive to our taste is the fifth chapter, embracing Sir Henry Ellis' noble review of the Literature of the English tongue, which is full of interest in every paragraph. The last chapter was written by Mr. Craik.

Each of these departments is abundantly illustrated by pictorial embellishments. Almost every page of the earlier chapters presents wood-cuts of dresses, arms, games, etc., copied from the illuminated manuscripts of the periods to which they refer, fac-similes of autographs, portraits, illustrations of sculpture and views of scenery or of battles. We have laughed heartily over some of the copies of antique cuts in the Harleian MSS., where a side view of two persons at a game of draughts displays the square surface of the board as in a bird's eye glance, or where the perspective of a group is managed in a style of which Hogarth's Outlines would give a very faint impression.

On the whole this is a great work. We cannot close our remarks upon it without reminding the reader how much is due to the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who have placed it almost within the reach of every one, and in a form that is thought by some to surpass the original edition.

* Mr. Rives' Address before the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia.

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY By the Author of "The Falcon Family." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

We fear this little volume is not enough in the "slouched hat and dark lantern" line to have a very great run, and yet it is far the cleverest thing, in our judgment, that has appeared for a long time. Those who read with avidity the last villanies, 'done up' into fiction from the Newgate Calendar, will probably find little of interest in the "Bachelor of the Albany." The male characters are not condottieri, nor Castilian nobles, nor bold burglars of St. Giles!—the young ladies who are introduced to us, do not languish, like the heroines of Mrs. Ratcliffe's school, in hopeless imprisonment or hopeless consumption, but are ruddy-cheeked girls of every-day life, living among Christian people, and the events of the story are supposed to have occurred last year; certainly, since Mr. Polk came into the Presidency. The Bachelor, (one Peter Barker, who has rooms in the Albany, that "narrow arcade of chambers that forms a sort of private thoroughfare between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens,") is a morose fellow, a cynic, a misogynist, who practising a "system" of complete isolation and having a nervous fear of all responsibilities, is yet drawn out into society by a generous friend, and, after going through a series of perils and misadventures, finally married, to the perfect satisfaction of the whole *dramatis personæ*.

Mr. Spread, the peculiar friend of Barker, is a retired merchant, once of the firm of "Spread, Narrowsmith & Co.," who has represented the mercantile interest in Parliament, but who now lives in the bosom of his family, in the moderate enjoyment of a large fortune. Spread is set before us with the fidelity of the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and here is a "family picture" of the plural Spreads that we cannot resist copying.

"*Places aux dames!*" In the foreground stands the tall, comely figure of the mother of the family; her cheek still blooms, though her summer is nearly over; her form tends to luxuriance, her features are radiant with intelligence and benignity. Her hair is fair and abundant, her eye mild and gray, her voice soft and distinct, her mien dignified, her deportment quiet. She looks as if she loved books, music, pictures, flowers. Her tastes are obviously healthy and elegant; her mind pure and strong; her heart full of all the womanly affections, one of those rare prizes in the matrimonial lottery not always drawn by men who deserve them as well as Mr. Spread did.

"The eldest daughter, Augusta, was very nearly the facsimile of what her mother had been in her girlhood. The same height, the same style of figure, saving the matronly exuberances; her hair perhaps a shade darker; but she had her mother's firm and graceful deportment exactly, and as to their voices, it was next to impossible, notwithstanding the disparity of years, to distinguish them asunder. Elizabeth, the second, was both shorter and plumper. Her hair was nearly black; her voice a tone or two deeper than her sister's, and perhaps just a little husky, but not disagreeably so; her cheek was pale, unless when exercise, gayety, or other excitement flushed it. One quality she had, for which some blamed, and some commended her: she was remarkably still and silent; few beyond her own family knew the extent of her information or the worth of her character. Of a religious family, she was the member who made religious subjects most her study and her care; but the milk-white hind, the type of Catholicity, was more her favorite than the panther, the emblem of Church-of-Englandism. Elizabeth was on her way to Rome, and had just performed half the journey, for she had reached—Oxford!"

Spread goes down to see his friend Barker to invite him

to spend the Christmas in Liverpool. During a conversation between them, Spread confesses an intention of removing to the country, for which Barker has always entertained an invincible antipathy. The way the topic was introduced and the explosion which ensued may be gathered from the following passage:

"Still Spread had not imparted to his friend what he was so anxious to reveal to him—his projected withdrawal from the Rialto and sequestration in rural life. In truth Spread was a little afraid of Barker and his courage required some screwing up, before he could venture to broach a subject which he foresaw would lead to an unusual exhibition of moroseness. The first part of the communication, however, was calculated rather to gratify than irritate the ascetic bachelor. But there was no staving off the inevitable questions.

"What will you do?—how will you dispose of the time you will have on your hands?—go into parliament again?—continue in Liverpool?"

"Into parliament! no, no—no intention of it; but it is not probable I shall continue in Liverpool. We are thinking—"

"Of settling in London, of course.' As if there was no alternative, over the whole terraqueous globe—no spot habitable but London.

"Not exactly,' in a dastardly tone.

"Why, where else, Spread—where else?"

"We are thinking of settling—in the country."

"You can't be serious! with surprise and vexation.

"Yes, I am,' delivered doggedly.

"You don't mean to tell me you are deliberately thinking of a country life?" repeated Barker, rising from his chair and rising in tone simultaneously.

"Spread adhered to his declaration manfully enough. Barker was instantly in his game-cock attitude, with his back to the fire, and bristling with pugnacity.

"I'll tell you my mind, Spread, frankly, as I always do. The idea of a man like you, who has passed fifty years of his life in Liverpool, between the docks and the counting-house—the idea of such a man turning squire, farmer, shepherd, is the most absurd, ridiculous, preposterous, nonsensical thing I ever heard of!"

"Go on,' said Spread, resignedly.

"Barker did go on.

"What qualifications have you for a country gentleman? What do you know of farming, of plowing, or harrowing, of planting, pruning, fencing, sowing, or reaping? You have read Virgil—perhaps Theocritus: I don't think you have read a line of Varro, or Columella. There's the sum total of your qualifications to join the agricultural interest. What's a rake?—what's mangel-wurzel?—what's pottage?"

"Rhyme for cottage,' replied Spread, disposed to be vexed, but keeping his temper.

"Don't do it, Spread—don't go cottaging and pottaging it at this time of your life: it's absurd enough for a farce. I'll call you Menaeas."

"I anticipate it,' said the merchant, with a mock air of resignation, as if the threatened penalty was of the heaviest nature; 'but you have been running away with the story, as usual,' he added, in his natural tone. 'One can live in the country without being either squire or farmer.'

"To live in the country,' cried Barker, 'a man ought to be either a farmer, a fox-hunter, a poet, or a satyr. Are you one of the four?"

"Not one; at the same time—"

"A cottage!" interrupted Barker, with visions before his eyes of eglantine and earwigs.

"You won't hear me,' said Spread, with good humored impatience.

" 'I always gave you credit,' persisted Barker, 'for knowing what a comfortable house was as well as any man in England.'

" 'And therefore you conclude that I am going to cottage it, as you call it. I never said a word about a cottage.'

" When Barker was in the wrong he never admitted it; but his practice was to shift the ground a little. Besides, he had been internally asking himself the question, What is it to me where the Spreads live—Liverpool or London, town or country?

" 'Have you fixed on a locality?' he now inquired, suddenly assuming a tone of indifference: 'have you a house in your eye?'

" 'As to locality,' said Spread, 'my present idea is to take a villa at Norwood.'

" 'Norwood!—nonsense—why Norwood?'

" 'Or Richmond,' continued Spread, having reasons of his own for not insisting on the locality which he named first. 'In fact nothing is settled as yet. I am afraid we shall not find it easy to get a place to suit us, we are not very easy to please.'

" 'Why should you?' demanded Barker. 'Nobody is, or ought to be, in houses, or in any thing else, who has true taste, and a fortune to enable him to indulge it. Far from being a virtue, what is vulgarly called contentment is, in nine cases out of ten, a vice, sir, and a shabby one.'

Spread and Barker go afterwards to the Piazza at Covent Garden to dine, where they overhear a conversation, (for which we have not room,) between four celebrated novelists, P. R. G. Lowestoffe, (James.) Mr. Warner, (Mr. Samuel Warren,) Mr. Grimm, author of the "Horrors of Houndsditch" (Harrison Ainsworth,) and Lord Francis Shearcraft whom we take to be Lord William Lennox. Mr. Grimm remarks a curious fact in connection with one of his romances, how having made "The Rosary," a pleasant country residence at Richmond, the scene of a horrible imaginary murder, the tenants had left it and the house was for sale at a greatly reduced price.

Spread makes a note of this fact and purchases the Rosary the next day.

Barker accepts his friend's invitation and goes to Liverpool to spend the holidays, where he meets a merry party, consisting of a young Irishman,—a Puseyite clergyman, Owlet, fond of the dark ages and the Oxford tracts, to whom Elizabeth Spread is affianced,—an elderly lady and two young girls, the Smylys, of lovely plumpitude and fascinating manners. We must not forget to mention Philip Spread, a son of the *pater familias*, just from College and full of big words and metaphysics. Right good cheer had this Christmas party at Liverpool, if we may judge from the following description of a breakfast. Brillat Savarin never conceived, Le grand Vatel never executed such a gastronomic production as that pie.

"Mr. Spread's was the house for a breakfast; and, as Christmas is the time for good cheer at all hours, you may conceive what a breakfast Mr. Spread's was. None of your flimsy town breakfasts, only fit for invalids and women, exhausted rakes and jaded beauties; but the jolly, substantial breakfast of men of business, in the fullness of health and the plenitude of spirits. It was a breakfast of many breads and many meats, substantial as the prosperity, and various as the resources of England. A side-board, oppressed with viands, neither sighed nor groaned, because it is only in fiction that side-boards utter such sentimental sounds. Mahogany commands its feelings to admiration; but if oppression could have wrung a sigh from a side-board, the effect would have been produced that merry morning. In the center stood, or, rather, towered, a vast pie, which was surrounded with minor attractions, such as tongues,

fowls, collars, and marmalades, just as a great planet is attended by a body-guard of satellites. But as Jupiter excels his moons, so did that pie surpass collars, fowls, and tongues in magnitude and glory. That was a pie indeed!—a subject for hymn and history; a pie to be held in such reverence as Mohammedans pay the Caaba, or Christians the chapel of Loretto—evidently the production of a great artist, a Palladio of pastry, or a Wren of cooks. It was more an Acropolis or a temple than a pie; worthy of being served to a Lord 'Abbot, amid anthems; not made to be opened with knife of Sheffield, but carved with blade of Toledo or Damascus. It might have been considered as a poem, a composition of talent and turkeys, of genius and grouse. Into such a pie was it that Bion, the philosopher, wished himself metamorphosed, that wisdom, in his form, might captivate the sons of men. Stubbles had been thrashed, covers ransacked, woods depopulated, and preserves destroyed, to furnish forth its mighty concave. It was a pie under whose dome you would have wished to live, or been content to die. Appetite grew by feeding on it; its very sight was better than to eat aught else eatable. It dilated the soul and exalted the character to be in the same room with so noble a creation of gastronomic mind.

When that pie was in ruins it reminded those who beheld it of the Coliseum.

Spread ate it festively.

Barker ate it critically.

Philip Spread ate it transcendently.

Mr. Owlet ate it mediævally and monastically, and a right hearty way it is of eating a Christmas pie, let me tell you. How he did eat it—with an appetite like zeal, with a zeal like fanaticism! As to the ladies they only breathed its incense, and it was a meal, which, with coffee and toast, was solid enough for them."

In striking contrast with the hospitality and comfort of the Spread mansion, we have a lively description of a dinner at Narrowsmiths, the miserly ex-partner of Spread. We can give only one sentence of it, very like Dickens, a portrait of Mrs. Narrowsmith:

"She was about as genial as an icicle, and as mild a creature as a white bear after a bad day's fishing in the frozen seas. She was even harder, colder and keener than her husband. The thermometer fell in her neighborhood; she actually radiated cold, and people who sat beside her got sore throats."

We shall extend our comments and extracts but a little farther. We have given enough, we think, to whet the curiosity of the reader, and we would say to him, get the book and read it. One passage more and we close. Barker is elected to Parliament *volens volens* by the voters of Boroughcross. He accepts with reluctance. Let us see what sort of a member he makes. The writer, we suspect, intends a quiet fling at Lord Brougham and Vaux, and Mr. Joseph Hume:

"When he came into the House he had ample opportunities of being as crotchety in practice as he had previously been in theory. He seldom seconded a motion, without strongly reprobating the grounds stated by the mover; and never supported a bill without either attacking the motives of those who introduced it, or giving them fair warning that he meant to strike its main provisions out in committee. He was always making cross remarks from the cross benches, or crossing the House to say something cross, to cross somebody. He commonly commenced a speech by saying, 'I rise, sir, to make an unpleasant observation;' or, looking vinegar at the Treasury benches, 'I am about to ask the noble lord, or right honorable gentleman, a question which I know will be excessively disagreeable.' Then there was no such moral lecturer as he was: he was always

schooling the House, and laying down severer principles of ethics for their guidance than he found it convenient to act on himself. * * *

When a member was assailed by a public journal, and wanted to have the editor or the printer up for a breach of privilege, it afforded the bachelor an occasion, which he always seized, for proving his zeal for freedom of discussion; but, on the other hand, he was also so jealous of the dignity of the House, that, when he was attacked himself by the newspapers, he manfully asserted the privileges of parliament, besides feeling strongly that the licentiousness of the press is prejudicial to its liberty in the last degree. No man discovered more mare's-nests; no man threatened ministers so frequently with impeachment, moved oftener that the House be counted, divided it oftener upon frivolous points, or called for half so many useless and troublesome returns. Upon one occasion, being annoyed by an unmeaning quotation from Virgil, he moved for a return of the number of lines of Virgil quoted by members of the House, from the year 1688 to the present day, specifying the lines in each case, the name of the member who used them, and the particular poem from which each quotation was taken, whether 'Æneid,' 'Georgic,' or 'Bucolic.' The result was, of course, very nearly a complete edition of the Mantuan bard, in the form of a blue-book."

We do not know who could have written the "Bachelor of the Albany." It cannot be Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, although some passages are like him, for he did not write "The Falcon Family." Who did? That's the question.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, Comprising the Seven Dramas which have been ascribed to his pen, but which are not included with his Writings in Modern Editions. Edited with Notes and an introduction to each play. By William Gilmore Simms, Esq. First American Edition. New York. George F. Coolidge & Brother.

We hail with pleasure any publication, which carries back the mind to the palmy days of the old English Drama,—when Massinger trod the boards and Jonson uttered on the stage the sparkling passages that occur in his Masques. Apart from the conceptions of the great master, whose form towers above all others, apart from Miranda and Rosalind, fair Ophelia and the "gentle lady wedded to the Moor," we are accustomed to regard the plays of that period as one of the finest portions of our literature. They belong to a region of pure poetry and embody lyrics of surpassing beauty, the most enchanting harmonies of language, and the most refined exuberances of fancy. We rejoice to be introduced to them anew and to look back, over the two hundred years that have intervened, to the date of their first appearance.

The paternity of the plays in the present volume has been ascribed to Shakspeare and some of them have been included by Mr. Knight, in his beautiful Library and Pictorial Editions of the works of the great dramatist. But of this there is much diversity of opinion and one of the Plays, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," has long been a bone of contention with the critics. That Shakspeare wrote some portions of it, is now very generally believed, but there are those who still regard it as one of the fruits of that literary partnership, which existed under the style of Beaumont & Fletcher.

When first published in 1634, it was entitled "The Two Noble Kinsmen; presented at the Black Friars, by the Kings Majesties Servants, with great applause. Written by the memorable worthies of their time; Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent." Whether the state-

ment of joint authorship set forth in this title-page be true or not, we propose not now to enquire. We have no wish to enter upon the discussion of a question, of which we have at best a very limited knowledge, and which has engaged the attention of Hallam, Hazlitt and Coleridge, to say nothing of earlier critics. The arguments on both sides are numerous, we mean as to the connection of Shakspeare with the play; and could not possibly be mentioned in the brief space left for us in this notice. Very marked inequalities in the performance, difference of style in different acts, the utterance of philosophical reflections, through the chief characters, all conspire to give probability to the affirmative. Mr. Simms, however, relying upon the versification, as well as the metaphysical evidences of the play, inclines to the opinion that no part of it is from the pen of Shakspeare.

Let this be as it may, the public are not a little indebted to Mr. Simms, for reviving the Dramas contained in this handsome octavo. His Notes and Introductions greatly enhance its value in a literary point of view while the excellence of its typography renders it a pleasing companion to the American Library Edition of the immortal bard.

Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse have it for sale.

THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS, 1830-40, or France under Louis Philippe. By LOUIS BLANC. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

This work, which appeared in Paris in 1843, is brought out very opportunely by the American Publishers. In the French, it ran through several editions; it was afterwards translated into German and made a decided sensation on the Continent. But the interest of the work to the American reader has been greatly enhanced by the recent downfall of the Orleans Branch of the House of Bourbon, and "The History of Ten Years," should be read (if for nothing else) to enable one to survey understandingly the events of his own time.

M. Louis Blanc, who was a prominent actor in the Revolution of February last, is a man of brilliant talents. He edited for some time *La Revue de Progrès* and doubtless acquired, in that capacity, the rhetoric of the Journalist, which is a marked feature of the style of his History. He is perhaps the most epigrammatic writer of the day and in the portraiture of great men is always striking. Thoroughly imbued with the national spirit and living in the midst of exciting scenes, he has given us a rapid and picturesque narrative of occurrences during the period under discussion. The Revolution of July, the intrigues of Madame de Feuchères and the murder of the Duc de Bourbon, the horrible ravages of the Cholera, the infernal machine, the taking of Algiers—these and others of a kindred nature, are the subjects that enter into the history of M. Louis Blanc and these he has treated in a very effective manner.

We have received this work through Messrs. Drinker & Morris.

HISTORICAL AND SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By M^{lle} A. Le Normand. Translated from the French, by Jacob M. Howard, Esq. In Two vols. Philadelphia: Published by Carey & Hart. 1848.

This work, which was at first published in four parts, is now before us in two volumes, handsomely bound, and embellished with four fine portraits. It will be read with great interest. Indeed, the very name of Josephine on a title-page is enough to ensure the sale of a work, so endeared is her character to mankind by her generous devotion to Napoleon even after the fatal divorce. These volumes unfold a variety of interesting incident and abound with stri-

king and eloquent passages. We are not prepared to say how far they may be authentic, although we have met with nothing that is not in keeping with the history of the period, or that conflicts with the established character of the names mentioned in the narrative. Mr. Howard deserves the thanks of the literary men of the country for his acceptable translation of these memoirs.

They are for sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG MARKSMEN, In all that relates to the General Construction, Practical Manipulation, &c., of the Improved American Rifle. By John R. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1848.

Like a practised marksman, Mr. Chapman has *hit his aim*, in this little volume, by presenting a valuable manual for instruction in the use of the Rifle: but he has *not* done what we could have wished; he has not thrown around his subject that literary interest and attraction, which gave a charm to Mr. Agnel's "Chess for Winter Evenings." The history of the Rifle, and especially the American Rifle, is full of stirring incident and entertaining anecdote, and Mr. Chapman might have produced a very readable book by interweaving with his excellent suggestions some story of border life or occasional gleanings from the annals of the "Hunters of Kentucky." As it is, the book will be valued by all amateurs in Rifle-practice as a plain and useful hunting companion, and, as we said before, this seems to have been all that Mr. Chapman designed.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, or the Arabian Nights' Entertainments: Translated and Arranged for Family Reading. With Explanatory Notes. By E. W. Lane, Esq. From the second London Edition. Illustrated with six hundred wood-cuts by Harvey. To be completed in twelve parts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first part of this beautiful publication is before us. It is quite enough to say in its praise, so far as its typography and externals are concerned, that it is quite worthy of the good taste and enterprise that gave us the Pictorial Bible, the Illustrated Shakspeare, the elegant serial edition of the History of England and the delicious reprints of the Etching Club volumes of the English Poets. In looking over the spirited woodcuts of the present number, we cannot help feeling a desire to be a boy again, for a morning at least, to read with their help the creations of Sheherazade, in the full belief that they are the most veracious narratives that ever were committed to the press.

But *Fugit irrevocabile tempus*. The days have passed by when we could read the Arabian Nights, as we read Robinson Crusoe, *con amore* and with the credulous interest of childhood. We may speculate with Sismondi on the cause of their wonderful popularity,—we may admire, indeed, the correct portraiture they give of Oriental habits and customs,—we may be fascinated with the brilliancy of Arabian fancy,—but, alas, the pageant is faded, the dream is past, our faith is shaken in enchanted horses; we believe in Afrites no longer. "We cannot," says Macaulay, "sit at once in the front of the stage and behind the scenes. We cannot be under the illusion of the spectacle, while we are watching the movements of the ropes and pulleys which dispose it."

This superb edition, however, is designed for "family reading," for the perusal of boys and girls, whom we congratulate on its appearance. It is the very first *accurate* rendering of these world-renowned fictions into English, so far as we know, and is the work of the learned Orientalist,

Lane, who resides we believe, at Cairo. It will be completed in twelve parts, at 25 cents each, and will make two handsome volumes.

The first part is for sale by Drinker & Morris.

THE LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. By John Lord Campbell, F. R. S., &c., &c., VOL. VII. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

The American publishers, in their excellent reprint of this work, have at last completed the series, and the Life of Lord Eldon in the 7th volume brings down the biographies to the reign of George IV. Apart from the immediate subjects of these volumes, the marble chair and the woolsack, there is in them a vast deal of useful and agreeable information blended with personal anecdote and court gossip. The march of Parliamentary events, too, is better preserved in them than in any volumes of a similar character that we can call to mind. To discuss the merits of Lord Campbell as a writer of memoirs, or to give anything like a critical analysis of his present work would be quite impossible in the limits of a "notice;" rather to the stately reviewer let this office be assigned. We shall present perhaps at some future time an article on the work, such as the high reputation of its author would seem to demand.

OLD HICKS THE GUIDE; or Adventures in the Camanche Country in search of a Gold Mine. By Charles W. Webber, author of "Jack Long; or the Shot in the Eye," &c., &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A harem-scarem volume of wonderful adventures

"Writ in a manner that is our aversion."

We were puzzled for some time to determine to what department of literature it most properly belongs, whether it was designed as a narrative of events that did really occur in the experience of the author or was merely intended to rank with Peter Wilkins and the marvellous Voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver. As a pure fiction it is perhaps entitled to high praise. Writers of romance are expected, however, to keep somewhat within the bounds of reasonable probability, and in this regard "Old Hicks the Guide" may justly provoke censure. We might cite many instances of rather incredible stories, but content ourselves with adducing a palpable absurdity in the first forty pages of the book.

"In the latter part of the winter of 1843," says our author, "I was engaged in business in Cincinnati. My enterprise was an unsuccessful one; and, after a protracted and exhausting struggle with untoward circumstances, I was finally compelled to surrender every thing and retire."

He goes on to narrate how, having settled with his creditors, he accepted the offer of a Company of Stockholders in Louisville to supervise the removal of eighty families to a settlement in Texas, where a grant of land had been made to them—how he went out with them to the colony, which he found in a very unsettled and unhappy condition—how, for several months, he acted as Principal of the colony and underwent many hair-breadth escapes from the Camanches in that capacity. He was last superseded by the arrival of Major Ely, principal of the company, from Louisville, who relieved him from the trust. Then it was that he made up a party of rangers and went off with Old Hicks, a guide belonging to the colony, in search of a gold mine. Well, mark how he tells of the setting off;

"We numbered ten men in all, well-armed, and splendidly mounted; and I think I never heard a shout more in-

dicative of reckless joyousness than ours as we turned our horses' heads to the north, and set off in a gallop across the plains, (when, do you think, gentle reader?) *on the morning of the 12th of January, 1839.*" We think further comment is unnecessary.

The book may be found at the store of J. W. Randolph and Co.

FANNY MANSFIELD, OR THE ADOPTED SISTER.

AMY, THE GLASS-BLOWER'S DAUGHTER.

WILLIAM ALLEN, or the Boy who told the Truth, the whole Truth and Nothing but the Truth.

LIFE IN THE NURSERY.

These little volumes are among the publications of the American Sunday School Union of Philadelphia and are adapted to the comprehension of infant minds. We are disposed to think that they have been very judiciously selected and are calculated to make good impressions on the young. The fatal error is too often committed, in our country, of taking children, who ought to be occupied solely with diversions and out-of-door exercise, and confining them during the greater part of the day with hard study, the only effect of which is to develop prematurely the mental faculties and, like hot-house exotics, to render them sickly and diseased. We never see one of your Infant Schools, where babies are taught logic and sucklings learn Algebra, without wishing to pitch the teacher out of doors and turn the children upon the grass. The puerile stanzas of Wordsworth, slightly altered, might indeed have some applicability to a poor ill-used victim of one of these establishments:

Up, up, my child, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my child and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double.

The publications of the Sunday School Union, so far as we are able to judge, are not amenable to the usual objections to books for the young. They are simple stories, told in the simplest language, and not likely to tire the patience or burden the understanding of the little reader. It is not an easy matter, by any means, to write such books. The best we ever saw was a version of the Bible for children, by Mrs. W. C. Rives, a book of rare merit and one which ought to be in the hand of every beginner in Grammar.

"Life in the Nursery" is a series of rhymes, with famous wood-cuts of little soldiers and dancing dogs and bad boys that would go slide upon the ice, and naughty girls that would not obey their mothers. The *morale* of each performance is excellent and some of them, though not rising to the dignity of an epic, observe the unities and are written with a smoothness of versification that would put half our modern bardlings to the blush.

A USEFUL LIFE AND A PEACEFUL DEATH: A Discourse occasioned by the Death of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; Delivered in the Ninth Street Baptist Church, Cincinnati, February 27th, 1848. By Rev. E. L. MAGOON. Published by request. Cincinnati. Queen City Press.

Mr. Magoon is well known to the readers of the Messenger. For many years, he has been one of its contributors, and his articles have been always remarkable for strength of thought and elegance of diction.

The Discourse before us although adapted with exceeding good taste to the death of Mr. Adams, was written about six years ago, (while Mr. Magoon was pastor of the 2nd Baptist Church in this City,) and was originally pronounced before the Legislature of North Carolina. It has undergone some modifications and is really as appropriate to the occasion, as if it had been first suggested by the recent national bereavement. We are convinced that we cannot better acquaint our readers with the spirit of this Discourse than by quoting a few passages from it.

Is not this a beautiful illustration of the "march of mind"?

"God has indicted our duty in the wonderful endowments of our race. He has made it the eternal nature of the soul to make all things its own; and it is the glorious prerogative of a virtuous mind to make all excellence its solace and its food. Is a diamond beautiful?—mind will set it on fire and from its flame educe truth more sparkling and profitable than the perishing gem. Is light transparent?—mind lays hold of a ray, and with a scalpel more etherial than the subject it dissects, spreads before the eye of admiration, the discriminated hues which in diversified combinations tint the rose and form the rainbow, beautify the earth and adorn the heavens. And is the deep blue vault of those heavens sublime with the resplendent glories of majestic worlds circling there?—mind, aye the mind of man, has from that awful dome suspended its balance-beam, and calmly weighed vast systems of worlds in the even scales. Mind thrown into the lowest value of nature, an intangible and immortal essence, illumines whatever is dark, conquers opposing strength, and with pinions swifter than the lightning's wing, flies an angel-flight, forth and right on whithersoever it will."

Here is a noble plea in behalf of Education.

"Knowledge is generous and communicative, and jealousy at its progress is a sure symptom of its want. But, thank God, the day has come when it cannot be successfully resisted. Superstition may condemn Galileo for his improved astronomy, but the earth continues to turn round with all its stupid inhabitants revolving into light. Some are born in darkness, have always dwelt there from choice, it is *their* native land, for it they fight, and it is the only sense in which they are patriotic. This is natural, but they and all like them who fear the effulgence bursting up the horizon should quickly kindle counter fires and *educate, educate!* The more obstructions you throw before the flooding tide of knowledge, the more destructive energies will be developed. The force of cannon may quell mobs, but education will prevent them. Moral power creates the strongest munitions of safety; while arbitrary compulsion degrades both the tyrant and his victim. We may expect that a few will continue to cry out against increased illumination, as that which they deprecate shames bigotry, cures superstition, and destroys all tyranny over body and soul. But the fire-cross of wisdom is shining from hill-top to hill-top, and is rapidly bounding from hand to hand. Aggressions into the kingdom of darkness have commenced. We do not 'cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,' but in God's name, and for all God's creatures we do say 'Let there be Light.'"

We have room only for one other passage of this Discourse,—the concluding paragraph. We think the reader will agree with us in considering the comparison it presents, peculiarly forcible and happy.

"When Vesuvius poured down torrents of destruction on Pompeii, all who had the means of escaping fled. But at the chief entrance to the city there stood one who refused to abandon his post, though the greatest dangers might

impend. He was a sentinel placed there to watch over the welfare of all, and by the laws which invested him with power, to desert his station was something worse than death. He perished in loyalty to the highest trust. Sixteen centuries rolled past. The city was again laid open to the light of day, and there they found the remains of the faithful guardsman, who sank in full armor and in the fullness of his strength unterrified by the volcano that scathed his flesh and drank his life. So fell JOHN QUINCY ADAMS at his post, full armed and active in the service of his country and his God."

THE YOUNG LADIES' HOME. By MRS. LOUISA C. TUTHILL. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

We thank Mrs. Tuthill for this timely publication. The truths that it inculcates are, by no means, novel, but it is well to keep them constantly before the "young ladies" of our country, who are too apt to imagine, when they leave the confines of the boarding-school with a modicum of French and some acquaintance with the Music of Puritani, that their "education" is "completed." It may indeed be disagreeable to some young Miss, who with a light heart has bid adieu forever to her books and hours of application, to learn that there are yet before her duties of far greater importance. But if she will read this book in a proper spirit, she will appreciate their obligation and turn industriously to their performance. The good advice of Mrs. Tuthill will tend, we think, to diffuse a cheerier light around many a family hearth, and, in this regard, we say, she deserves the best thanks of the public.

THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND CONCLUSION OF THE FLORIDA WAR; BY JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Brevet Captain, Eighth Regiment U. S. Infantry. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1848.

Though the attention of the whole country was but too painfully directed to the War in Florida, during its unhappy progress, we think very little is known of the incidents of the campaign. That a large loss of life and extravagant expenditure of money resulted from it is well understood. The ravages of the Seminoles on the frontier of civilization and the name of Osceola are familiar to us. We know too that a lingering resistance, marked by no single and signal battle, was kept up by these remarkable people; but of the hardships of our troops, their endurance of suffering and the many instances of individual heroism, which brighten the story of the campaign, many of us have little knowledge. The handsome octavo before us presents a highly valuable and interesting narrative of the War, from its "origin" to its "conclusion," from the pen of one who is perfectly acquainted with the whole subject and has treated it with great fairness and ability.

We have received the January and April numbers of 'The American Journal of the Medical Sciences,' edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., of Philadelphia. This is one of the oldest medical periodicals of the day; and from its size and systematic arrangement is calculated to be very valuable to the members of the medical profession. This Journal is a quarterly of sufficient size to afford room for original articles upon the science of medicine, monographs, reviews, bibliographical notices and a general abstract of the improvements which are making in the science. It has for its contributors many of the ablest writers in the faculty of this country, and doubtless deserves the patronage of the profession.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE MESSRS. HARPER of New-York, have in press and will shortly publish Two New Translations by Mary Howitt—one, entitled "*The Peasant and His Landlord*," from the Swedish of the Baroness Knorring—whose demise we notice recorded in the last numbers of the London Athenæum,—the other styled "*The Professor's Lady*." Mrs. Marsh's new romance, "*Angela*," which is said to be a powerful, fascinating and admirable story, is speedily to be issued from the same press. A new work from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's pen is also promised, and another from the prolific author of "*Richelieu*," to be entitled *Sir Theodore Broughton*: and it is rumored another racy book from the sparkling pen of Melville, the author of "*Omoo*" may be expected.

They have also in course of publication, Mr. Wheeler's "*History of the present Congress*," comprising authentic memoirs, with, in many instances, portraits of the members of that body: and

The Diplomatic Papers of Mr. Webster during his services as Secretary of State, including those relating to the long debated question of the North Eastern Boundary.

It is understood also that the new Historical Work of Mr. Prescott, to be called "*The Reign of Philip the Second of Spain*," will be published by them, in uniform style with the "*Conquest of Peru*."

The firm of WILEY & PUTNAM has been dissolved. Mr. Wiley continues the business at the old stand, 161 Broadway.

Geo. P. Putnam, the other member of the firm, 155 Broadway, has in press, *The Three Days of 1848*, by Percy B. St. John, an eye-witness to the whole Revolution. Also, *The Inedited Works of Lord Byron*, now first published from his letters, journals, and other manuscripts in the possession of *his son*, (!) Geo. Gordon Byron, Esq.

Messrs. Carey and Hart will shortly publish *The Female Poets of Great Britain*, by Frederick Rowton, elegantly printed, with a portrait of L. E. L., *Lamartine's Memoirs of celebrated Frenchmen*, *Military Incidents of the War*, with 300 engravings, *The Female Poets of America and Europe*, by R. W. Griswold, Esq.

We are glad to announce that E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, have in press their elegant annuals for 1849: *The Leaflets of Memory*, with beautiful illuminated embellishments, edited by Dr. Reynell Coates;—"The Snow Flake," a Christmas and New Year's Gift and "*Christmas Blossoms and New Year's Wreath for 1849*."

Lea & Blanchard have on the eve of publication, Lord Hervey's "*Court of George the Second*," edited by John Wilson Croker.

The MS. of the Review of Mr. Howison's *History of Virginia*, reached us too late for insertion in the present number. It will appear in June.

Our readers will recognise in the first three chapters of the "*Two Country Houses*," by P. P. Cooke, the same freshness of style and power of unfolding character, which marked "*John Carper*." This latter story attracted very great attention, as we have reason to know from the letters of esteemed correspondents, and fully established Mr. Cooke's reputation as a writer of *novels in a few pages*.

Many book notices which we had designed inserting in our present issue, are crowded out and must lie over to our next.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1848.

NO. 6.

THE VOYAGER.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Spread thy glad wings, my bark, to greet
The spirit of the breeze,
That breaks, with softly gliding feet,
The silence of the seas.
Bear me where bright and virgin worlds
In stainless verdure lie,
And where the azure flowers reflect
The azure of the sky.

Bear me where lovely forms remain
In never fading youth,
Where life is ever free from pain
And love is naught but truth,
And music-winged winds shall hymn
The wonders of the sea,
That swims round isles of light, sphered in
The calm immensity.

Like some lone wanderer from a world,
Bear me from earth away,
Where evening's cloudy banners float
O'er closing gates of day.
O'er the wide plain of waters yet,
A roseate veil is spread,
But with the sinking sun it seems
Creation's self were dead.

High-thoughted halos seem to cling
Around a radiant brow,
So eager waves leap up and light
The bust upon the prow.
The tiller's jewelled shaft like fire
Burns in the evening's beam,
And close at hand a silent swan
Is whitened with the gleam.

Then cloud-like waft my bark away
Where swifter currents run,
To fold her white wings in the flush
Of yonder setting sun.
And when the silent day goes down
To chambers of her rest,
Rocked by the billows, let me dream
Of Araby the blest.

So must we glide o'er life's vast main,
Where'er the breeze may blow,
With naught but reason's helm to guide
Our passions' ebb and flow.
The billows with a joyous song
Shall lull us to our rest,
And time shall sanctify each hope,
That earth hath left unblest.

HOWISON'S HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.*

We once enjoyed the acquaintance of a worthy old gentleman, much addicted to novel reading, who invariably commenced with the last chapter, and read regularly backwards, until he ended, if we may so speak, in the beginning. So far as any enjoyment of the mere dramatic interest of Mr. Howison's History is concerned, we would recommend this course to such as have not yet perused his volumes. The retrogressing reader would find himself emerging from statistics respecting the James River and Kanawha Company, tobacco, buckwheat, cocoons and neat cattle, first into the glowing record of the War of 1813—then to the more thrilling story of the Revolution, until, at last, he would forget for a time even these themes of patriotic interest, in the romantic charm which belongs to the days of continental discovery and colonial adventure.

Nor is this the fault of Mr. Howison, or of his History. We cannot blame either the work or its author, because the days of his Excellency, Governor William Smith, yield in romantic interest to the days of his Excellency, Captain John Smith, third President of the Colony of Virginia.

Indeed, the early annals of our State seem rather to belong to the golden age of knight-errantry, than to the "piping times" upon which we have now fallen,—and as such, might well have graced the chronicles of a St. Palaye, or a Froissart.

Adequately to depict the glories of the virgin continent, at the hour when the veil which for centuries had hung over the eyes of Europe was rent in twain, would require the pen of a prose-Spenser. Graphically to portray the adventurous deeds of the first actors upon the new world's stage, demands a genius such as we may imagine would result from the blending into one of Robertson and Walter Scott. The facts, stranger than fiction, of our early history, would relieve the poet from the labor of invention, and would tinge the narration of the veritable historian with the coloring of romance.

Never did a lovelier vision refresh the eyes of weary tempest-tossed voyagers, than that which greeted the motley crew under the command of Newport, when in 1607 his little fleet, driven by furious winds between capes Henry and Charles, found quiet anchorage beside the shores of the noble

* A HISTORY OF VIRGINIA FROM ITS DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT BY THE EUROPEANS TO THE PRESENT TIME. BY R. R. HOWISON. IN 2 VOLS. Richmond: Drinker & Morris. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam, 1848.

Chesapeake. "Sailing leisurely up the beautiful expanse of water to which the Indians have given a name which Europeans have never violated, the voyagers were charmed with the prospect before them. The season was mild, and nature had fully assumed the emerald robe of spring. On either side, the distant land presented a scene of tranquil verdure, upon which the eye might rejoice to repose. The noble bay received into its bosom the waters of many broad streams, which descended from the highlands faintly visible in the distant horizon. Green islands saluted them at times as they advanced, and invited their approach by their peaceful loveliness.

"At length they reached the mouth of a magnificent river, that tempted them too strongly to be resisted. This was the, Powhatan, of the Indians, and no true lover of Virginia can cease to deplore the change which robbed this graceful stream of a title pregnant with all the associations of Indian valor, and of the departed glory of their empire.

"Seventeen days were employed in searching for a spot suited to a settlement. At length they selected a peninsula, on the north side of the river, and about forty miles from its mouth, and immediately commenced the well-known city of Jamestown."

"City of Jamestown" no longer! A more dreary and desolate place can scarcely now be found. Yet with the exception of the ground hallowed by the tomb of Washington, there is no locality within the boundaries of our State, which excites emotions of deeper interest in the heart of a Virginian than that upon which Jamestown once stood. Upon that now sad and silent shore, the morning-star of civilization first arose upon the wild and almost boundless domain which then bore the name of Virginia. The mouldering ivy-mantled tower of the ancient church alone is left, the solitary ruin of the place, bearing in its lonely desolation,

"A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years."

But around it memories linger which cannot decay, and until the crumbling pile shall have totally disappeared, it will continue to excite in the bosom of the beholder the mournfully touching recollections so beautifully expressed in the "British Spy." "Whence arises the irrepressible reverence and tender affection with which I look at this broken steeple? Is it that my soul by a secret, subtle process, invests the mouldering ruin with her own powers; imagines it a fellow-being; a venerable old man, a Nestor, or an Ossian, who has witnessed and survived the ravages of successive generations, the companions of his youth, and of his maturity, and now mourns his own solitary and desolate condition, and hails their spirit in every passing cloud?

"Where is the busy bustling crowd which landed

here two hundred years ago? Where is Smith, that pink of gallantry, that flower of chivalry? I fancy that I can see their first slow and cautious approach to the shore; their keen vigilant eyes piercing the forest in every direction, to detect the lurking Indian with his tomahawk, bow and arrow. What an enterprise! how full of the most fearful perils! and yet how entirely profitless to the daring men who undertook and achieved it! Through what a series of the most spirit-chilling hardships had they to toil! But now—where are they all? Gone, where there is no distinction, consigned to the common earth. Another generation succeeded them; which, just as busy and as bustling as that which fell before it, has sunk down into the same nothingness. Another, and yet another billow has rolled on, each emulating its predecessor in height; towering for its moment, and curling its foaming honors to the clouds; there roaring, breaking and perishing on the same shore."

In contemplating the glowing canvass on which are depicted the scenes and actors of that memorable era, the eye must ever be attracted by one figure standing out in the foreground in bold relief. Proudly eminent above his compeers, of rare proportions, lofty in bearing, who does not recognize Smith, "the pink of gallantry, the flower of chivalry." In him we behold the connecting link between the half heroic, half absurd era, when knight-errantry had not yet become extinct in spirit, or utterly ridiculous in name, and the age when civilization appeared under a new type, characterized by the more rational, utilitarian, practical sentiments and institutions of our own times. The world in its days of Tournament and Troubadour, was a very different affair, from the experimenting, calculating, engineering world which succeeded it, and between these two worlds, the life of Smith hovered like a star upon the horizon's verge of either. He was the last of the knights, and the first of the squatters; a cross between Amadis de Gaul, and a prairie trapper. Now that Mr. Howison has succeeded in writing so popular a history of the Colony and State of Virginia, let his next essay in authorship be the individual history of the man to whom Virginia owes a debt so incalculable. A succinct, accurate memoir of the life and adventures of Capt. John Smith, *by a native*, is a decided *desideratum*. Such a work presents a field for investigation, difficult, but captivating. It would require time, erudition, and much pains-taking research, but if competently executed, would, as we fain hope, despite our proverbial apathy with regard to our own chronicles, yield at least a reasonable harvest of popular favor. We entirely concur in the suggestion of a reviewer of Mr. Howison's first volume in the Princeton Repertory, when he says, "we sincerely wish that some competent writer would give us a *critical* edition of the life of Captain Smith. We are not ignorant of

the republication of his original narrative in 1819, under the auspices of the late Dr. Rice; it was a patriotic work, and one in which Virginians might have gained honor by sustaining him, as they did not. But we crave something more, and desire such application of research as may explain to us the topographical signification of those unpronounceable Turkish names with which his story is distended, and may give some hint as to the Turbashes, the Bonny Mulgros, and the Mully Befferes of whom such marvels are related." A more eventful history, one more replete with strange and stirring incidents, can no where be found in modern annals. We find him a mere lad of fifteen, traversing alone the streets of Paris, having been bribed by his guardians with ten shillings of his own money to run away,—then a soldier in the fierce wars waged by Philip of Spain in the Netherlands,—then a wanderer in Southern Europe—then cast overboard into the Mediterranean, by a crew of fanatics, and reaching the shore without the conveyance of Jonah, or the Dolphin of Arion—then an adventurer in Egypt—then cruising in the Levant and capturing rich Venetian argosies—then in the service of Austria, manœuvring against the Turks with Meldritch and Ebershaught,—then tilting with Infidels, and bearing off heads as trophies—then honored with triumphs rivalling in splendor those of the old Roman conquerors—then captured and sold as a slave in the market of Axipolis—then beloved and given away by his tender-hearted mistress, the gentle Tragabizanda—then a captive to the Timour of Nalbrits, in Cambia, with his head shaved, and an iron collar around his neck, whipped through the fields of the Tartar chief—who himself 'caught a Tartar,' and lost his brains by the flail of his captive—then again a wanderer in Germany, Spain, and Morocco—then in England, sound in body, cheerful in spirit, and plethoric in purse—then upon the shores of the New World, thirsting as ardently for adventures on the Chesapeake as on the Bosphorus; undaunted in captivity to the Indians, as among the Tartars—making as narrow escapes on the Chickahominy as on the Altus.

Fiction itself does not furnish us with a parallel to such vicissitudes—not even in the shifting adventures of Ritt-Master Dalgetty, whether in the service of the immortal Gustavus against the Austrians—of Wallenstein in the Irish regiment against the Swedes—or of their High Mightinesses, the States of Holland, foraging among the Flemings and Walloons—or of King Charles, when under the command of Montrose, he became the prisoner of Argyle, and came near playing him the same game in the dungeon of his own castle, which Smith had taught the Tartar in Cambia.

We repeat it, then, let us have a popular and *ex-gegetical* memoir of the hero of the romantic destinies that attended the early life of Virginia, lest

his achievements be forgotten upon the very soil once consecrated by his valor and his virtues.

Strong as is the temptation to follow our author through his narration of the decline and fall of the colonial government, and of the rise and progress of free principles, at last so gloriously established by the Revolution—we are compelled to dismiss the first volume with the single remark, that no where else will the young student of the early history of Virginia find a more pleasing, and at the same time a more clear, perspicuous, and well-arranged exhibition of all the important facts connected with the discovery and colonial government of our State.

Had Mr. Howison's labors terminated here, he would have both merited and received from his native State the meed due to his filial and patriotic undertaking.

When the curtain rises upon the history of Virginia in the second volume, it is "to present her raising the voice of eloquence, wielding the pen of learning, and shedding the blood of self-sacrifice in the sacred cause of a nation's liberty."

The aggressions of the mother country were ever met by the House of Burgesses with firm and dignified remonstrance. Deeply ingrafted as were the sentiments of loyalty in the Virginia heart, the love of liberty was stronger than the bonds of custom, prejudice, or even the ties of blood. The pitiful, but annoying policy of Grenville—the minister who considered skilful calculation the very soul of statesmanship—who deduced his ethics from algebra, and estimated honor by the rule of three—by degrees more and more exasperated those who desired, and preferred to remain on terms of amity with Great Britain, and by degrees changed their cherished veneration and affection into distrust and hatred. The passage of the celebrated Stamp Act, fanned the smothered fires of discontent into an open flame. The House of Burgesses in 1765 was a body illustrious for its brilliant array of genius and high-souled patriotism. Among its members, was the Attorney General, Peyton Randolph, with his vast and varied learning and profound judgment—Richard Henry Lee, imbued with classic lore and endowed with every grace of mind and person—the accomplished Pendleton—the courteous Bland—the fearless and irreproachable Wythe—together with Patrick Henry, unaffected, dignified, sublime, moving and controlling by his own splendid genius even the master minds of that renowned assemblage. Near the close of its memorable session Mr. Henry saw that the time for bold and decisive action had arrived. He introduced into the House a series of resolutions, asserting the rights of the colonies in terms so firm and energetic, that even the most fearless of his compeers at first shrunk back from their support. But the eloquence of the mover was irresistible. His point was carried notwithstanding the powerful opposition against which he had to contend. These

resolutions, embodying as they do the earliest declaration of American Independence, are alluded to here because of the important influence they exercised upon the whole country at that crisis in its history. They gave courage to the timid, and stability to the wavering; they asserted principles around which all might rally, and in whose defence all might band together, and were, indeed, the immediate cause of a formation of a confederacy for mutual counsel and protection. This well-advised and harmonious concert of action was the means of checking, for a time, the aggressions of the mother country upon the rights of the colony. It was not until 1775 that the storm so long gathering, and whose distant mutterings had so often excited alarm, burst in all its fury upon the colonies of America. In the spring of that year, in the venerable church which so becomingly crowns one of the imperial hills upon which our metropolis is built, there was another assemblage of patriots which would have done honor to any nation or age of the world. Indeed, it resembled a selection made from the great and good of all ages. The sparkling wit of the Athenian, the stern integrity of the Spartan, the lofty heroism of the Roman, were all represented, while the peculiar virtues of each, were tempered and hallowed by the influence which emanates only from Christianity. Here it was, that Henry's clarion voice of genius and eloquence was, for the last time raised to arouse his countrymen to an appeal to arms and to the God of battles. Such an appeal was never again necessary, for the red flash of artillery, and the roar of the iron tempest, soon announced that the Revolution had begun.

For several years past, an animated controversy has been waged on the question, where was the *first* Declaration of Independence made, with the avowed object of altogether discarding allegiance to the mother country! It is admitted that this was more than was contemplated in Mr. Henry's celebrated resolutions in 1765, potent as they were in bringing about such a result. Mr. Howison with evident, but justifiable satisfaction, assures us that the *first* declaration was made in Fredericksburg, his native town. His evidence in support of this assertion deserves consideration. The statement is briefly as follows. When the outrages of the infamous Dunmore kindled such a flame of indignation throughout Virginia, a large number of the citizens of the counties surrounding Fredericksburg flew to arms. Six hundred well-drilled and handsomely equipped men made Fredericksburg their rendezvous. While waiting for intelligence from Williamsburg, a body of patriots, more than a hundred in number, consisting of citizens, soldiers, and delegates to the Assembly, held a meeting and adopted resolutions of the boldest character. They denounced the tyranny of Dunmore, they avowed that the troops would contend for liberty at the hazard of their lives and fortunes; and believing that the rights

of America were in danger, they pledged themselves to reassemble at a moment's warning, and by force of arms to defend the laws and the rights "of this, or any sister colony" from invasion; and they conclude by the invocation, GOD SAVE THE LIBERTIES OF AMERICA.

These Fredericksburg resolutions are dated April 29th, 1775, and were therefore more than a year previous to the great Declaration of July 4th, 1776, and 21 days prior to the Mecklenburg Declaration in North Carolina.

After his record of the capitulation of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, and the consequent acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States, Mr. Howison concludes his chapter by a modest, but gracefully expressed paragraph, recapitulating the services of Virginia in the contest for Independence, which we beg leave to quote:

"Thus ended the war of the Revolution. No State of the Union had more cherished its principles and improved its advantages than Virginia. If she had not witnessed so many of its battles as had others, she had at least not shrunk from the contest. Her sons had ever been active in the council chamber and the field. Patrick Henry had set the "ball in motion," and afterwards had driven it forward by the breath of his eloquence. Thomas Jefferson had written the Charter around which every State was to rally in the hour of danger. Richard Henry Lee had supported Independence at the critical moment. Randolph, Pendleton, Mason, Wythe, Carr, Harrison, all had borne their part in encouraging the soul of freedom. And in arms Virginia had not been less distinguished: George Washington had gone from her bosom to lead the armies of America to triumph. Morgan had left his home in the valley to penetrate the forests of Maine, to head the forlorn hope at Quebec, to drive the enemy before him at Saratoga, and to overwhelm Tarleton at the Cowpens; Mercer had fought and bled at Princeton; Stevens had battled even in defeat at Camden and gathered fresh laurels at Guilford; George Rogers Clarke had entered the wilderness and conquered a new empire for his country. The first voice of warning had been raised in Virginia, and the last great scene of battle had been viewed on her soil. Her sister States have not denied her claims; when peace returned she was still looked to as the leader in the unknown course that opened before America."

The influence of our glorious Revolution, and of the example of our Republic, in its peaceful operation, upon Europe, always an interesting theme, has now become doubly so, in consequence of the recent political movements which have agitated the whole continent.

Ever since the treaty of Versailles, the example of the United States has been a silent, but powerful appeal to the governments of the Old World. And though attempted imitation has, at times, been followed by terrible disaster, still the appeal has not been in vain. Though disappointed and defeated, the down-trodden patriots of the Old

World have never utterly despaired. With eager and admiring eyes fixed upon the prosperous and happy Republic of the New World, they have been encouraged to hope on, and hope ever, under discouragements and reverses the most disheartening. As citizens of the first and freest Republic on earth, we cannot, without the deepest emotion, behold the progress of liberty in any clime, however remote; and especially do we desire to see those provinces which have been wrested from her beautiful domain restored to her. Our eager eyes are turned towards the ancient abodes of freedom in the Old World—the lands where her altars were first raised and surrounded by devoted worshippers—whose soil yet bears the sepulchres of the mighty dead, whose descendants are once more resolving no longer to wear the badge of servitude while treading on the ashes of brave forefathers. Freedom cannot be utterly banished from the ground thus hallowed. Where she cannot prevail, she yet lingers,—though it be only

“To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Once more may she dry her tears and triumph!

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Howison's second volume, is that in which he exhibits the struggles and final establishment of *Religious* freedom. In introducing this topic, he remarks, that for perfect freedom in the exercise of the rights of conscience, the people of Virginia and of America are not so much indebted to the eminent statesmen whose efforts in behalf of civil liberty all gratefully acknowledge, as to an humbler, but equally patriotic class of citizens, who, to the love of country added a pious zeal, for the purity, honor, and advancement of the church of God. The evils of the establishment, depriving men, as it did, of the rights of conscience—inflicting stripes, fines and imprisonment for non-conformity—compelling the payment of the stipends of the clergy—introducing into the ministry men without piety and sometimes without respectable morality, at last aroused that spirit of determined resistance, which was satisfied only by the utter annihilation of a system fraught with such flagrant injustice, both to natural right and to religion.

For a graphic portraiture of the corruptions of the Establishment, we refer the reader to the Address of the venerable Bishop Meade to the Virginia Convention of May, 1845.

During the session of the Legislature in the very year of the Declaration of Independence, the contest on the subject of religious freedom commenced. The majority of the members were in favor of the Establishment, but by degrees yielded to the overwhelming array of argument presented in the numerous memorials which poured in from various portions of the State. Among these one appeared from the Presbytery of Hanover which attracted

much attention from the cogency of its reasoning and the elegance of its composition. It assumed the then bold and novel position, that all sects ought to be placed upon a perfect equality as regards their privileges and immunities, and Christianity should look alone to the free-will offerings of the people for support. These memorials were submitted to the House, which resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Commonwealth. The debate between the opposing parties was conducted with masterly ability, from the 11th of October to the 5th of December. The result was the passage of a Bill which yielded the *principle* for which the friends of Religious freedom contended, though it by no means guaranteed all the privileges which they claimed as their own by right. It was not until 1784 that the whole subject was placed finally at rest, by the destruction of the last vestige of the Establishment. During that year's session of the Assembly, petitions were presented for a “*general assessment*” in support of religion. The advocates of religious freedom again marshalled their forces. A memorial, celebrated for its dignity of tone, and strength of argument, was prepared by Mr. Madison. Another was presented by the Hanover Presbytery, and the Rev. John Blair Smith, one of the members of that body, and President of Hampden Sidney College, was permitted to appear at the bar of the House and argue his cause for three successive days. Again the cause of religious freedom triumphed, and the Bill enjoining a general tax for the support of the gospel was rejected. Then followed the celebrated act for the establishment of religious freedom, written by Mr. Jefferson, and adopted by the Assembly—an Act embodying principles which lie at the very foundation of our dearest rights, and which are equally essential to the true prosperity both of Church and State.

One of the best written portions of the second volume, is that in which Mr. Howison very concisely, but forcibly, presents to our notice the part which Virginia took in the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution. Our author has given us a graphic sketch of the acts and actors of the State Convention, to which the question of receiving or rejecting the amended Constitution was referred. Such a brilliant galaxy of genius and worth was never assembled before from a single State. Perhaps at no time in the history of our country, has there been another debate calling forth such transcendent displays of eloquence. Nor will this appear extravagant when we remember *who* were the champions engaged in the intellectual strife. On the one side James Munroe, George Mason, William Grayson, and Patrick Henry. On the other, John Marshall, James Innes, Francis Corbin, Henry Lee, Governor Randolph, George Nicholas, and James Madison. Never did the genius of Henry shine with greater lustre, never was the magic of his eloquence more entrancing, than in

his opposition to the adoption of the proposed Constitution. Mr. Howison thus alludes to one incident of the debate. "As the time for a final vote approached, Mr. Henry's anxiety increased and his eloquence grew more impressive. While he was once speaking, and when he had wrought his hearers to a paroxysm of feeling, a furious storm arose; lightnings flashed, thunder pealed, and rain poured down in torrents. At the same time the spirit of the orator had soared to 'etherial mansions' and invoked celestial witnesses to view the crisis of his country. The effect could not be borne: the members rose in confusion and the meeting was dissolved." But the resistance of Mr. Henry and his associates was in vain. The final vote on the ratification made Virginia a State in the Federal Union, under the new Constitution.

The fourth and last division of Mr. Howison's History treats of the fortunes of the Commonwealth under the new phase of a unit in the confederacy. One of her first acts, was one which became her ancient renown, in the introduction of Kentucky, (a part of her magnificent dower to the General Government,) to the rank of a State in the Union—and her first honor, was the elevation of her noblest son to the Presidential chair.

The remaining chapters in the volume are devoted to the record of events too recent, and too fresh, in the remembrance of all, to require particular notice. The chapter of *statistics*, though uninviting in its first appearance, is really one of the most valuable, and one which exhibits advantageously the industry and patient research of the author.

We cannot but mourn over its necessarily meagre enumeration of the *Literary Contributions* of Virginia to the elegant department of Belles Lettres. Few of her gifted sons have devoted their time to the cultivation of this inviting field. The only native productions to which Mr. Howison refers, (the Library is not a large one,) are the translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into verse, by George Sandys, the first to woo the muse upon our own soil—the translation of Homer, by Wm. Munford—the "Land of Powhatan," and the "Nugae," of St. Leger Landon Carter—the poems of Wm. Maxwell—Edgehill and Yorktown—the British Spy and Old Bachelor,—the Letters of John Randolph—the Histories of Smith, Beverley, Stith, Burk, (continued by Skelton Jones, and completed by Louis Girardin,) J. W. Campbell's Virginia—the Rev. Wm. Henry Foote's* *Sketches of North Carolina*, and the Biographies of Henry, by Wirt; of Jefferson, by Tucker; and of Washington, by Marshall.

Nor let the reader, however averse to the perusal of statistics, fail to observe Mr. Howison's exhibition of the numerical strength, and pious contributions, of the several religious denominations in

the Commonwealth. These pages will present matter interesting to the curious, and profitable to the reflecting.

The History is brought down to the Retrocession of Alexandria, in 1847, and closes with the following brief paragraph.

"We have now completed a review of the past History and present condition of Virginia. The future is yet before her, and its revelations to her must depend greatly on her own preparation to meet them. By the exercise of diligence and virtue, she may obtain a glory more substantial and a happiness more pure than any she has ever enjoyed. May such be her conduct and her destiny!"

It has been a subject of general regret, that Mr. Howison did not devote at least a chapter of his volumes to a delineation of the *social history* of Virginia—that he has given us so little insight into the domestic manners, customs and peculiarities of the *people*—that he never leaves the state—walks of public life, to conduct us to a seat by the fire-side, or to mingle in the pursuits and recreations of *plantation life*. In this regret we participate, though it would not be so easy to point out the precise manner in which the defect might be remedied. To a writer so accurate—so fond of reference to *authorities*, for the substantiation of *every* fact and opinion, neither the traditions of old crones, nor his own impressions of what *might* be the social character of the people, would furnish a very tempting reliance. Moreover, it has been our author's fortune to spend his life chiefly within the somewhat finite limits of Fredericksburg and Richmond, so that were he to draw upon his own knowledge of plantation life and social characteristics, his resources would be soon exhausted. We doubt whether he ever saw a barbacue, gander-pulling, or scrub-race; whether he ever shot a pheasant, or bagged a partridge, or followed the hounds after Reynard; whether he ever sat down to a country Christmas dinner, or before the crackling yule-clog of a fire-place six feet square. If we presume too much upon his ignorance in these matters—we crave his pardon—and confess that we have been rather describing our own case. However, we venture to predict, that were any one to address him personally with the question, "Why have you given us a history rather of the *government*, than of the *people* of Virginia?" he would answer, Where could I find authorities to consult about the social character of the State? and it may be that the interrogator could not tell him.

Still we think such knowledge *is* attainable, and as an illustration of the mode in which such an investigation might be conducted, we refer him to an interesting article on the subject by H. A. W. in the February number of the Messenger.

As to the perspicuity of arrangement, the harmony of proportion between the parts, and the accuracy of facts, of Mr. Howison's history, there

* Who is now preparing a work on Virginia.

can be but one opinion. In these particulars he has performed his task in a manner altogether unexceptionable.

With regard to the literary merits and style of the work, a question might be raised. There is, in the first volume particularly, a tendency to an ornate and elaborate diction, which does not altogether accord with true taste. We remember to have heard of an old-field schoolmaster, who attempted to teach Latin, a language which he did not happen to understand himself. His class of half-a-dozen sprightly boys, soon discovered that their master was no Roman, and consequently gave themselves no trouble in the way of preparation for recitation. But when the hour arrived, their custom was, first to read a line of Latin, and then extemporise some English sentence. The teacher suspected the trick, and sometimes interrupted the translator with the exclamation, "Bless me! boys, that is a great deal of English for that little Latin!" So occasionally we have blessed ourselves and author, as we exclaimed, surely here are a great many words for this short idea. But after all, this is a minor blemish, and this very flowing exuberance of epithet, is that which constitutes one charm of the work in the eyes of many readers. Provided it be clear and *natural*, we are as little disposed to criticise for any peculiarity of style as of physiognomy. There is a miserable cant upon this subject which deserves to be rebuked. Every writer has a method of expressing his thoughts peculiar to himself. Cultivation may indeed do much to modify and improve it. Still, if he be a man of sterling sense, he will write, as well as speak, in his own way. It may not be the *best* style, but it is *his*, and it is better than any imitation even of a superior. "Ut bene currere non potest qui pedum ponere studet in alienis tantum vestigiis, ita nec bene scribere qui tanquam de præscripto non audet egredi." Mr. Howison expresses himself in the manner most natural to him. What has, to others, the appearance of being highly elaborate, is, in all probability, more easy of execution to him than a perfectly plain style. Nor can it ever be said that he fails to make his *meaning* clear. Whatever his phraseology, there is never a moment's doubt as to the idea expressed. This is an excellency which more than cancels the defect alluded to,—a defect corrected, or scarcely apparent in the second volume.

We have now a History of Virginia which has found favor at the bar of the great public,—one brought down to our own times—the chronicle of events which have transpired within the observation of all.

But History itself does not terminate with the close of the Historian's volumes.

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,"

a stream which will not cease to flow until "the last syllable of recorded time." Each succeeding

generation demands its story to be added to the record of the past. Rich as Virginia confessedly is in historic interest, few have been the attempts to gather up the treasures which enrich the pages of the annalist. Even the Historical Society was suffered to decline and become almost extinct, until it was recently revived by the patriotic zeal of its present Corresponding Secretary. Under the fostering care of the gentlemen who now compose the officers and executive committee, (many of them eminent for their devotion to the best interests of the State,) the Society must exert an influence which will give a healthful and vigorous impulse to the fortunes of the Commonwealth. In the words of its distinguished President—"Too long have we followed after strange gods, and turned our backs upon those of our own household. The false glare of *national* honors has been wont to dazzle the eyes of Virginians, and make them forget the duty and service they owe, primarily, to their own state. At last, a happy change has arisen, and we see them returning with gifts and offerings to their paternal altars."

The mother of States owes it to herself, and to her daughters and sisters of the Union, to gather and safely treasure up all the monuments of her past renown, together with every thing in her present condition that might prove instructive to future generations.

We tender to Mr. Howison our thanks for *his* contribution to this interesting and important department.

THE CASTLE OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

Hast thou lived in the city and looked far away
To the bright-mantled mountains that bounded the view,
And hast thou not wished on a sweet summer day
To roam the old forest 'mid flowers and dew?

Hast thou travelled the rocks and the dust of the road
Nor longed to some meadow to turn thee aside,
Where a devious stream with its white bosom flowed
And soft to each other birds called and replied?

Have the roses of youth to be thornless not proven?
Art thou weary and worn by thy sorrow and strife,
There's a Castle of Dreams, of the sunlight inwoven,
That towers aloft o'er the Valley of Life.

The voices of eld whisper sweet in its halls,
Round its rampart the light of futurity gleams,
From its windows mysterious melody calls,
Then let us away to the Castle of Dreams!

Madison, Indiana.

STARS AND STEAMERS.

MR. EDITOR :—The perusal of Lieut Maury's late contributions to the *Messenger* has afforded me, as I doubt not it has numerous others, the pleasure and information which his writings are always calculated to impart. In one article, we plainly discover his most comprehensive views in relation to Astronomy, and his enthusiastic yearning, grasping after further revelations from the abysses of space. In the other, we find him, guided by that science to which he is devoting his time so honorably to himself and to the nation, measuring off new and shorter channels for the future prosperity of our country. Star-gazing in his hands thus becomes eminently practical and useful; and more than once has he taken peeps into the prospective interests of his country scarcely less novel and prophetic than those by which Le Verriere revealed a new planet, before its appearance to the observer of the heavens.

But great as is my admiration of the "Superintendent of the National Observatory," I value his friendship too highly even to appear to flatter him; and it is not my object in now addressing you to commend him, but to ask the attention of your readers to a few topics suggested by the articles to which I have alluded.

At the great Memphis Convention over which Mr. Calhoun presided, in November, 1845, no interest was so strongly represented, nor so boldly advocated, as that of Internal Improvement by means of railroads. The Atlantic and the Mississippi were to be speedily united by new lines of railroad from Charleston and from some point in Virginia to Memphis: from this *great stem* innumerable branches were to shoot off to the Gulf of Mexico and its tributaries, and to the heart of Tennessee and of other States; whilst the *great stem* itself was to be pushed on westward from some point in Arkansas, or Louisiana, and ultimately to reach California.

Going up the Mississippi, Mr. Calhoun collected the views of various delegates to the Convention, in reference to their respective schemes of improvement; and as each new scheme was pointed out, he with his usual system and accuracy traced it on the map. At length an engineer from Louisiana undertook to mark, in India ink upon a large map of the United States, the principal routes in contemplation; and when the result was exhibited, most beautiful and complete was the net-work of ramifying improvements. One thing was rendered quite conspicuous,—that nearly all this immense web of rail-roads branched off from Atalanta,—a point in Georgia, on her great western highway, already passed: this fact was announced with much emphasis by Mr. Calhoun in his speech at the open-

ing of the Convention. I also heard him speak of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific, (in about the direction of that advocated by Lieut. Maury,) in connection with our trade and intercourse with China: and he stated a fact related to him by some naval officer,—of a body having been brought by the natural currents of the ocean to the coast of California from some of the Pacific islanders,—as indicating that those currents might be rendered available in navigation to China. But, as well as I remember, he contemplated the route by the Sandwich Islands; and I believe Lieut. M. is the first who has pointed out the important difference between measuring the route to China upon the flat projected maps and a "great circle" of our globe; and the great advantage of making the Aleutian, or Fox Islands, the depot for our steamers, instead of the out-o'-the-way Sandwich.

The veteran General Gaines, with his characteristic enthusiasm, urged his system of public defence by means of railroads and magnetic telegraph, and not only took part in what I have alluded to whilst ascending the Mississippi; but at the Convention, being called forth, made a speech which was received with great applause. Among other things, he spoke of the projected railroad westward of the Mississippi, and with a bold *inuen*do, in full accordance with the subsequent policy of our government, said, "and that will be right on the route to California!"

Mr. Whitney, author of a scheme for a railroad to the Pacific, through the more northern parts of our territory, was also at the Memphis Convention; and some of the northern delegations were indoctrinated with his views. Part of his views were worthy of universal espousal: he could hardly exaggerate the value and importance of turning the tide of trade, travel and correspondence with the populous east, through the United States; and having visited China and also informed himself from other authentic sources, he was a credible exhibitor of the commercial advantages to be secured by us. Of all these there was no doubt: great nations had been made by the temporary enjoyment of comparatively a small portion of the treasures of the east; and undone by the loss of them. Our own country's resources are independent of these contributions of the East, and will exalt her prosperity without them; but her prosperity, like that of Venice, would be superbly augmented by their accession; and though, unlike Venice, she could lose them without material injury, what competitor could ever deprive her of them? Admitting all this, however, Mr. Whitney's earnest efforts can hardly remove the difficulties and objections to his scheme; though I believe Congress has several times been very near embracing it.

The scheme of Captain Wilkes is of more recent concoction, or at least of more recent promul-

gation, and was set forth by him in a publication on the subject.

One very important point in the final execution of a connection by railroad between the Pacific and the Mississippi valley, will be the selection of the termini; and though Lieut Maury has admirably balanced the considerations on this head, yet a few testimonies may be added from a work which should be one of authority on the subject.

Sir George Simpson, "Governor-in-chief of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories," in his "Overland Journey round the World," visited all the ports of Upper California, as well as that at the mouth of the Columbia river. His description of the last greatly strengthens the objections to any scheme which would cause reliance to be placed upon it as a place of convenience or safety for ships or steamers. Steamers might the more easily surmount the obstacles and escape the dangers; but they would not be near as safe there as ships in the more Southern ports; and it would be idle to establish a great resort to any port which would not accommodate every species of the swift messengers of commerce.

Sir George Simpson says of this Columbia Harbor, "There being now a favorable breeze from the northeast, as well as smooth water, we prepared to escape from the prison which had held us in durance vile for seventeen days. * * We were all, even the most experienced among us, anxiously excited at the prospect of encountering a spot already preëminent, among congenial terrors of much older fame, for destruction of property and loss of life,—its unenviable trophies consisting of three ships wrecked and several others damaged;—to say nothing of boats swamped with all their crews." This, it is true, was in the middle of December; but the same author says, that his detention by no means exceeded the average delay, and that vessels often lie there during the winter from three to seven weeks. The difficulty of ingress is greater than that of egress, because vessels have then to wait in the open ocean for a favorable conjunction of fair wind and smooth water. Indeed, the obstructions at the mouth of this too celebrated river retarded its discovery.

From this dangerous "prison," Sir George rejoiced to make his escape to the fine harbor of San Francisco, which he could not behold without coveting it for his own country. He, like all Englishmen, discovers a strong feeling of one-sided nationality,—often mistaken for patriotism;—and like too many of them, utters those stereotyped prejudices against the United States: at the same time, foreseeing the vast power and influence of Russia, he diplomatically extends to her the assurance of his distinguished consideration. Whilst predicting that California must fall into the hands of the English race, and proposing that England should get it, or take it, he makes one of those

contrasts which John Bull can sometimes so complacently institute between his integrity and the imputed rapacious dishonesty of Jonathan. He speaks highly of the natural fertility of California; deplures its very neglected condition, even in its most favored spots, and the indolence and entire want of enterprise of the inhabitants; and exclaims, "what a splendid country, whether we regard its internal resources, or its commercial capabilities, to be thrown away on its present possessors!"

It would, therefore, be a blessing for them to yield either to England or the United States; and doubtless they would "hugely" (as said my uncle Toby,) prefer to come under the rational and well-secured freedom of England! The British or Americans must have it; and though the latter have "the advantage in an unscrupulous choice of weapons," yet the former must not give it up as hopeless; for they could make a claim to it so honestly, by assuming a part of the debts due by Mexico to British subjects; and besides that, were even then "entitled to colonize a considerable portion of the Upper Province," under the treaty of 1790.

Speaking thus, as it were, for his own nation, Sir Governor-in-chief's testimony is entitled to some weight. He decidedly gives the preference to the harbors of San Diego and San Francisco,—the extreme ports. He does not speak near so favorably of that of Monterey, as Lieut. Maury's authorities do; and expresses surprise that Monterey should be the capital of the country.

The discovery and naming of San Francisco, "one of the finest harbors in the world," may be interesting.

Vizcaino, still carrying out that career of northern exploration set on foot by Cortes, discovered, in 1603, St. Diego and Monterey. But colonization was not extended to this portion of the country, till about 1767, when the then Viceroy of Mexico proposed to the Franciscans, who had succeeded the expelled Jesuits, the spiritual invasion of the Upper California. Accordingly, missions were planned for both Diego and Monterey; but the voyage along the coast proving highly disastrous, the missionaries undertook the rest of the distance by land. Missing Monterey, or failing to recognize its location, they passed on to the "miniature Mediterranean" on its north. Before starting on their expedition, they had divided their new field of labor among the saints highest in the Calendar of their order; but in this division omitted the honored St. Francis himself. When this omission was pointed out, the ready chief of the conclave replied, "let him first prove his title to such a distinction by showing us a good port." "Having thus put their patron to his mettle," the wayworn priests were rejoiced to acknowledge his guidance to the magnificent inlet before them; and they called it by his name.

"On proceeding along the strait," says Sir George Simpson, "one of the most attractive scenes imaginable gradually opens on the mariner's view,—a sheet of water of about thirty miles in length by about twelve in breadth, sheltered from every wind by an amphitheatre of green hills, while an intermediate belt of open plain, varying from two to six miles in depth, is dotted by the habitations of civilized men." "On emerging from the strait, which is about three miles long, we saw on our left a deep bay, known as Whaler's harbor." "On our right, just opposite, stretched the pretty little bay of Yerba Buena, whose shores are doubtless destined under better auspices to be the site of a flourishing town." Both these bays were occupied by ships, though most of the whalers, who once gave name to one of them, have now gone to the Sandwich Islands. Doubtless they would be prevailed upon to return by inducements less strong than those enumerated by Lieut. Maury.

The harbor of Monterey, though represented as "infinitely inferior to that of San Francisco," may still be very commodious; so that the decision between them, and San Diego also, may properly depend upon the means employed to reach the Pacific coast.

Launching out from either of them, the peculiarities of the "*great circle route*" will be very striking, but may not be fully appreciated from the brief description given in the Messenger, unless it be actually followed by the reader *upon a globe*.

Monterey is about N. Lat. $36\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Changhai, in China, is near Lat. 31° . One would naturally suppose, then, that the direct route between them lay a little to the south west; and would lie near the Sandwich Islands, which are about Lat. 23° ; and far to the south of the Fox Islands, which are about Lat. 50° . Yet strange to say, the great circle route from Monterey, or San Francisco, to Changhai, reaches very nearly as far north as the Fox Islands; thus,—instead of going nearly along the parallel westward,—taking a direction north of the highest terminus, nearly thirteen degrees of Latitude! Until I actually made the experiment on a globe, I felt inclined to think that there was some mistake in regard to the Fox Islands being near the route.

When one thinks of the results of such stupendous schemes, as nearly every day now brings forth to develop the destiny of our great country, it is calculated to make him repine at the fate which may prevent his witnessing and enjoying their realization. Richmond, herself, may be one terminus of this Atlantic and Pacific route. She is only a little north of Memphis and Monterey; and the too long neglected south western link in the great westward chain is the great work for the energies and resources of the noble State of which she is the metropolis and the ornament. And, my dear Mr. Editor, you, or some of your worthy succes-

sors, may yet be taken from your sanctum by steam and borne on the same strong, swift pinions to the distant shores of the Celestial Empire.*

It was not solely the connection of your contributor with Astronomy, nor the fact that his "*great circle route*" is an astronomical idea, that induced me to associate "*Stars and Steamers*;" but he has recently favored us with interesting communications on that subject also. Besides, ocean steamers brought to mind Dr. Lardner; and he again recalled Le Verriere and the Stars, as I shall proceed to show you.

Le Verriere, though so highly honored at home and abroad, has had to fight some defensive battles to secure his well-earned laurels. Not only have assaults been made upon them in England, but some ignoble disparagers in our own country have sought to tarnish them, by denying, I believe, that the planet Neptune is the planet whose existence was predicted by the French astronomer. Because, perchance, his calculations of the planet's "*elements*" were not so exact as their telescopic observations, they are disposed to attribute the discovery of Neptune to "*a happy accident*." With them the more liberal and generous "*Superintendent of the National Observatory*" has no sympathy, and has recently published a letter of vindication from Le Verriere himself.

Even before the discovery of Uranus, by Herschell, in 1781, perturbations, or disturbances,—for which no known cause existed,—affecting the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, had been sagaciously referred to the influence of some undiscovered body beyond them. Now that the discovery of such a body had satisfactorily accounted for those perturbations, it was found that it was itself subject to similar disturbances, that could not be accounted for by the mutual attractions of the orbs already known. With these effects accurately ascertained, M. Le Verriere, a young French mathematician and astronomer connected with the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, undertook to find out an adequate cause, which he did not doubt was another planet beyond the orbit of Uranus.

Having with much patient thought and labor calculated the "*elements*,"—the size, position, distance, &c.—of a body such as would produce the observed effects, he announced his results in the summer of 1846, and informed the star-gazers whither to direct their "*astronomic tubes*."

Accordingly, on the 23rd of September, M. Galle, of Berlin, had the honor of hailing this child of scientific prophecy. Of course, great distinction was at once conferred on both prophet and observer; and M. Salvandy, the French minister of public instruction, recommended them both to

* The great circle measure, I suppose, will apply to land as well as water; and in that case, I must confess that the route from Richmond to Monterey would pass north of St. Louis, in Missouri.

the king as worthy of the Legion of Honor. As might have been expected, England was not silent on so memorable an occasion; but with a spirit more politic than commendable, laid claim substantially to the honors awarded both to MM. Galle and Le Verriere. Englishmen always go pertinaciously for their own country and countrymen; and it is not without good outward effect upon their enterprise and national spirit. The honor of almost every important invention and discovery is grasped after, in whole or part, by that great nation. I have already alluded to the different tone with which Sir George Simpson speaks of our Republic and the Autocracy of Russia; yet he has to give his countrymen a gentle reproof for (carrying out their long-settled principles in) not doing to Russia the justice to which he thinks she is entitled. It does not, however, seem to have occurred to him, that the same habituated sentiment may do to others even more injustice than he admits it has done towards England's great northern rival.

Through Sir David Brewster, and other organs, England asserts that Mr. Adams, of the University of Cambridge, preceded Le Verriere more than a year, and calculated even more accurately the elements of the new planet; and had he only published them instead of placing them in the hands of Mr. Airy, the Astronomer royal, his would have been the signal honor awarded to the Frenchman. And further,—Mr. Airy, from his faith in Mr. Adams' computations and inferences, recommended a systematic search of the Heavens for the half-expected stranger; and Mr. Challis, professor of Astronomy, at Cambridge, actually caught it twice, but not knowing it let it go. What a pity! They wished to add the confirmation of actual discovery to the deductions of Mr. Adams, and seem to have shrunk from the risk of a failure; but the young Frenchman, confident in the seer-peering power of mathematics, boldly uttered his prophecy, assured of its fulfilment.

But after all, it appears by their own shewing, that the loss of this coveted honor by England was but the same misfortune which befel the French in losing the credit of discovering Uranus. The French astronomer, Lemonnier, had hailed that planet no less than eleven times before its recognition by Sir William Herschell.

There may be much truth in what the English thus say, and perhaps it is natural that the French should "display no little irritation at these facts being set before the public," (it may be, not in the most conciliatory tone,) but both sides should remember, that if men of science cannot afford to be most largely generous, whence may we look for such an example? And would it not be infinitely better for every nation to seek new undivided and indivisible honors, than to sow the seeds of irritation by claiming a disputable division of those al-

ready achieved? The field is not yet exhausted; and there is room for all. Space contains our sun and his planets and the fixed stars with their systems also,—all in harmony; and I would so exalt the conception of Scientific and Literary Fame, that, instead of its being necessary to rob, or even lower one to reward another, it may be shared, without being diminished, by all who have won it in all ages of the world.

But there is one of England's sons, who though an LL. D. for his scientific attainments and productions, is not entitled to any part of the honor sought to be divided with France. Once I had a high respect for Doctor Lardner; but there are some things contained in his published "Lectures on Science and Art," which shake confidence in his real scientific knowledge, as much as his scandalous elopement with Mrs. Heavisides did that in his moral character.

The part he took some years ago in respect of ocean steam navigation diminished, perhaps rather unjustly, his reputation in England for enterprise and practical science. He had committed himself in favor of a line of communication by steam with this country, starting from the west of Ireland, as the only point sufficiently near to our shores, for steamers to carry the requisite supply of fuel without sacrificing their accommodations for freight and passengers. Some of his more daring countrymen were in favor of starting the line from the west of England. In the discussion which ensued, Dr. Lardner was inaccurately reported to have declared the latter scheme as impracticable as a voyage to the moon. In an essay on the subject in his "Lectures," is a friendly, but not altogether conclusive defence of the views then maintained by him,—in which, among other things, it is argued, that he could never have made any such declaration as that above ascribed to him, because steamers had previously traversed the broad Atlantic.

It is, however, by no means certain that because an interesting matter in science is known to its votaries, it is therefore known to Doctor Lardner; and I was greatly surprised to find him, in the important matter following, so far behind that noble science of which he has long been regarded so prominent a teacher.

Doctor Lardner is a fluent and quite an interesting speaker; he had a splendid apparatus for illustrating his lectures; and he deserves credit for having diffused so much scientific information; but he actually enters into a grave argument to prove that Uranus was the extreme limit of the Solar System!

"The existence," says he, (vol. i, p. 255,) "of a body such as Herschel would have been regarded, before its discovery, just as chimerical as another planet would now be considered revolving beyond it. We have, however, direct proofs of a cogent character in favor of the position, that Herschel

(Uranus) is the last and most remote member of the Solar System."

Now, the existence of Herschel was strongly suspected before its discovery, from the observed perturbations of Saturn and Jupiter, of which he seems to have been ignorant. The "direct proofs" alluded to are drawn from the presumed fact, that there were no observable perturbations either in Uranus, or in the comparatively light and volatile comets that visit our system and which ought soon to disclose all neighboring attractions. This was in the spring of 1846; and probably at the moment that he was penning his most conclusive argument, Le Verriere and Adams, Galle and Challis, Bessel and Herschell, and perhaps many others were in pursuit of the new planet, Neptune, or profoundly thinking over the long-known perturbations which infallibly indicated his existence. These perturbations were the subject of discussion and correspondence, as far back as the summer and fall of 1842, between Bessel and Sir John Herschell. The latter, on retiring from the chair of the British Association, a fortnight before the discovery of Mr. Galle, (Sept. 23rd, 1846,) referred to the discovery of the new Asteroid, Astrea, which had signalled that year, and continued, "it (the year) has done more; it has given us the probable prospect of the discovery of another. We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain. Its movements have been felt trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty hardly inferior to that of ocular demonstration." It is true, that the way had by this time been well paved for the majestic approach of the new planet, but the data for such conclusions were not collected in a day, or a year. Yet just about the time that Doctor Lardner was "endeavoring by means of logical arguments," as Galileo said of his opponents, "to charm" all new "planets out of the sky," Le Verriere, (Adams, too,) was prepared confidently to predict the existence of one near four thousand millions of miles from the sun.

This planet, Neptune, or Le Verriere, is the third orb in size in our system, being about 50,000 miles in diameter. His bulk is 250 times that of the earth; though, not being of so dense a material, his mass, or quantity of matter, is only 38 times that of the earth:—that of Jupiter being 338 times, and that of Saturn 95 times. His mean distance from the sun is 3,200 millions of miles: consequently a lineal extent of 1,400 millions of miles has been added to the space occupied by the Solar family; and if the whole orbit of Jupiter were stretched into a line, it would not reach from Neptune to the sun.

It may naturally be asked, "is this the last?" The depths of space are doubtless full of shining orbs; and it might be unphilosophical, as yet at least, to limit the power of the Sun's attraction. Sir David Brewster says of Neptune, "Yet there

across that mighty gulf,—as here, and where Mercury nestles near the Sun,—the laws of gravitation are constantly and unerringly obeyed;—a silent but impressive proclamation this, to intelligent piety, of the cardinal doctrine of Scripture,—with which indeed the remoter regions of the universe are oracular,—that there is 'one God and Father of all, who is above all and in all.'"

Yet the Sun's attraction rapidly diminishes,—as the square of the distance from him: and it might be computed, I suppose, at what distance his power would be insufficient to maintain the motions of a planet. But on the other hand, the size of the planet and of its orbit and the time of revolution, &c., may possibly be adapted to the least degree of attraction; and who can say but that the suns of other systems may ultimately come to aid the feebleness of our own, and by the *composition* and *resolution* of their attractions, urge a far-far-distant planet on its way round our centre?

I am inclined to think, therefore, that Neptune is not our frontier orb; though the still augmenting distance of every new-found world multiplies the obstacles in the way of its discovery. The distance from the sun,—by the usual progression,—of a planet outlying Neptune would be over 6,000 millions of miles. Yet perturbations affecting him may in turn reveal the existence of another bright planet beyond; and Astronomy, now rendered prophetic, be persuaded of its presence there, though never disclosed even by the aid of the telescope.

Is it not cheering to witness the honorable progress that Astronomy is making among us? We have several well-furnished and well-plied observatories,—National, Collegiate and Municipal; and our astronomers are in correspondence with the most distinguished of Europe. The National Observatory, through Lieutenants Gillies and Maury, has presented its first fruits to the scientific world,—which, especially those of the present superintendent, have been pronounced by competent judges, such as Arago, no unworthy offering. If he could be induced therefor to retire from his present honorable position and scientific connexions, I know no one who would so well adorn the presidential chair of our venerable William & Mary.* He would infuse new life into her; and raise her to more than pristine eminence.

What both public and private institutions have done for the scientific reputation of our country, bespeaks the most liberal encouragement of congress, within their constitutional authority. I hope that they will speedily furnish the National Observatory with every instrument and appliance that may enable it to become a leader and an explorer in

* So far from this being said in disparagement of any of her present faculty,—for all of whom, and especially the present incumbent of her presidential office, I entertain high respect and good will,—it has reference only to a new organization, provided one should take place.

the unoccupied realms of scientific enquiry. Some, I know, look to the Smithsonian Institute to supply almost every deficiency in our literary and scientific foundations. But whilst I wish that Institution the highest success and usefulness, it produces a feeling of deep humiliation to reflect that the private munificence of an individual, a stranger to our soil, should not only exceed, but be a substitute for the contributions of a great, wealthy and enlightened nation, to those things which constitute the basis of the most enduring national fame and monuments of the most elevated national pride.

Literature and Science, represented chiefly by Arago, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, occupy a conspicuous position in the recent remarkable revolution in France. If they be men of wisdom as well as of letters, they have a rare opportunity of blessing France. Warned by past excesses, the prudent can but indulge apprehensions as to the result. There is too much of the old leaven of infidelity still at work amongst the literary classes; and the example set in Paris is likely to spread till Russia, Austria, and perchance England, alarmed for their own stability, will again put forth their armed interposition. Here, letters and liberty may be associated under a well-founded republic; and in a few more years, an Arago among us may be our minister of the marine; and our Lamartines prove worthy successors in high public employments of our Pauldings, and Irvings, and Bancrofts.

B. B. M.

April 13, 1848.

SONNET.—SUNRISE.

With amber light, the East is all a glow,
Night slowly gathers up her train far spread,
And westward hies, by soft-paced Vesperus led,
While herald clouds the bright'ning orient strow.
O'er the misty mountain's waiting rim,—lo!
The Day-god lifts his calm, majestic head
And all is light! The last bold star hath fled,
And gladness wakes in all the earth below.
Sing, sing ye happy birds, from vale and hill,
Ye breezes murmur with a wilder thrill,
Ye fountains, gurgling from the darksome earth,
Smile in his rays and dance with freer mirth,
Open ye flow'rets, and though silent aye,
Shed your sweet incense to the rising day.

C. C. L.

Virginia, 1848,

THE TWO COUNTRY-HOUSES.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER IV.

The reader will recollect that Mary Hunter, in the interview described in the last chapter, gave Carabas Car a letter which she characterized as that of a base person. This judgment which her refined sense had reached was a very just one. The letter was anonymous. Carabas read it in such privacy as his uproarious guests permitted him to steal. It was as follows:

"Dear Miss:

It is with feelings not to be described that I take up my pen to write you these few lines to let you know that a good friend is watching over you and always ready with best advice and more if necessary, and to let you know that your best chance, which is your most prudent course, is to turn Mr. Carabas Car off, who is going fast and will not be worth a cent in a short time, and to put you on your guard against said Mr. Car, who besides is a gambler, and losing a fortune every night to such fellows as it would be a disgrace for a *gentleman* to have anything to do with in the way of dealing. Also I would wish to let you know that he is unprincipled as respects killing his fellow men, which is against the laws of Moses, and to be punished when found out by the laws of the commonwealth (which is certainly right, for how are we to be safe if men are to be allowed to shoot their fellow-men) and to be punished according to how they do it, some going to the gallows and some to the penitentiary, which in the opinion of subscriber is worse than the gallows, at least subscriber thinks so, and that Mr. Car ought to be sent (which other respectable persons agree in opinion with subscriber) and that he ought to be sent, *which may happen*. In the way of carrying out what subscriber says, it was only the other day that Mr. Car, after betting such a sum as was a foolish disgrace, twenty thousand dollars to ten thousand, when he could have got ten thousand to twenty with Colonel Bull of Tennessee, and losing the same, shot a poor innocent individual of a large family that might have been thrown orphans and widows on the cold charity of the world (which makes the blood run cold to think of) in a manner that it was a miracle he did not kill him, which is owing to his disgraceful and dangerous and bloody-minded disposition, which God preserve subscriber from, who, however, is not afraid to let his name be known, if you, dear Miss, are disposed to do the prudent thing, and not kick (?) a respectable person in whom subscriber is interested for the sake of ruining yourself and posterity (no offence) by marrying a man who is a gambler, a fool, as to his money, and guilty of man-

slaughter, or the intention, which is the same. The gentleman, subscriber thinks safe for you to take, and advises as a friend you will take is Paul Grimshaw Esq., who is known to you; he will have a pretty considerable fortune when a certain respected person, (naming no name) deceases, which, considering the uncertainties of human life, age, infirmities and a dangerous cough, may happen any day, although it may be expected that he will live long enough to get Mr. Car's property, which is next to his already, having an awful sum of money on it by deed of trust, which is an almighty thing, deeds of trust I mean, seeing that they are so sudden, and a man may be sold out without knowing what is happening, and without going into court, and keeping the thing waiting with the lawyers from court to court. Also Mr. P. Grimshaw is not the worst looking individual of the two, and if he had had same chances would have done more than Mr. Car has done (subscriber thinks) in the respect of education, and learning, and all that sort of thing, having (subscriber thinks) more natural solid parts, and not being liable to be called off (being firmer and more honorable) by gamblers, horse-racers and that sort of individuals. Subscriber finishes this with writing that Mr. P. Grimshaw is smitten with you, dear Miss Mary, and would come to see you if it was not for his modesty which is a meritorious failing, and a virtue but sometimes prevents the worth of an individual from being found out at first, which is unfortunate. Also there might be some danger from Mr. Car which Mr. P. Grimshaw despises, but which subscriber has advised to avoid.

'If you will marry me, dear Miss,
I'll guard you well in joy and bliss.'

A WELLWISHER."

This letter, which, imitating the clarifying process of Carlyle with the speeches of Cromwell, I have righted up as far as could be done without destroying its more sterling characteristics, Carabas read with tingling cheeks. At another time a sense of the ridiculous would have mingled with the distress and shame which it caused him. At another time, also, he would have taken vengeance for it. The letter was doubtless from Paul himself. The distinction between "subscriber" and "subscriber's friend" had been well enough maintained in the prose of the body of the letter, but poetry is a perilous form of expression to the uninitiated, and the pronouns of the concluding lines—doubtless kiss-verses—betrayed poor Paul. Holding the letter before him Carabas mused:

"But for Mary, and her melancholy eyes, which seem to watch me, and save me from myself, I would commit a great folly now, and bring this miserable fool to a sharp account for his insolence. As it is, this shall be my first lesson in moderation and self-control."

He enclosed the letter to Mary Hunter: writing these words of his own.

"I send you the letter which you gave me. Perhaps it will have some effect upon me. I am moved now by our recent interview, and cannot trust my nature, so shaken from its accustomed state, with so grave a matter as that of promise-making. To-morrow may bring impulses to break the resolutions of the day, and a violated resolution to do good leaves the weak nature debased as well as criminal. Of this you may, however, be sure; the author of the letter is nothing to me. I sigh at its truth, and am stung a little by its falsehood, but will inflict no punishment upon the writer.

"Beautiful and good Mary, remember the past, and retain interest enough in poor Carabas Car to be his monitress.

"Your last words gave me a gleam of hope. Do nothing to deprive me of it, or those resolutions into which I am struggling will fall; and indeed—indeed—my life will not be worth the keeping."

After despatching a servant to Winisfalen, Carabas opened a letter which had been, a few hours before, brought from the post-office. It was from his friend, Ned Tyler, who had gone to a great western city to speculate in lots, and practise law. Much of this letter was taken up with reminiscences of travel and college-life, in which, of course, the reader can have no interest. There was a part, however, of importance to my story.

"I have a proposition to make to you"—ran a portion of the letter. "Just now there is a property for sale here that I am certain will be immensely valuable in a few years. Do not laugh when I tell you that it is at present a swamp. It is in the edge of the city, and can be drained at moderate expense. At present the city is spreading back from the river, at the rate of somewhere near a street a month, and no one thinks of this swamp. But I am certain that, in a short time, if the ground be drained, the rush will be in this direction. A sharp speculator (whose exrs. are about to sell) bought the property some years ago, and sunk ditches, and threw up embankments, which seemed to answer no purpose. I have no doubt, however, from some examinations which I have made, that the draining can be effected with very little addition to these expensive ditches and banks. We can buy the whole (100 acres) for \$10,000, and I propose that you shall squander \$5,000 less of your property, and appropriate that sum to the purchase. I can command \$5,000 for my half. Do this, and you may find yourself, on getting through one great fortune, (which I think you are the very man to do) possessed of a second to commence anew upon. As for the means of transmitting so much money, simply send me a check. Mr. — will cash it here; you remember him: old —'s son. His is one of the bril-

liant successes of this wonderful West. He has made a large fortune."

Carabas, after some reflection, determined to accede to his friend's proposition.

"Why," he thought, "should I who have squandered such large sums without a purpose, hesitate now in applying this moderate sum to a scheme which seems good to so shrewd a mind as my friend's? This sum may be lost in the mud of the swamp, but on the other hand it may grow by some trick of the enchanter who builds the cities of the west into a sudden fortune—large enough to repair my wild losses."

He wrote at once to Ned Tyler, enclosing him a check, and leaving all to his discretion. Of the Grimshaw loan \$8,000 still remained; and \$5,000 of this money he immediately sent, by a trusty servant, to be deposited to his credit to meet the check, in a very flourishing bank, recently established at C——, a town some fifteen miles distant.

This business had scarcely been concluded when the messenger to Winisfalen returned. He brought the news of Colonel Hunter's attack; and Carabas instantly got into saddle and galloped off to see his kind old friend, or at least learn the particulars of his illness. He reached Winisfalen, and presently was received by Mrs. Agnes Hunter. In answer to his earnest inquiries and the expression of his wish to see Colonel Hunter, that lady said:

"His sickness is not mortal, but excitement may make it so. It was mental excitement connected with your course of life, sir, that brought on the attack. He is now asleep and must not be disturbed. I shall, indeed, consider it my duty to guard him against meeting you, not only now, but until his health is entirely restored; of which, alas! God permits us to hope little. Advanced age and the nature of his attack make a perfect recovery in the highest degree improbable."

All this was said with a manner as cold as the north wind. Even the "alas"—a word of infinite sadness—was an icicle.

"Am I to understand, Madam," Carabas said, "that you banish me, not only now when illness may excuse it, but forever, from the kind old man who has been a father to me?"

"I do not banish you, sir," Mrs. Hunter answered. "You use strong expressions. I consider your presence here worse than useless, and believe it to be my duty to say so; and to interpose what authority I possess in a household of which I am not the head to prevent—"

Carabas interrupted the lady.

"You distinguish nicely, Madam, but without a difference. You banish me from this house, and from the noble old man of generous heart, who has been infinitely kind to me—to whom, in return, I owe all love and service. Be it so, Madam. So poor a cause as this insult to me shall produce no household strifes. I request, Madam, that your

daughter will see me for a minute before I leave Winisfalen."

"It is out of the question," replied Mrs. Hunter.

Carabas Car was on the verge of a paroxysm of passion. He would have given all of Cotsworth that worthy Simon Grimshaw had left to him, to stand in a desert, weapon in hand, front to front with the strongest champion on earth. A calm woman who says stinging things, with an air of innocence, is more dreadful to a brave man, of quick temper, than Centibras himself could be, in bodily resurrection with a broad-sword in every one of his hundred hands. At something near white-heat, Carabas said:

"I demand to see your daughter."

Mrs. Hunter, as if her dignity had been wounded by this word "demand," rebuked, with a common-place or two, the gentleman's forgetfulness of decorum; and then gravely answered:

"I cannot accede to your demand."

Saying this she left the room. Shortly after Carabas Car rode away from Winisfalen in a tumult of anger and despair.

Poor Carabas Car! This thing seemed trivial, but how mighty an obstacle did it not place in the way of his hopes. That scheme of his future life which alone promised success in the struggle for the hand of his beautiful mistress, was utterly defeated. His scheme, just formed, and maturing fast into a resolution, had been to place himself daily by Mary Hunter's side—to shew by gravity, self-rule, and refined purity, that evil habits had not fastened deeply upon his nature; but were as nothing before a great purpose of his life—and to win upon her just sympathies by tender, sad, and earnest attentions. I have called this a scheme, but there was no art in it; it had sprung from a good impulse of his nature, and he really longed to make himself worthy of happiness. But the doors of Winisfalen were shut to him. The inexorable Mrs. Hunter had declared a life-long hostility. He was an advocate stricken from the rolls; how should he win his cause when he could not be heard. We, looking calmly on, can see that one good course was left to him:—to lead a pure life, and, so acting well his part, leave the end to fortune. But this was but a wretched, tedious, and cold course to the imagination of one so quick in impulses, and so impatient of delay, as Carabas Car. He reached Cotsworth, and shortly came to a resolution. It was one of his swift and rash ones. He resolved to leave behind him the scenes of so much recent unhappiness, and travel in distant countries. He sent to beg Tom Manning to come to him; and then wrote a long and earnest letter of adieu—in which he gave an account of the interview with her mother—to Mary Hunter. In a few hours Manning came. Carabas said to him:

"Manning, I have a great favor to ask of you."

"I suppose it can't be greater than I am willing to grant"—kindly Tom answered.

"Thank you," Carabas continued. "I knew your readiness to oblige me in an ordinary business; but this is extraordinary. I am about to leave the country for a time, and want you to take charge of Cotsworth."

Tom Manning's face became a little flushed. "It is extraordinary. You want to make an overseer of me," he said bluntly.

Carabas took his hand. "This is folly, my dear Manning. You are my equal in every respect. I only begged of your friendship to take my place here at the head of my house and estate during my absence. If I had a brother I would ask such a favor of him."

Not to waste time upon the details of this incidental conversation, Carabas succeeded in overcoming Manning's repugnance, and the honest fox-hunter agreed to assume the doubtful post—to live at Cotsworth, and take charge of the estate.

Some fifteen or twenty persons were sipping their whiskey punch at a late hour in the great dining-room of Cotsworth, when Carabas joined them, fresh from his interview with Tom Manning. These persons were the dregs of the crowd of visitors who had thronged Cotsworth during the race-week; approving of their quarters they had remained in them.

"Gentlemen," said their courteous host, "I have determined, upon good reasons, to leave Cotsworth. I shall be gone a year. In the mean time Mr. Manning, whom doubtless you all know, will fill my place. This arrangement need make no difference with yourselves; Mr. Manning will continue the hospitalities of my house to you, as long as you choose to receive them."

Carabas Car, a day or two after, left Cotsworth. As he dashed northward, to be in time for a packet about to set sail for Havre, Mary Hunter read his last letter—weeping as she read; it had been sent to her after his departure.

"This is a sad—sad end of a bright dream," murmured the unhappy girl. Presently the refrain of one of the songs of Rokeby came to her mind, and, with a sort of desperate gayety, she sung in low tones:

'He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
And said 'adieu for ever more,
My love—adieu forever more.'

She sung this several times and then, seeming to reason, said aloud:

"But it is I that have made him an exile. He has not shaken his bridle-reins in scorn of me, and ridden away of his free will, deserting me. Poor Carabas! Mother—mother—I doubt of this inexorable purty. It has consigned his noble nature to perdition and made my life dreary—most dreary."

Malkin, a servant girl, entered the room a little

after this, and found her young mistress in a burning fever, and talking incoherently. Mary Hunter was, indeed, very ill.

CHAPTER V.

A month from the day of Carabas Car's departure from Cotsworth, Colonel Hunter received Mr. Gamil, the attorney, into his sick room. Mary Hunter, pale, and thin, from her recent illness, stood by his bed as Gamil entered. She had just remarked that her grandfather's utterance was unusually distinct, and his memory singularly clear; although the old gentleman, weary of his disabled condition and confinement, and desponding, complained of feeling very unwell.

Mr. Gamil was a person of extraordinary appearance, and as we will meet him again, under circumstances of great interest to the more important personages of my story, I will expend a few words of description upon him. He was very tall and slender in figure, and very remarkable in face. Curving out from a little, mean, cramped forehead, his nose would have arched into an exaggeration of the Roman, but was raised, in the middle, into a kind of elbow. This nose seemed to be the greater part of his face. His eyes were small and had an incessant twinkle about them. His mouth was almost toothless, and looked, with its drawn, shrunken lips, like that of an old man, although Mr. Gamil was not more than five-and-thirty. His carriage was so erect as to incline backward. An elaborate ruffle projected far out from between the open collars of his waistcoat. He had been at one time the keeper of a little shop for selling ready made clothing and pinchbeck breast pins; afterwards a gambler on a small scale; he had become, at last, a tricky lawyer. One of Mr. Gamil's peculiarities was an excessive politeness. Another was that, like Gratiano, he could "talk an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in Venice." As he entered the sick-room of Colonel Hunter, he made a most winning and elaborate bow to the old gentleman, and Mary, jointly, and then a several bow, as elaborate, to each.

"I am most happy to be called in, Colonel," he said flourishing on all sides. "I am delighted to see you so well, Miss Hunter. We have a very fine morning. Upon my honor I am very much flattered."

Gamil did not say by what he had been very much flattered. In returning his salutation, Mary Hunter dropped her handkerchief.

"Allow me the honor, Miss Hunter!" said the polite attorney, picking it up, at the risk of butting the lady, who had stooped to anticipate his courtesy. Then, hesitating a moment, he said with a gallant air, before returning it: "How delightful, if I might retain this as a *souveneur*!"

Mr. Gamil found his gallantry rebuked by the

manner of the lady, and sighing, relinquished the handkerchief.

"Mary," interposed Colonel Hunter, "this Mr. Gamil who is making an ass of himself—I beg your pardon, sir—with his souvenirs, is a plain man of business, and we have something important to do. Leave us together, my dear."

Gamil checked a little by the old gentleman's blunt speech, rallied as Mary was about to leave the room.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I should have interrupted so charming a scene. Nature furnishes no lovelier spectacle than a lovely young lady ministering to the wants of her aged relative. It is enough to make you enjoy a sick bed, Colonel, to have such a nurse."

Gamil looked as if he thought he had made a gallant hit.

"You have a poor notion of a sick bed, sir," said the old gentleman. "Nothing makes me enjoy it."

"Ah—well. You are not like other men—not like me, Colonel."

"Not in the least," said the old gentleman.

"For my part, I should enjoy it. Gallantry to ladies, Miss Hunter, is the brightest jewel in the crown of—the crown of a devotee of the fair sex. But, Miss Hunter, business is business, as the Colonel justly observed."

"I observed no such thing," said the old gentleman testily.

"Ah—I thought you did."

As Mary left the room, which she did slowly—perhaps lingering from an innocent curiosity to hear what more so strange a person would say—Gamil sent a final compliment after her. "What a picture of feminine—". The rest of the sentence was lost to Mary Hunter. The closing door caught the tail of Gamil's speech and clipped it off.

"The girl is just from a spell of sickness, and looks like a scare-crow," growled the old gentleman. "But now, that you have no one but a sick old man to waste your breath upon, let us come to business. My servant told me that my lawyer and friend, Mr. N——, for whom I sent, was, like myself, sick, and had chosen you to fill his place."

"Precisely so," said Mr. Gamil. "If Mr. N——had not been sick, I should have lost a great pleasure. I am very glad indeed."

Whether or not the remark, that he was "very glad indeed," was an expression of the gratification which the sickness of Mr. N——afforded him, Gamil did not make clear by farther speech. Observing a growing impatience in his client's manner, he became silent and attentive.

"I sent for Mr. N——," Col. Hunter resumed, "to answer me a question or two; but as he would hardly have sent you unless he had confidence in your professional knowledge, I will be satisfied with answers from yourself."

Gamil would have made a flourish here, but the dignified mode of address, which the old gentleman knew well how to assume in his intercourse with such persons, and used now, repressed it.

"Many years ago," Colonel Hunter continued, "family considerations induced me to make a will leaving the greater part of my property to my brother, Godfrey Hunter, of Mississippi. That will is still somewhere in the house; I could never find time to turn over a great many papers to find it. I have since made a will revoking that first one, and giving the greater part of my property to Mary Hunter, my granddaughter. Robin is at the door; I will trouble you to call him in."

Gamil did as he was requested. Robin came and his master bade him unlock an old cabinet.

"Now, Robin, bring me the bundle of papers out of the pigeon hole, where we keep the fishing tackle."

Robin brought the papers, and, receiving an order to do so, left the room.

"Here is the last will, revoking the first," said the old gentleman. "In the first place, read the body of the will, aloud, and tell me if I have made my meaning clear, and avoided words that I understand sometimes are made to mean one thing when the testator means another."

Gamil read the body of the will aloud and was beginning upon some codicils.

"That will do," said Col. Hunter. "If what you have read answers, the rest will. There is something in the codicils which I prefer not to have known."

Gamil, limited in his judgment to the body of the will, said that the intent seemed to be clearly enough expressed—indeed, that the will was "most excellently drawn."

"Now," said Col. Hunter, "I have been under the belief that if I wrote a will quite in my own hand, there was no necessity to bother with scenes and have persons gathering in to witness it. Is it so?"

"Certainly," answered Gamil.

"Well, then, that must be a good will. I wrote every word of it, and every body in the county knows my crabbed hand."

"It has been on a great deal of paper for your friends," said the attorney complementarily.

"Next," continued Col. Hunter, "I desire to know whether the old will is to be hunted up and destroyed."

"The first deed is the binding deed; the last will is *the* will. Besides, this will expressly revokes the other. The old will is no more than any other bit of waste paper." As Gamil gave this terse opinion, he applied a pinch of snuff to his immense nose.

"Thank you," said the old gentleman, who had gradually softened down from his dignity, "I thought so; but I wanted to be certain. It would

be the devil to rummage up that old paper. Maybe, after all, it is destroyed. I'll trouble you to tie the will up in the bundle again, and put into the pigeon-hole. You are a clearer-headed fellow than I took you for."

If the attorney, instead of ridding the old gentleman of trouble, had thrown it in his way, this compliment perhaps would not have been paid—his clear-headedness would not have been quite so apparent. When Gamil came back from the cabinet, to which he had borne the papers, a sharp glance of inquiry darted from his little eyes to the countenance of his client. The glance seemed to satisfy him, and he resumed his customary politeness of manner. He was about to begin some cheerful observations upon the improving health of the old gentleman, when the request to call Robin was repeated. Robin came. It was astonishing that the door made no noise in opening.

"Robin, rummage up some money."

Robin went to the great magazine of a cabinet, and took out a purse.

"Here is your fee, Mr. Gamil," said the old gentleman, handing to the attorney a very ample fee. "Your conversation is delightful, but I am not in a condition to enjoy it. Robin, show Mr. Gamil down stairs and tell the ladies to make him comfortable. Take the key of the case and brew a bowl of toddy, Robin."

When Gamil had bowed his way out of the room, the old gentleman muttered, "This talk about wills has made me nervous. I am greatly out of sorts to-day."

Gamil was too sagacious a chevalier to lose his dinner, and, whilst enjoying it, made quite a favorable impression upon Mrs. Hunter. When he had left Winisfalen, Col. Hunter called Robin to his side.

"Robin," he said, "I think I should do very well, if you could lug my old hulk out to a shady tree. Put my arm-chair on the grass. I think, too, I should like to look at the horses. Have them led out. After a little, you can mend me up, and get me out of doors."

Soon after, was witnessed a very pleasant scene. The old master of Winisfalen, seated in a large easy chair, in the shade of a wide-armed oak, enjoyed the warm airs of a delicious October day. The south west wind, scarcely strong enough to beget a rustle in the foliage above his head, just lifted his gray hair, and freshened the sickly hue of his cheeks. His eyes grew bright and cheerful in their expression, as he inhaled the autumnal air, but perhaps the chief cause of his increasing animation was the long file of led horses, that, habited in their fine trappings, came, some patient and stately, others careering, up the slope of the green hill to pass in review before him. Quietly in the lead came our friend Dragon. Time had touched him lightly. He had only become somewhat ple-

thoric; and his wind was not as good as of yore. Dragon nickered, as he was led quite to the chair of his master; and rubbed his nose affectionately against the old gentleman's hand. Next came Grey Lock, a superb horse, as white as snow; he seemed to be full of fire, but docile as a lamb. Miranda followed, dragging a stable-boy, and showing in her open jaws, and ears flattened back, that her temper was none of the mildest. A strong-built bay came next, quiet, and with an air of business in the sobriety of his deportment and regularity of his long stride. Then came a chesnut filly, at a little mincing prance; her whole manner and appearance were pretty and coquettish. Many others followed, each led by a boy, and the file passed up and down, many times, before the old gentleman.

"Robin," said Col. Hunter, "have the fast bay and the filly stripped, and mount the boys. We'll have a brush over the old ground at the foot of the hill."

And, in a few minutes, the race was begun and ended; the sober bay taking the coquetry out of the little filly, by beating her shamefully.

The race over, the horses were led away. As this entertainment ended, some blasts of a hunting horn gave notice that Tom Manning was with his dogs on the hill of Cotsworth. Mary Hunter, who sat on a chair at her grandfather's knee, looked out over the valley and said, "It is Mr. Manning riding in from the chase."

"Riding in from the chase," sighed the old man, to whom the horn, sounding on Cotsworth hill, brought sad thoughts; so it is. Most of us ride in from the chase. He's a lucky dog that doesn't ride in, but ends with some neck-breaker; blood is up then—and who cares?"

"What do you mean?" said Mary holding his hand and looking up into his face.

"Life's a chase," said the old Colonel, "and I am jogging in from mine—spunk cooled down—bruises beginning to tell—nothing of the run left, except a joke or two about mishaps to man and horse. Old gentlemen drag very wearily toward the last, Mary."

Mary seemed much distressed by the sadness of her grandfather's words and manner.

"You are not cheerful to-day," she said. "These are gloomy views, and not usual with you. You will have happier ones to-morrow. I think that the hours of old gentlemen ought not to drag wearily, grandfather, unless they are deserted, or have no kindred."

"I am old and broken down in health, my dear; but I think I could have been jolly enough, in spite of it all, if you and your mother had not sent the boy off. It was a great plan of mine to have you two married; but whenever your mother begins to 'consider it her duty,' the game is up. Old age, a body falling to pieces, and a great hope gone, are

enough, my dear, to make one lose one's cheerfulness."

"Grandfather," said Mary with a look of intense earnestness, "speak to me with the tongue of reason. Have I been *selfish* in this thing which I have done? Have I refused to become the wife of Carabas because to do so would make *my* life unhappy?"

"My dear," said the old gentleman sadly, "you seem to be talking to yourself. How should I know your motives as well as you do?"

"It has seemed to me at last," said Mary, becoming blinded with tears, "that a generous and noble devotion, which rose above selfishness, would have made me bind myself all the more closely to Carabas; would have made me cling to him as the nurse of his moral sickness; would have made me watchful by day and prayerful by night, that his fine nature might be won from evil courses."

The old gentleman brightened like an evening from which the clouds pass. "Mary," he said, "I think that would have been the better course with the poor boy. If the bad in him was only wildfire, which we all have when we are young and mettlesome, he would have come of it in time. If it was any thing worse, still who knows what the gentle ways of a wife may not do, to make a man good and respectable. Carabas had many great points about him, and you could have made any thing of him if you had been his wife, to look kindly at him every day out of your blue eyes, and put your young arms around his neck."

Mary Hunter smiled sadly through her tears.

"You speak of him in the past tense—as if he were dead—as if he were never more to be seen of any of us."

"And isn't he gone, the Lord knows where?" said the old gentleman. "Look over to Cotsworth. When the masons were building it, I could stand here and see the bricks as they were laid. And I could hear the merry dogs singing at their work. I had sharper eyes and ears then. Now I only see a blank where the old house stands, and hear a horn which sounds faint, and like something in a lamentation. And isn't Cotsworth to your young senses as blank a place, and as desolate a place as my old eyes make it, and as the horn makes me fancy it? It is Tom Manning, and not my dear boy, my old friend's son, that rides on the hill. When will he come back to his own again?"

"Grandfather," said Mary, standing before him, full of the fires of a brave resolution, "I have deeply thought of the past. It did seem to me that my duty clearly pointed in that one course which I selected. My mother taught me, and I said after her—a pure woman cannot bind herself to impurity; a proud woman cannot be the wife of one whose habits and associations are low and vulgar and sinful; a reasonable woman cannot unite herself to a wild spendthrift, who consumes a noble fortune,

entrusted to him by God, as the means of great good, in a few days and nights; a pious woman cannot marry one with the unrepented blood of his fellow-men red on his hands. I said this, and more. It seemed conclusive to me. I spent sleepless nights in struggling against the softer feeling which lay deep—deep in my heart for this gallant boy, whom you, grandfather, brought to Winisfalen and reared by my side to be my fate. But, grandfather, my views of these things a little while ago began to change. This blessed evening, with its talk under the oak, with the good and merciful words which you have spoken—ah! to it, to your kind and pleading looks, to your touching words—and who shall say that they may not be just?—I owe it that the change is utter, and that I take another and braver stand. I will send to Carabas to come back; I will be his wife; I will love him always; I will plead, not in words, but in gentle and all-winning actions, against his evil inclinations and impure habits. As God judges me, I think that a truer reason, scornful of selfishness, taking account of the best good of others, urges me to this course; and not the weakness of my mere heart. Grandfather, I will do this. Will it not make you cheerful again?"

The face of Mary Hunter beamed as she ended. It had become the turn of the soft-hearted old gentleman to weep. Taking his granddaughter into his arms, he kissed her more than once.

"You do your duty now, my dear," said the old man, when he had controlled himself somewhat—"a better sort of duty than your mother eternally talks about, and keeps, like a blunderbuss, to shoot us with, if we get out of her line. Send for the lad, my dear, at once. It will mend me rarely to see him back. We'll have such a wedding as the country has'nt seen these fifty years. While we have our blood up, suppose we fight the battle with your mother and have it all over."

Mary, with a resolute step, moved toward the house, to invite her mother to a place in the shade of the great oak. She had gone but a few paces, when her grandfather said to Robin who had just returned from the stables, "Robin, you brisk young dog, we have brave news to crack when you lug me up stairs again."

She passed on smiling. She had placed a foot upon the steps of the portico, when she heard Robin cry in tones quick and full of alarm, "Master—master!"

Turning, she saw the faithful servant bending over the master upon whom he called. She hurried back. The head of the good old man was bent forward. His features were very placid. Little change had come upon them. But the mightiest change of all had passed over him. Colonel Hunter, of Winisfalen, with the rays of the setting sun slanting over the hill of Cotsworth full in his eyes, had died in his chair—placidly—without

pain—with nothing more than a momentary loudness of breathing to mark the transition from life to death. Did not a great deal of good die with this kindly and generous old man ?

(To be continued.)

LONELINESS.

A Poetic Meditation, Translated from the French of Lamartine.

BY S. S. BRADFORD, OF VIRGINIA.

Beneath the oak tree's shade, the mountain's crown,
At eve's mild hour I sit, in sadness, down ;
And gaze upon the fields, a picture sweet,
Unrolled in varied beauty at my feet.
There flows the river with its foaming wave,
There creeps, there hides within a rocky cave ;
A brighter stream, with waves of milk-white hue,
Rolls by the golden stars which light the heavens of blue.

Upon the mountain's top and wooded sides,
Twilight's last ray, in tranquil beauty, glides ;
Night's gleaming chariot rises o'er the height,
And gilds the horizon's edge with mellow light ;
While from the Gothic spire, like spirits springing,
The soft tones of the evening chimes are ringing ;
The traveller listens—as the village bell
With day's last murmurs blends, and sounds the parting knell.

Beauty is spread around ; yet my dimmed eye
Sees nought to charm the soul in earth or sky—
For earth is but a shadow on the wave,
And suns warm not the coldness of the grave.
In vain, the spirit casts wild glances forth,
Sweeping from east to west, from south to north ;
Upon her darkness breaks no beam of light,
Nor flashes in the sky angelic pinion bright.

Cottage and palace—mountain, vale, and sea !
The charm is gone that made you dear to me ;
The breathing spirit of the rock, the wood,
The stream, has flown—and all is solitude !
With eye unkindled, gazing on the sun,
I see his burning steeds their courses run ;
The clear blue sky—the blackening cloud I see,
Wrapt in a gloomy shroud, are both alike to me !

O ! could I mount to where the sunfires glow,
Earth's plains of green and deserts far below—
Though caring nought for all the day-beams gild,
The boundless riches with which earth is filled—
Yet, far beyond the boundaries of his sphere,
Celestial tones might strike the spirit's ear,
Another sun shine bright upon her eye,
All of me left behind—save that which cannot die !

Then would my longing spirit rise above,
With hope reviving, and rekindled love,
Ravished with joy and burning with a flame,
Which all have felt, yet none could ever name !

Why can I not on morning's chariot rise,
Pierce the blue vault, and seek my native skies ?
Why must my chained pulses here remain,
Throbbing discordant in this world of pain ?

When autumn's leaf falls withered from the trees,
It gently floats upon the passing breeze ;
Borne on the whispering zephyrs, slowly sails,
And rests at last within the beauteous vales ;
And I am like the leaf—a withered form,
Bear me, yet—tempests, on your wings of storm,
To valleys of delight, to hills above,
Plains of eternal green, and rivulets of love !

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

OF

FRANCE.

PARIS, MARCH, 1848.

After the venerable President, M. Dupont, the subject of this notice, *Dominic Francis Arago*, is the oldest member of the Provisional Government of France : and is, perhaps, not even excepting M. de Lamartine, the most distinguished and generally known. He has a world-wide fame. Who has not heard of Arago, the illustrious *Savant*, the greatest astronomer of the age ?

M. Arago was born of humble parentage at Estrejel, a small village near Perpignan, in the south of France, department of the eastern Pyrenees, the 26th of February, 1786. He appears to have passed his early youth and the stormy period of the Revolution in close rural retirement with his family. The earliest notice that biographical sketches take of him, is in 1804, when he is found as instructor in the Polytechnic School. He entered the Artillery corps ; which he soon retired from and became Secretary of the *Bureau des Longitudes* in 1805. The year following he was associated with M. Biot and two Spanish commissaries, MM. Chaix and Rodriguez, to complete the measure of the Arc of the terrestrial meridian which has served as basis to the French Metrical System. These labors took him into Spain and the Balearic Isles ; where caring little for war and politics, he was busily and successfully prosecuting his enterprise, when the invasion of Spain by the French armies put a temporary end to his observations and involved the distinguished young *savant* in a series of dramatic adventures and hair breadth escapes. He was in the island of Majorca at the moment when the Balearic Isles were anticipating the attack of the French fleet. The simple-minded people took it into their heads that the fires which M. Arago caused to be lighted on the summit of the Clop de Ga-

loza were intended as signals to the French, and by a very natural movement of popular indignation the mob resolved to take the law into their own hands and punish the audacious stranger. The banks of the Mississippi may not claim other glory than that of giving a new name to an old thing. Lynch-law is not indigenous to America, as M. Arago can testify. The angry crowd started for the mountain with loud imprecations and the most hostile demonstrations. The innocent object of this popular ire, received, however, timely warning of his danger, and saved himself by prompt use of the address and presence of mind for which he is remarkable. He procured a dress such as is worn by the peasants of the island, and descended the mountain by a by-path to meet the advancing mob. Speaking the language with facility, he joined his enemies and proceeded with them to the capture and immolation of the French spy. Long and thorough over every part of the mountain was the search. But it was in vain. The spy could nowhere be found. None were more active than Arago himself and none more loud and apparently sincere than he in expressions of disappointment at the ill success of the enterprise. The danger, however, was not over for him. The next day he was about embarking on board a vessel to leave the inhospitable island, when his disguise was discovered, and this time he was only saved from the blind vengeance of the mob, by flying to the protecting walls of a prison. During his confinement, he was amused one day by reading in the journals a detailed account of his own execution, together with that of his friend, Barthomy, upon the public square of Palma. He had good reason to believe that the story was false in some essential particulars: but he had also good reason to fear that the story now false might one day become true; and this reflection naturally made him very desirous to quit the doubtful security of his prison and flee the island. His friend and colleague, Rodriguez, aided him to accomplish his plan of escape. A sloop was chartered; the Captain General agreed to wink at the invasion; and threading with imminent peril the English and Spanish fleets, he at last reached the port of Algiers. Thence with Austrian passport, he sailed for Marseilles. The voyage was made with safety, the city was in sight, when the savant and his sloop were captured by a Spanish Corsair and carried into Rosas, a port of Catalonia in Spain. Here a wearisome and painful captivity of several months awaited M. Arago. He finally succeeded in interesting the Dey of Algiers in his favor. Through his influence Arago obtained his enlargement, the release of his sloop and crew, and again embarked upon the Mediterranean bound for Algiers. The ignorance of the Captain caused them to anchor first at Bongie. Thence Arago determined to repair by land to the city of Algiers—a perilous, and, according to the general opinion,

quite an impracticable journey. The adventurous young savant, however, had by this time contracted a taste for enterprises spiced with danger. He undertook it and arrived safely at Algiers. There new misfortunes were in store for him. The face of affairs was entirely changed. The Dey, his protector, had just died; and his successor was striving amid the confusion of civil war to establish himself on the throne. A misunderstanding had taken place between France and the new Dey. The piratical Barbary States of those days were not overly scrupulous of the rights of Nations. The American Navy a few years before had given them an impressive lesson; but it did not have the effect of preserving M. Arago and all Frenchmen who happened at that time to be in Algiers from the hard lot of Algerine slavery. Finally, after an absence from his country of three years—three years of stirring adventures, frequent perils and severe misfortunes, M. Arago, through the interposition of the Swedish Consul in Algiers, was blessed once more with the sight of La belle France. He was cured, as well he might be, of all disposition to seek further, abroad, adventure and excitement: and now, in 1809, commences a series of years devoted exclusively and with glorious success to the peaceful cultivation and advancement of science. He had, with wonderful good luck, been enabled throughout his adventures in Spain and Africa to preserve his apparatus and all his observations and calculations. These formed a continuation of the “Basis of the Metrical System,” published by the Institute under the following title, “Recueil d’Observations Géodésiques, astronomiques, et physiques, exécutés par Ordre du Bureau des Longitudes, en Espagne, pour déterminer la Variation de la Pesanteur et des Degrés terrestres, sur le prolongement du Méridien de Paris.” His works on Caloric, Electricity, Magnetism, and Light have placed him at the head of the *savants* of the age and will ever illustrate his name. The most wonderful invention of the age, the Electric Telegraph, with which our countryman, Morse, has so indissolubly connected his name, owes its principal idea to Arago. Others have but utilized the fact discovered by him—viz: the magnetizing properties of electrical currents. At last this honor is claimed for Arago in French works, and I have not at hand at this moment the means of verifying its exactitude. He succeeded to the place of Lalande in the National Institute; and in 1816 became a member of the 3rd class of the Academy of Sciences. M. Arago began under the Empire to show himself of very liberal opinions in politics; but Napoleon felt strong enough to let him pass without animadversion, and was too sensible of the scientific value of the Professor to throw any obstacle in his way. His republican opinions made him more odious under the Restoration: and nothing but the impracticability of wor-

thily filling by others the places which he occupied caused the republican lecturer to retain his chairs. He occupied successively the Professorships of Analysis, Geodesy, and social Arithmetic in the Polytechnic School.

Up to 1830, Arago was almost exclusively devoted to Science. Since that period politics has largely divided with science the occupation of his time. He entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1831 having been chosen by the electoral College of Perpignan, his native place. He immediately took his seat on the extreme Left, and has ever been noted for his republican tendencies. No political inconsistencies can be reproached to him. Member of the Institute, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, member of the Bureau of Longitudes, Professor of Astronomy at the Royal Observatory, Commander of the Legion of Honor and of numerous Foreign Orders, always in his place and faithful to his duties as a man of science, he was one of the most active and efficient of the members of the Chamber of Deputies. He made no pretension to oratorical display; but no one possessed in greater perfection than he the faculty of easily, clearly and fully expressing his thoughts. He was always listened to with respect and attention in the Chamber: and at the Observatory where three days in the week in the winter and spring of 1846-7, he delivered his last course of astronomical lectures, every lecture was the occasion of triumph. I attended his course. To obtain a seat in the spacious amphitheatre, it was necessary to be there half an hour before the lecture commenced. A numerous audience of which a large proportion were ladies, listened with never flagging interest to his long two hours-lectures on an abstruse science which he possessed the faculty of simplifying and popularizing without degrading.

Arago played a noble part latterly upon the occasion of the discovery of the new planet by Leverrier, contending strenuously that France should not consent to call the planet by any other name than that of its illustrious young discoverer. He allowed no petty feeling of jealousy to prevent him from rendering to Leverrier the full measure of justice and demanding in his behalf the honor that was so richly his due.

Reform and The Rights of Labor were his watchwords in the Chamber of Deputies to which he was reelected almost by acclamation at the elections last year. He took efficient part in all the questions that have agitated the public mind since his entrance upon public life, and the city of Paris is much indebted to him for various improvements conducive to the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

M. Arago carries with him after Dupont (de l'Eure) more moral weight than any member of the Provisional Government; but for popularity and

influence over the controlling masses which now rule France, he must rank after his two younger, more impetuous and dashing colleagues MM. de Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin. He is said to be an infidel in religion: but he is a person too modest, too just, and too sincerely devoted to Liberty, properly understood, to allow his own infidelity to influence his conduct as a public man, except in a sense that would insure to all religions proper equality before the law. He thinks that Government should be *Atheistic*, if you please, that is, that it should have nothing to do with religions except to protect all from the violence with which bigotry, superstition, or insensate infidelity might attempt to suppress certain odious forms. M. Arago gives to all what he claims for himself—the right of professing and practising any religion or no religion, so that nothing be done violative of good morals and public decency.

Ledru-Rollin is perhaps the public man of France whose influence is most to be feared, by those who wish well to the Republic. He is of a reckless, impetuous character, carries his democratic professions to great extremes and has undisputed sway over the masses. He is now the idol of the people, and will doubtless retain his power till some one more ultra than himself shall dispossess him of his dangerous honors. He is the youngest of the leading members of the Provisional Government, having been born in at Mans in the year 1808. In 1841 he was elected member of the Chamber of Deputies by an almost unanimous vote of the electoral College of Mans, his native town. It seems to be an honor especially in vogue in France,—that of representing one's native department. We have seen it sought successively by Dupont, de Lamartine, Arago, and Ledru-Rollin. This is the more remarkable, as residence among one's constituents is not a qualification in France. Ledru-Rollin does certainly not fall within the odious category of Republicans *du lendemain*. He has been noted for his republican sympathies from his early youth. Admitted to the bar, he distinguished himself in 1833, by his writings against the Government of Louis Philippe, and the year following, he undertook and prosecuted with much eclat the defence of the revolutionists of that year. From that time, he has made it a sort of speciality to defend all who were brought before the tribunals charged with political offences. He was rising at the bar, where his vehement eloquence was in great request in jury cases, when his election to the Chamber of Deputies opened to his ambition a wider and more congenial field. He sat of course on the extreme Left, and never failed to raise a storm whenever the opportunity offered, by his violent declamation from the tribune. He was maddened by a prosecution over which he had finally triumphed, instituted against him by order of Government upon the occasion of his speech to his constituents at

the date of his election in Mans. It was of so democratic and revolutionary a character, that he was sentenced to four months imprisonment. He took advantage of a question of form and obtained another trial, before a different court, which reversed the decision of the first court. He lives in a most extravagant manner, and is said to be inextricably involved in debt. His furniture and other effects had been seized, at the instance of several creditors, the week previous to the revolution of February. He possesses, therefore, now, all the qualifications for a reckless leader of revolutionary mobs. He took an active part in the agitation banquets which were held throughout France during the last half of the year, 1847; and at Lille, his anti-dynastic opinions were so freely expressed by himself and friends, that Odillon Barrot and all constitutional members of the opposition in the Chamber, were compelled to retire and leave the republicans in undisputed possession of the field. At Dijon, and Chalons, scenes of the like sort occurred, and the popular demagogue won the reputation, which, upon the nomination of the Provisional Government upon the 24th February, placed him in the seat lately occupied by M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior. His instructions in this capacity to the commissioners who have been sent into the departments to proclaim and organize the Republic, gave great umbrage to the better classes and were certainly queer illustrations of the liberty which he understood to have commenced by the inauguration of the Republic. His commissioners were declared to be invested with "unlimited powers;" no magistrates civil or military, except a few judges, who held their offices for life, but were removable at the pleasure of these Departmental dictators; and wildly has the power been used in many instances. One of the most crying sins of the late Government was the "abuse of influences"—none declaimed more violently against it than Ledru-Rollin himself—and yet in ten days after he comes into power, he does that which he deemed lightly punished by rebellion and exile in the case of the ex-ministers. All their influence, the commissioners were told, were to be exerted to secure the election of well known republicans to the approaching assembly—they must be sure of their men—let no old incumbent remain in office; all such must be presumed to be all corrupt—fill their places with active, ardent republicans—men whose republicanism does not date from the 25th of February, but republicans "de la veille non du lendemain." This circular the colleagues of M. Ledru-Rollin were compelled almost to disavow, so loud were the complaints which arose from the better classes. But the Provisional Minister of the Interior is supported by what is stronger than the better classes in Paris, and he kept his place, and will keep it, in spite of the Faubourg St. Germain and the whole bourgeoisie. Ledru-Rollin is

far from being a first rate man, either intellectually or morally. He possesses, however, highly respectable talents, certainly above mediocrity—has overweening confidence in himself, is very energetic, daring, reckless; and is destined I think to take a distinguished share in the *demagoguey* which I fear is to be the Government of France for some years to come.

Hippolyte Carnot, who is now the Provisional Minister of Public Instruction, was born at St. Omer in 1801. He is the son of Gen. Lazare Nicholas Marguerite Carnot, who was so distinguished for capacity, integrity and unyielding republicanism through all the phases of the first revolution, till his death in exile in 1823. The son of so distinguished a father has a difficult task to perform when he would follow in his footsteps as a revolutionary minister. To be accounted equal, he must be superior to his father. If Hippolyte Carnot is not the equal of his father for high intelligence and administrative ability, he does not seem one whit behind him in the vivacity of his republican convictions, or so far as yet appears in the strength of his personal integrity. Already as Minister of Public Instruction, he has committed an act which impeaches his intelligence and which it requires some charity to judge of without questioning his integrity: but we may believe him honest when we take into consideration his advanced hereditary republicanism and the extraordinary state of exaltation and effervescence which recent events have produced in political opinions of all shades in France. Carnot is the son of a man whose honesty no one doubts, though he did vote for the execution of Louis XVI. and was the colleague of Robespierre. The unwise and unjust act to which I allude, as having been lately committed by Hippolyte Carnot, as Minister of Public Instruction, is the emission of a circular addressed to all the teachers of primary schools throughout France, converting them into political agents, whose sole occupation, till after the elections, is ordered to be, the inoculation of all classes in the community with thorough ultra republicanism and the securing the election as members of the constituent assembly about to meet in Paris of ultra and proved republicans. Now this circular, which, even in ordinary circumstances, would be outrageously unjust and an "abuse of influences" flagrant as any that stained the administration of Guizot, acquires a character of aggregated enormity when we consider that the National Assembly, whose election it is thus attempted to influence, is in theory declared to be the full and free representation of all France, and has permission to declare whether the government of France shall be republican or monarchical and then to organize a government of the kind which shall have been adopted. I do not doubt that France if polled fairly would declare by a majority of 8 in 10 in favor of the republi-

can form : but I also believe that a large minority, perhaps a majority, of the tradesmen and *bourgeoisie* would prefer a Constitutional Monarchy. All expression of such opinion it meant to suppress by influence of office and intimidation. All who hold such opinions, and even those—Thiers, Odillon Barrot, and others who formed the liberal opposition under the late government—friends of the Constitutional Monarchy then, but who have since declared their adhesion to the Republic, are if possible to be excluded from the Assembly. This is not merely unjust, but it is impolitic and will be the source of much future disorder and perhaps rebellion ; affording as it will a pretext for those who desire one, to say that the sense of the people was not fairly taken, and that the Republic has been forced upon the country by intimidation. And such a position will not be without reasonable foundation. None but republican opinions can now be safely expressed in France.

Young Carnot participated in his father's exile under the restoration, leading with him a wandering, unsettled life. Upon the death of his father, in 1823, he returned to France, and being without fortune he betook himself to the study of law. He was licensed, and nothing remained but to take the oath for him to enter upon the practice. This he could not prevail upon himself to do. He was deeply republican in politics ; the government he would have to swear to support was illiberal and despotic—it had moreover proscribed his father, compelling him to live and die in exile. Young Carnot prepared at last to forego the honor and emoluments which seemed to beckon him to enter upon the legal profession : and devoted himself to literature, instruction, and St. Simonism. He pursued a highly respectable but not illustrious course as *homme de Lettres* and professor, till the revolution of 1830. The 27th July, 1830, found him in the professor's chair. He promptly went down into the streets and assisted by his arm in the erection of the *throne of the barricades* which he has just assisted to overthrow. About this time he left the St. Simonians who were dividing into sects and adopting opinions which his good sense and honesty induced him to reject. H. Carnot made his first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies as representative of the 6th Arrondissement of Paris, in 1839. He took his seat on the extreme left and at once formed intimate political relations with Dupont, Lafitte and Arago. He has always in the chamber shown himself a consistent liberal, but has acquired no distinction in the tribune. He has no very brilliant qualities, and has not, I fear, the high intelligence and statesman-like views, which united with his honesty of intention, would prevent his running by the side of Ledru-Rollin to pernicious extremes. Carnot is dignified in manners, amiable and benevolent. If he errs it will not be from ambition. It is not a demagogue who pro-

fessing only his country's end pursues only his own.

Isaac Adolphe Cremieux, provisional minister of Justice, is an appearance the least prepossessing and least imposing of the members of the New Government. Diminutive in stature, his crisp impracticable locks, his small turned-up nose, half opened mouth, and repulsive physiognomy, give him the distinction of being a very, very ugly man. His insignificant person is clothed in the most slovenly manner, in utter contempt of the mode : and his whole bearing and air is that of an essentially vulgar and low-bred man. How unlike his tall, graceful, elegant, exquisitely dressed and distinguished colleague de Lamartine ! France could not produce two persons less resembling in appearance than the courtly Lamartine and the democrat Cremieux. But if the ugliness of M. Cremieux is incontestible, his ability is equally so. After speaking for a few moments in a cause which claims his interest, his auditors insensibly forget the contemptible person of the orator, and borne away by a flood of impassioned and real eloquence, give to him the hearty and enthusiastic tribute of admiration. His triumphs of this sort at the bar and in the tribune are without number. M. Cremieux is a Jew : and was born at Nismes on the 30th April, 1796. He was a precocious genius, took premiums from all competitors at school where, from a very early age his prodigious memory and remarkable fluency of speech obtained for him the *sobriquet* of *le petit avocat*. The smart boy was of course destined to the bar. He studied law at Aix, and in August, 1817, was admitted *avocat* at the bar of Nismes, his native town. His success at the bar was prompt and of the most flattering character. He immediately rose to the head of his profession and acquired a reputation that made him known throughout France. Unamiably and unprepossessing as is his appearance the amiable and obliging disposition of M. Cremieux made him a universal favorite. He immediately took the liberal side in politics and has ever been the consistent and able advocate at the bar and in the chamber of every cause, and every man that required a bold, chivalric and liberal defender. He was sent for from all parts of France to undertake the defence of political offenders. Not a man accused of republican tendencies, projects, not a journal that make itself feared by government, could be brought before the tribunals of the country but the *petit avocat* was forthwith sent for, and in almost every case the accused was triumphantly acquitted. In 1830 he removed to Paris and at once took rank at the head of the Court of Appeals. He had contributed powerfully to the revolution of 1830, and gave his frank and cordial adhesion to the constitutional monarchy which was then established : but when with Lafayette, Dupont, and Arago, and other patriots he saw that the promises of the charter were not

to be kept he abandoned the support of Louis Philippe, and has ever since been one of the most active and most efficient of the opposition. Since then he has hardly made a secret of his republican sympathies. He greatly increased his reputation and popularity by the bold letter which he addressed to Louis Philippe in behalf of Curry, convicted of revolutionary attempts soon after the accession of Louis Philippe.

"Sire," exclaimed the intrepid advocate, "let it not be said, that during your reign, a patriot's head has rolled beneath the axe! King of the barricades of July! pardon the barricades of June! King of the people! Let not a child of the people die by the hand of the executioner for a political offence," &c. Cremieux possesses in a high degree professional courage. Early in his career before removing to Paris, he was called to defend in the appeal an old officer of Napoleon who had been arrested and condemned for having shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and he thrilled his auditory by a daring and eloquent eulogy, thrown thus in the face of the functionaries of the Restoration, of those glorious armies which had borne the triumphant tri-color over nearly all the capitals of Europe. But perhaps his most distinguished success at the bar took place upon the occasion of the arrest of three young men who were charged with having publicly sung the *Marseillaise*. Cremieux of course flew to the defence. "It is not gentlemen of the jury," said the orator, without the profoundest indignation that I have read a decree of accusation dragging before this court three citizens who have sung the *Marseillaise*. I declare it boldly—the *Marseillaise* is, in my opinion, one of the very finest songs which the political history of nations has preserved. The ancients would have erected statues to the poet who had found in a great crisis of the country so marvellous inspirations. While an illustrious captain of engineers* is organizing fourteen armies, which suddenly start like one man from our heaving soil, a simple citizen, inspired by his love of country, produces a hymn, a sublime hymn, which is soon chanted by every man from the Rhine to the Pyrennes, which is destined soon to waken ancient Egypt amid its sands, and whose terrible accents, high and loud, will swell amid the tumult of battles—that hymn is the *Marseillaise*! It was its cry, "To arms, citizens!" that was raised simultaneously by a whole people of heroes! And it is this *Marseillaise* that you have dared to drag before the tribunals! But you have not read it! Have you no French blood in your veins? No, no, they who censure the *Marseillaise* cannot have read it—they don't know it, they don't understand it! They think of nothing but the days of Terror—they confound the *Marseillaise* with the scaffold! Ah! without doubt more than one martyr

* He alludes to Carnot the father of the present Min. of Pub. Instruction.

to Liberty has died singing the *Marseillaise* beneath the very axe of the executioner! But, gentlemen of the jury, that *Marseillaise* was the cry *death to our enemies!* It was the cry of *salvation to our country!* Honor then to the *Marseillaise!* Listen, gentlemen, and judge."

"LA MARSEILLAISE.

CHANT NATIONAL.

I.

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de Gloire est arrivé :
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils et vos compagnes !
Aux armes ! Citoyens ! formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons !
Marchons, Marchons, qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons !

II.

"Que veut cette horde d'esclaves
De traîtres, de rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves
Ces pers dès longtemps préparés ?
Français ! pour nous, ah ! quel outrage !
Quels transports il doit exciter !
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage ?
Aux armes, Citoyens ! &c.

III.

Quoi ! des cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers !
Quoi ! des phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers !
Grand Dieu ! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le jong se ploieraient :
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées !
Aux armes ! Citoyens ! &c.

IV.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis—
Tremblez ! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre
S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre
Aux Armes ! Citoyens ! &c.

V.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez, ou retenez vos coups :
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre nous.
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,

Tous ces tigres qui, sang pitié
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
Aux Armes ! Citoyens ! &c."

It is impossible to describe adequately the effect which the recitation of this spirited production had upon the court, jury and whole audience. Cremieux read it as well as Talma himself could have done—his little form dilated—his eye sparkled—his face blazed with feeling—the orator seemed actually inspired. At the fourth couplet every man in the house started to his feet, and held his breath till the recitation was completed. "This—this"—concluded the orator, "which has been declared criminal—criminal! Call it admirable! Call it sublime! Let us cradle our children, and lull them to sleep with the noble accents of the *Marseillaise*!"

It is hardly necessary to add that the three young men were acquitted: and the triumph of Cremieux was complete.

M. Cremieux entered the chamber of deputies in 1842 as one of the representation from the department of the Indre-et-Loire. He would be hard to beat upon the stump in the United States, and during the reform agitation in France last year he was perhaps the ablest and most active.

M. Cremieux has thus far every thing in his favor. He is universally liked and esteemed. Let us hope that in the wider career, upon which he has just entered, he will preserve his reputation as an honorable man and patriot, and entitle himself to the lasting gratitude of his country.

W. W. M.

SONNETS.

BY ALTON.

I.

On Receiving a Purse.

How beautiful the work of Woman's hand—
E'er wearing on its face the sweet impress
Of her own purity and loveliness!
Her rosy-fingers wave that Magic Wand
E'en with whose slightest touch she may command,
At the sweet pleasure of her will, to rise
Enchantingly before the raptured eyes,
The dazzling beauties of bright Fairy-land!
Fond Token! of the dear regard I hold,
Well-favored, in her true and tender heart,
Wert thou o'erflowing with the purest gold
Thou couldst not be more valued than thou art:
For me thou hast a treasure which will prove
More precious far than gold a gentle being's love!—

II.

With my Miniature.

The world is false—oh basely false indeed,
As oft, alas, too bitterly I've proved!
And those whom once *most* fervently I loved,
Have caused my heart with *deepest* wounds to bleed!
And she who held that heart—now haply freed,
Th' Original would tenderly behold,
Until the rich man came, and then for gold
'Twas spurned: she deemed, to gain the golden meed,
'Twas light, indeed, to sacrifice a *heart*!
Ah, tho' full many thus have ruthless been,
I feel *thou* 'dst shrink to act a treacherous part:
And, when thou look'st on it in lovely mien,
Believe the tender love thou bearest me
Is fondly answered by this heart to thee!

Charleston, S. C.

THE FEUDAL ARMIES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Our readers will recollect the discussion, by an able correspondent in our January number, of the battles of Crecy, Agincourt, &c. We commend the following article from another pen on the same subject—ED. MESS.

EDITOR OF MESSENGER:

Dear Sir,—I perceive that a flippant question, in a note of one of your correspondents, has led to a discussion of the reasons of the English successes at the battles of Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt. "How did the English manage to win these ancient battles against such odds?" seems to your correspondent a good answer, thrown into the Yankee shape of question, to the allegation that, but for the Prussian forces, France would have won the field of Waterloo. The discussion that has arisen, however idly-stirred, is an interesting one.

The great *national* cause of the English successes at Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt, is to be found in the following passage from Lord Bacon's "True Greatness of Kingdoms."

"Let States that aim at greatness *take heed how their nobility and gentlemen do multiply too fast; for that maketh the common subject grow to be a peasant and base swain, driven out of heart, and in effect, but a gentleman's laborer.* Even as you may see in coppice woods; if you leave your stables too thick, you shall never have clean underwood, but shrubs and bushes. So in countries, if the gentlemen be too many, the commons will be base; and you will bring it to that, that not the hundredth poll will be fit for an helmet; especially as to the infantry, which is the nerve of an army; and so there will be great population and little strength. This which I speak of hath been no

where better seen than by comparing of England and France; whereof England, though far less in territory and population, hath been, nevertheless, an overmatch; in regard *the middle people of England make good soldiers which the peasants of France do not.* And herein the device of King Henry VII. (whereof I have spoken largely in the history of his life) was profound and admirable; in making farms and houses of husbandry of a standard; that is, maintained with such a proportion of land unto them as may breed a subject to live in convenient plenty, and no servile condition; and to keep the plough in the hands of the owners and not mere hirelings. And thus, indeed, you shall attain to Virgil's character which he gives to ancient Italy: '*Terra potens armis atque ubere glebæ.*'"

England not only cherished her yeomanry, of which class of population France, divided into the two extreme classes of nobles and peasants, was wholly devoid, but looked carefully to its instruction in the use of that most formidable of ancient weapons, the bow. Legislation, and prizes awarded by kings and the great peers, filled rural England with archers able to strike the smallest mark at long distances, and to pierce any but the very best Italian armor of the men-at-arms.

Of the particular causes of the English successes in the ancient battles, Froissart gives a very clear account in telling the stories of Cressy and Poitiers. The English were commanded at Cressy by Edward III., a gallant knight and eminent general, and his son the Black Prince, with the renowned earls of Warwick and Oxford, fought in the van. So generalled, the English fought with the utmost precision, good order, and effect of discipline. An instance of this strict order is, in the following statement of Froissart: "The same day the French king had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, who made the Lord of Fussels to ride on him and bear his banner; the same horse was taken restiff, and brought him through all the scouts of the English; and as he would have returned again he fell into a great dike and was much hurt, and he would have died there if his page had not been present, who followed him through all the divisions, and saw where his master lay in the dike, with no other obstruction except his horse, *for the Englishmen would not issue out of their ranks for the sake of taking any prisoner*; then the page alighted in front of the English and relieved his master and bore him off."

The French on the other hand were very badly commanded. Philip, their king, was a poor general, perhaps even a craven. Froissart says that on "riding forward toward the Englishmen *his blood changed.*" Whether this means that he showed a cowardly fear is not certain, but Froissart gives him no credit, and he delighted to give it to kings, anywhere for one gallant action. But

the whole account of the battle of the French makes it clear that they were miserably commanded. As they were advancing from Abbeville to the position of the English, the king (Philip) changed his design, determined to postpone the attack until morning, and ordered a halt and encampment. Froissart says: "The foremost stood still and would have abided but those who were behind would not but rode forward, and said that they would in no wise halt till they had advanced to the front; and when the front saw the rear advanced they continued to proceed; so that neither the king nor his marshals could rule them. So they proceeded without any order until they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they retreated in disorder; at which those in the rear were astonished and terrified, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting: then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward if they had wished: some advanced and others remained still," &c.

If this is not a picture of an ill-commanded military "rabble" there never was one.

Again, at this battle of Cressy, the English, under the wise and hardy generalship of which I have spoken, were posted at great advantage.

Moreover they numbered a large force, in proportion to their muster-roll, of the best archers of their country, renowned as it was for unapproachable excellence in this department of military strength; against which terrible array of bowmen the French had no similar force to oppose except their "Genoese cross-bowmen" who came into battle "so fatigued," "Froissart says, "with marching on foot that day six leagues, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, 'we are not well ordered to fight this day, for we are not in a fit condition to do any great deed of arms, we have more need of rest.'" These Genoese became very soon so disorderly and mutinous that the French men-at-arms assailed them as enemies, rode on amongst "the rascal rout" hacking and hewing, whilst upon the mass so confused, fell the "fiery hail" of the English cloth-yard shafts, "piercing through heads, arms, and breasts." A small advantage may be mentioned here: the English shot with the sun at their backs and consequently shining into the faces of their enemies.

Finally the chivalry and stout yeomen of England fought a battle of *despair*, whilst France might fail in the one attempt, fall back safely, and come on again at better occasion. It was with such suggestions that Sir John of Hainault, cheered the French king. "If you have received a loss at this time you will recover it again at another season." The English, I say, fought a battle of despair. They stood as one to eight against their enemies. They fought chained in by the towns, strong fortresses, and teeming population of their enemy, and only victory could break the chain. Defeat in

the face of such a muster of the military of France must result in annihilation. But it was the despair which stimulates to superhuman action, not that which depresses valor. Even the English yeoman, desperate of winning a day against such vast odds, had kindled his nature to a lordly pitch, and was only ambitious to die like the gallant gentleman who dismounted from his war horse, unbuckled his spurs and took post by his side.

These are the causes of the English success on the field of Cressy; and they apply, in principal, to the victories of Poitiers and Agincourt. In these latter battles the English were commanded by the greatest generals in the world—the Black Prince and Henry V. In both battles great advantage of position was taken, hedges, stakes and ditches made a means of defence against the charging horse of the enemy. In both the bowmen, protected in their position, shot for the honor of England, and did terrible execution. In both the English were so far out-numbered that nothing but the memory of Cressy at Poitiers, and of Cressy and Poitiers at Agincourt, opened a hope to victory; and such memories, in preventing despair, did not, we may be sure, depress valor. Finally in both the enemy was a disjointed force, chiefly of peasantry, led on in a tumultuous manner. John, of France, did his devoir as a good knight at Poitiers, but there is not a word in any history complimentary to his wisdom and skill as a leader.

There is nothing in these battles, gained by England against great odds, to show that the French were (even at that day of the highest renown in arms of the “fierce islanders”) constitutionally inferior as a race, in the manly virtues and powers, to the English. The lower classes in England and France presented, for the causes which Lord Bacon has stated, the difference between a hardy martial yeomanry, and a debased peasantry; but it was not the better blood but the better institutions that gave superiority to the Englishman. Where not debased into sullen indifference to honor and love of country, the French character equalled the English or any other. Froissart is full of proof of this. The knights and squires of France were inferior to none on earth. It was the delight of the chivalry of England to mate in deeds of arms, claiming or achieving no superiority with their “gentle enemies.” Sir Eustace, of Rybemont, struck the third Edward to his knee in a fair encounter of swords under Calais; the king, like a gentleman, gave him much honor and a chaplet of pearls for the good blow, saying that he was the best knight he had ever interchanged buffets with. At Sandingfeld five French knights held open lists and gave courteous reception, for love of arms, to the chivalry of all christendom, and running several hundred courses, did gallantly in all, losing honor in none. Some scores of enterprising Englishmen went off the worse for their powers. After

the battle of Poitiers, “Sir Edward, of Roucy,” Froissart tells us “fled alone * * * * was pursued by an English knight who continually cried to him ‘turn again, Sir Knight, it is a shame to fly away in this manner;’ then the knight turned back”—and, to curtail Froissart’s story, unhorsed the English pursuer, and, turning the tables, took him prisoner. “A squire of Picardy,” in the same rout, “called John de Helenes,” did a similar deed in turning and, man to man, making a captive of the Lord Berkeley who pursued him. The pages of Froissart abound with proof of this sort, that Frenchman and Englishman (practice in military exercises, and the influences of honor being the same) were any thing but the monkey and lion, which a purblind conceit had made some Englishmen believe them to have been, and to be.

But whatever effect the inferiority of the French peasantry to the English yeomanry may have had upon the issue of the ancient battles at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—no argument can be drawn from it at all bearing upon the issue of the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon’s gallant conscripts, burning with martial ardor, were very different from the ancient base and ignoble peasantry. The English might well have won Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and lost Waterloo. France had greatly changed from her ancient condition as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. Sir Thomas Hanmer, in 1648, found the country “very full of money—silver and gold—the towns and villages not decaying, but the houses full of people, and the streets swarming with children, which no man could well believe but he that saw it.” The French Revolution removed the last traces of that oppressive and debasing predominance of the high over the low, to which so wise a man as Lord Bacon traced the weakness of France in her wars with England. I repeat that France might have very well, under one condition of the manhood of her population, lost the ancient battles, and yet under another won Waterloo. Whether she had done so, or would have done so, but for the Prussians is another question, and one with which I have nothing to do. I am only answering the argument of the writer of the note, who asked you the question about these ancient battles.

In conclusion I have little more to say than that I have the greatest admiration for England, ancient and modern. The Portuguese ambassador at the court of Cromwell, rejoicing in the name, hard to write, of Don Juan Roderiguez de Saa Meneses, Conde de Penaguaia, presented the Protector with a panegyric of him, written in Latin by a learned Jesuit, chaplain of the embassy—a panegyric which has been considered so fine, as to be worthy of being attributed to “Mr. John Milton, Latin secretary to Cromwell;” in this panegyric England is nobly eulogized as “a generous country, the mother

of heroes, the region of palms, the seat of laurels, the mount of trophies, whose hills and promontories are crowned with spoils gathered from her numerous enemies."

I adopt the terms of this proud and nobly expressed eulogy ; but why for the glory of England should we decry other nations ? Why should we be bound, in our raptures, to pronounce one Englishman equal to three (or, taking the odds of Cressy, eight) Frenchmen ?

C.

HOPE.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

I saw a beauteous maiden once,
At that bewitching hour,
Just when the fragrant bud of youth
Is bursting into flower ;
All the bright spirits which attend
That blossoming were there—
The sparkling of their radiant wings
Like sunlight made the air.

Sweet Innocence, that fairest charm,
Was in her bosom shrined,
With Joy which ne'er had known a grief
In rosy bondage twined ;
Beauty her dazzling diadem
Wove 'mid her braided hair,
While Grace her robe of loveliness
Flung round her form so fair.

Then Genius waved his magic wand
And in her eyes had birth
A light which beauty *could* not give,
A light not born of earth,
And peace, fair Virtue's lov'liest child,
Brought her pure offering,
And Hope's irradiant form was near
With rainbow-tinted wing.

She, to the maiden fairest seemed,
Of all that brilliant throng,
With ever new delight was heard
Her sweet alluring song,
For her bright fingers seemed to draw
Aside that curtain vast,
Beyond whose wide mysterious folds
No eye was ever cast.

Fair, in the glowing distance, rose
Her amaranthine bowers,
O'erhung by Summer's cloudless skies,
Decked with unfading flowers,
And *Love*, that sweetest dream of youth,
Amid the roses lay :
Oh ! as the maiden gazed, Hope's smile
Seemed brighter than the day.

Long years passed on, again I saw
That maiden's graceful form,
Ah ! what a change, her sunny head
Had bowed beneath the storm,
With eager fingers she had grasped
The joy of young love born ;
With sick'ning anguish she had felt
That rose concealed a thorn.

Yes, scattered were the dreams of youth,
Faded Love's magic flower
Beneath that grief Hope seemed to lie
Bereft of all her power ;
But when the first wild burst was o'er
She spoke with fervent tone,
(While pointing where the dazzling spires
Of *Fame's* high temple shone.)

The fading of Love's myrtle wreath
Has round thee cast a shade ;
The laurel crown by *Genius* won
Will never, never fade :
And oh ! Love's brightest, sweetest dream
A joy could never bring,
Like that which ever richly glows
'Neath *Fame's* majestic wing.

While Hope thus spoke the brilliant fire
Of *Intellect* awoke,
The pale cheek flushed, while from her lip
These thrilling numbers broke ;
Yes ! I *will* cast away the links
Of love's delusive chains,
I'll bow before the starry shrine
Where Godlike genius reigns :

And I will weave, of burning song,
Those links which bind the *soul*,
While quickened breath, and flashing eye
Acknowledge *Mind's* control :
Then Joy, long fled this weary heart,
Again will take his rest
—Folding his golden pinions—in
The temple of my breast.

Again years passed, and time had stolen
That maiden's youthful bloom ;
While withered hopes, and blighted love
Had been her early doom.
'Tis true that on her pallid brow
Shone *Fame's* ennobling wreath ;
But ah ! the anguished brain that throbbed
Its sparkling leaves beneath.

See ! while I gaze, pale Mem'ry comes
And holds her magic glass,
And bygone hours, a mournful train
In silent order pass,
She sees the days of happy youth
When Hope had known no blight,
And when love's song had thrilled her breast
With visions of delight.

And when love's golden lyre was struck
By disappointment's hand,
While, by the broken chords, despair
Took his bewildering stand,

She turns away, her hands she clasps
And wildly cries oh! Fame,
Now, in this wretched hour, I feel
That thou art but a name!

Though when I strike my spirit's chords
The lofty streams which flow,
Thence in free burning numbers make
A thousand bosoms glow.
Fame, does thy diamond chalice hold
Of Lethe's stream, a part?
Can thy proud coronal bind up
A lonely, broken heart?

Oh Hope! thou false delusive shade,
E'en from this very hour
I'll throw thy lustrous fetters by
No more to own their power;
But as she spoke a vision rose
Before her wond'ring sight;
A female form with golden hair,
And eyes of cloudless light.

Like Hope she seemed, but oh! more fair
Was her seraphic brow,
While on her snowy pinions lay
A pure celestial glow,
And prostrate at her radiant side
A shrouded form is seen;
In trembling awe the lady asks
What can this vision mean?

Mortal! the precious spell of *hope*,
Oh! do not cast from thee,
But let the sorrows of thy soul
Before *my* presence flee,
I am the *Hope of Heaven*, but bend
Beneath my gentle sway,
And from the careworn paths of earth
Thy soul I'll lead away.

My shadow, *earthly Hope*, now bent
In silence at my side,
The wreaths which she did give to thee
Were swept by sorrow's tide.
But the fair garlands in *my* hand
'Twine flowers that ne'er will fade,
They'll bloom amid the icy air
By death's dread shadow made.

This wreath will make earth's hopes seem dim,
'Twill check sad mem'ry's sigh
When o'er the hours of vanished joys
She casts a tearful eye,
'Twill take from sorrow's piercing dart
Its most envenomed sting,
And round the darkened bed of pain
A beauteous halo fling.

The lady paused, but Faith drew nigh,
The precious wreath she placed,
Upon the downcast brow where care
His own dark name had traced.
Then joy amid the dewy flowers
His home of beauty made,
And peace in tranquil loveliness
Slept 'neath their balmy shade.

OLD MAGAZINES.

In loitering through a gallery, where on either side we see the prim portraits of our grandmothers, or where the canvas introduces to our acquaintance queer old gentlemen in powdered wigs and small-clothes, we seem to be transported back, as it were, to the "little day" in which they lived and to quite forget the scenes of the busy world around us. Right pleasant is it at such a time, to muse on the faded splendors of the past,—to recall the memories of happy hours, "departed, never to return." With us, the same feeling is produced in turning over the pages of an old magazine. We love to open the volume as a time-worn portal, that discloses to our view apartments long shut out from human observation. We love to linger among the records that are enshrined—we may rather say ensepulchred—therein, and bringing them forward once again to the light, to read over the story they contain. And in this dreamy, unprofitable sort of studious relaxation, we pass at least half of the reading hours of our existence.

There is before us at this moment a goodly volume of magazine literature, not remarkable, it is true, for exceeding age,—although it goes back three and sixty years into the dim regions of the past,—but still embodying so much curious information and presenting so accurate a reflection of the "form and pressure" of the time, that we propose to discourse a little on it, "by way of remembrance." It is entitled "The European Magazine, and London Review; containing the Literature, History, Politics, Arts, Manners and Amusements of the Age. Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ. By the Philological Society of London. Vol. VII. for 1785. London. Printed for Scatcherd & Whitaker. Ave-Maria Lane and I. Sewell in Cornhill." 1785! But two generations of men have passed away since that period and yet what events have transpired on the earth in the interval! It may be regarded, perhaps, as the dawn of a new era in human affairs, as the connecting link between the present and the olden time. The American, who looks back to it, will feel a pardonable pride in the patriotic associations with which it is connected, he will think first of the position of his country, just then acknowledged as independent by the powers of Europe, and if he be "of imagination all compact," he will indulge in an ornithological rapture over the American eagle, newly fledged, that was just then mounting to the face of the sun. 1785! Through what a long vista do we see its characters and its incidents! What simple, old-fashioned people they were, who moved about in the twilight of the eighteenth century! Who then had heard the melodies of Bellini, or seen the light of science and olefant gas shed upon the darkness of Piccadilly, or rumbled at the rate of

forty miles an hour over a vast continent, or talked by lightning with a friend in a distant empire? London was indeed at that time a huge metropolis, as it has since been described,

"A mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through the sea-coal canopy,"

but where among those masts could be seen the smoke-stack of a steamer, where then was the philosopher Punch, who now edifies weekly the United Kingdom, and where could be found that wondrous *salon* of fashion,

"Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly paradise of 'Or Molu'?"

These things were not. Oh unlucky race,—his *terque unfortunati*,—to have lived before Napoleon had reformed the tactics of the continent, or Brummell the neckcloths of Grosvenor Square,—to have passed away from the scene of action in ignorance of railroads and without an acquaintance with the *Waverley Novels*!

Let us look a little more closely, however, at 1785, through the medium of the *European Magazine*. We manage things much better than did the good people of that day, and yet we shall find England then a wonderful nation, making large improvements in the arts, great in council and in action, and with "manners and amusements" so congenial to our tastes, that we could wish to have participated in their enjoyment.

Perhaps we might search in vain through all history for a period so remarkable for great men, as that of which 1785 is a part. A glance at our own annals will convince us of this. Washington, Franklin, Henry, Adams, Hancock and Jefferson are names belonging to that period and names which the world "will not willingly let die." A glance at the annals of England will confirm us in the opinion. She had not, indeed, any man, whose character would stand in comparison with Washington. The only man in English history who furnishes any parallel to Washington had fallen on the field of Chalgrove one hundred and forty-two years before. But there were, in 1785, prominent in her cabinet and distinguished in her parliamentary debates, men who gave direction and impulse to the whole course of human affairs and whose speeches present the best models of English composition. Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh were boys at their books in Edinburgh, Mr. Canning was making Latin hexameters at Eton and Burns was at the plow, but characters who figured more largely than even they, were then in the vigor of manhood and in the plenitude of their fame. What a spectacle did the House of Commons at that time

present! There was Windham, who has been well described as "the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit." There might be seen a very young man of remarkable stateliness of person and quiet dignity of deportment, who had not yet heard his own voice in the hall, but who was destined to wield the scepter of resistless eloquence,—Charles Grey. On the benches of the opposition, the leader of his party, was the burly form of Fox, known out of doors by his slouched white hat and his unfashionable coat,—Fox, whose countenance always thoughtful, even amid the symposia of the clubs, was strikingly so in the fervor of discussion. Prominent among the greatest was one, who, although it has been said of him that

"too deep for his hearers he went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining,"

was yet the most splendid orator of modern times, the renowned Edmund Burke. There, too, was Pitt, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Premier of the Realm, combatting against majorities with his impassioned declamation and ready for any emergency in which he might be placed. But perhaps the most singular genius of all, who sat on that floor, was poor Sheridan, an antithesis in himself, full of wine and wit, firing epigrams into the ministry and lashing their measures with his merciless ridicule; who, with all his frivolities and extravagance, had such kindly affections and such generous traits of character, that we can never find it in our heart to condemn him.

All, who are familiar with the political history of that day, will recollect the excitement growing out of the Westminster Election. It occurred just after the dissolution of Parliament by Mr. Pitt in 1784, and resulted after a violent struggle of forty-seven days in the return of Mr. Fox. Upon this election all the resources of the Whig Party had been brought to bear. But perhaps no wing of that party was so effective as that lovely coterie of female politicians, in the uniform of the buff and blue, who carried on the war with the light artillery of smiles and bon-mots from behind the tapestries of Carlton House. This splendid mansion was the theater of their triumphs. There they discussed affairs of State and won over inexperienced young men to the liberal side. There they ate good suppers and arranged political *imbroglios*. In the bustle of the Westminster election, it is recorded that these fair politicians, descending from their gilded eminence, took up the cause of Mr. Fox among the people and sometimes even bartered kisses for votes. However this may be, Mr. Fox triumphed. We recur to this election, because we are reminded of it by the Parliamentary Report of the *European Magazine*. The return having been contested by Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, Mr.

Fox was not allowed to take his seat for Westminster, but entered Parliament as a member for a Scotch borough. In the meantime, a scrutiny of the polls was demanded by the unsuccessful candidate and the High Bailiff refused to make a return. Upon this proceedings were had from time to time in the House of Commons; portions of which we quote.

"Feb. 4.

"Mr. Welbore Ellis moved, that the order of the day for the attendance of the High Bailiff and his counsel be read; which being done, he said his reason for making such motion was, that having learned that a Right Hon. Gentleman, who was very materially interested in this business, and without whose presence it would, in his opinion, be ungenerous to proceed, had met with a disagreeable accident (straining the tendon Achilles) which prevented his attendance that day, he trusted, therefore, to the candour and generosity of the House in not objecting to the motion he intended to make, which was, that the order just read be postponed to Tuesday next. The surgeon who attended Mr. Fox advised him not to stir abroad for three or four days at least, otherwise the consequences might be very disagreeable.

"Mr. Pitt said, he was much concerned for the indisposition of the Right Hon. Gentleman, who was materially interested in the business of the day. He could not, however, see any reason why the absence of the Right Hon. Gentleman should be deemed sufficient grounds for postponing it, when the absence of those who were equally concerned with him must be dispensed with. He should not, however, have any objection to the Hon. Gentleman's motion, if he thought the business would be brought forward on Tuesday without further delay. It was as much the wish of the other gentlemen concerned to bring it to a conclusion, as it was of Mr. Fox or his friends.

"Mr. Pelham thought it a question of so much importance, that it concerned not only the citizens of Westminster, but also the constituents of every representative in the kingdom. It involved in it a great variety of constitutional questions. Gentlemen boasted much of a parliamentary reform, but he was fearful their professions were not sincere; this, however, a short time would discover.

"Mr. Pitt admitted the importance of the question; but with regard to the hypothetical questions put to him, respecting his declaration of a parliamentary reform, he could only say, that whatever opinion gentlemen might entertain of the sincerity of his wishes for such a measure, he certainly hoped that those who are doubtful of it, and at the same time pretending to be supporters of a reform, may not be less sincere.

"Mr. Burke lamented the absence of his Right Hon. friend, who, he said, was so severely hurt, that it was by his surgeon pronounced unsafe for him to stir abroad for some days; he had seen him the night before, when he was so very ill as not to be able to walk without the support of some other person. The question, as moved by Mr. Welbore Ellis, was then put and carried."

Again on the 9th Feb. the subject was taken up. We clip the following proceedings from the Jour-

nal, regretting the very meager nature of the report and italicising a passage.

"After a very long argumentative speech, Mr. Ellis moved, 'That Thomas Corbett, Esq. High Bailiff of the city of Westminster, be ordered to make an immediate return of the persons legally chosen to represent that city in Parliament.'

"Mr. Pelham seconded the motion, and followed Mr. Ellis in many of his arguments, which he thought were such as ought to induce the House to order the High Bailiff to make an immediate return.

"Lord Mulgrave followed Mr. Pelham. The noble Lord attacked Mr. Fox with remarkable severity."

* * * * *

"Mr. Sheridan, in a speech replete with wit, disclaimed also any idea of delay, or artificial prolongation of the scrutiny on the part of his friend; and in a vein of irony animadverted on the speech of the noble Lord (Mulgrave), who, he said, had laid down many positions that were unfounded. He concluded with some sarcastic observations on the Minister and his measures."

* * * * *

"Mr. Wyndham delivered his maiden speech much in favor of Mr. Fox, and reprobated the scrutiny in strong manly terms.

"Mr. Fox began a speech of two hours, by complimenting the House on the acquisition of such a speaker as Mr. Wyndham promised to make. He was then very severe on Lord Mulgrave, and insisted that no man but his Lordship would have said that the Westminster scrutiny was not connected with a Parliamentary reform. * * * He concluded with assuring the Minister that the business would not end on that night, for he should renew it in the Westminster petition; and it would not be given up while a shilling remained, (*he did not mean of his own, for God knew his last might soon be gone*) but while his party had power to support it. He was then extremely severe on Mr. Pitt, whom he said he never expected to see the champion for destroying the liberties of his country.

"At six o'clock in the morning the House divided, when there appeared,

For continuing the scrutiny	174
Against it	135
Majority	39

"The High Bailiff was then called in, and the Speaker read the order of the House for his proceeding with all possible dispatch in the scrutiny."

After occupying much of the time of the House on several subsequent occasions, we find it at last disposed of, by the admission of Lord Hood and Mr. Fox on the 4th of March. "The return made by the High Bailiff was in favor of Lord Hood and Mr. Fox, as follows:

		No. on the poll.
For Lord Hood,	6588	6694
" Hon. C. J. Fox,	6126	6234
" Sir Cecil Wray,	5895	5998"

The Reporter adds in a Note—"Thus at an expense of above 20,000l. after a scrutiny of eight

months, Sir Cecil Wray appears to have gained FIVE votes on Mr. Fox's number !—And thus disgracefully ended the Westminster scrutiny !”

About the same time, we have a statement of Mr. Burke's famous speech on the liquidation of the Nabob of Arcot's debts.

“ Mr. Burke was up near two hours ; he as usual entered very fully into the crimes, &c. of the Company's servants in India ; and insisted that the whole of the learned Gentleman's defence was nothing more than the varnish of deception ; that the new Board had begun their measures in imbecility and would end them in ruin. He read a variety of extracts from different India papers, and from a late pamphlet, published by Debrett ; he also read a letter from the Nabob of Arcot to the Court of Directors ; wherein he stated that their Servants in India, without large salaries, and carrying on no trade, in a few years enriched themselves contrary to the interest of the Company, and at its expence, by fraud, plunder, and rapine, and then retired to England with their wages of iniquity.”

A few days afterwards, on the consideration of some bill with reference to the Sub-Commissioners of Accounts, we are informed that

“ Mr. Sheridan made his promised objections to the bill. He entered into a most ingenious argument, to prove that the clauses were most loosely penned in respect to law ; and that they were unnecessary, absurd, and dangerous. They were unnecessary, because the Board of Treasury in particular was armed with full and sufficient powers to correct all abuses in its own departments, if the members of that board attended properly to their duty. He desired, he said, that only THREE words of the minutes might be read, at the time when the Duke of Portland was in office. The clerk read, his Grace the Duke of Portland, Lord John Cavendish, and Frederic Montague present, and then he read the minutes. This, Mr. Sheridan said, was to shew that an intention existed at that time to make such enquiries into the subordinate offices as would effectually tend to every purpose which the right honourable Gentleman could fairly mean by the present bill. In respect to the powers with which the new Sub-Commissioners are armed, there was something, as he already said, truly ridiculous and very alarming. They were made both Judge and Jury ; they were authorised to enforce the attendance of men, women, and children of all ages, and of all descriptions, from east to west, and from north to south, of Britain ; either to enquire whether the Clerk of the Treasury, or a pedlar in Cornwall, had done wrong by exacting a shilling as an improper fee in the one place, or by cheating government in a licence in the other. Nay, they were empowered to call upon the highest men in office. They could enforce a member (the power was so unlimited) to leave the House to give evidence wherever they sat ; or if in summer they chose to go and examine a hawker, near the sea shore, they might insist upon the Speaker's attending them at Brighthelmstone, or at any other watering-place wherever convenience or pleasure might lead these mighty men.”

In this most unsatisfactory sketch, we recognize

the same wit that dazzles us in the dialogues of Acres and David.

But it is time that we should leave the lofty regions of Parliament, and turn to other departments of the European Magazine. We shall find, in our discursive and desultory ramble through its pages, walks more inviting than the arid field of politics. We must present, however, before quitting State affairs, a very extraordinary performance in verse, which belongs rather to Minerva than the Muses, and may properly come under the political head. The reader will observe that it establishes the fact that poets are not always *vates*, or prophets. It is entitled an

ODE for the NEW-YEAR,

As performed before their MAJESTIES.

Written by WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq. Poet-Laureat.

And set to Music by Mr. STANLEY.

DELUSIVE is the Poet's dream,
Or does prophetic truth inspire
The zeal which prompts the glowing theme,
And animates th' according lyre !

Trust the Muse, her eye commands
Distant times and distant lands ;
Through bursting clouds, in op'ning skies,
Sees from discord union rise ;
And friendship binds unwilling foes
In firmer ties than duty knows.

Torn rudely from its parent tree,
Yon Scion rising in the West
Will soon its genuine glory see,
And court again the fost'ring breast,
Whose nurture gave its powers to spread,
And feel their force, and lift an alien head ;

The parent tree when storms impend,
Shall own affection's warmth again,
Again its fost'ring aid shall lend,
Nor hear the suppliant plead in vain ;
Shall stretch protecting branches round,
Extend the shelter, and forget the wound.

That a poet-laureate in 1785, two years after Cornwallis gave up his sword to the American commander at Yorktown, should predict that the people of this country would ever return to a state of colonial subjection to England, is one of those “ flattering unctions” to majesty that only “ poets-laureate” can apply.

We cannot recur to the dramatic criticisms of that day without a regret for the degenerate character of our own stage : the more, perhaps, because we are inclined to favor theatrical exhibitions as affording a rational source of amusement. Charles Lamb, in one of his inimitable Essays, has recorded his impressions of his “ first play,” and we confess with Elia to a prejudice, “ e'en from our boyish days,” in favor of the footlights and the orange peel and that mysterious curtain which shuts out from our view the shock of armies and “ the

death of Kings." As conservators of the public morals, however, we are forced to place the impress of our condemnation upon the licentious appliances of the modern play-house, and to sigh for the retrogradation in public taste, which has driven from the stage the humanities of Shakspeare and suffered Harlequin to "usurp Apollo's place." Too true is it, as a contemporary satirist has said, that the popular entertainments of this enlightened (!) day have introduced to our notice

"Vaulters, who rightly served at home, perchance,
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance;
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,
Where Sin holds Carnival and Wit keeps Lent."

For now, (to continue the quotation,)

"To Doctor Logic's wit our sons give ear;
They have no time for HAMLET or for LEAR,
Our daughters turn from gentle JULIET's wo,
To count the twirls of ALMAVIVA's toe."

How different was it in 1785! Then the drama, purified by a correct taste from the vile productions of Congreve and Wycherley, was under the patronage of moral and religious men. The great Dr. Johnson,* who died but a few days before the opening of that year, did not disdain to witness its representations and had himself written a tragedy, in which Garrick appeared, (Irene,) and in which the principal female character is strangled upon the stage. The most refined and virtuous classes of society went to the play. They delighted to hear the philosophy of Hamlet, to see the noble rage of Lear, to applaud the filial affection of Cordelia, to be startled with the development of guilt in the breast of Lady Macbeth. And well might they appreciate those representations, for the genius of the Kembles was then swaying at will the feelings of London. From the "Theatrical Journal" of the European Magazine, we quote this notice:

"Wednesday, Feb. 2. Shakspeare's Macbeth was performed for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons; and she appeared for the first time in London, in the part of Lady Macbeth.

"Though there is a similarity to herself in Mrs. Siddons' manner of performing every part, which would render a frequent attendance on her much more tiresome to us than the more varied performance of inferior actors, yet the congeniality be-

* Dr. Johnson would seem somewhat inconsistent in his views in relation to the Drama. Boswell mentions several instances of his rebuking in severe terms the histrionic profession. On one occasion an Irish gentleman, conversing with him on the subject, asked him if he had seen the best French players. JOHNSON—"Players, sir! I look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint stools, to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs." "But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" JOHNSON—"Yes, sir, as some dogs dance better than others!"

tween the vigour of her mind and that of Lady Macbeth, gave her advantages in the character, which no lady has possessed since the best days of Mrs. Yates.

"Mrs. Siddons displayed less of what is called acting, during the dialogue previous to the murder of Duncan, and less of *Pantomime* when she enters walking in her sleep, than in her first appearance in the same situations. So far her attempts exhibited fewer instances of apparent artifice; but they will yet admit of further simplicity. When she sets down the candle, who does not perceive she varies from her predecessors only that her hands may be more at liberty to imitate the process of ablution?—*Artis est celare artem.*"

On a subsequent occasion, (March 8,) we find quite a different opinion expressed. Speaking of Lady Macbeth, the critic says—

"On the whole, however, violent and horrible as the part is, she over-acts it; and in the night-scene commits an error, which would be inexcusable in the youngest performer, that of attending to her candle as if perfectly awake."

In connection with this remark, it may be well to refer to what Mrs. Siddons has herself said with reference to the candle scene, on the very night first alluded to—her first appearance in the character in London. She recounts the agitation that possessed her, the feverish alarm with which her toilette was made, and tells how just as she was going on the stage, Mr. Sheridan came to speak with her. "What was my astonishment," she adds, "when I found that he wanted me, even at this moment of anxiety and terror, to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping scene! He told me he had heard with the greatest surprise and concern that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand; and when I urged the impracticability of washing out that '*damned spot*' with the vehemence that was certainly implied by both her own words, and by those of her gentlewoman, he insisted that if I did put the candle out of my hand, it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in hers. My mind, however, was made up, and it was too late to make me alter it; for I was too much agitated to adopt another method. My deference for Mr. Sheridan's taste and judgment was, however, so great, that, had he proposed the alteration whilst it was possible for me to change my own plan, I should have yielded to his suggestion; though even then it would have been against my own opinion, and my observation of the accuracy with which somnambulists perform all the acts of waking persons. The scene, of course, was acted as I had myself conceived it; and the innovation, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me after the play, and most ingenuously congratulated me on my obstinacy."*

* Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons.

The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons is said to have been the most wonderful representation that ever called forth the tears of a cambric-handkerchiefed auditory. One who had seen it might be said indeed to have "supped full of horrors." Her very walk across the stage caused the hair to stand on end and the deep full notes, in which she uttered the language of the murderess, seemed like a voice issuing from a tomb. Where now can be found a vestige of her mantle? Indeed, in this mountebank age, where would a worthy successor be sustained? Alas, the palmy period of the drama has gone by, its passion and poetry are past and the tinsel alone remains,—the curtain has fallen on the fifth act of its luster.

In the literary department of the European Magazine, we find a variety of entertaining reading. There is a series of papers, chiefly of an anecdotal character, on the Life of Dr. Johnson. There is also a succession of articles on the "Progress of English Song," by Mr. Ritson, which have since been published in a volume and are regarded as the best historical Essay on that subject. The poetry of the Magazine is very unequal, some of it being very good, other portions almost as bad as the verses of the Rosa Matildas of our own day. From a nuptial Ode, on the marriage of "Lord Viscount Althorp and Miss Lavinia Bingham," written by Sir William Jones, (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), we take a few lines prophetic of our national greatness:

"Beyond the vast Atlantic deep,
A dome by viewless genii shall be raised,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctured gems emblazed,
There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;
And when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel!"

From the Monthly Chronicle of Events, we make some curious extracts—

"April 1.

"At a little before one o'clock, a fire broke out in the large room at Spring-Gardens, Charing Cross, formerly known by the name of Cox's Museum, but at this time taken by a man who was exhibiting Windsor Castle cut in Cork, and Mount Vesuvius: the person was shewing the Burning Mountain to the company; in throwing up the lighted rosin, some of it fell upon a large quantity of combustible matter, which, through forgetfulness, had not been put into its proper place, and in an instant set the building on fire, the whole of which was consumed, with two adjacent houses, and the stabling at the back of the building much damaged."

The following item will be regarded as highly important:

"May 14. The Prince of Wales was admitted a member of the Beef-steak Club. His Royal Highness having signified his wish of belonging to that society, and there not being a vacancy, it was propo-

sed to make him an honorary member, but that being declined, it was agreed to increase the number from twenty-five, in consequence of which his Royal Highness was unanimously elected.

The Beef-steak Club has been instituted just fifty years, and consists of some of the most classical and sprightly wits in the kingdom."

A few weeks after this great event, (June 1,) we find a brief paragraph, announcing that

"This day John Adams, Esq. Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, had a private audience of his Majesty, to deliver his credentials."

"John Adams, Esq.," it must be borne in mind, was but a small man, when compared with the "finest gentleman in Europe."

Farther on we find another announcement:

"16. Arrived in town from Falmouth Warren Hastings, Esq. late Governor General of Bengal. He sailed from Calcutta the 9th of February last."

This Monthly Chronicle contains many other scraps of interest, accounts of air-balloons, which had just come in vogue, criminal trials, sometimes with the arguments for the defense, executions at Newgate, (of which during three months there were no less than forty-five, all for a lower grade of crime than manslaughter!) together with public celebrations, etc., etc.

There is also a Monthly Obituary, from which we take a few examples of remarkable longevity, which remind us of that respectable race of old people who lived before the flood.

DIED—March 23.

"Anne Simms, at Studley-green, in the Parish of Brimhill, near Bow-wood, in Wiltshire, in the 113th year of her age. Till within a few months of her death, she was able to walk to and from the seat of the Marquis of Lansdown, near three miles from Studley. She had been, and continued, till upwards of 100 years, the most noted poacher of that part of the country; and frequently boasted of selling to gentlemen, fish taken out of their own ponds. Her coffin and shroud she had purchased, and kept in her apartment more than 20 years."

May 9.

"Lately died at Holmes chapel, in Cheshire, a man named Froome, aged 125 years and eight months. This patriarchal rarity was gardener to the late John Smith Barry, Esq. who, in consideration of his great age, and long services, left him an annuity of 50l. a year, which he enjoyed with unusual health until about two days before his death. He has a son now living, turned of 90, who works at a manufactory in Lancashire, and promises fair to arrive at as great an age as his late father."

May 16.

"At Magharetempeny, near Ballynahinch, in the county of Down, Mary M'Donnell, aged upwards of 118 years. She was born in the Isle of Sky in Scotland, which place she left in the year of the

Revolution, (1688), and resided since in Down, in Ireland, until her death : last year she walked to Moira, 14 miles, in one day, to see her landlord ; and in the year 1783 reaped her ridge of corn as well as the youngest people in the country. When she was at Moira, she had all her senses perfectly as a young woman, except a little weakness in her eyes, and seemed strong, healthy and active."

The last extract we present, (we fear we have already given too many,) relates to the Court.

"June 4th. His Majesty's birth-day was distinguished with every proof of respect and esteem.

" DRESSES.

"The drawing-room, in point of splendour, was equal to any we remember on the occasion.—The King was in a plain suit, of a milk chocolate colour, and appeared in charming spirits.—Her Majesty was superbly dressed in blue and silver. The petticoat was entirely covered with a rich silver embroidered crape. Her jewels were disposed with uncommon taste, and raised to such advantage on a black ground in stripes, as made the most perfect and brilliant appearance.—The Prince of Wales was in a royal purple velvet, richly embroidered with silver, and made a most elegant appearance.—The Princess Royal's was lilac and silver, embellished with a beautiful silver embroidered crape, of superior work and perfection ; representing various devices in wreaths, knots, and flower-baskets, interspersed with a variety of small bouquets of natural flowers. * * Lady Harriet Pitt, honorable Miss Finch, lady Howe, Miss Howe, lady Palmerston, lady Mordaunt, lady Impey, countess Aylesford, &c. &c. &c. were in Chamberbergauzes. * * Mrs. Hastings wore an Indian muslin, wrought in silver and colours, with a profusion of oriental pearls. * * *

"The head-dress of the ladies principally consisted of feathers, disposed with neatness, artificial flowers and diamonds. Lady Salisbury's cap was formed of materials that corresponded in colour with her gown.—Lady Augusta Murray appeared in an enormous wreath of flowers, which extended on all sides, like the fantastic head-dress in which *Milton's Euphrosyne* generally appears. A few Figaro tresses were seen ; but the hair in a simple style, with drop curls in the neck, was the prevalent mode."

June 10.

CARLETON HOUSE FETE.

BALL.

"The ball room was fitted up in a light and pleasing style. Twelve superb lustres were suspended from the ceiling, and the same number of girandoles, on brackets, placed round the room. Two orchestras were constructed, hung with crimson silk.

"Upwards of two hundred ladies were present, some of whom were of the first accomplishments and fashion. The ball was suspended at half-past one, and the company repaired to supper.

" SUPPER.

"Five rooms were laid out for the supper. The

Prince, and a party consisting of one hundred ladies and gentlemen, supped in the grand Eagle Saloon. The duchess of Devonshire was seated on the right hand of his Highness, and lady Beauchamp on his left. All the first families in the kingdom supped in this apartment. The company amounted together to four hundred and fifty. The supper consisted of eight removes, of the most choice dishes, and a grand display of confectionary, with the most curious fruits that could be procured.

"The dances were resumed after supper, with great glee. The prince danced with the duchess of Gordon, lady Duncannon, and several others."

From the quotations we have made, it will occur to every one that a literary magazine in 1785 was a very different affair from one in 1848. *Nous avons changer tout cela.* Division of labor now assigns to many what was then the work of but one. The larger part of the *materiel* of the European Magazine is what would now appear in the Annual Register or the Year Book. When the Queen now takes an airing, with her six (or seven) little sprigs of royalty, in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, it is the province of the Court Journal to inform the world of the important fact ; when a new *mode* is introduced at the West End we look to La Belle Assemblée for a dissertation on the subject. The literary magazines disdain to chronicle such frivolous nothings and have relieved their pages of much inanity. With us in America, we regard not at all mere matters of adornment (except in the poorest of fashion plates,) and as the people are King, we are not troubled with recording their movements. Like all Sovereigns, however, they have their jesters and there are some journals which are charged with the task of making fun.

But we have discoursed too long. Let us shut up the book and deduce a moral. It will indeed be a very trite one. Still it cannot be too frequently studied. We have been looking at other times and past events. A few years have rolled by, and all the characters of that period are gone. Poets, statesmen, wits, beauties,—they have passed away from the stage of action. The lutestring of the boudoir has faded. Time, the great equalizer, has set before us in a proper light those who were regarded, undeservedly, either as virtuous or vicious. We are taught thus, the impressive truth, that has been so well expressed in the language of Shirley,

"The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,"

and in applying this, we may be assured, in the words of the same noble dirge, that

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

NO. I.

The following verses, by Warren Hastings, I met with in an old English magazine. They were composed in 1785, during the author's return voyage from India to England, and are alluded to by Macaulay, in his critique on Hastings, as follows: "Of his voyage little is known, except that he amused himself with books and with his pen, and that among the compositions, by which he beguiled the tediousness of that long leisure—was a pleasing imitation of Horace's *Otium Divos rogat*. This little poem was inscribed to his friend, Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth."

Verses by Warren Hastings, imitated from Horace, 2d Book, Ode XVI. *Otium Divos rogat*. Written at sea, near Cape of Good Hope, March, 1785.

For ease the harassed seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding waves;
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The cracking mast and sees or fears
Beneath his watery grave.

For ease the starved Maratta spoils
And harder Seik erratic toils
And both their ease forego;
For ease which neither gold can buy
Nor robes, nor gems which oft belie
The covered heart,—bestow.

For neither wealth nor titles joined
Can heal the soul or suffering mind.
Lo! where their owner lies!
Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,
And Care, like smog in turbid wreaths,
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys (nor covets more)
The lands his father owned before
Is of true bliss possessed;
Let but his mind unfettered tread
Far as the paths of knowledge lead
And wise as well as blest;

No fears his peace of mind annoy
Lest pointed lies his fame destroy
Which labored years have won:

No packed committees break his rest,
Nor avarice send him forth in quest
Of lands beneath the sun.

Short is our span, then why engage
In schemes for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by Fate designed?
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will
And discontent attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives,
At sea, Care follows in the wind,
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day
Should laugh the present ills away
Nor think of woes to come:
For come they will or soon or late,
Since mixed at best is man's estate
By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripened age Clive lived renowned
With lacks enriched with honor crowned
His valor's well-earned meed;—
Too long alas! he lived to hate
His envied lot, and died too late,
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliott's doom,
I saw his opening virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade! I bade the stone
Record his name 'midst hordes unknown
Unknowing what it told.

To thee perhaps the Fates may give
(I wish they may) in wealth to live,
Flock's, herds and fruitful fields;
The vacant hours with mirth to shine,
With these the Muse already thine,
Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim
To merit not to seek for Fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace and ease.

DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE ;

THEIR MORAL AND POLITICAL EFFECTS.

The consideration of general laws, whether operating in the moral or physical life, affords subjects of curious and often instructive reflection. There are not a few of those inflexible conditions, which, though seen by us, and known to us, in our earliest entrance upon a rational life, are yet regarded with cold and sometimes almost an impious indifference. We treat them, as dreams,

"The children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy."

The germ of death ingrafted on the very heart of man, that begins its blighting growth with the first issues of the life spring, and of whose untiring agency every day offers abundant evidence, is yet unheeded, though it bears us to the "bourne, from which no traveller returns."

The same principle seems to exist in political societies. Nations have their birth, their progress to maturity,—their fulness of population and science, and their decline and final decay. Is this tendency to national decline ever to be retarded by existing discoveries, or such as may by analogy exist? Or is it alike the inflexible doom of man and nations, that they shall perish? Before the introduction of many modern discoveries which are now in active force, the revolutions of kingdoms were not much less obvious than those which mark the changes of the natural body. That this state of things may be—nay, is to some extent arrested by the discoveries of modern times, we think susceptible of some demonstration, though to what extent, of course no one can determine. Nor do the agitations which now convulse almost the whole of Europe, affect at all the views which we offer. We look upon these as the transition State, necessarily resulting from the operation of causes, which the wisdom of man has established through his inventive genius.

Not long in the history of mankind have we realized the operations of steam, an agency, the power of which enables man to traverse the earth with as little time and labor, as in days gone by were required to round the limits of a petty State. In its vast propulsion and speed, bearing in its train science, civilization and exchange, no ingenuity can reckon its effects upon those laws that heretofore had marked the conditions of our race.

In our country alone we may now estimate communications by rail-roads to be more than six thousand miles. What a mighty commingling of mankind is effected by this? How many persons are thus made familiar with the customs and charac-

ter of nations, that, without these facilities, would never be known, except through other mediums infinitely less efficient? In this means, enterprise and energy find at once a fit emblem and an agency equal to the accomplishment of their active purposes of trade and locomotion. Yet even after this great discovery, giving to those who may have been denied the highways of the waters, highways of equal tonnage and equal—nay, superior speed, there seemed to be wanting something that should correspond with the operations of the human mind, that should convey the winged thoughts swift as the thoughts themselves; that annihilating the intervention of tardy distance, would enable us to speak and to be heard over the mountains and the valleys—and lo, the inventive genius of the age offers a vehicle to human thought; corresponding in its fitness and similitudes with that which steam has afforded to physical man and the productions of his industry. And the electric spark that heretofore conveyed terror and superstitious alarm, now bears in its car of living light the language of human thought; and man, separated by distances, which but a short time ago were a barrier to all communication, may now converse with nations of another tropic, as if divided only by the streets of a single city. Dying itself, it leaves its record in the language of man. What a mere dreamer, he would have been thought, who a few years ago should have ventured the prediction of so wonderful a state of things; who should have hazarded the prophecy that such an agent, dangerous and erratic, would have been subjected to the innocent use of intelligent communication. This discovery has afforded to us a liberty of prophecy that knows no limit in the range of probable things, and that may be indulged almost over the whole field of possible things. It has encouraged man not only to predict, but to project with more vigor and better hopes of useful discovery. Nor is it improbable that discovery may yet disengage from the womb of the hidden things of nature materials that shall yet more exalt him. Look to the science of Astronomy alone, and see what wonders have been unfolded to his intelligent acquaintance in later years. How, by the improvement of optical instruments, he has been enabled to penetrate those regions of space, around which deep darkness hung, and bring forth systems moving in harmony and beauty. Reckon back a little while, and all this which makes us wonder and admire, was the mere symbolic language, to swell the superstitions of mankind. The two agencies which we have alluded to, are unquestionably working and to work a vast change in the condition of the races that now and hereafter shall roam the face of nature.

Those differences that result in the national idiosyncracies, which mark the people of the earth, must undergo change. The homogeneity of dif-

ferent hemispheres must be modified—the language, the destiny of mankind must be altered—the assimilating tendencies are hastened, and man will have in these a guerdon of general protection or a chain to general degradation. Are they not the efficient means to enlighten the nations—to pass away the leaden lethargy that suspends the progress of some—to revive them, to recall and redeem them from their tottering tendencies to topple to their ruin and place them upon a broad platform of equal and universal civilization, of equal and universal progress?

These effects have already been partially foreshadowed in the regenerating influences of commerce. It has gradually, for the last few centuries, been lifting the dark pall of superstition and ignorance, that the middle ages hung upon the nations; and has expanded the horizon of civilization, almost to the borders of the earth; so that nations that were bolted to the ground, with all the infernal machinery that is forged in the workshops of ignorance, witchcraft, and error, are rising from their bed of blood and brutality, to enjoy the rays of a purer light that is beaming from the knowledge of other nations. The great divisions of the earth, as well as the little isles that float in dismal solitude, “few and far between,” are now being visited by the redeeming throng, of a busy and a better population, that mingling the purer waters of science and learning with the foul streams of shame and crime, filter and defecate them, to the permanent, perhaps, the eternal welfare of their inhabitants, redeeming a land of Juggernaut, that it may become the land of freedom. Commerce, with the auxiliaries which she has imparted efficacy to, has furnished a zone like the zodiac, that diffuses the light of learning and truth, before which are withering the weeds of a false morality, to give place to the wholesome fruits of a more humane and hallowed system of ethics. Religion and moral light have been, and are yet more being, diffused. The rights of man in a personal and political sense have been, and are yet more being, unlocked. But a little while ago he was looked upon as the mere appendage and appurtenant of place and suffered the conditions of the soil on which he labored. The unchanging propriety in estate, has found him at the termination of a life devoted to labor, at the very point at which he started, to give place to children doomed to tread the same circle of submission.

Civil rights, accelerated through the instrumentalities which we have briefly noticed, are being better understood; a sense that “God’s heritage” is abused; that it is inconsistent with the designs of Providence and the influences of reason, that the few should lord it over the many, alike with or without their sanction, has step by step been working like leaven in the circles of the masses—diffusing a dissatisfaction with those laws of property,

the relics of more barbarous periods, which, like iron fetters, bind them to an inheritance of poverty, ignorance, and oppression. Individual and segregated man begins to think, to feel, to act, without incurring the penalties of treason; and thus thinking, feeling, and acting, must combine, peaceably if it may be, by convulsion if needs be, to change an order of things, oppressive without reason, distinctive without general benefit. A system that separates to the use of royal descent, to princes, dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons “et id omne genus,” with or without brains, tracts of territorial munificence, to be appropriated to pleasure or to taste, while want and famine are wasting the lives of thousands fashioned like themselves, whose blood, though honored with less distinction, is dishonored with less crime. Think you that such can be so? that such inequality and injustice can be borne in this age, when light is diffusing a spirit of redemption from the fetid coils of ignorance? Think you when the very bowels of political oppression are being opened and its accursed heresies are heralded from the prolific jaws of a thousand presses and borne with electric precipitation through the wide universe, to be conned over and talked over, so that the learned and the unlearned, one and all that have an eye or an ear can catch the promise of deliverance from the grave of oppression—think you, that man, intellectual, thinking man, with such lights, will hug his chains and bear the yoke of bondage without a murmur? Will not “houseless heads” begin to look up to the comforts of a shelter? Will not the “unfed sides” hope to enjoy the comforts of a frugal repast, and “looped and windowed raggedness,” anticipate a cleanly and comfortable habit? Do they not feel the life-giving warmth of the sun of equal political liberty that is now coursing to his zenith?

“Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel, what wretches feel
That thou may’st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.”

Governments, however much in love with power, must yield. Power, however hallowed by prescription, however congenial to the wishes of the few that exercise it, however surrounded by the bulwarks of time, of talent, or of stratagem, must sooner or later, by concession or by compulsion, submit to the terms of a different age and different circumstances. For the absolute Governments of the slavish periods of the past are as unfit for the conditions of man as he now is, and is becoming, as the free governments of the present would have been for the periods to which we refer. Hence we behold that where the name and form of such systems prevail, the despotic spirit is gone; and royalty but hugs the last insignia of its power. The storm of delusion and darkness is past, and its mutterings and shadow are now heard and seen

only in some of the secluded sections of the earth that are not yet penetrated by the improvements of more civilized nations. But the instruments are at work, mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of tyranny—that, in spite of the resistance of prejudice and ignorance, are drawing such countries closer to the light, and they must see and must act.

As we have advanced from the dark periods of the past, so has been the progress of popular freedom—in other words, as civilization has advanced, so has been the improvement of the masses, and the revolutions of these and other times represent the volcanic action of the material world; whenever and wherever the resistance has been most unyielding, there the violence has been correspondingly obvious. True wisdom is better displayed in giving room to the progress of popular advance, that the action may be regular and not by convulsive leaps. It is vain to attempt to arrest it until the chains of tyrants have all fallen. It may be hindered for a season, but it will have its free course ultimately. The imperial ukase may exclude the lights of learning and civilization, but they shall gather so thick, that walls, nor edicts, nor arms, shall be sufficient ultimately to prevail. The progress of invention is the mighty auxiliary that secures and sustains every remove from oppression and transmits the benefits to other nations promoting an universal freedom. We may almost venture the remark, that but for the rapid communications of this age, that our own country would have been already harassed by many different idioms, which would have resulted like the confusion of the builders of Babel. And can it be doubted, that even in those countries where such differences of language already exist, that the same causes will not greatly modify them, as the drop of water wears the stone upon which it often falls! The shores of our own country are visited every year by thousands of people of every tongue and nation, and yet in language and in custom they assimilate to the prevailing language and customs of our own nation. The people of a particular State coming here in multitudes, connected by common ties, seek in our western hemisphere a common home. Think you, that but for the incessant mixture of our people, with whom they are in hourly intercourse, they would not prefer and preserve in distinct and separate communities their own native peculiarities?

Our form of Government itself, requiring representatives from every State to meet and deliberate on one common arena, is calculated to complete that which however is chiefly the result of accelerated intercourse. This government, representing such a people, over such a surface of country, would dissolve in its vast extent; and States with independent and hostile Governments, having different laws, languages, and customs, would even by this time have been forming, but for the discov-

eries spoken of, exhibiting one of the elements of distinction incident to the condition which must have existed in ages gone by, when nations so often perished. Efficient causes are at work to produce sooner or later universal freedom, and as a matter of course such Governments will be instituted as will secure the greatest amount of individual freedom that is consistent with law and order.

No doubt can exist that many attempts will be made, and unsuccessfully too, upon existing governments—as there can be no doubt that many efforts will for some time be abortive—from the fact, among others, that people must pass through the initiative of free government, before they can build up those permanent structures that are properly adjusted and sustained on the only sure foundation, that of a rational self-control. The almost unvarying effect of revolution from despotic systems, is to the opposite extreme of popular licence. The convulsive effort to cast off oppressive governments—the popular phrenzy that proceeds, accompanies and follows such a state, is inimical to that calm and sober sense of individual obligation which is so necessary to the success of such liberal institutions. The storm that shatters and dismantles is adverse to every principle of reconstruction, to beauty and to order. It is, however, but the stormy entrance to a peaceful and tranquil sea—one that must and will be made. The laws which have regulated power, political science, property, labor, are of necessity, by means now at work, to be modified. Nations heretofore beyond the reach of communication are speedily to be brought nigh—the circumference of the earth will be shortened—so that a greater uniformity will exist in the customs, the dialects and the destiny of man, which must work an important change in the causes which have marked the decline and fall of empire.

I have summarily thrown together some of the most striking causes which are leading, and much lead, to important effects in the moral, social, and political conditions of the earth and perhaps to the greater perpetuity of nations.

T. B. R.

A religious hubbub, such as the world has seldom seen, was excited, during the reign of Frederick II., by the *imagined* virulence of a book entitled “The Three Impostors.” It was attributed to Pierre des Vignes, chancellor of the king, who was accused by the Pope of having treated the religions of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet, as political fables. The work in question, however, which was squabbled about, abused, defended, and familiarly *quoted* by all parties, is well proved never to have existed.

There is no particular air known throughout Switzerland by the name of the Ranz des Vaches. Every canton has its own song, varying in words, notes, and even language.

INSTABILITY OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The times are so far out of joint that opinion is no longer truth—appearance no longer a reality, and it is almost a miracle that the strong practical and creative intellects of our time—those men who bear the burdens of the world—who think for themselves and others do not rend this factitious veil of society, and throw off the load of narrow prejudice and superannuated folly that blights the treasured dreams and hoarded schemes of a noble ambition. How do the men of influence stand towards their country and countrymen? How are the vast stores of the knowledge of our generation full to overflowing of high thoughts, noble conceptions—of deep, solid and substantial wisdom, used? The whole series of political struggles seems like so much laborious trifling—a busy idleness while the real work is left undone. Scarcely any man is equal to the effort of grappling with broad fixed principles,

“Bold in the right and too bold to do wrong.”

A want of confidence in ourselves and others makes us content with partial views and partial statements, leaving the depths of truth unsounded. Does a man stand forth as a sacrifice to his country—a strong, bold, commanding, and above all a consistent and reforming character, the meanderings of verbal obliquity seize upon his name and actions, distort the truth, until dissent, distaste and disgust act upon the sympathies as the cries of animals do towards their species, only signifying that the utterers are violently affected by some sensation or emotion.

There is in all conscience a sufficient want of charity in the world—its want is the besetting sin of our day and generation, and when we consider the time wasted, the bad passions engendered, we irresistibly arrive at the conclusion that we do not sin against earth but against heaven. Our thoughts are not our own, especially if they have harmony and beauty. Nature has endowed such minds with a significance which multiplies itself in others and sheds grace, dignity and feeling over every form of life.

The avoidance of allusion to the defects of others then is not only a duty but an advantage, and it is only in the calm hours of the spirit, when passion is exhausted and personal feeling is forgotten, that the mind can be prepared to receive these impressions. And as few can be said to wind up the different acts of the drama they intend to perform, they should indulge at the end of each of these acts, with applause instead of regret—with the vigor of delight instead of the degrading process of cynical exposure. The spot upon the hands may be washed away but the stain upon the mind oceans cannot

cleanse; in darkening the fountain of others lives, the springs of our own moral being are polluted,—the white robe of life is defiled, and every better aspiration and feeling perishes in the dank and poisonous vapors which overhang us.

The errors of civilization seem comparative with the unfolding of our progress and advancement, for civilization both degrades and exalts humanity. We take these errors with us into the sanctuary, where selfish piety and spiritual pride become the most fatal of human passions. A neglect to encourage and fasten that large benevolence which teaches that we are all human, shuts out those glimpses of truth which lead us unblinded to the heaven of the human heart.

The distinction between respectable vice and ragged virtue is a pointed illustration of our meaning, and the same rule applied to the struggling efforts of genius is equally apposite. In the giddy, selfish and feverish excitement to satiate a craving for fashionable monstrosities he—

“Who sounds the depths and shoals of honor”

or he

“Who hears the veiled gods walk at night
Through the hushed chambers of his listening soul.”

is elbowed and jostled, as if his body was a walking certificate, that master Snip had not stuck his needle in the proper place.

One great drawback to the stability of opinion is the fact that physical knowledge is in advance of the thought of the age. Steel-breasted enterprise meets and combats the silent current of sound opinion. The inhabitant of the pure realm of thought is a man among a million, whereas the popular intelligence as displayed in the action of men is turbulent and revolutionary, but in thought the wildest emanations serve a rule and law. To be sure, there is a seed of sovereignty in the barrenness of unflinching resolution; to this must be ascribed the inexplicable constancy of that success for which Sylla would have deified fortune.

Thought is not dependent: it need not follow a fixed path of influence; hence it is the most valuable thing in existence, and if men will but bend all their powers, all that deep and endless strength that inhabits the intellect, they may measure themselves with the mightiest of moral monarchs. It has been said that the child is parent of the man, and this is proportionately true in spirit if not in feature; children at a certain age *begin* to think, men at a certain age leave off thinking. Let any one form a vigorous habit of thinking on all the affairs of life, and although he may generally think inaccurately and feebly, yet as the great body of men never think at all, his perseverance, even in a scanty method of regulation, will give him a certain and incalculable superiority—a precedence that

the half disciplined soldiery of Egypt, though not to be named with the armies of Europe, possess over hordes of the desert.

"Think wrong and welcome," says Lessing, "but only think" and the maxim is the corner stone of greatness. Reflection is a faculty more than all others improved by exercise, and with it are advanced, in like degree, all the subsidiary qualities of the mind—for the custom of thought generates a habit of thoughtfulness. What is there in this majestic world of ours that is the mind's master? Is it not as Shelley has it, "The measure of the universe?" The power which we give to destiny or fate is mind—the effects of myriads of small minds weighing down the magnitude of a great one.

It is this underrating of what fills the world with its truest splendor which more than any thing else tends to disrupt the elements of social life. The physical knowledge of the age runs into vague and visionary reforms without any force of thought comparative to the amount of power that is exercised. The statesman deals in physical and material things; the scholar, sage, poet must let their thoughts run into such channels to maintain influence. That philosophic and spiritual presence in thought which gave an elemental grandeur to the character of the elder Platonists, and moulded the destinies of Greece, no longer exists in the souls of men. The thought of immortality that enslaves us, emancipated them from thralldom; it was the soothing presence of an exalted truth—while in us it is the ingeniously wrought chain that holds us in mental vassalage through the medium of a physical power.

The obliquity of evil tongues—the fevered alternations of change—the ruinous mistake of reasoning from ourselves in judging the actions of others and in measuring their motives, we recognize as one of the engrossing abuses of our age; it begets an irreverence for character and reputation, which is manifested in an appalling degree. Frequently the most sacred and private relations of life are dragged forth, and while being held up to public scorn are tortured into the most hideous deformity, and he who reigned the pampered idol of public caprice to-day, finds the avenger upon his track to-morrow. So it is in literature and in art; excellence, exalted beyond the reach of envy, is by some unaccountable reaction as suddenly forgotten, though there may be no accession of evil or diminution of good in any point of view.

The press more than any thing else, conspires and provokes the heart-burnings and jealousies by which society is so grievously distempered. The press next to the pulpit has a most august mission to fulfil, and its errors arise as much from a perverted public taste as from that of its conductors,—the error is mutual: a licentious press can only be sustained by a licentious public. Under any circumstances, perhaps, a certain class of writers as

journalists are dangerous; writing under the influence of intense feeling, they hurry the reader into labyrinths of thought, to which the bare approach is fatal. In the glow of intellectual production the highest, proudest pleasure of the mind is to see others take warmth from the kindred fire.

Radicalism is perhaps a necessity to the press of this country; the generous sentiments and plastic eloquence, necessary to ensure the attention of men, may run into an extreme, but it should be tempered with the discrimination of the public. Thought "kindling in the fire of kindred thought" leads the willing sense and sympathy astray in her bright and holy footsteps. To the tumultuous heart of care the soothing influence goes; the laborer at his toil is strengthened with the cheering word—diffusing hope to the suffering and oppressed—conveying touching and beautiful reflections upon life and the prospects of man, and opening to the future the ways and means of amelioration.

There is a destiny that surrounds the lot of man with darkened recollections: it spreads a sombre hue over his prospects and aspirations, and he to whom is given the power to lift the veil and show him a brighter lot, has a lofty inheritance, it is as Wordsworth says,

——— "a gift
Of aspect most sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breadth of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things."

Viewed in so strong a light the press necessarily reveals discrepancies in itself and in the public, which may cause it to suffer abatements of power, but it contains the means of correcting its own abuses—it is its own guide, monitor and censor. The grand forms of truth, lying in the recesses of our being, it evokes into living realities. Her gigantic spirit unfolds itself like the light of day, when morning awakes the world. It is the lip of flame and tongue of fire which exposes the accumulated forms of abuse, and gives the vital contradiction to error and melts it away from the vision of men.

Give truth her proper interpretation through the press, and political sophistry no longer exists; the pen, "mightier than the sword," hews down the deformed mass, until it crumbles into nothingness before the potency of its spell. The newspaper press is of all things the great destroyer of intellect; it is a vanity of reputation to acquire so

ephemeral a fame. It unfits the mind for tranquil investigation in the constant draft made upon its resources. It destroys that placid readiness for which men are celebrated, who carry about them the ready coin of wit and genius. The press too must change with the capricious changes of public opinion; all topics, civil, military, political, fiscal and religious, are shaped by its power or dissolved by its individualism. It should be its duty to remind those in power how much they owe to the people, and to show the latter how dependent they are upon its wants and the intellect it sacrifices. Providence seems to grasp at random the men whom it has predestined to represent their generation on earth; it imparts and assigns them the intellectual and physical powers of society—to change the departments of thought and to destroy the idols of error, which sophistry and falsehood have erected.

Place such men any where and they become great. Like those antique coins which wear the ineffaceable impress of some robust commander, they stamp themselves upon the iron surface of the age. This is the inevitable tendency of the press and those who control it in this country; the demand for a strong, bold, and fearless interpretation of events has drawn out and filtered society of its ablest champions.

The press should awaken men to a knowledge of their own worth, and in times of degeneracy, restore their lost nobility; intent upon impartial justice to all; magnificent in its expansion and dominion, directing man to the true aims of life and unfolding the perfection of his progress.

In proportion as a writer has the ability and skill to control the intellects of those around him will his power be felt. In his hand he holds the wand of light, and he must fill the void in his own soul and that of others; he invites them to partake of the delights of peace, of continuous comfort, and with keen and comprehensive sympathies with their sorrows and enjoyments he points out the resting places of memory and hope, and offers them a refuge, in his restless anxieties for the deep and serious interests of the living world. He suffers with those who are suffering; should he hold but discreet,—sincere in his convictions—a will firm as adamant; reiterating and accumulating proofs and with—

“Spirit large as peopled worlds that it would bless,”

he stirs up with inconceivable influence the purest founts of feeling and of life. The conductors of the press seldom meet with all its obligations; like religion, no one should be employed to minister its offices but those who are better and wiser than the mass; and when one fails to fulfil its exactions, many should be employed to give its duties force. This is the difference between the English press and our own, a concentration of talent more than

answers the expectations of numbers in which we excel.

The boundlessness of the power that slumbers in the press, is unknown either by the public or by those engaged upon it, the echo of its mighty voice pierces every household and touches like the circling currents of the viewless air every object in the widest bounds of our nature. It holds in its hands the destinies of the young, and the aged are improved by its suggestions. Among a people so enterprising as we are, there will always be found those who are dissatisfied with the present state of things, and to these the press should address itself; it should strive to reconcile those differences which grow out of the two great classes misunderstanding each other, and while with a firm and steady purpose it sustains the interest of one, it should not deny solace to the grieving but lead them to hope and point out the means of redress. “This is what the press should be,” exclaims the reader, but how stands the fact? Is it not too often the great disturber? In politics it surely is, for those who conduct the party organs seem to hold themselves in readiness to devour and be devoured. Do not its conductors, too, unhesitatingly countenance and support by the authority of its transforming and distinctive power the private schemes of politicians? By a fraternizing and confederating pliancy it becomes in turn the passive prey of a ruinous policy, instead of, by warning suggestions, informing and improving the primary conception of true governing principles.

There is a phasis of opinion that is beyond the reach of press or pulpit, which has its origin in wild lusts and tyrannous desires—in bizarre and contorted longings after that which excites and interests. This tumultuous restiveness, having nothing to stay its hunger, seizes upon the defects of others and satisfies the annoyances of wounded ambition by the madness of personality. To stem this impetuous torrent requires a strong arm in the fight and a vigorous thought in council—one of those men who “stand the centre of a whole to many thousands” and are ready and willing to take upon them all the temporary reproach which their impartial justice may foment. When this self-dependence is accompanied with a corresponding moral power, it generates all that is grand in action, in plan or purpose, and is the great source of influence. The strong soul setting in the serenity of its sceptered strength holds universal dominion.

Calmness in social life is one vital source of stability and permanence. The tranquility of the ocean is the greatest emblem of its strength; the power that wakes its wrath is extraneous to its destructiveness—it is the one vast emblem of the human heart, in whose swift currents glide storms that shake the universe. Every wave that leaps from its legitimate sphere sweeps away some time-honored evidence of social decay and desolation,

and scatters far and near the remnants of many a noble fabric.

Of the vast changes which are to take place in the history of the American continent, few of us can form even a remote conception, and what is to be the destiny of the vast tribes of men, of which she is to be the parent, has entered into the mind of few to contemplate. A civilization, the basis of which we are to form and establish, must be the ruling spirit of theirs, and they must partake of the character of our thought and share the benefits of our inventive wisdom; our deformities and beauties must be theirs; the spirit of our institutions—the development of the tendencies and capacities of our age, they are to analyze and digest. With these facts before us, it is not hazarding too much in concluding, that the man who has a true life, “is not for a day, but for all time.” That life, future generations are to take up, renew and enlarge into a fruitful expansion. The future

“Heroes in history and gods in song,”

who are now the companions of our daily lives, are to go down the eternity of years. Like the great spirits of antiquity which we now copy and emulate, will the lights of our own age shed their lustre. These men of the future are to tread in the paths of our meditation—to imbibe, with the eagerness of intoxication, the golden visions of beauty, which the enchanted imagination produces.

“Another race will be, and other palms be won.”

The next question is, how are we living in order to effect this purpose? Do we act, think, or feel, as if there were the eternal truths of life and knowledge within or about us? Is the “vision splendid” of heaven-remembered truth before us? Do we feel the full force of our indebtedness to our own, in order that we may make another race our debtors? The sin of leaving a duty unaccomplished, is equal to those sins of commission whose penalty is prescribed by the moral law.

There is no exaggerating the sacredness of this trust, for to transmit the mightiness of one age to another and remote one is the grandest of human conceptions. We become reapers in the fields of fame that others may share the harvest. We coin the gold of our purest thoughts in order that it may pass current with generations yet unborn. We become workers of the mines of intellectual richness for a double purpose—the redemption of our own and succeeding times. In a continent so vast as ours, this is not anticipating too much, for it must rear men whose characters partake of the same scale of vastness upon which every thing around them is cast. A new soil is broken up—new seed is planted, and a new growth repairing the degrees of its endless egression for a fruitful gathering. These dim, but glorious revelations,

lying in the great future of our virgin world, the imperishable generations of men are to evoke into living realities. The mighty and resistless wave of empire rolls onward and carries with every surge a feeling of strength and sublimity, and as all action is but the embodied characteristic of the thought of the age, almost every one shares in its formation—man, woman, child, all who lisp the lettered significance of language. Words which are to wander through Eternity in the full robed image of nature’s loveliest guise, have an appropriate birth in our forest land, and how important is the suggestion that they have that grace and unity which gives them a home-like abiding place in human sympathies. The vital question of political reform, we fear, has been overlooked, and the ruinous mistake that information is education, is fatally apparent. A knowledge of statistics, enabling the leaders to look upon men as mere machines, or units of calculation, instead of beings with immortal souls, is recorded the highest grade of information which a statesman need possess.

We have often thought that the notoriety given these vices, was the sure means of their continuance. There is no such thing as a man entirely vile, and when we behold a single amiable trait, where evil predominates, we are led into extravagant praise; while the humble Christian, whose heart knows no guile, is forgotten. The praise of real virtue, especially if it is not accompanied with brilliant parts, is by no means commensurate with those few commendable traits visible in hardened crime.

We are a hearty advocate of reform and repeat with the earnestness of a prayer, the maxim of the wise Edmund Plowden, “blessed be the amending hand,” but by amendment we do not mean destruction. A true reformer ought to produce a substitute for what he would renounce. Upon the altars of wrong and error, he plants the high priest of justice and mercy. Progress is an inevitable law of nature, but it should be progress that runs *pari passu* with every other kind of national advancement, it should not be directed against government, but against wrong; every struggle and every step should raise this question. We sadly require political philanthropy in this respect, we are in the rear of other departments of thought, and it is accounted for in the questionable usages employed to obtain political influence. The worst passions of men are appealed to, and their misfortunes taken advantage of; this begets mutual distrust, and all true progress is impeded. When liberty is most prized, it may be necessary to raise anew the question of liberty—it becomes a catchword in the perversity of its use. Slow and gradual reform is the surest evidence of enlightenment; if the elements are permitted to stagnate, abuse is heaped upon abuse, until the wave must rise its highest, and swell its heaviest to baptize the heads

of social life. When left to such conditions, the protest against wrong elicits the angriest denunciation and the most obstinate resistance : society is disrupted, and the effusion of blood irremediable.

There is far more sympathy in the claims of the oppressed than formerly, but how trivial are the effects of moral reform societies and philanthropic associations, to the tremendous effect of one political abuse ! What is that religious reformation, whose lasting effect is questionable, to a war that threatens to devastate and dissolve the nation ?

The lot of the reformer is to sow the seeds of beautiful flowers and rich fruits, that future generations are to gather. In the infancy of his scheme the contending elements are so violent, that it cannot be fully wrought out. The current of thought runs in an adoptive channel, and he whose task it is to change that current, has too short a life. In the sanctuary of his own heart, he would prepare a place for every sufferer ; and by his suggestive lessons give importance to the alliances of noble conceptions and shed grace and dignity over all. He kindles in each bosom the deepest emotions of delight, and all become partakers in the majesty of his designs. In all this God has a share, for mind is cognate with God. Those ideas which come to us and temper the actions of others and control our own, have a power and a life destined to live beyond us, or the hour that gives them birth. We recognise distinctly the hand of Providence in the silent growth of great principles ; his spirit is implanted in men, as in the dry seed lies hid the germ of the fragrant flower, and is the evidence of this regard for the changing wants of humanity. Consequently, we should give human greatness, through which the want is supplied, a higher relationship than belongs to earth.

Some one says that society resembles a pyramid which is broad at the base, but gradually lessens as we approach the top, until one man crowns the summit. This is as true in life as it is unalterable in nature, and illustrates strikingly the immutable harmony of the Almighty's designs as connected with the affairs of earth. He creates His worlds because He is omnipotent ; they create theirs because it is a sign of His omnipotence and their divinity of power.

De Lerre says that a well-ordered society is the fairest temple that can be erected to the Eternal. Those who do most towards its perfect organization, are those who make the age great, not those whom the age makes great.

The loved companion of our better life, the true American woman,—she who scales with us “the shining steps of nature,” fulfils her allotted place, and embalms with the grace and dignity of her thought the treasured emblems of a pure and vigorous life. A great deal has been said and written about the “proper sphere of woman,” but though her influence is not always seen, it is nevertheless

felt. We cannot judge of the grain of the oak by the bark of the tree. Neither in outward resemblance can we measure the benignity of her actions. The beauty of her ways is like the sunbeam that leaves no trace upon what it falls, yet warms into life and vigor every thing that sleeps in its genial smile. Is she not, too, the great mother of the Universe ? and is not her presence stamped on all things, wherever we lift our gaze. The spell of her influence is almost exactly commensurate with the condition of humanity. These may be called mere fancies, but they are not “fancies which our reason scorns ;” for whatever tends to keep alive holy and elevated love, to raise the affections and build attachments in the heavens, and to keep the heart open amidst the contracting cares of life—be it fact or fiction—should be ever welcome to the philosophic mind. Men associated kindness and commiseration with the mother of Christ, and females hoped for sympathy from one of their own sex and felt a calm reliance upon her who was

“Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.”

Woman, next to God, is the truest friend of man, for his common doom, struggle, and strife she is to share, and spread a golden radiance around her,

“A quiet and peculiar light
Like the dim circlet floating round a pearl.”

It is in vain to analyse a spell whose *secret* charm is its greatest beauty,—in the serenity of the pure and exhaustless soul of woman, there is an immortal fountain of happiness, and man finds a full and comprehensive aspiration of spirit in her companionship.

It is vain and futile to attempt to separate and divide the interests of the sexes, for they “rise and fall together.” The strong and high existence of man converts all desires and moral convictions into this single want. Engaged in outward and tempestuous duties, he only knows the inward delight of her refined and spiritual nature when some dark hour of fate unspheres the soul ; it is then he turns to woman for peace and rest.

Religion has ceased to make martyrs ; it is high time that politics should cease to make victims, and it is becoming apparent by the course of things and the common tendency of serious minds, that henceforth true progress is not to be accomplished under violent conditions. Revolution, says Machiavelli, is the surest evidence of bad government, and he might have added likewise, that a bloody revolution was equally symptomatic of corruption.

Change is the life of Empire—to rise, to shine, and to set, is that high law that moves the reasoning progress of the world, as gigantic shadows rest at times upon the face of nature, so that the dark and impending clouds hover over and surround the future of man's destiny ; but it only requires the arm of strength to furl them serenely away—to

fertilize the soil without rending its bosom. Holy peace! the visible token of celestial harmony upon earth, it is a possession so estimable, that we can almost forgive the sentiment of Erasmus, when he says that "quiet error is better than tempestuous truth."

The crimes of an individual may be expiated in the sincerity of repentance; the vivid memory of time misspent—of gifts and powers wasted, may be atoned for in the sternness of a moral conflict between spirit and matter, between the temptation and resistance; but with nations a higher power is appealed to, and works out an equivalent for crime. Above all the aspirations of man a silent principle reigns supreme—an inspiring immortality of celestial hope guides and directs the way in our gradual egression from darkness to light. But—

"Wild words wander here and there,
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused."

And oh! how important is the injunction to us to protect with a sacred zeal those who protect us; those great spirits whom God in his expressed will, as embodied in our actions, has appointed to be our rulers. Their hearts bear the prophetic security of high and noble deeds. The pride of lofty purpose is the necessary exercise of healthful life, but it is often true with regard to their distinction, that it is not their own choice. Notwithstanding all the honors that fell upon Demosthenes and Cicero—honors prompt, palpable and abiding, both have recorded their deliberate regret that they ever entered upon a career of ambition.

Bacon, in his will, says in a tone that rises into sublimity, "For my name and memory, I leave them to mens' charitable speeches and to the next ages." Nature's assurance that he had "multiplied himself in others," dictated this observation. He had lived to know how uncharitable the world is to its truest benefactors. When the bright intelligence had gone—the orb had been extinguished, and men begin to miss its light, he only asked their charity! Shakspeare was even more indifferent; he retired into Warwickshire, in "proud contentment blest." There was no angling for popularity there; no "useful knowledge" huckstering—no national regeneration cant. And at present, who shall question his being the acknowledged legislator of men?

Swift says with as much wit as sarcasm, that those whose opinions are worthless, are most ready and make the most noise in expressing them, as people always come out of the church fastest when it is nearest empty. Few of the world's masters, celebrated for depth or originality of thought, have been great talkers, and one of them has said by way of apology, that the reason why men were supplied with two ears and one tongue, was to hear more than they expressed. This was probably one of Carlyle's "great silent men."

Lamartine says, too, that almost all men who have performed great things are sparing of words. Their communion is with themselves rather than the world—they feed upon their own thoughts, the development of which constitute the great character.

Opinion! by that simple word how much is comprehended; it is a tyrant, before whose power men bow more willingly than before the Most High. True or false, just or unjust, at certain times and places, it is equally omnipotent. Now with the harshest rigor blended; now melting like the snow flake ere it falls; now alternating like the hot and cold fits of an ague, blind in the instinct of undiscerning hate; now mild, tolerant, harmless. Now craving in its voracity the choicest food; now content with the offal: now devouring in its wild lust the deliverer of an injured land; now living in the unwholesome air of knavery. Ripening into a fair luxuriance of being at times, the unmeasured spell of sound opinion reigns inviolable. And as

"Great offices will have
Great talents, and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill,"

an obviously higher power than ours directs his aims. He has seldom contemplated the result when he begins, and has given the bright and precious hours of life to satiate the hunger of the state, with hopefulness and content, and filled with a bounteous largeness the measure of Christian duty—

"In the cold abstinence from evil deeds."

LOVE IS OMNIPOTENT.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE.

Summer-bright Beauty!
Fair as thou art,
Love is omnipotent,
Look to thy heart!

Lo! in the woodlands
Branches above
Bend with the warblers
Thrilling with love.

In their blue mantles
Mountains are drest,
White bosom'd cloudlets
Lie on their breast.

And in the gardens
Love is at play,
Butterflies twinkle
Sporting the day.

Roses their sweetness
Give to the bee,
Lovers are pledging
Under the tree.

Call not the breezes
Spiritless things,
Sweet is the music
Borne on their wings,

Gathered in countries
Fairer than ours,
Given in whispers
To the young flowers.

When the May-blossoms
Sweeten the air,
When the dew-diamonds
Silver the hair,

When the pure starlight
Beckons above,
When the night-breezes
Murmur of love,

Summer-bright Beauty?
Fair as thou art,
Love is omnipotent,
Look to thy heart!

Madison, Indiana.

MR. WINTRYSIDES—A CHARACTER.

William Wintrysides was an old gentleman of some fifty or sixty years of age. He had seen a great portion of the habitable globe and had resided in regions the most diverse, and among people the most dissimilar. His whole life had been an exemplification of the old adage, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." And whether from his disappointments or from the want of the said moss to soften and conceal the asperities of his nature, certain it is that he had either retained or acquired an occasional harshness of manner, which accorded well enough with a vein of latent sarcasm which had ever distinguished him, but formed no recommendation in the eyes of his casual acquaintances. He was, however, ordinarily a silent and retiring man, so that his ill humors were not often exhibited, and his fellow passengers in a stage coach might have easily mistaken him for a modest and rather stupid man, if the workings of the muscles of his face had not tempted them at times to sift the workings of his mind, and challenged them to 'draw him out,'

as it is technically termed. There was then an even chance that he would make a moody response and relapse into his usual taciturnity, or reply in a tone of bitter irony which little answered their expectations.

What the occupations of old Mr. Wintrysides had been, no one could tell. He was not inclined to be communicative, and he afforded very various and imperfect grounds for the vague conjectures which his moods and manners almost solicited. One man conceived him to be a parson, but of what denomination it was hard to tell. He always wore his "customary suit of solemn black," and so might pass for a minister of any of the thousand and one creeds patronized in these United States. Often he was taken for a physician. His habit of putting his finger oracularly to the side of his nose, of pursing up his mouth, and delaying a minute or two before he spoke, might have given rise to such a supposition. That he was a country lawyer many averred, for he was learned in the doctrine of arrests, and of all civil and criminal process, and was accustomed to declaim at times on the insufficiency of all penal enactments, to restrain or punish the follies and delinquencies of mankind. Then again he would make cutting allusions to the fripperies and fopperies of female and of male dress, with such intimate acquaintance with all the materials of fashion and all the mysteries of the toilet, that he was sagely supposed to be either a keeper of a miscellaneous store, or a pedler divorced from his bundle for awhile, or the owner of a general auction mart, or any thing else under the sun. He was so nice and particular in his use of the English language that he might have been a Dominic: so grave and dignified that he might pass for a judge: so well acquainted with various countries that he might have been a navy purser—in fact, the words, looks, and actions of Mr. Wintrysides offered a foundation for the most dissimilar references. Certain it was that he had travelled much, equally certain that his disposition to travel still continued. He had been seen or heard of in Europe and America, and might still be seen sometimes at the North and sometimes at the South. Whenever two or three were gathered together to speculate upon Mr. Wintrysides, his character, disposition, and occupation, they had all different fancies to expound and different arguments to prove their plausibility: but, however plausible they might seem to those who made them, they were not equally so to those who listened to them. The friendly disputants never could agree, and usually separated either in undisputed possession of their original convictions, or completely mystified as to the object of their conjectures. Now, the truth was, that Mr. Wintrysides was a scribbler—a travelling, unsettled man with the cacoëthes scribendi ever seducing him to commit to the irrevocable custody of black and white the fancies that haunted his pericranium. If not an observant, he

was assuredly an observing man, and made his remarks by the way-side, which to some would appear shrewd, to some paradoxical, and to many foolish. He was fond withal of indulging in dreamy reveries, and while others were speculating about him, he speculated about them, perhaps with equal fallacy, but certainly with infinitely greater satisfaction to himself. Of some of these visions by the way-side we have been made confidants, and we may at some future time give them to others without informing the public whether we have possessed ourselves of the note-book of Mr. Wintrysides, or by some process of clairvoyance have been enabled to follow and record the fitting fancies that hovered around the brain of our particular acquaintance.

ONE DAY OF A FOOT TOUR IN CONNECTICUT.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Cotton-factories—Windham—Wells within doors—Silk-worms, and silk-making—a Common School—A cousin of Major Jack Downing—Putnam's wolf-den.

183* July 11. *Willimantic, or the Factory Village.*

Rose at four—wakened by the factory-bells, rung to wake the operatives. They rang a second time, some twenty minutes after; summoning the hands to work—just as I set forth. I saw them trooping to their prisons. One, a man, tells me there are 14000 spindles, and four or five hundred hands. They work twelve hours or more, daily. No schooling except when withdrawn from work. No lyceum, or library, or association for their improvement, even if they had time. Last evening, I saw several samples of a most degraded population about the tavern.

Stopped at the bridge over the beautiful Shetucket,* to read an advertisement: when an elderly countryman addressed to me some remark about the weather. Made up to him, and we begun a confab, in which it appeared that he had several children in the factories, mostly weaving. Each weaves 30 yards a day, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 cents a yard. Half a mile further on—the sun now up—saw a man milking a cow, as it is common for men to do here. He sat on a small stool. Says, the cow gives 12 quarts daily.

Passed through Windham village. Population perhaps 1500. Some of the country is beautifully *rolling*—some of the hills almost mountains; and,

with the valleys, every where coursed over by stone fences, enclosing pastures, corn, rye, oats, and hay,—potatoes, &c. From one hill 3 or 4 miles after passing Windham, was a prospect hardly yet surpassed; extensive, varied, and striking. I could see where Windham stood; a glimpse of Willimantic; Mansfield six miles off; and a horizon of woods and hills in several directions, hardly less than 20 miles distant.

Having walked nine miles, entered a farmhouse on the road side to ask rest, and breakfast. The dame rather shortly said, there was a tavern only a mile further, and she was going out and could not stay to wait on me. She, however, gave me a draught of good water, out of a well, sunk within the house, close beside her kitchen fire-place. A few seconds' pressure on the bucket carried it down; and as much raised it, full. The well 10 or 12 feet deep. Saw two others to day, similarly contrived. I breakfasted at the tavern she recommended. The meal had the usual variety—tea, milk, toast, butter, cheese, crackers, pie, and sweet-meats. It lacked two items of yesterday's breakfast—cake, and white strawberries.

Landlady and her married son—a fine, frank, sensible young man—gave me much insight into the ways of silk-worms, some thousands of which they showed me, eating white mulberry leaves, in a very open loft of an out house. There were cocoons, raw silk, and spun silk. Little girls (landlady's children) at work—one of them only four years old winding yarn. So beautiful a picture of cheerful industry and good order, I do not remember any where. Cleanliness, all over the house, yard, and garden, which they showed me thoroughly, seemed a positive, tangible thing, and not the mere negation of dirt, as elsewhere. But the furniture was all plain, of pine or oak. After staying an hour and a half, which I would gladly have lengthened to a day, I left my kind hostess and her family, with hearty farewells on both sides. Their eagerness to show me every thing had visibly tripled, when they heard that I was from Virginia, and travelling through curiosity.

Called at several other houses to see silk-worms, and their habits. For this has been the region for them, these many years. Mulberry orchards, of large trees, now and then present themselves. At one house, the worms were shown me with much pains, by a homely but most civil woman,—in various stages of their career. She gave me three cocoons; one white, one bright yellow, and one pale yellow. The last two also become white, if boiled; and must be dyed anew if wanted so.—The worms were at work, spinning and winding their nests on whortleberry twigs, set up with the leaves on. Their "life's poor play" contains these acts: they are hatched; eat leaves for five or six weeks; manifest their desire to spin, by a transparent neck and by ceasing to eat; twigs are fur-

* Willimantic is on the Shetucket, a branch of the Thames.

nished on which the nest, or cocoon, is spun ; and the worm, *as worm*, dies. A butterfly, however, would emerge from the cocoon in ten or twelve days, by eating its way out and thus spoiling the silk, if it were not plunged in scalding water to kill the fly. Then the *tow*, or outer part, is pulled off, and spun into a coarser silk ; the rest is wound, or reeled off, to make the proper silk—worth \$4 a pound. Four, five, ten, fifty, and even a hundred pounds a year, are made in some families. In one house, where 12lbs. were made, a girl of 15 was closely employed. Mansfield, some miles to the left of my road, is the township most famous for silk.

Hampton village—Entered the school-house, where is kept one of the famed “Common-schools” of New England. The house is planned like many that I have passed. Framed—one story—24 feet long by about 18 wide, with a stove and four windows in the school-room. A partition cuts off one end, to make an entry six feet wide, in which pots, bonnets, baskets, &c., are left ; and out of which you go into the school room. Thus the latter has no outer door—to the promotion of its warmth and cleanliness. When I knocked, the teacher, (a pretty young woman of 19 or 20.) came to receive me and, on my asking permission to rest awhile and see her mode of teaching, she said, “if you please, sir”—and surrendered me her chair ; she standing, and walking round to her several classes and pupils. Two or three classes said spelling lessons. On their coming up to recite, she would stamp with her foot, and say, “Attend !” when each one dropped a curtesy, or made a bow, and forthwith the recitation began. The spelling was odd enough—letters and syllables mumbled over, yet with tempestuous loudness, so that I could only guess what the varlets were saying. A reading class actually got through five or six sentences, before I could with my best endeavors distinguish one word, or conjecture what the subject was. All the half hour that I staid, the teacher, (or *school-marm*, as they call her,) was on her feet ; walking to and fro, rebuking one, patting another to make him take his hands out of his breeches,—soothing and encouraging. Her countenance betokened much decision of character and intelligence.

Hampton Hill commands a fine prospect. But a finer, though less extensive, presently occurred. Descending into the valley, then mounting the opposite hill, and the top of a large rock, there lay before and around me the village of Hampton ; a romantic brook, (one of the Thames’ head waters,) running due South, along the valley ; a singular hill, round as the dome of a rotunda, and not much larger, crowned with tombstones, and surrounded at its base by a stone fence which sets it apart as the village burying-ground ;—many a neat farm, and many a boldly swelling hill, crossed in every

direction by stone walls, and interspersed with variously verdant woods.

A barley field, three or four miles beyond Hampton. The owner says that Putnam’s famous wolf-den, (for which I have been steering these two days,) is but a mile or two off. The road he pointed out, led me to two very rough men, sitting in the wayside ; one of whom, after some parley, engaged to guide me for 25 cents. I never saw more the air and manners of a ruffian ; yet a cowardly and good humored one. Barefooted, in his shirt sleeves—hat and waistcoat, mere apologies for the gear so called. He said he owned a fine farm close by—pointing to it—and offered to go by it and get his horse and carryall for me. But I chose to walk, and we jogged on, sociably. After going a quarter of a mile, he invited me into the house of a Mr. Fay, to whom he introduced me as a *friend* of his, who was going to see the wolf’s den. Having taken several hearty draughts of cider, for which he called, (and which, from its effect on him, must have been no thin potation,) my guide, Mr. Andrew Downing, resumed the line of march. Not 500 yards further, he proposed stopping at ‘Squire Sharpe’s, to get another drink of “cool cider.” I acquiesced : having been told of Mr. Sharpe’s as a place where good directions might be gotten ; and desiring to see the inside of as many houses as possible. The squire was not at home ; but his wife was—and a ladylike, kind, and sensible woman she seemed. She promptly complied with Mr. Downing’s call for some cider—offering me a glass, too ; and when I declined it, she pressed on me some *switchell*.

We took our leave, after sitting twenty minutes ; and in the outer room, my guide spying the cider pitcher on a sideboard, took a long, and earnest farewell draught. He now almost staggered ; his tongue perceptibly tripped. On we strode over fences and through fields, “in various talk th’ instructive” moments passing. Andrew particularly regretted Squire Sharpe’s absence from home, as he was sure he and I would be pleased with each other. Andrew had been a prodigious traveller and sailor : had been to New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio—“to Europe and France,” and Cape Horn. “Are you not related,” said I, “to the famous Major Jack Downing, who has written so many funny letters in the newspapers ?”

“He is a cousin of mine,” said Andrew, with perfect gravity and nonchalance. With a little encouragement no doubt he would have essayed a description of Downingville from personal observation.

He pointed out a second farm of his, let to a tenant.

This “town” [township] is Pomfret—General Putnam’s native one—in Windham county. The whole region is semi-mountainous, with a great deal of woodland for Connecticut—half, I should think.

My guide says, the poor of *Abington* society, in this town, 15 or 20 in all, are kept by him, as the lowest bidder, at so much a head. The paupers who can, work; and he has the proceeds.

Presently reached the wood's edge, on a steep hill side, where the den was. Here D. professed great perplexity as to the spot; though he had been to it "fifty times in the last twelve months." He actually rambled about for half an hour before he found it. Whether this affectation was to raise my estimate of his service, or for some other purpose of knavery or waggery I could not discover; but after following him in a few of his turns I sat down upon a log, bidding him search away, and call me when he had found the place. He now resorted to conjuration. Cutting a whortleberry twig he put it, leaves downward, against a sapling; then splitting the butt end, and looking very wise, with several strange gestures—"The den is south!" said he. But it proved to be north. For, after going south a little way, he turned and went much farther north: and at last hailed me to the DEN. I went; and saw what, with the exploit of which it was the scene, has filled a larger space in my wondering fancy from childhood than Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, and Red Ridinghood all put together.

The den runs as it were into the hill, beneath a slightly projecting rock. The mouth is 2 or 3 feet wide from right to left; and about as high. For 7 or 8 feet from the entrance it slopes gently downwards; thence, narrowing, it slightly ascends. I did not enter; as, from the first, I must have crawled on hands and knees, and then more abjectly still; which would have soiled my clothes—besides risk of foul air, and rattle-snakes—the latter being frequent. Neither did I think my hat and coat would be safe in the custody of my worthy cicerone, while their owner should be buried in the wolf's lair.

D. insisted that I should add my name to hundreds of others, carved on the surrounding trees; and smoothed me a place on a maple. Next, he led me to an overhanging rock, lower down the hill; where he said, the neighbors, a hundred at least, met, after the wolf affair, and celebrated it with divers bottles of wine. This must have been 1750, on the frontier of an infant colony—of puritans too! Guiding me out of the wood he showed me the road to a point on Quinebaug river (a branch of the Thames,) where the turnpike from Hartford to Providence crosses. D. repeatedly urged me to go home with him, where he promised fiddling and dancing, plenty of cider, and an assemblage of pretty girls. I was so foolish as to refuse this capital opportunity of seeing rustic manners, in one of the most primitive districts of New England. Partly, the mean character of my new friend prevented me—and partly that vague proneness of

a traveller to hurry on, though he has no business ahead, and no body is expecting him.

Reached Pomfret Landing (on the Quinebaug) in 2½ miles; and in 3½ more Field's tavern, in a small village, formed by a factory and the buildings connected with it. My landlord, like most in Connecticut, does what is essential to a guest's comfort, but is grudging of bland words, and even of courteous answers to questions. Says there are more abolitionists in the neighborhood. Indeed a fire-eating one is at my elbow while I jot down these notes: a working-man he calls himself. His reasonings on the subject are above my comprehension. My host is with me. The fire-eater gives me a shocking account of the factory morals—a many-headed depravity among the operatives.

To bed at half past nine. Feet and ankles sore and aching—having walked 22 miles to-day. My yesterday's walk was 30.

MORNING IN SUMMER.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

The rising sun with golden fingers parts
The sable locks from off fair Morning's brow,
And warmly kisses from her dew-wet cheek
The marks of grief which night had scattered there,
Then leads her blushing forth, in radiance dressed,
To meet and yield her virgin charms and reign
To noon's embrace and fervid rule.

Anon,

The murky vapors, which have heavy lain
Upon the mountain's top, thence spreading wide
Their ghostly folds the sleeping landscape o'er,
Move slowly up the rugged mountain's side,
And from its topmost peak reluctant take
Their leave of earth, and wildly launch upon
A long ærial, uncertain voyage,
The idle sport of every changing wind,
Which soon each misty wreath will rend, and lay
Their pride upon some distant shore, to kiss
The vulgar soil, or quickly in the storm,
Blend with the ocean's waves their last remains.
The prowling beasts and croaking birds of night,
On foul and murderous aims intent, now seek
The dismal cave, to hide in deepest gloom
Afraid, as men of guilty souls would shun
The searching light of day, which would expose
Their thievish plots, or deeds of darker dye;
But spotless innocence walks fearless forth,
Nor shuns the brightest glare of heaven's light,
Which brings no dread, but gilds with brighter hues
Its native truthfulness!

All grades of life,
Which through the night has been but passive held,
As from a general resurrection, now

Arise, all teeming with activity.
 The lark, from 'neath the clover's scented shade,
 Spreads her glad wing to greet the rising sun,
 And from her trembling throat, in thrilling strains,
 Her morning praise floats up to heaven! The wren,
 The thrush, the red-breast, (sweetest fair of all
 The feathered tenants of the wood,) and all
 The songsters of the vocal groves, trills each
 Its varying note, which blending, makes the harp
 Which fills the woodland shade with harmony.
 The butterfly now spreads its gaudy wings,
 Their downy velvet richly jewelled o'er
 With infinite drops of dew, which reflect
 A thousand tiny rainbows round its form.
 The flowers, whose closing leaves had barred their halls,
 As night approached to spread its sable shades,
 And rob them of their beauty, now unfold
 Their fragrant leaves to catch a brighter hue
 From the fresh palette of the morning sun.
 The busy humming bee flies forth to cull
 With eager haste, the sweets remaining from
 The flower's last banquet. The cattle low
 Upon the hills, or rise to cross the plain.
 The frisking lamb runs sportive o'er the mead,
 Or wages mimic war, and hold defies
 The leader out. Proud chanticleer awakes,
 And loudly peals his warning note, and leads,
 In strutting glory, all his brood to glean
 Their morning fare. The plough-boy yokes the team,
 And whistling goes to turn the yielding glebe,
 With lighter heart than ever beat beneath
 A royal diadem; while round the door,
 Just from their beds, half dressed, the urchins play,
 With rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and flaxen curls.
 Their joyous happy shout rings loud and clear,
 As with old Ponto locked they roll supine
 Along the ground, or trip it lightly o'er
 The door yard green.

Now sounds the mellow horn,
 Whose welcome note declares the morning meal
 Already laid upon the well-spread board,
 An early gift from heaven. First round the hearth
 The happy group with reverence come, to hear
 The words of truth flow from a father's lips;
 And then with him to kneel with humble awe
 Around that Altar, where so oft the heart
 Has poured its sorrows out in fervent prayer,
 And felt them pass away, as light returns,
 When passing clouds reveal the sun's bright face:
 O sacred sight! to see a father pray!
 His face upturned wherein assurance strong
 Is seen, and faith which no denial takes;
 And through its time-marked lines, the soul within
 Seems struggling out, as though it would leap forth,
 And mingle back with its eternal source!
 Their thanks devoutly paid, they slowly rise,
 And seek the wonted place around the board
 So truly blessed of heaven! Then each with joy
 Returns to that employ which yields the fruit
 Of honest toil and heaven-rewarded care!
 But now the circling earth has onward moved
 To that position marked, where blushing morn
 Resigns its brief control to fervid noon.

Louisville, Kentucky.

PASSAGES

IN THE

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE

From Twenty to Fifty Years Since, &c.

A Mr. Lee, member of the House of Delegates, wore a wig, with a long queue, in the old fashion. A waggish brother member (Roberts of Culpeper) one day saw Lee wriggling in his seat, and trying to catch the speaker's eye, that he might rise and make a speech. R. dexterously tied the queue to the high back of the bench, on which L. sat—and such as all that House sat on, till within the last ten or twelve years. The next moment, a favorable juncture came, and Mr. Lee rose eagerly, exclaiming, "Mr. Speaker!"—but his wig came off; and turning to Roberts he in the same breath cried out, "You're a fool!"

The House roared, of course.

A member, before the convention sat in 1829 to amend the Constitution of Virginia, used to say that he could write a better constitution than the old one, with a fire-coal, upon a board.

When the Virginia school-system (such it is) was under discussion, General Breckenridge wished the disposable funds laid out in a university, and colleges: Mr. Doddridge, in Primary Schools, for teaching rudiments. As they sat together one day in the H.^{of} D., an old member named B * * * * *, making a speech, mentioned "the sov-e-ran-ity of the States." Said Brackenridge aside to Doddridge, "I think that's strong argument in favor of a University." "No," replied D., "I think it is a stronger one for Primary Schools."

Mr. Doddridge was once in the chair; and, there being no business going on, pulled out some bank notes, and began to count them. Gen. Blackburn rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I move that those *Bills* be laid upon the table." Doddridge hastily huddled his notes into his pocket, and said, "The gentleman from Bath is out of order!"

A bashful member (from Augusta, I think) rose to make his maiden speech, on some local question interesting to his constituents, and began,—

"Mr. Speaker!—What shall I say to my constituents?"—and then, unable to utter another syllable, stood with lips apart, in the mute stupefaction of terror.

Gen. Blackburn, leaning forward in his seat, said in a whisper audible all over the House,—“Tell ’em you tried to make a speech!” The poor victim of bashfulness sunk down upon the bench, and never attempted to speak afterwards.

When the late Governor Barbour was Speaker, a member from a Southside county (whom I shall call Mr. Kyle) rose to speak—unaccustomed—perhaps it was his maiden speech. He was very much in love with the beautiful Miss Fouray, daughter of doctor Fouray, who was also a member. Mr. K. began—

“Mr. Speaker! I rise, freighted with opinions too big for utterance, yet too momentous and too mighty to be suppressed:” [Here Dr. Fouray entered the Hall] “But—yonder comes doctor Fouray!”—and down Mr. K. sat, without further power of utterance. The speaker, willing to relieve his embarrassment and rally his fainting spirit, called out, “Mr. Kyle has the floor!” Mr. K. hereupon rose again and said,

“Mr. Speaker! The grandest thoughts were in my mind, that it ever entered into my soul to conceive: but, sir, to my own grief, and to the great loss of mankind, they were entirely dissipated by the entrance of Doctor Fouray!” He sat down, and spoke no more that session.

¶ The names are feigned, in this anecdote.

Every body knows that Henry made his *débüt* as a lawyer in what is called “The Parsons’ cause,” in the county court of Hanover. One particular passage of that speech is said by his biographer, Mr. Wirt, to have driven the reverend clergy in dismay from the Bench and from the Court-House, where they had assembled in the confident expectation of an easy victory. The following is a part of that passage—reported by Mr. W. N., of Louisa county, whose memory is a store-house of varied and valuable reminiscences. He derived this one from his grandfather, who was an eye-and-ear-witness of the scene:

“Gentlemen of the Jury, do these pretended disciples of Christ obey the precepts and imitate the example of their sacred master Jesus, in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked,—in going about every day, continually doing good? No, no,—far, very far from it! Such is the avarice, such the insatiable thirst for gold, of these ecclesiastical harpies, that they would take the last hock-cake from the widow and the orphan, and the last blanket from the lying-in woman!”—

M.

Notices of New Works.

ORTA-UNDIS, and other Poems. By J. M. Legaré. Boston. William D. Ticknor & Company. 1848.

A writer in a recent number of Fraser’s Magazine, in reviewing Mr. Longfellow’s *Evangeline*, hails it as the very first poem of indigenous American growth. We are not prepared to concede this, but, assuredly, our poets have displayed as yet little literary patriotism, and we are inclined to think that, if we had a rostrum and an audience, we could “pronounce” them a very good lecture “on the duty of”—*staying at home*. To reproduce the feeble imagery of the Lake School or to send back the echoes of Mrs. Hemans seems to be the design of a majority of our modern minstrels. Some there are, (even of the highest on the roll,) who can find nothing on their own soil to kindle the sacred flame, whose best productions are inspired by scenery they have never beheld or events that belong to a past age,—

Presenting Thebes or Pelops’ line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,—

others, with cosmopolitan frenzy, sing of localities all round the world, while others again seem really to have written *in vacuo*, for their “airy nothings” have no “local habitation” whatever.

This is altogether wrong. We want no epics of a conventional world, no madrigals of moonshine. The literature of America should be marked by a distinctive home-feeling and nourished by the affections that spring up from her own earth. There are abundant sources of inspiration everywhere throughout her borders, then why should her sons seek for other climes to celebrate, or “think to climb Parnassus, by dint o’ Greek?” They may find subjects in their own homesteads. The elements of song are all around them. The same stars are set in the heavens that the Chaldeans saw, nature still robes the fields in gay colors, the surges of the everlasting sea are sounding in our ears, and in the heart of man are the same desires and longings—the same impulses and aspirations—the same hopes and mysteries, that have furnished themes of speculation to the poets of all time.

These reflections have been suggested by the modest little volume before us. We are glad to recognize in Mr. Legaré a true worshipper of Nature, a genuine poet of the South, whose healthy and graceful verses reflect the very features of her landscapes. In every descriptive poem we have an exquisite little picture, radiant with all the hues of the Southern sky. We select the following as a pleasing specimen of his style.

THE REAPER.

How still Earth lies!—behind the pines
The summer clouds sink slowly down.
The sunset gilds the higher hills
And distant steeples of the town.

Refreshed and moist the meadow spreads,
Birds sing from out the dripping leaves,
And standing in the breast-high corn
I see the farmer bind his sheaves.

It was when on the fallow fields
The heavy frosts of winter lay,
A rustic with unsparing hand
Strewed seed along the furrowed way.

And I too, walking through the waste
And wintry hours of the past,
Have in the furrows made by griefs
The seeds of future harvests cast.

Rewarded well, if when the world
Grows dimmer in the ebbing light,
And all the valley lies in shade,
But sunset glimmers on the height.

Down in the meadows of the heart
The birds sing out a last refrain,
And ready garnered for the mart
I see the ripe and golden grain.

These four stanzas from "A May Morn" are highly consonant to nature.

Last night the town was close and warm,
But while we slept, arose a storm :
And now how clear
And cool and fresh the morning air.

How still it is !—the city lies
Behind, half hidden from the eyes ;
And from the tops
Of trees around the moisture drops.

A bird with scarlet on his wings,
Down in the meadow sits and sings ;
Beneath his weight
The long corn-tassels undulate.

The thrush and red-bird in the brake
Flit up and from the blossoms shake,
Across the grass,
A fragrant shower where I pass.

Mr. Legaré is no mean poet of the affections. He does not indeed embalm in anapæsts the heartless sentimentalism of an artificial society, nor does he, with senseless egotism, lay bare his own heart to our gaze, but he sings of those delights and regrets which have their birth in the tender passion and which have set apart forever the love-songs of Burns. We adduce no instance of this, because we regard the poems in the present volume, rather as affording promise of what Mr. Legaré *will* do, than as enduring evidences of his power.

Occasionally the effect of Mr. Legaré's versification is marred by a needless inversion, as the stanza,

"As costly diamonds in their lees,
Washed from beneath the roots of trees
By torrents, find the Bengalese."

where the construction is just the reverse of what Mr. Legaré intended. Again, in a very sweet poem, we find a passage in which we are perplexed to get at the author's meaning,

"When Diana dimly rising
Through the openwork of trees,
On the cliff-sides, on the steeples
Travels down by slow degrees

Silently the pallid splendor,
Till behind our shadows stream,
Like the shapes uncouth and dismal
We encounter in a dream." pp. 70, 71.

Should it not have been

"When Diana dimly rises?"

We should like to copy "Quæ Pulchrior?" if only to show how trippingly the verse runs on, and to ask Mr. Legaré the meaning of a "carcanet mind."

We mention these faults, because we would have Mr. Legaré avoid the commission of similar ones in future. We shall look with great interest to his literary efforts, feeling assured that he will yet achieve something of permanent fame for himself and Southern Literature.

THE POWER OF THE PULPIT, or Thoughts Addressed to Christian Ministers, and those who hear them. By Gardner Spring, D. D. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1848.

The last, and in many respects the best work, of an able and venerable man. The most careless observer cannot fail to be struck with the extending influence of religious sentiment, among all ranks and classes of society. At no former period, in the history of our country, at least, has there been a more universal deference paid to religion and its ministers. This is rendered every day more apparent, by the increasing numbers who throng the churches of the evangelical denominations in our land—by the multiplication of religious newspapers and periodicals—by the marked attention which even the secular press now pays to ecclesiastical assemblages and acts—and by the demand for a higher standard of ministerial talent and attainment than was once required.

It was, in part, in reference to this demand, that Dr. Spring issued the work now under consideration. Containing as it does the results of long observation, the conclusions of a highly gifted and matured mind, replete with stirring appeals to those who fill the sacred office on the responsibility of their station, the necessity of profound and varied learning, of accomplished and conciliating manners, and above all, of deep-toned personal piety—it cannot fail to aid in the elevation of that standard of ministerial qualification, and in the augmenting of that hallowed "Power" which the pulpit must possess, in order that it may ever

——— acknowledged stand

The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

On first opening the book, our eye chanced to light on a beautiful and well-deserved tribute to the memory of an illustrious Divine recently deceased—one in whose splendid genius the gospel was so enshrined, as to liken it to "*an Alhambra with a seraph for its occupant.*"

That this is no extravagant encomium, all will admit, when we mention, as we ever must, with the profoundest veneration, the name of CHALMERS.

We beg leave to extract Dr. Spring's brief, but happy reference to his character and labors. "The life and death of the late Dr. Chalmers present a most delightful view of that high degree of enjoyment which attends a laborious minister. In all the voluminous productions of his pen I do not recollect a gloomy or pensive thought. The most grave and weighty subjects he treats, not indeed without solemnity, but with a buoyancy and vigor that indicates a cheerful and happy mind. I love to think of such a man, and to dwell on the undying verdure of his clustering thoughts. Even his stern and struggling career interests me, it was so light and gladsome. I love to think of him climbing up the hill of Mount Zion, holding on sometimes by the jutting rocks, and sometimes by the green boughs, ever tasking his fortitude as he ascends, till, like Moses on the top of Nebo, he looks for the last time on the plain below, and scarcely conscious of the change, finds himself by the men of light and love, and in the presence of God and the Lamb. I sometimes think of such a man, and say, I would not be a Lazzaroni. 'I have no desire to be a weed on the shore.'"

The work is beautifully printed in clear, bold type, and is for sale by Drinker & Morris.

THE WANDERINGS AND FORTUNES OF SOME GERMAN EMIGRANTS. By Frederick Gerstæcker. Translated by David Black. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1848.

It has often occurred to us, in looking at a ship-load of emigrants just landed from their voyage across the Atlantic, that if the individual history of each one of them could be laid before us, with the trials of the past and the incidents of the future, the mournful experiences they have undergone and the strange scenes they are yet to encounter, that we should read the fifth act of many an unwritten tragedy and laugh over many mirthful misadventures. The book before us is full of such passages, at times irresistibly comic and again possessing a melancholy interest. It purports to describe the "Wanderings and Fortunes" of a party of Germans, who came over to America in 1844, on board the good ship *Hoffnung* from Bremen, under a mutual contract to purchase and cultivate western lands as a social community. The party consisted of sixty-five persons, all of whom came as steerage passengers, except a committee who had been deputed to exercise a general supervision over the wants of the whole. The account of the steerage passage is at once novel and entertaining, for although the luxurious *far niente* of the cabin and its gilded saloons has often been described, we do not recollect ever to have met with any details of the forward deck. Debarking at New York, our emigrants meet with many impositions and, in a few days, are cheated into a purchase of 160 acres of land on the Big Hatchee River in Tennessee, which, after many perils, they reach only to find their bargain an untractable marsh. The narrative of the settlement at the Big Hatchee is highly graphic, though we suspect rather exaggerated. At this point of the "Wanderings," the parties become involved in a love-story, which progresses in due form to the marriage of the lovers in the last chapter.

With much that is improbable and incorrect, this book contains some excellent suggestions to Emigrants and very agreeable reading for all.

SOME FURTHER PORTIONS of the DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate and the Restoration. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway. 1848.

The quaint appearance of the Diary of Lady Willoughby in the original London Edition, with its ribbed paper and antique type, attracted great attention as a literary curiosity, while the style of the work, its curious idiom and Spenserian spelling, left the reader in doubt whether it was or not an authentic Diary of the seventeenth century, written at the time. This doubt has been dispelled at last in the preface of the present publication. It is not a relic of the times of Cromwell, and yet we could not have had a more touching and instructive narrative, had a real Lady Willoughby recorded her daily thoughts and some virtuosos brought to light the mouldering manuscript from the dusky cabinets of a castle. It is a beautiful transcript, from the pen of a woman, of the chequered nature of early married life, the gentle endearments of home, the thousand sweet humanities that cluster around the social hearth, the prattle of children that filled her habitation with music, and the pains that must of necessity attach to the purest and most tranquil of earthly enjoyments. No real diary could be more truthful and life-like. In the quiet, unaffected man-

ner of the author, we see the best evidence of her naturalness. The mention of her familiar duties, her friendly visits, the lament for the Redbreast,—all these little incidents we might suppose would scarcely find a place amid the stormy events of the Revolution, but we should recollect that, as the daisy will spring up again after being crushed beneath the wheel of the tumbrel, so the waves of popular commotion, though they may disturb for a time, can yet never obliterate the sacred delights of the domestic circle.

ROMANCE OF THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA. A Series of Lectures. By Charles Gayarre. Utile Dulci. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1848.

We welcome this volume as a graceful and valuable addition to the stores of Southern Literature. The first two Lectures of the series were delivered last year by invitation before the People's Lyceum of the City of New Orleans and were afterwards published in *De Bow's Commercial Review*. The favorable notice, (so well deserved) which they received both from the desk and in the pages of the magazine, induced the author to continue his labors and the present volume is the fortunate result of his determination. His design has been (as indeed the title of the volume indicates) to gather up the *romance*, rather than to elucidate the philosophy, of the history of the State, and in executing it, he has made a very attractive work. When the statistical history of Louisiana shall be written, and it shall be necessary for the author to leave the adventures of De Soto, for figures in "the cotton trade and sugar line," we trust she may be as fortunate in her prosaic, as in her poetical historian.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS. Selected and Arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices. By Charles Knight. Vol. II. New York. John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

An excellent compilation that we cannot too highly commend. It has been adopted, we learn, as a Reading Book in some of the best Female Seminaries in the Union, and we think it might be placed with advantage in the hands of every young lady. If such books were read more, and namby-pamby novels less, we might hope for the prevalence of a better taste and better judgment. The book is divided into papers on various subjects to be read every day in the week, the Sunday reading being composed of selections from Jeremy Taylor, Heber, Dr. Young, Baxter, Burnet and other writers of similar character. The beautiful style of its publication, uniform with the "Library of Choice Reading," renders it the more acceptable as a reading companion.

This Book may be found at the Store of Nash & Woodhouse.

SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE: An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Belles-Lettres, Science and the Arts. W. C. Richards, editor, Athens, Georgia. Nos. 2 and 3.

There prevails, among certain periodicals of our country, a ridiculous practice, based upon affected superiority, of passing over *sub silentio* contemporary magazines, and quite disdaining to notice the first efforts of a literary enterprise. With them, the attractive and neatly printed journal, whose caption we have written above, would perhaps be considered altogether beneath the "dignity" of the monthlies. For ourselves, we are proud to hail it as a promising coadjutor in the field of letters, the more especially as it is the

third new southern work which we have had occasion to notice in our present number. We regret that we did not receive the first issue of the Gazette, as we could have wished to read the salutatory address of its editor. We hazard nothing, however, in declaring, from the evidences before us, in the well-filled columns of Nos. 2 and 3, that he is a man of taste and judgment, and will "walk worthily of the vocation wherewith he is called."

DE BOW'S COMMERCIAL REVIEW of the South and West.

A monthly Journal of Trade, Commerce, Commercial Polity, Agriculture, Manufactures, Internal Improvements and General Literature. Conducted by J. D. B. De Bow, New Orleans. April, 1848.

We are persuaded that no more useful publication than this is issued from the American press. Its range of topics is indeed a wide one, but it is always filled with valuable statistical papers, and its literary department is highly interesting. Mr. De Bow is well known as a scholar and a writer. A recent address delivered by him before an Agricultural Society has pleased us so much, that we could find it in our heart to quarrel with him, for not contributing more frequently, *in propria persona*, to the pages of his magazine. The present number contains an excellent article on "Essay Writing and the Press," from the pen of the Hon. J. T. Nesbit.

A DISCOURSE on the Life, Character and Public Services of JAMES KENT, Late Chancellor of the State of New York; Delivered by request, before the Judiciary and Bar of the City and State of New York, April 12, 1848. By JOHN DUER. New York, D. Appleton & Company. 1848.

We have been accustomed to regard the late Chancellor Kent with feelings akin to veneration. We have therefore read Mr. Duer's Discourse with great interest. It is indeed a worthy and affecting tribute to the memory of the illustrious deceased, not in a strain of undiscerning eulogy, like "some flattering, false inscription on a tomb," but simply recording his many and valuable services, the good deeds that distinguished a long life of labor. We confess we were not prepared to learn that in early manhood, Chancellor Kent had so signally displayed his eminent talents, as appears from this narrative; our acquaintance with them having been acquired through the medium of his Commentaries, the work of a serene old age. This production, which will be, in after times, the most splendid monument of his learning, was written, after his compulsory removal from the bench, under the requisition of the Law of the State of New York, and Mr. Duer tells us that but for that law, it might never have been transmitted to posterity.

Mr. Duer thus draws a parallel between Kent and Blackstone as writers on jurisprudence.

"The similarity in their titles, naturally suggests a comparison, between the Commentaries on American Law, and those of Blackstone on the Laws of England—yet, in reality, the two works differ so widely, not only in their plan, but in their mode of treating the subjects which they embrace, that a just comparison is difficult to be made. The first, second, and third volumes of the Commentaries of Kent, are devoted to subjects, which although mostly included in the plan of Blackstone, he has either wholly failed to consider, or has treated in a very slight and superficial manner; while on the other hand, the third and fourth volumes of the Commentaries of Blackstone, and the larger portion of the first, treat of subjects that from the American Com-

mentaries are wholly, and, from the nature of their plan, were intentionally excluded. In some respects, the merits of the authors, as displayed in their respective works, bear a striking resemblance. In the logical powers of analysis and definition and arrangement—in the talent of condensation—the power of compressing a vast fund of information within narrow limits, yet leaving on the mind of the reader a clear and strong impression of its import and value, they both, and perhaps equally, excel, and in these respects they both surpass all other juridical writers, that our language can boast. I would not venture to affirm that the admirable precision, the luminous brevity, and the idiomatic ease and elegance, that distinguish the style of Blackstone, have been reached, in the same degree, by his American rival—yet the style of the latter, although more diffuse, is just as perspicuous, and is equally pure; his diction, although not in all instances as select and appropriate, is more copious and varied, and he rises occasionally—both in sentiment and language—to a higher strain of eloquence than Blackstone, as it seems to me, has ever attained. If we compare the works in respect to the value of the information that they convey, considered in its relation to the existing state of the law, the superiority of the American Commentaries is strikingly manifest. A very large portion of the learning that the volumes of Blackstone contain, is, in this country, obsolete or inapplicable; while the principles and rules of law that the American commentaries set forth and explain, are living truths of daily importance and constant application. The plan of Blackstone is indeed the most extensive, but it is imperfectly executed, and it embraces many subjects of subordinate use and value; but the American Commentaries, although more limited in their plan, contain a full and elaborate discussion of every subject that they embrace, and the knowledge that they convey, is exactly that which every lawyer, as essential to the discharge of his duties, finds it necessary to acquire. I am very far from thinking or meaning to assert, that the labors of Kent have entirely superseded those of Blackstone, so as to render a study, in this country, of the Commentaries on the Laws of England, no longer necessary or expedient; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that the utility and value of the Commentaries on American Law, both as a work of elementary instruction, and of consultation and reference, are far more certain, and far more extensive. They contain all the learning of real and permanent importance, that is to be found in the Commentaries of Blackstone, if we except that portion of his work which relates to the English constitution and government, and they supply deficiencies that all the readers of Blackstone admit and regret. They are indeed exactly the work that the condition of our country and of the law, and the daily wants of its students and professors, had long demanded; nor would it be easy to define the extent, or limit the duration of the benefits that have flowed, and must continue to flow, from its general reception, use and authority. It is now in the hands of every student, and of every practitioner of the law, and it ought to be in the hands of every legislator and statesman, and indeed of every man of cultivated mind and liberal studies. I find it difficult to quit a subject that has long and frequently engaged my attention, but, mindful of the limits to which I am restricted, I conclude with saying of the entire work, that vast, various and complex, as are its subjects and topics, the knowledge of the author embraced, his mind comprehended them all; his masterly analysis and logical arrangement, have condensed them all into an harmonious whole, and he has illustrated and illuminated them all, by the varied graces of a pure and flowing and lucid and animated style. In the language that Paternus applies to Cicero, "*animo vidit, ingenio complexus est, eloquentia illuminavit.*"

In concluding his memoir, Mr. Duer says, with great simplicity and beauty,

"And here I close my review of the life and labors of the deceased; and I have utterly failed in its purpose, if any further observations can be requisite to convey to your minds the impressions I have desired to make. I have utterly failed, if from the facts that have been stated, you are at any loss to form your own judgment of the nature, extent and value of his public services, or of that rare union of the choicest gifts and endowments of the intellect and of the heart, of learning and of temper, by which he was enabled to render them. For myself, when his character as developed in the narrative that has now been given, rises before me, in all its integrity and truth—its nobleness and purity—and when I reflect on the magnitude of his labors and upon their vast and most beneficial results, I feel emboldened to say—and I feel assured of your sympathy in saying—that great as our country is, in all the elements of a just renown, and illustrious as its annals have become by the labors and by the exploits of statesmen and of heroes, it may yet be doubted whether, hitherto it has produced a man more worthy of its entire veneration, gratitude and love, than him, whose services to his country and to his race, we are this day met to commemorate.

"*Regio.*"

*"Rebus opima bonis, multa munita virum vi,
Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro praeclarius in se,
Nec sanctum magis, et mirum carumque videtur.*

An Address on the True Mode of Medical Investigation, Delivered before the Society of Alumni of the Medical Department of Hampden Sidney College. By Carter P. Johnson, M. D. Published by order of the Society. Richmond. Printed by Shepherd & Colin. 1848.

All those who were fortunate enough to be present at the recent Commencement of our Medical College will recollect with pleasure the very finished and elegant Addresses of Professor Gibson and Dr. Johnson. We have looked with eager expectancy for the publication of the former, which was designed as a Valedictory to the Graduating class, but, so far as we know, it has not yet appeared. From the title page of Dr. Johnson's Address, which we have given above, the reader will see that it was called forth by the invitation of the Society of Alumni, to whom it was addressed. The style of it is remarkably perspicuous and attractive. Indeed we could not look for anything commonplace from Dr. Johnson who to great professional learning unites the stores of classical erudition. We regret that our limits admit of but one quotation from this address, which we would gladly notice more at length. The author is speaking of the unfortunate effects of theory in the practice of medicine, as exhibited in the career of the gifted but eccentric Brown, and proceeds,

"But, gentlemen, Scotland alone was not destined to afford illustrations of the baneful influence of theory on the minds of the most illustrious members of our profession. There is a name enrolled in the annals of fame, in characters that can never be effaced, a name, at the mention of which, every American heart must throb with pride and exultation, a name of which, as citizens and as members of the medical profession, we may proudly boast, for it has reflected honor and renown upon our nation and our profession, the name of our own immortal Rush. I need not describe to you, gentlemen, the many admirable qualities of the mind of our illustrious countryman; accom-

plished in all the arts which can adorn the gentleman, stored with all that classic and scientific learning that make the scholar, bold, original and inventive, at the same time observant and capable of accurate discrimination, he presented a rare combination of qualities which peculiarly fitted him for the difficult task of arresting the current of medical science, which was then rapidly drifting along the strong tide of theory, and turning it into its proper and legitimate channel of observation. I need not tell you with what vigor and energy he set about this work; how, with all the power of his eloquence as a lecturer, of his force and brilliancy as a writer, he opposed, what was then pompously called, systematic and classical medicine, and how successfully he made war against that great stumbling block to all students, that friend to all routine practitioners and opponent to every advance in scientific medicine, medical nosology. I need not repeat to you all of the many emanations from his brilliant mind, which have contributed so greatly to the elevation of our profession and to the good of mankind, and which have extracted, from his bitterest enemies, the confession that 'he was an honor and ornament to his country and profession, and did good service in the cause of medical science.' This is the bright side of the picture, and while, with a natural and excusable partiality, we should greatly prefer to dwell upon it, justice requires that the other, the darker side, should also be presented. While successfully battling against the medical doctrine of Cullen, and, with a masterly hand, pointing out the untenable nature of the data upon which it was based, he seemed to think that the science would call for some new explanation of the phenomena of disease, as soon as the doctrine then prevalent was exploded. Seeing most clearly the errors of his predecessors, he could not perceive that, when he had pointed them out and left the science free from the incumbrance of all theory, he had done just what was necessary: but, deluded by the alluring prospect of a glorious immortality, in giving to the profession a new, and, as he vainly conceived, a true explanation of the phenomena of disease, he proposed his celebrated theory of "the unity of disease," a theory which, while supported by his eloquence, and carrying with it the almost irresistible *prestige* of his name and wide-spread reputation, at the same time that it offered the most simple explanation of disease that had ever been presented to the profession, met with the almost unanimous reception of medical men in this country, and made some progress on the other side of the Atlantic. But now, that its author and his immediate pupils have passed from off the scene, and the positions and data upon which the theory was based, can be calmly and without prejudice discussed and considered, the unhesitating verdict of the profession of his own country, pronounces it false, unphilosophical and dangerous: and while we look back with feelings of pride and gratification at the mighty genius which has shed a bright halo of glory around the medical profession of America, we cannot fail most deeply to deplore the blighting effects upon that genius, of *theory*, that bane of all true science, and most truly to regret, that a mind so capable of enriching the science of medicine and of extending its usefulness, should, so far, have wasted its energies in useless and unprofitable speculation."

Among the recent publications of Harper & Brothers, we are pleased to notice the 3rd Volume of Lamartine's History of the Girondists, which completes the work. Also the 3rd number of their beautiful serial edition of the Arabian Nights. Several other *brochures* from the same publishers reached us too late to be noticed in our present number.

BULWER, BULWER'S LUCRETIA,

AND SOME STRANGE PHENOMENA OF 'THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.'*

[Concluded from the April number.]

Let it not be supposed that in our strictures on the spirit and the tendency of the age, we have had any disposition to laud former times at the expense of the present. We have no inclination to roll back the tides of the ocean; we would rather follow the natural course of the stream, than foolishly and vainly endeavor to force back the floods upon their sources. The law of nature is the rule of right; and progress is the great canon of the world. The desire to go back is the wisdom of the pedant, or the witling; far be such hallucination from us. But every age brings with it its own dangers as its own benefits—and with the seeds of every advance in civilization are mingled the seeds of new error and difficulty. The tares will spring up with the wheat. We admit and admire the wonderful progress of the world in recent times; but while others have been gazing only on the blossoms and early fruits, we have been examining the parasites which have clustered round the trunk and threatened its existence. We must tend the tree and prune its branches, if we would long expect to gather from it good fruit. The dangers that are mixed up with the present social system have been too little regarded; by care they may be avoided, or rendered comparatively innocuous; but the few to which we have adverted, and which it is Bulwer's object in *Lucretia* to exhibit, are certainly portentous, and merit the gravest consideration of all thoughtful men.

Bulwer's ostensible object in the composition of the present work, was, as he has avowed, to illustrate and set prominently before the eyes of the public those solemn phenomena in the present aspect of society, which we have just been discussing. We have no doubt that this was indeed his real design. No aim could be more praiseworthy, or promise more wholesome results. He chose to convey his views under the form of the novel, because fiction has for many minds a charm, which the annunciation of unadorned truth has not; and will woo to serious speculation those who could not

otherwise be tempted thither. The beautiful words of Pindar are impressed with a painful truth:

καὶ ποῦ τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀλαθὴ λόγον
δεδαϊδάλμενοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
ἔξαπατῶντι μῦθοι.

It may seem strange, or even inconsistent, that we should make these admissions after having introduced our remarks in such a tone of reprehension. But the inconsistency is merely apparent, and will disappear with the further prosecution of our inquiries. We would only premise that the moral character of a work is to be estimated not from its professed design—not from the rôle of its *personages*—not from the sentiments maladroitly put into the mouths of the actors—nor from the conclusion which winds up the plot—but from the impression which it leaves behind, and the effect which it is calculated to produce. It would be difficult to name a book with a better professed design than *The Monk*: none can be more dangerous in its tendency, or more disgusting in its perusal.

Whence then does the pernicious influence of *Lucretia* proceed?

If we had not postponed until so late a day our notice of this novel, we should have answered this inquiry at length. As, however, more than a year has been suffered to elapse since its publication, we shall endeavor to make our response as brief as possible. It is sufficient to indicate the nature of the poison, and its general mode of operation, without tracing it through all the vessels into which it is infused, or investigating all the shapes in which it acts.

The lapse of time would have prevented us from now detaining the public with our views upon a novel, which has had its day, were it not, that in pointing out its character, we are unveiling a distinct form of literary contagion, which is diffused more or less through nearly the whole atmosphere of our modern romance, and indicating a plague which may continue to infest us from other sources than the single novel of Bulwer. Our text may possibly have been read, cast aside, and forgotten—the dangers we apprehend are not on that account removed. The particular romance may have produced only a fleeting impression: this type of disease has not therefore fully run its course. We are investigating a permanent form of corruption, no matter how transitory may be the immediate subject which has prompted our inquiries.

* *Lucretia*, or the Children of Night. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. New York. 1847.

The real danger, then, which we apprehend from *Lucretia*, and any similar work which might be legitimately comprehended under the same category, arises partly from the nature of the subject, but principally from its mode of treatment. We have no doubt that Bulwer regards these as the strongest proofs of the moral excellence of *Lucretia*. 'If,' (we may conceive him to say,) 'we recognize the truth of Pope's maxim, that

Vice is a monster of so hateful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

'then the minute anatomy of crime, the curious investigation of the origin and remote causes of vice, and the accurate delineation of various and criminal characters, must warn men to avoid iniquity, and excite such dread as will repel them from the commission of wickedness.' The argument is plausible, but it is not true.

To the pure and untainted mind the naked deformity of vice would bring horror and dismay; but when the wolf comes in sheep's clothing so elaborately disguised, so exquisitely concealed beneath its borrowed dress, that its features are not detected, it would not necessarily be hated until stripped of its adventitious garb. When the danger is not suspected, its approach will not be discovered until the injury may have been done. But even if there be no such concealment the constant exhibition of vice and crime will gradually paralyse the moral sense, and produce that callousness of feeling which will enable the spectator to regard with steadfast gaze that from which he would once have averted his eyes in disgust. The first exhibition of vice may indeed produce alarm: frequent acquaintance with it takes away the consciousness of danger, and thus breaks down the natural barrier which Providence has implanted in the moral constitution of man for the protection of innocence.

But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

There is a lamentable tendency in the present day to render our literature a literature of crime—to seek for heroes in Newgate and heroines in the stews. The lust of excitement has become so ardent, so corrupted and depraved, that all true feelings of taste are utterly forgotten, and instead of seeking for mental gratification in those healthy pictures of life, which may fit us for the better discharge of our great duties to God, society, and ourselves, we are driven by our morbid fancies to welcome the more intoxicating stimulants provided by the chronicles of vice. Thus we seek that familiarity with vice, which we ought most sedulously to shun—we rush wildly into the atmosphere of infection, and expect to live unscathed in the midst of the putrefaction around us. If the better few are restrained by native purity, or their own good

sense from encountering this peril, yet even they cannot close their eyes to the melancholy fact that the sources of our literature have been poisoned from the prevalent disposition of authors to pander to the popular appetite. Their duty is plain: they are bound for their own sake, and for the sake of their fellow-men, and of coming generations, to resist the progress of the pestilence: if determined resistance when tried should prove ineffectual, they have nothing to do except to protect themselves against contagion, and lament for the delusion which has exposed their fellows to the terrible shadows of moral death. But this resistance has not been tried: a year has passed over, and we have seen no suitable exposition or censure of *Lucretia*; but the damning stream of pollution is suffered to sweep through our literature, and deposit its slime in every house, without any attempt to fill up its sluices, or overwhelm its fountain head. What Hercules shall cleanse the Augean stables of modern literature, if we suffer the trash and ordure to accumulate every year at its present rate?

The familiarity with vice and crime which ensues from the publication and general circulation of such vehicles of corruption as *Lucretia*, *The Wandering Jew*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, &c.—nay, we might even say the familiarity with iniquity which such novels presuppose, is the first great source of their pernicious tendency. Carlyle quaintly remarked that when the people were *Bobuses* their ruler would be naturally *Bobissimus quidam*: may we not much more truly say that when the object of our admiration is *Nequissimus quisque*, the adorers must themselves become *Nequiores*? When a monkey is the God, what must we suppose the idolaters to be who have established for themselves such an object of adoration? "By their fruits ye shall know them," was the maxim given to us as an infallible test between good and evil. And when we notice such fruits as the present springing spontaneously from the prolific soil of modern literature—welcomed with such eager satisfaction by thousands of readers—propagated and disseminated by sea and land over the whole face of the earth—what opinion must we form of those who have produced and those who have so readily received this contaminating harvest? And what must we think of the condition of the society in which such productions are generated, or of that into which they are so congenially transplanted? Since the first part of this Essay was written, the recent Revolution in France has illustrated by its phenomena the tendencies of the people among whom the *Littérature Extravagante* principally arose; yet so largely have the communities of the civilized world been intoxicated and denaturalized by the copious draughts which they have drunk from these Salmacian waters, that they remain, for the most part, utterly blind to the solemn significance of that tremendous event. In this case, however,

the error may chiefly be attributed to a defect of political sagacity : and there is certainly enough in the lively sympathy which all of us in this country feel for any effort to acquire national liberty, and in the early promise, (fleeting and delusive, as we fear it will prove,) of the Provisional Government, to mislead us from a true estimate of the prospective results with which this great political agitation is pregnant. But what excuse can any have for their blindness in failing to recognize the direct tendency of such novels as *Lucretia* ? The only apology must involve their condemnation. They have drunk of the cup that the enchantress offered ;—they have been transformed into the creatures of her distorted world—and they cannot detect the consequent inversion and perversion of the whole system around them—but all looks natural as before.

But, as we have said, the mere familiarity with vice which such novels are calculated to produce is by no means the source of our deepest dismay ; but that premature appetency for the loathsome details of crime which must have preceded the popularity of these works, and whose fast-rooted existence is revealed by their extended circulation, must be deemed infinitely more alarming. It is only in a soil already putrescent that they could flourish, or even prolong their existence a single day after their publication. Thus the nature of the subject to which *Lucretia* is devoted opens, or should open our eyes to the yawning chasms—the greedy abysses which have parted the ground beneath our feet, and gape to engulf all that is upright and pure in the social order of our modern civilization.

The whole frame-work of Bulwer's *Lucretia* is a scaffolding of crime. It rises stage above stage from the bright and wholesome flowers of the plain, that cluster round and conceal its base, into the murky atmosphere of a distempered sky, and pierces the regions of the air where hang the clouds charged with the fermenting miasma and the vapors burthened with the storms of death. From step to step we are led on through all the degrees of iniquity until the dense steams of corruption grow hot and choking around us, and we are half stifled by the mephitic exhalations which threaten the respiration of all but those who have been habituated to the sulphurous damps of the literary grotto del Cane, or temple of modern romance. Still, through all the gradations of deepening crime, we are led on tenderly under the guidance of Bulwer, and as we advance we are curiously and carefully familiarized with all the processes of that hellish transmutation by which impulses, originally good, and which might have been rendered high and noble, are converted into the agencies of the most complete and unalloyed demoralization.

The horrors of Dante's *Inferno* are relieved rather than heightened by the fantastic array of varied

and excruciating torments inflicted upon the damned, the real gloom of that awe-inspiring poem springs from the multiplicity of the human vices therein depicted, and from the reality of the body and form which is definitely impressed upon that variety by the specification of the criminals subjected to punishment. In *Lucretia* there is an analogous multiplicity of crime, but no such counterpoise to relieve the impression of its horrors. The moral effect of the portraiture is also, in a great measure, lost when the vials of iniquity are such fictitious and spectral shapes as those which figure in the novel. The canvass is throughout embossed with the marshalled array of the Protean forms of sin ; and the glaring unsubdued deformities of vice fill it up almost exclusively ; but the natural horror which might be anticipated from this agglomeration of crimes is prevented, and the sensitiveness of the observer paralysed and benumbed by the mode in which these subjects are handled.

It is unnecessary at this late day to run over the long detail of growing depravity portrayed in *Lucretia*, or to repeat the separate crimes, which form the staple of the work, we need only refer to them so far as may be requisite to illustrate the manner of Bulwer's procedure in the development of the plot. The object of the author is to trace the successive steps of moral depravation and to refer them specifically to the combined operation of external agencies, and the impulses of a mind whose tendencies have been warped to wrong by previous training. The nature of *Lucretia* appears to have been originally warm, impulsive, imperious, and strongly inclined to intellectual activity ; but her impulses seem to have been noble, her hauteur manifested in an abhorrence of prescriptive wrong or conventional meanness, and her intellectual aspirations subordinate to the kindly affections of the heart. Such at least, by the fostering care of a more favorable education, she seemed likely to become. Her career is that of the destroying fiend, silent, secret, cautious as death : stealing slowly but securely to the heart's blood of her victims, sucking life like the vampire while fanning them into a prolonged and deluded slumber ; hesitating at no crime ; scarcely visited by any pangs of remorse ; subjecting all feelings to her will ; subduing all impulses to her policy ; crushing by the iron power of her strong resolves all affections ; sharpening and employing her intellect for the cool, calculating discovery of the most secure, efficient, and unsuspected means of perpetrating her crimes. Beautiful with the fearful beauty of the Medusa's head, her features chiselled by the hand of nature and the sharpening touch of time into the likeness of the angular regularity of her impassive mind, the original loveliness of her person, and her face wanes into the unearthly and spectral symmetry and expression of a spirit of the lower world. By what means was this great change effected ? What

is the metaphysical solution of such a horrible transmutation? These are the questions which it is the object of Bulwer's novel to answer and explain.

We take no note of the exquisite characters of Percival St. John, and Helen Mainwaring, nor of the manly and practical virtues of the younger Ardworth, neither will we suffer ourselves to be detained by the subordinate, or else common-place villainies of Gabriel Varney. Our object is not to examine every thing which may be in the novel, to speculate upon all the forms of excellence or crime which may be introduced into its pages, nor to present a summary of its incidents, but solely to investigate the nature and causes of the danger to be apprehended from this type of literary contagion, so that we may repel and reprehend in future any similar attempt to seek an unsuspected entrance into the minds of men for similar corruption clothed in the like weeds of fascinating fiction.

The original instrument in the perversion of Lucretia's mind and feelings was a French refugee by the name of Dalibard, a man of peculiar character, singular acquirements, and wonderful intellectual power. He was brought into contact with Lucretia at her most susceptible age, and, as he infected her strongly with his own diseased mental constitution, and aided materially in determining the moral complexion of her after life, it is necessary to take particular note of him.

Dalibard is the incarnation of the ideal spirit of the earlier Revolution in France. He possesses the wonderful intellectual vigor and comprehensiveness, the variety and extent of attainments, the practical energy, the unscrupulous disregard of morality, the indifference to means, provided the end be attained, the unhesitating *insouciance* in the commission of crime, the total negation of all natural sympathies, the selfishness, and the fiendish sagacity which characterized that stormy period. The associate of the Robespierres, the St. Justs, the Bailly's, the Fouchés, the Chéniers, the Lavoisiers, and partaking in a great manner the peculiar characteristics of all, he is led by circumstances to devote the wonderful energies of his powerful mind, and the singular fascination of his varied attainments to the systematic corruption of the mind and heart of Lucretia. He is thus the Mephistophiles of the plot, and, though early swept from the stage, he leaves behind him in his acolyte a more dangerous instrument of evil than even himself. His nefarious principles are purified and intensified, his criminal machinations refined and sublimated by the still higher intellect of Lucretia, which he has trained to wrong, and moulded into an unalloyed appetency for crime. The importance of Dalibard's rôle consists in the terrible efficacy of the poison which he distils into the mind of Lucretia, and the fiendish sagacity of the mode of its administration. Like the crystalline drops of the aqua tofana—colorless, tasteless, im-

perceptible, but impregnating with death the liquid with which they are mingled—so the fatal sophisms of Dalibard blend with all the natural streams of Lucretia's intellect, and envenom them insensibly and irresistibly in their sources.

But the action of mind upon mind, however direct, is neither exclusive nor independent of circumstances. Its influence may be counteracted, disturbed, or confirmed by any one of the thousand casualties which form the net-work of human life. The curve which a body in motion describes while descending through a fluid is determined both by the force originally impressed and the resistance which it has to experience. Thus, in life, a definite direction may be communicated either by spontaneous impulse, or an artificial (because extrinsically excited) volition, but to arrive at the interpretation of the actual course pursued, we must take cognizance of the modifying influences of external circumstances. When we would determine in advance not merely the tendency but the actual career of a mind subjected to our manipulations, whether for good or evil, we must in our operations make all the due allowances for the influence of circumstances, and adapt our schemes to them in the same manner, that in our construction of machinery, we are compelled to introduce compensations for the tension, resistance, and friction of the materials. The first aphorism of the *Novum Organum* is true in the moral and intellectual world, no less than in the physical; it is only by our knowledge of all the facts, and our due application of that knowledge that we are enabled to operate the specific result desired. Hence for the solution of the transmigration of Lucretia from the comparative purity and nobility of her original nature into the demoniac Circe which she afterwards became, it is necessary for us to regard the character of the original *materia subjecta*, the tendency impressed upon her from without by the poisoning sophisms of Dalibard; and the circumstances by which she was surrounded and to which he was obliged to adapt himself in order to attain his ends.

It is true that Dalibard is murdered before the felonious career of Lucretia fairly commences—his death constituting her first act of participation in deliberate crime, and that act necessitated in some degree by the compulsion of self-defence—but, as the magnet imparts its virtue to the steel, so by habit, familiarity, and contact, the spontaneous inclinations of Dalibard have been so far infused into the heart of Lucretia, as to require only the enticement of circumstance to call them forth into active development. The extrinsic force which had originally set the diabolical machinery in motion is no longer necessary, when its action has already generated a much more potent *vis viva* to assume its place and functions. Natural science assures us that the momentum once imparted to a body resting in space will never be lost, but its

motion will be unending; so, when the mind has been formed and hardened into the pursuit of a particular course, it needs no extrinsic aid to produce continuity of direction, for all opposing influences have then become feeble and insignificant. Hence the native character of Lucretia, the tendency impressed by Dalibard, and the surrounding circumstances are the sole elements needful to be considered for the solution of Lucretia's career. After the impulse is definitely given, it is indifferent to the metaphysical analysis whether Dalibard lives or dies. The only remaining question to be asked, is as to the mode in which new circumstances develop more and more the same tendencies, and incite to the commission of new crimes, which, in their turn, react upon the tendency, multiply its activity and efficacy, and incite to other crimes by that fatal and indissoluble chain of continuity which links to the crime committed the almost inevitable necessity of the commission of further crimes.

These are the points which Bulwer's *Lucretia* is intended to solve, and the solution is characterized by singular acuteness, and a constant adherence to the conditions of the problem. It is not our intention to follow the metaphysical development of character and incidents. Any such attempt would prolong our remarks to a most tedious length, while it would be both too late, in point of time, to be appropriate, and would distract the attention from the moral purposes to which this essay is devoted. Our design will be accomplished by the exhibition of the injurious influences calculated to result to society from the strict observance of the above conditions, and the metaphysical mode of treatment which such analytical speculations require.

We know not whether others have felt in reading, as we have in writing the above analysis of the essential conditions under which alone Bulwer's design could be legitimately carried into execution; but to us this minute and critical examination of the agencies of depravation and the influences productive of crime, seems utterly to exclude all moral appreciation of the iniquities committed, to paralyse, because failing to awaken, the natural horror which the enormities of sin would otherwise inspire, to gloss over vice by concealing it from our sight beneath the veil of metaphysical subtlety, and to familiarize the mind unwillingly by bringing it into such close and continual contact with crime, while the vigilance of our native feelings of abhorrence is prevented or thrown off its guard by its curious and attentive absorption in inquiries of a character wholly dissimilar. This is exactly the first, and one of the chief dangers to be apprehended from *Lucretia*. We have already alluded to it more than once in the course of our previous observations. While the mind of the reader or speculator is assiduously engaged in the recognition of the metaphysical

phenomena, the strictness and the intensity of the abstraction which such contemplations require must keep out of view the accessory, but more important considerations, which address themselves to the moral feeling. Of this Bulwer must have been fully aware; at least there is no excuse for even a momentary failure to take note of it. For, it was exactly by this process, as represented in the novel itself, that Dalibard was enabled to infiltrate his corrupting venom into the mind of Lucretia. His success in contaminating her feelings and intellect was due to the sedulous care with which the approaches were made by his insidious artifice, the diligent employment of all casual opportunities, and the dexterous versatility with which he adapted himself to every change of circumstances, and all the fleeting hues of capricious feeling. The original infection was communicated in the form of abstract maxims relative to human life and conduct, speculative dogmas, having no direct or perceptible connexion with individual action, and abstract metaphysical theories having none of their bitter fruits cognizably displayed. By the undue excitation of the strictly analytical powers of the mind, and the consequent exaggeration of the relative dignity of the intellect in the human microcosm, the natural play of the feelings of Lucretia was insensibly diverted into wrong channels, all considerations of right and wrong were first overlooked and finally disregarded in the exclusive and undue appreciation of the mental energies and intellectual ability displayed, her whole moral nature was introverted, and all speculation about the means or results of human action became a mere critical investigation of the agencies, the activities, the combinations by which the conduct of men was obviously influenced and apparently determined. We shall have occasion to return to this last topic for the sake of exposing the radical and fatal fallacy involved in it; but, in the meantime, we would call attention to the utter absence of all excuse for any real or pretended ignorance on the part of Bulwer of the tendency of his mode of treating a criminal career, when he himself represents the gradual depravation of his heroine's heart and intellect, as the consequence of analogous tampering with the great questions of right and duty, and with the evolution of the psychical tendencies, by the slimy, oily, perfidious metaphysics of Dalibard.

Having thus dismissed as invalid the only apology which could be offered by or for Bulwer—(and in speaking of Bulwer and *Lucretia* let it be remembered that we intend our remarks to be applicable to all similar interpretations of the growth and development of crime, and to all authors who employ their talents in such formulized explanations of vice)—having, then, dismissed the apology, we will return from the digression to a more minute examination into the nature and causes of

that pernicious tendency which is to be apprehended from such productions.

The exaggerated predominance of crime in a work of fiction, is, for reasons already sufficiently explained, in itself a source of peril: so is the curious portraiture of the lives and character of criminals.

The whole tissue of the narrative in *Lucretia* is, as we have previously observed, from the beginning to the close, a web spun, warp and woof, by the intertexture of vice and crime. And the perils that must result from familiarizing the mind to the habitual contemplation of such topics are enhanced by a metaphysical mode of exposition. The study of crime is too apt thus to become a mere exercise of the intellect—the concentration and attention of the mind requisite for the comprehension of the agencies at work, and for the reception or rejection of the metaphysical solution prevents or deadens the moral appreciation of the crime or the criminal—thus, by proceeding from special instances to general views, the distinctions of right and wrong become confused or indifferent—and this obscurity of ethical principles soon generates that spurious sympathy which, either from carelessness or corruption, knows not how to distinguish between the offence and the offender. On each of the last four topics we shall offer a few remarks: we deem it unnecessary to dwell upon the other, as it has been elucidated with sufficient fulness before.

It is the general opinion entertained by those who have most critically examined existing systems of metaphysics that, with the possible exception of some of the reveries of the Transcendentalists, they are of a purely analytical or negative character—being efficacious only in unsettling the grounds of belief by successively eliminating the supposed certainties on which credence rests, while they remain wholly inefficient to replace the ruins which they have made. It is not our intention at this time to examine the various systems of Metaphysics which have been proposed, we shall pass no sentence upon the Transcendentalists, nor inquire whether this negative character is a necessary incident of all other schemes. Without, therefore, examining or developing the view presented above, or attempting to trace the tendency to its origin, or to suggest a countervailing principle as a remedy for this disorganizing characteristic, we may content ourselves with calling attention to the fact that such metaphysics, no matter with what talent expounded, as are employed by Bulwer and other novel writers, are entirely of this negative character. The intellectual exercise, however eagerly or skilfully pursued, must be absolutely without any truly satisfactory result, for it can only employ the methods of analysis, or severance of an aggregate into its parts. It is therefore simply a critical operation, and the successful accomplishment of

the process only leads to the more exact co-ordination of phenomena already observed. We forget, however, while engaged upon the work of separation into the component parts, how much that is most essential may insensibly escape by volatilization, and leave behind only the dead and more easily cognizable constituents. We look for those particular elements which in advance we anticipated, those we discover, and those only; and thus when our analysis is pushed to its furthest limit we have no assurance of having recognized all the agencies at work, nor of having thus a full explanation of the phenomena which we would interpret. Nugatory as may be the actual result, fallacious as is the process, so much nice observation, such close and unintermissible attention are required, that we can scarcely take any note of any thing but the metaphysical processes employed, and the conclusions resulting from the metaphysical analysis. If then the proposed theorem be the interpretation of the mode in which crimes or a vicious disposition may have been generated, our thoughts will be occupied merely with the metaphysical solution, and in most cases will absolutely, because unsuspectingly, exclude all moral decision upon them. Moral estimates are formed upon the aggregate acts or facts; metaphysical interpretation draws us off in an entirely different direction, breaks these acts or facts up into a series of explanatory conditions, disperses the rays of light which should be concentrated, carries us to the other extremity of the line, and asks for an estimate of the analysis of the crime, which is directly adverse to an estimate of its heinousness. In this way, the metaphysical study of a criminal career, or such a galaxy of crimes as hegems the pages of *Lucretia*, becomes merely an intellectual exercise: it not merely excludes, but has a tendency also to prevent the appreciation of the incidents represented, relatively to considerations of immutable right and wrong.

It should be added that an explanation is too frequently regarded as an excuse, which should put a stop to all further inquiry, and extend perfect immunity to the thing explained. This is too intimately concordant with the intellectual and moral weaknesses of human nature not to have fallen within the notice of every one; and from the same cause we may judge the extent to which such an erroneous view would operate in withdrawing attention from the guilt of any person whose guilt might have been delicately traced back to a long series of antecedent and mutually dependent influences. The slave who told his master that it was in obedience to his destiny that he had stolen a cloak, assuming his fatalism to be true, conceived that this explanation was a valid defence. He was answered in the only way in which such persons should be answered, that it was his destiny also to be whipped for stealing. So those ultra-phrenologists who explain the vicious disposition by natural tenden-

cies which are referred to organic peculiarities, and on this account regard guilt as the mere consequence of physical structure, obliterate the notion of right and wrong by the interpretation of phenomena, and convert the estimate of crime into a phrenological speculation. We thus perceive how readily the metaphysical solution of vice degenerates into a mere exercise of the intellect, and how closely this pernicious tendency is associated with the characteristics of the present day.

We have already mentioned that this metaphysical interpretation of the agencies that conduce to the production of crime involves a radical fallacy, on which indeed it rests as its principal basis. We have also stated before that we can have no assurance of having taken all the agencies into the calculation, and this of itself would vitiate the solution. Neither can we test the degrees of influence exercised by either the direct or the resisting forces which may be engaged in the conflict of mind or feelings. We have no barometer to determine by the rise or the fall of the mercury the specific pressure exercised by each influence at each particular time. We have no apparatus to test the degrees of moral agencies, and thus all our calculations on such subjects can only be vague approximations, and must always be exposed to grave and serious error. But none of these was the particular fallacy to which we alluded, although the last is closely allied to it. The diagnostics of disease are delusive even when weighed by the science, the genius, and the experience of the most able physician, because independent of their frequently equivocal character, he has no means of appreciating the mode, the degree, or the efficacy of the resistance which the vital forces may oppose to the attacks of the malady. And similarly in the development of human character, whether healthy or distempered, we have no power of forming even an approximate estimate of the feebleness or the strength of the resistance which the native moral energies either did oppose, or might have opposed to the corrupting influences of external agents, or even to a spontaneous impulse towards wrong from within. The double play of conflicting appetencies is one of the inexplicable paradoxes of human nature which the individual consciousness of each man compels him to recognize in his own case. What is true of each man individually, is true generally of all. We have no means of arriving at any knowledge of the strength of the moral opposition to incitements to wrong, we only know that it decreases with each new failure, and thus every metaphysical explanation of human guilt must be fallacious, none can afford any defence, or diminish the responsibility of the vicious. In *Lucretia* as the subject is treated by Bulwer, this great truth is not merely overlooked, but it is smothered: and hence the fallacy, as all illogical reasoning does, assails the foundations of morality.

After the incidental observations on the subject in the last few paragraphs, it is scarcely necessary to make any further remarks on the tendency of Bulwer's *Lucretia* and works of like metaphysical complexion to prevent and deaden the moral appreciation of human actions. This paralysis of the moral action of the feelings is followed by insensibility to the wide opposition between right and wrong, and ultimately by an artificial incapacity to determine the vital distinction between them. When every human action is supposed capable of resolution in the crucible of our metaphysical analysis, and our curiosity in speculation is directed to the recognition of the now dissociated elements, under the conviction that these will furnish us with the full explanation of human actions, whether virtuous or vicious, then the processes of human development appear identical, whether directed to good or to evil, and in either case the aim of our investigations is the same—namely, the detection of the concurring causes which have effectuated the given result.

This identity of scope and process is alone sufficient to confuse all distinctions of right and wrong, but they are further obliterated by the metaphysics employed in such modes of investigation. What is the difference between right and wrong when they are both equally traced to the combined and definite operation of constitutional tendencies and external influence? Both will equally appear to be the inevitable result of uncontrollable agencies. We have already exhibited the radical fallacy involved in these explanations; but when they are assumed, either through ignorance or design, as logical and conclusive, where is the possibility of introducing a distinction between right and wrong. Are they not both equally due, as the interpretation shows, to laws of exactly the same character? are not both ultimately the result of necessary impulses and influences? How are we to escape from the vicious delusion? We can only fall back upon beggarly Benthamism, which conceals the difficulty, which it affects, but is unable to explain. Virtue and vice then derive their character entirely from mere questions of expediency or general utility, the immutability of justice is instantly cashiered, because its functions are gone; and a change of utilities would so shuffle the cards that murder and benevolence would reciprocally assume an entire difference of moral complexion. The mistake that was made by Bentham and the Utilitarians, and before them, by Paley, though in a less degree than is usually supposed, was to imagine the coincidence of right and general utility and the concurrence of wrong and general disadvantage to be an absolute proof of the dependence of right and wrong upon considerations of expediency. Yet the general utility is merely a symptom of the presence of right; not its reason, or its cause: and the erection of a system of morals on such a basis is ex-

actly equivalent to the practice of a physician who should endeavor to treat the symptoms instead of removing the disease. The refuge, then, which Benthamism would afford, is as incapable of furnishing a shelter as the difficulty from which we would flee. It would appear then that the distinction of right and wrong, the ideas of immutable justice, and eternal morality are incompatible with the metaphysical elucidation of the causative influences which may have concurred in the production of crime. Certainly they are, if the metaphysical analysis is presented in such a manner as to profess a complete and adequate solution, or to produce the belief that it furnishes a complete explanation. Thus by the treatment of crimes which Bulwer has adopted, the distinction of right and wrong is obliterated, because on such a basis it is impossible to establish a valid difference, except for political objects, and from such a point of view it is also impossible to draw the line of demarcation between them. Let any one make the attempt of estimating the guilt or innocence of a culprit, after receiving all the palliating evidence and arguments which can be adduced by a consummate advocate as a complete explanation of the causes which impelled the perpetration of crime, let him forget for the moment those considerations of infallible justice derived from a higher and independent source, and he will find himself utterly unable to conceive a definite notion of guilt as attributable to the culprit so defended. This accounts for the frequent reluctance of juries to bring in a verdict of "guilty" against a prisoner, in the estimation of all indifferent men most clearly convicted of the commission of the offence for which he has been arraigned. We need not refer fraud, wilful perjury, or corruption to such juries, this is a ready and rapid mode of solving an inconsistency which we may be unwilling, or unable to understand, but which is thus traced to its principal origin. We infer then that the metaphysical treatment of crimes in *Lucretia*, assuming the analysis and explanation to be co-extensive with the conflicting influences engaged in their generation, is eminently calculated to obliterate and confound all healthy distinction between right and wrong.

But if the line of demarcation, which should separate right from wrong, be rendered thus vague and uncertain—if the abyss which immutably dis-severs virtue from vice be concealed by so impenetrable a mist—if we entangle ourselves in such an inextricable labyrinth of sophistries, that all paths seem to lead to the same end—how are we to estimate guilt, so as to accord Christian charity to the offender, while we punish him for the offence, and visit his guilt with unmitigated condemnation? There is no earthly possibility of doing so. If all the phenomena of human conduct are the result of irresistible laws, all are equally right, no one can be reprehended for vicious actions without fatal in-

consistency in our theories and practice, and all moral responsibility is an arbitrary delusion. Hence every explanation of a crime should carry with it the justification of the criminal: and the metaphysical subtleties of the interpretation of human action end in necessitating the extension, in a more or less intense and conscious manner, of the sympathy bestowed upon the sinner to the sin which he has committed. This perverted sympathy, in accordance with the law of reciprocity which regulates the development of all human impulses, reacts upon the mind and feelings, and tends to deepen the confusion of right and wrong which had originally occasioned it. We think it is hardly possible, that any one, whose attention has been drawn to the fact, can fail to recognize these tendencies in Bulwer's *Lucretia*; and we deem it barely possible that any one who recognizes their existence can underrate the pernicious consequences to be apprehended from this display. We need not then dwell upon the subject, more especially as it is not so much our desire to censure a particular novel, as to expose the perils of a particular class of writings, and to exhibit the corrupting influences of that fashionable violation of all correct reasoning, healthy morals, and pure taste, which so signally characterizes all the fraternity of the *Littérature Extravagante*.

In order to prevent erroneous inferences from our remarks, we would observe that while we attribute this contagion to the metaphysical treatment of *Lucretia*, and the general metaphysics of Bulwer and his *confrères*, we do not mean to declare that such would be the necessary consequence of every conceivable system of Mental Philosophy, or every possible application of its doctrines. We do indeed consider all systems of metaphysics at present received as absolutely unsatisfactory and delusive; whether we regard the eminently illogical empiricism of the Scotch school, the hopeless *niaiserie* of the French Eclectics, or the sublime obscurity of the nebulous followers of Kant and Schelling. But we do not regard the failure of all previous attempts as any valid argument to prove the certain and equally signal failure of every future endeavor. Our remarks must then be strictly confined to past metaphysical theories, and should be more particularly limited to the especial analysis and application of Bulwer and his similars: and of them we do not hesitate to say that such metaphysics, and such usage of it, must eventuate in the production of all those consequences which have been indicated above. We are aware that our own discussions of the great questions started in this Essay has been cursory and so far inconclusive; but we leave our readers to make for themselves the application and development of the principles which we have only stated. A detailed examination of these topics would have led us into a range of inquiry certainly too extensive, and possibly too pro-

found for the pages of a Periodical; but we are convinced that a healthy appreciation of the views which have been laid down will be a safe-guard against the penetrating corruption of such an infected atmosphere as that generated by such works as the *Lucretia* of Bulwer.

In commencing this Essay, it was our intention to have exhibited the natural concatenation of *Lucretia* with Bulwer's previous novels, and to have pointed out its general relations to the present diseased condition of the moral and intellectual world. The same considerations, however, which have prevented us from treating *in extenso* more important topics, will debar us from protracting our remarks, already too long, by executing this intention. It is only necessary to remark that *Lucretia* places the keystone to the arch and transfuses retrospectively its own contagion through every thing that has preceded it from Bulwer's pen, and that there is an exact parallelism between its pernicious tendencies and delusive processes, and the wide spreading agencies of demoralization and degradation which are so strongly, though in some respects obscurely, characteristic of the present day.

With these observations we close this long dissertation. Many of the topics which we have discussed are entirely new, most of them foreign to the ordinary strait-laced habitudes of reflection which have brought the modern world to its present lamentable state of utter disintegration. But, under these circumstances, we do not anticipate the immediate acceptance of such unfamiliar views, we only ask for them a candid and studious appreciation. This we ask in the name of morality, order, and humanity.

THE MAIDEN

AND THE

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

(*Extract from an unfinished Poem.*)

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

—Years had rolled by—the fairy child
No longer played in careless mood,
But a bright, graceful maiden smiled
And charmed the shady solitude.
A gentle, loving, thoughtful girl,
Dwelling afar from fashion's whirl.

In her serene and pensive eyes
A twilight shadow seemed to rest,
Though starry radiance oft would rise
Like light upon the water's breast;

And changeful blushes o'er her face,
Lent to her beauty softer grace.

And ever to herself there seemed
A constant commune with the skies,
And glorious were the scenes that beamed
In slumber on her fancy's eyes.
Gleams of far brighter homes than those
That earthly grandeur can disclose.

Sometimes a lofty forest, seen
All glittering with mysterious light;
Sometimes mid shades of richest green,
Where beauteous flow'rets charmed the sight,
Or gem-like leaflets by the breeze
Shaken, produced sweet harmonies.

And often in her dreams she heard
A silvery voice come floating by,
And when it breathed its sweetest word
It named the Lord of earth and sky!
Till even in her childhood's hour
She learned to trust His love and power.

'Twas Summer o'er the flowery vale,
And beauty walked the hills among,
While in the fair, secluded dale
Young Eva calmly passed along.
Sweet as a rose in mossy green,
And pure as vestal lily seen.

Yet ever-watchful, floating nigh,
A being, than the dawn more fair,
More radiant than the sunlit sky
Smiled in immortal rapture there.
Half-folded were her wings of light,
And shining was her vestment white.

Down to her small and pearl-like feet,
Soft waving fell, like golden mist,
Her shining hair, all perfumed sweet,
So oft by heavenly breezes kissed.
And on her brow, light flashing far,
A glory like the morning star.

The GUARDIAN! Ah, how much of joy
Had her immortal spirit known,
While years of earthly time rolled by,
Warm in the splendours of the throne:
How wise in all of truth divine,—
How clear to her each radiant line.

And yet, from glory changing still,
To loftier and nobler powers,
She found to obey her Sovereign's will
Made up the brightness of the hours.
And ever at each new command
Wide-circling glories filled the land.

Paineville, Virginia.

MARK AKENSIDE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

There is a fine engraved likeness of Akenside after a portrait by Pond, in the illustrated memoirs of eminent British Physicians, which we can readily believe authentic from its severe and chaste lineaments. They are stamped with intelligence, pride and refinement;—but, with something of the delicate outline of Raphael's face, they are destitute of that tender expression which makes his features almost angelic. It is a countenance very indicative of intellectual nobility,—breathing of self-subsistence and an aspiring mood. Its beauty is that of mind and rectitude rather than of sensibility and enthusiasm.

Akenside belongs to the classical species of men—those who regard order as essential and strive to harmonize, by a nice standard, the products of thought. It is a class almost obsolete. So many conflicting agencies act upon the mind in this age of social excitement, that one must isolate himself, if he would conform to a strict discipline either of moral feeling or intellectual taste. In fact, it is observable that characters that instinctively seek the smooth and trimmed pathway of refined and scholarly culture, are usually considered proud, reserved and impracticable. They seem to constitute a kind of mental aristocracy, and are truly genial only with their peers. This results from the very nature of the case. It is quite impossible for one who is sensitive and aspiring to mingle with the crowd, unless he “quenches the familiar smile with an austere regard of control.” The refinement of perception and elevated ideal of sentiment, which we admire in the writings and converse of such men, is, in no small degree, owing to the fact that they have kept apart from the herd and never long been in intimate contact with inferior minds. The entrenchments of self-respect so forbidding to the uninitiated, often conceal rare social graces. The chill barrier of reserve—like the Alpine snows—not unfrequently hides the most lovely flowers; and the sympathies that are repressed, in one direction—like the stream prisoned in a buried aqueduct—only gush more loftily at the chosen outlet. Hence it is somewhat unreasonable to complain of the fastidious tastes and stiff manners of those whose works are chiefly attractive from their dainty or grand qualities. These exist by virtue of the discrimination of their authors; and we scarcely expect the same individual to be a delicate limner or a sublime bard, and a jovial companion to strangers, or a felicitous conformist to ordinary circumstances. There must always be extremes both of appreciation and prejudice in regard to men of a classical turn, according as they

are judged by those who fraternize with them, or such as only approach the battlements of pride.

Mark Akenside is the subject of this diversity of judgment; for while our biographer—with whom he had only professional intercourse—dwells on his solemn air, his stiffly-curled wig, precise attire and petulant requisitions;—the friend to whom he candidly revealed himself, speaks of his table-talk, on a summer-day, as overflowing with the noblest sentiments in language worthy of Plato. One of his acquaintance says he looked as if he could never be undressed; while another seems oblivious of his personal traits in noting the eloquence of his conversation. We have a key, however, to his social character in the single trait ascribed to him by Bucke—that “he hated to be all things to all men.” This feeling involves a moral principle as well as a law of taste. It is doubtless true that coarse, ignorant and petty minds are repulsive to such a man as Akenside merely because they incessantly offend taste; but he possessed also a quality which often accompanies delicacy of feeling,—and that is integrity. His nature rebelled against hypocrisy. He knew by experience the whole significance of true friendship, and he could not profane her sacred name. To conform for the mere sake of popularity, appeared to him unmanly and dishonest. His nature would not overflow in the presence of strangers, because pride was far more active within him than vanity. He was emphatically one of that order of men whose happiness is less promoted by display than self-respect.

Accordingly, his foibles were those of pride. He would never have been liked by the philanthropic literati of our day. They would have thought him sadly deficient in humanity. And yet, although he could not go near the heart of poverty like Crabbe, or touch the inner springs of human emotion like Burns, or identify himself with the common and minute in nature like Wordsworth—he is declared by those who best knew him, to have been singularly benevolent and just. His cast of mind was elegant, his tone of feeling refined—and hence it was impossible for his sympathies to be universal, or his associations indiscriminate. These characteristics, however, served a poetical office. They enabled him to lose himself in high contemplations—to live in a comprehensive sphere of ideas—to enter into affinity with the choicest spirits of the past—to minister to the improvement of the aspiring, and habitually to rise above degrading and limited views. Even democrats and humanitarians must have patience with this species of aristocracy on account of its intellectual bequests. Elegance is not merely conventional; taste is not wholly selfish; nor does exclusiveness necessarily imply contempt for others; they are sometimes associated with the same degree, though a different kind of nobility of soul—which we honor in rustic bards and peasant heroes; and by such would be recognized, though in the

guise of the scholar and the gentleman. There is a physiological as well as a metaphysical truth in Akenside's description of persons, "whose souls but half inform their bodies;" and a justifiable reason for *his* impatience in their society. Expression, as a human attribute, depends upon the activity of the soul as manifest in organization; and personal sympathy is nothing more than that relation between individuals through which they mutually quicken and call forth one another's thoughts and emotions. There are those whose material frames seem but partially vital with moral life, who do not assimilate the nutritive elements yielded by nature and society; and hence, are in a crude, inharmonious state. Such people make the most uncomfortable drafts upon more sensitive and complete beings. It really appears as if there was an unconscious attempt to make up their deficient consciousness—or, to recur to Akenside's figure, inform the other half of their bodies with the spiritual force of their companion. According to the magnetisers, this is an unfair process. Such individuals weigh, like an incubus, upon the animal spirits of those more finely organized; or drain, even to inanition, their "mens diviniore;" and it is to this that the poet alludes.

The classicism, if we may so call it, of Akenside, betrayed itself in his fastidious habits, and his chirography, his elegant quotations; and is pleasingly evinced in such terms of expression as "Tully's curule chair." He acknowledges with zeal, his ambition to

Tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

and exclaims, with the zest of a scholar,

From the bower
Where wisdom sat with her Athenian sons,
Could but my happy hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan boy!

Yet occasionally the recondite gives way to the natural; and a fine image reveals the true poetic impulse. Thus, in analysing beauty, he has this beautiful figure,

The third ascent
To symmetry adds color; thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted shells along some winding shore
Catch, with indented folds, the glancing sun.

But more frequently his metaphors are drawn from the past. There is a fine instance of this in the description of the variety of human tastes and avocations:

For as old Memnon's image long renowned
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmost frame sent forth
Spontaneous music, so doth nature's hand
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind.

That the peculiar social theory we have designated, was a native to Akenside, his poem vividly suggests; and it is equally apparent that he justified exclusiveness and reserve on the principle of self-improvement and love of the true and beautiful:

—Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,
If I, from vulgar superstition's walk
Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites
Of splendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant presence unprofaned.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean,
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

His literary preferences point in the same direction. He was a lover of Plato and Cicero among the ancients,—of Shaftesbury in modern literature, and of Timoleon as an epic character. It is equally manifest in his sense of the desirableness of "composure and stillness;" and in the fact, which has been truly cited, that, in his writings, "his allusions to himself are always in the best style of egotism." Indirectly, too, we find the same indications in his sensitiveness in regard to his humble birth. He was mortified, like Byron, at the hitch in his gait—not for itself as a personal deformity, but on account of its having been caused, when a child, by the fall of one of his father's cleavers—and thus being the memorial of the paternal craft—that of a butcher. In this species of character there is, indeed, an inevitable deficiency of popular qualities. It implies a want of general adaptation, and is equally opposed to the facility of address which belongs to the courtier, and the fruitfulness in expedients so requisite for the diplomatist. As a consequence of such a nature, the self-love of those whom the individual approaches, is often wounded. His mood sometimes exercises an indomitable supremacy; or rather he is possessed by his idiosyncrasy. Instead of observing the peculiarities of others with a view of disarming and conciliating them, he is absorbed, concentrated, individual. Unless there exists a point of sympathy or a capacity of recognition between him and a companion, they part as much strangers as they came together. There must be a vivid perception of the latent and the estimable in character, a wisdom or a generosity of soul in the one, to avoid a harsh or narrow judgment of the other. In a word, society should be composed of heroes or philosophers to afford any vantage ground for these seemingly impracticable men; whereas it is confessedly an arena where the first law is to set aside personality and yield implicit obedience to Bentham's doctrine—"the greatest

good to the greatest number." It is quite impossible to advocate the claims of this class on general social grounds; the only way to defend them from severe reprobation is by showing that the want of aptitude for popularity, does not, as a thing of course, include the absence of noble and loveable characteristics—a truth which the thoughtless invariably overlook. So far from this being the case, there actually exists an order of gifted men who have sedulously acted on the principle, that a kind of voluntary monachism is essential to the integrity of being. It is this very course which has occasioned the discussion in regard to Goethe's goodness of heart. A certain unapproachableness beyond the outworks of self—a warding off of extreme confidence—a kind of abeyance of the sympathies—was ever observable in him, and has been remarked of many gifted persons. It is a significant anecdote which records a bet once proposed and accepted at a party of Washington's friends—that one should approach him, in company, with a friendly slap on the shoulder. The thing, it is true, was done, but so awkwardly, and followed by such entire discomfiture from the General's look of quiet surprise—that instant repentance followed. We do not quarrel with the moral dignity indicated by this circumstance—so appropriate to the high aims and exalted position of the matchless chief; and yet, by a curious perversity, make no allowance for the shrinking temperament, isolated consciousness, and refined instincts of those whose intellectual endowments and physical organization make reticacy of manner and individuality of life absolutely necessary. That there is much of utility sacrificed by the process is undeniable; that an apparently culpable want of consideration for the feelings and enjoyments of others is suggested we cannot but admit. But, when the inadequacy is meekly confessed—when we remember how, in the early ages of Christianity, it was so universally deemed right for such social tyros to adopt a conventual life; when we reflect that no human beings have won such devoted love from the few, and left such priceless legacies to the world;—it seems both inconsiderate and ungrateful to utter reproaches, or weigh their merits in the same balance with those who never discovered in themselves any obstacle to being "all things to all men."

There is a famous repartee of a friend of Akenside, while discussing with him the claims of medicine,—that "the ancients endeavored to make a science of it and failed; and the moderns to make it a trade and succeeded." The poet, however, entertained a high idea of the dignity of his art. He regarded it in the broad light of a philosophy—as based upon the laws of nature and susceptible of infinite advancement. His manners doubtless unfitted him for practical success in a pursuit demanding the utmost felicity of address and tact in intercourse; but there is no question that his inquiring

and well-stored mind, and his habits of intense reflection, eminently fitted him to discover, while his literary skill enabled him to promulgate the truths of science.

It is said that his poetical reputation diminished his medical authority. The world appears extremely disinclined to accord any practical success to those endowed with superior imaginations. The injustice of this prejudice has been often refuted in the case of accountants, clergymen and lawyers, who have been favorites of the muse; but there is, perhaps, no instance to which it applies with so little force as that of a physician. His daily business opens a vast and peculiar field of observation, both in regard to nature and man. He sees the mysteries of the heart laid bare by the encroachments of pain and the approach of death. He has to do with his race under the least artificial conditions; and it is his vocation to study the varied influences which operate on the mind. He is near the mother "when she feels, for the first time, her first born's breath." He witnesses the last fitful flashes of re-awakened memory, when departing age lives over, at life's close, the scenes enacted at its dawn. The benign and gifted physician is a priest at the altar of humanity, and it is, therefore, only strange that her oracles do not more frequently inspire poetical, as they continually do scientific revelations. There are, too, some charming literary associations connected with the profession. The names of Garth and Arbuthnot are intimately blended with those of Pope and Swift; and Akenside and Armstrong and Darwin have left poems which do as much credit to their discernment as liberal followers of the healing art, as to their powers of imagination. It is, indeed, true, that in extensive practice in a career which exacts so much both from intellect and heart, as well as physical strength, as that of medicine, it is next to impossible to prosecute ably any great literary undertaking; but where time permits, the studies and relations incident to the profession, are, in no degree, incompatible with, but rather favorable to poetry. Hence Apollo was equally the god of song and of physic. Notwithstanding the prejudice to which we have alluded as entertained by Akenside's biographers, he seems to have maintained no common rank with his cotemporaries. We infer this from the fact that he filled several public medical offices, and contributed numerous important papers to the medical literature of the day. His long poem was chiefly written during the first years of his professional life—when comparative leisure and a seclusion left him free to expatiate in the realm of fancy. After he settled in Bloomsbury Square and engaged in the severe labors of a London practitioner, it was by an occasional ode alone, that he kept fresh his poetical vein.

There is no doubt that the poet was eminent in his profession, although he never became what is

termed "a fashionable doctor." His treatises are yet consulted. The systematic habits, thoroughly respectable position, and undeviating rectitude of Akenside form a refreshing contrast to the vagabondism of some of his country's poets. We have no melancholy retrospect of servility—no maudlin rhymes of the inebriate,—no supercilious patron or infected jail to mar the brightness of his image ; and we confess the imputations of coldness, formality and an irritable mood seem to us a far less painful offset to poetical glory than the sullen bigotry of Young, the recklessness of Savage, the morbid despair of Coleridge, or the foolish excesses of Byron.

The external history of Akenside is singularly devoid of incident. His birth-place was Newcastle-upon-Tyne ; he was destined for the church by his parents, who were rigid Presbyterians ; but the plan was soon relinquished. He was born on the 9th of November, 1721, wrote and published verses at the age of sixteen : two years after became a student of medicine at Edinburgh, visited Leyden, resided first at Northampton, but removed to Hampstead. The *Pleasures of Imagination* appeared in 1744, when the author was in his twenty-third year. It at once established his fame as a poet, was translated into French by Baron d'Holbach, and into Italian by Mazza. In London, he frequented both clubs and assemblies ; and, while in the enjoyment of a high reputation, a desirable practice, a moderate competency, choice friends and rare intellectual resources, he died at the age of forty-nine. But the real character of a genuine poet needs not the illustration of circumstances, if any deliberate effusion of his genius remains. In the "*Pleasures of Imagination*" we at once discover the spirit, tastes, convictions and abilities of Akenside. The elevation of mind characteristic of high natures everywhere reveals itself. He was an aspirant in the best sense of the word. He realized not less from consciousness than observation, the capacity of progress and virtue innate in man. The sentiment of veneration was fervent in his heart. His instincts pointed upward. He possessed the most invaluable of the poetic tendencies—that of exalted faith in the attributes and destiny of humanity :

For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble, nor in brief delights,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment, but from thence
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through Nature's opening walks enlarge his aims
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

The moral heroism which emanates from such views, also inspired Akenside. He strove

Against the torrent and the stubborn hill,
To urge free virtue's steps, and to her side

*Summon that strong divinity of soul
Which conquers chance and fate.*

He experienced the usual extremes of critical estimation. Pope advised Dodsley, who submitted to him the manuscript of his poem, to offer "no niggardly price, as this was no every-day writer." Boucke declares the ode to Lord Huntington the finest in the language,—an opinion in amusing contrast with the characteristic dialogue between Johnson and Boswell, which appears to us one of the most striking instances recorded of the prejudice of the one and the presumption of the other :

J.—I see they have published a splendid edition of Akenside's works. One bad ode may be suffered, but a number of them makes one sick.

B.—Akenside's distinguished poem is on the *Imagination*, but for my part, I could never admire it so much as most people do.

J.—Sir, I could not read it through.

B.—I have read it through, but I could observe no great power in it.

This poem is a favorite with that class of readers who delight in beholding the muse arrayed in the dignity of learning, who have an intense desire for ideas in distinction from fancies, and love to encounter the great facts of nature and history in the midst of graceful and impressive numbers. Akenside pleases the learned and philosophic more than Wordsworth or Campbell. He abounds in classical allusions and expatiates most freely in the sphere of metaphysical speculation. Take, for instance, his view of the utility of Beauty.

The general mother conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
Doth objects the completest of their tribe
Distinguish and commend.

* * * * *

In the following passage we find the eclecticism of the genuine Artist finely indicated :

— Whose proud desires from Nature's homely toil
Oft turn away fastidious ; asking still
His mind's high aid to purify the form
From gross communion ; to secure forever
From the meddling hand of chance
Or rude decay her features ; and to add
Whatever ornaments may suit her mien,
Where'er he finds them scattered through the paths
Of nature or of fortune.

There is a want of simplicity in Akenside, a needless introversion of phrases, and a display of erudition, which though often effective and rhetorical, is in remarkable contrast to the more artless imagery of later English poets. Indeed, he was at first distinguished as an orator. It is related that Robertson, the historian, regularly attended the debates of a medical club, in order to hear Akenside speak.

We can find no adequate cause for the inference that Akenside was a celibate from indifference. On the contrary, the evidence is decisive that he was a man of unaffected and deep sentiment. In one edition of his poems, there was prefixed a frontispiece representing a richly attired Cavalier stretched upon a couch, and waving off a descending Cupid; beneath it was inscribed the quotation,—

Away, away,
Tempt me no more, insidious Love!

But if we turn to Akenside's writings, we discover that it was not scorn but disappointment which induced this renunciation. He twice fixed his affections, and in both instances, the objects were summoned to an early tomb. Such passages as the following evince great natural tenderness and devotion:

Who that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt
How dear are all those ties which bind our race
In gentleness together, and how sweet
Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel?

Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps silent and unseen
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy sweet remembrance soothes,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

In his apostrophe to the Beautiful, after describing her course through the vegetable and animal world, he declares,

At length her favorite mansion and her throne
She fixed in woman's form.

He elsewhere calls her "chief of terrestrial creatures." Still more personal allusions occur in the minor pieces:

Too much my heart of beauty's power has known,
Too long to love hath reason left her throne;
Too long my genius mourned his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth consumed in vain.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wishes as you will,
Without love you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

Me, though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care,
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal Friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame
And the old heroic lyre;

Though the day hath smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
Or in social duty spent,
Yet, at eve, my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest,
Languishes for true content.

But if he was not permitted to enjoy domestic happiness, he was favored, beyond the common lot, in having a rich and satisfactory experience of friendship. The Invocation to the Pleasures of Imagination, gives us no overdrawn picture of the manly confidence, the permanent esteem and unvarying affection which united Akenside and Dyson. Proud as the former confessedly was, he felt no scruple in allowing the latter, in his prosperity, to act towards him the part of a benefactor; and intimate as was their relation for many years, Dyson never would give to the public a feature of his friend's character or an incident of his private life. These two facts prove that the entire trustfulness and instinctive delicacy—at once so rare and so essential to thorough amity, actually existed in this case.

While the poet lived he enjoyed an annuity from his friend sufficient to release him from pecuniary anxiety; and when he died, that friend was his exclusive legatee. It is a beautiful picture—rivalling those of antiquity so near to the sympathies of the poet—and reproving the skepticism, which a sordid age has engendered in regard to human friendship. Mutual respect, confidence, admiration and love, brightened the intercourse of these noble men, until it was interrupted by death; to be enshrined forever, without a doubt or blemish, on the page of a standard poem.

Now the Fates
Have other tasks imposed. To thee, my friend!
The ministry of Freedom, and the faith
Of popular decrees in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
To wait on pain, and silent arts to urge
Inglorious, not ignoble; if my cares,
To such as languish on a grievous bed,
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
Conciliate; nor delightless, if the Muse
Her shades to visit, and to taste her springs,—
If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous Muse
Impart, and grant (what she and she alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
Of fame, and honest favor, which the blessed
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That these my hand *for thee and for myself*
May gather.

P. I., i. 68.

O, my faithful friend!
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted and beloved! once more, the verse
Long destined, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend indulgent: so, in latest years,
When time thy head with honors shall have clothed,
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of seasons past,

Fair offices of friendship, or kind peace,
Or public zeal:—may then thy mind, well pleased,
Recall these happy studies of our prime.

Well may a man who could thus appreciate, from
experience, the beauty of the sentiment, inquire—

Is ought so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve,
At harvest home, or in the frosty moon
Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship?

He had the good sense to devote himself to an
honorable and useful profession, knowing that sys-
tematic employment was essential to content and
respectability; but no poet ever entertained more
sincere reverence for the art, or better appreciated
its ennobling influence on individual character and
the progress of society, as a few allusions will
prove:

Nor shall ever
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the color of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honorable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

The bard, nor length, nor depth
Nor place, nor form controls. Him the hours,
The seasons him obey: and changeful time
Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
At will outstrip it. His prevailing hand
Gives to corporeal essence life's sense
And every stately function of the soul.
The soul itself to him obsequious lies,
Like matter's passive heap; and as he wills,
To reason and affection he assigns
Their just alliances; their just degrees:
Whence his peculiar honors; whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themselves,
Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,
As earth itself to his delightful world
The palm of spotless beauty doth resign.

Who trained by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial muse,
Didst rule my natal hour!

The fluctuations of taste in poetry, have brought
into vogue highly-finished and concentrated lyric
effusions. Didactic verse, especially that involving
a long, continuous argument, attracts but few.
Pope, Cowper and Wordsworth have each, in dif-
ferent ways, succeeded in obtaining a permanent
niche in the temple of Fame by such efforts; and
the claims of Akenside are equally original, though

not, perhaps, so widely acknowledged. One reason
for this is the abstract nature of his theme, which
is essentially mental and moral philosophy. Free
discussion naturally gives a certain dryness and in-
volution to the metre. It requires implicit atten-
tion and some familiarity with or interest in both
ethics and metaphysics, to be fully appreciated by
the reader. The length of his chief poem almost
entailed occasional dullness. Yet there are scatter-
ed through it numerous examples of graceful and
effective language. He calls science

the substitute
Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world,
The providence of man.

And describes the envious as

the owl-eyed race
Whom virtue's lustre blinds.

He calls the flush of the banquet

roses taught by wine to bloom,

and quaintly declares that wherever the lethargic
mind of Holland awakens,

She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

Artificial, as he must be acknowledged, in the
order, the blank verse of Akenside has rare and
characteristic merits unsurpassed in English poe-
try. There is sometimes a felicity of diction, a
vigor and richness of phrase, which reminds us of
the choicest passages in the dramatists. The
thought is expressed with eloquent intensity,—a
terse, yet flowing collocation of words—that strikes
at once imagination and reason, and leaves an har-
monious impression on the memory. The follow-
ing extracts are random examples:

Hence ambition climbs
With sliding feet and hands impure to grasp
Those solemn toys which glitter in his view
On fortune's rugged steep; hence pale revenge
Unsheaths his murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious lust, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey.

But worse than these
I deem, far worse, that other race of ills
Which humankind rear up among themselves;
That horrid offspring which misgoverned will
Bears to fantastic error.

Therefore was his breast
Fenced round with passions quick to be alarmed,
Or stubborn to oppose; with fear more swift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
When armies land; with anger uncontrolled
As the young lion bounding on his prey,
With sorrow that locks up the struggling heart;
And shame, that overcasts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lightning.

— when the Muses haunt
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk

With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
*Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;
 When ruthless havoc from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke
 To mow the monuments of glory down ;
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands her raven wings, and from the gate
 Where Senates once the weal of nations planned,
 Hisseth the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mouldering column.*

— from whose lips

Flowed eloquence, which like the vows of love
 Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
 Of all who listened.

Still the warbling flute
 Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
 Grave, solemn, soft ; and *changing headlong spite
 To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.*

— how I fared

Or whither turned, I know not ; nor recall
 Aught of those moments other than the sense
 Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,
 And from the toils of some distressful dream
 To break away with palpitating heart,
 Weak limbs, and temples bathed in death-like dew
 Makes many a painful effort.

Akenside's mind was of a comprehensive order. He preferred generalities to details. It is admitted that, notwithstanding the *hauteur* of his manner at the bedside of hospital patients, he prescribed with consummate ability ; and the marked aversion he expressed for virtuosos, indicates how completely broad and elevated tastes were identified in his view with a manly intellect. He aimed to survey

all the many tracts
 Of passion and opinion,

rather than to describe nature minutely, or give utterance to playful fancies. Indeed, his sense of humor was deficient and it was quite accordant with his cast of mind to deem a jest unbecoming a gentleman.

Yet he attached an important office to ridicule, and there was a vein of satire in his nature, which occasionally appears in his writings. In his opinion, this weapon enacts no small part in vanquishing error ; and the history of literature justifies the idea.

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty sire
 In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
 These grateful pangs of laughter ; from disgust
 Educing pleasure ? Wherefore but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 Wild folly's aims ? For though the sober light
 Of truth flow dawning on the watchful mind,
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil ; yet benignant heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause

From labor and from care the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature, therefore stamped
 These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
 As broad and obvious to the passing clown
 As to the lettered sage's curious eye.

His genius, however, was more allied to the sublime than the vivacious. He had a deep love for nature ; but it was for her laws, her general effects and grand combinations rather than special beauties. Hence his descriptions, although often winsome, are vague ; and partake more of thoughtful reverie than minute observation. He delighted to trace mental phenomena more than to paint elaborately landscapes. The metaphysician and naturalist are co-evident with the scholar and aspirant in his verse.

It has, however, been objected to his poem that it does not clearly recognise Christianity, and has no definite allusion to immortality. The author, it is said, was a deist. We can readily believe that the form in which religion was presented to the poet in childhood, was anything but engaging either to his reason or affections ; and the independence of his mind and uprightness of his character would naturally lead him to reject bigoted allegiance to any narrow theological creed. But there are few poets who have been more thoroughly imbued with the religious sentiment. If there is no direct appeal to doctrines in the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' there is, what seems to us far more appropriate, a pervading spirit of veneration and earnest love of truth. Indeed, the very scope of the poem is "to vindicate the ways of God to man," by unfolding the benign and wise principles which regulate the universe and develop the human soul. We are called upon to bow in meek intelligence to "the discipline of laws divine ;" and the Deity is apostrophised as the

Exhaustless fount of intellectual day,
 Centre of souls.

Immortality is everywhere suggested by the lofty attributes and progressive virtue—so eloquently described as the legitimate growth of our nature ; and the abrupt termination of the poem, induces the belief that Akenside reserved the most spiritual arguments for the last.

For to the brutes
 Perception and the transient boons of sense
 Hath fate imparted : but to man alone
 Of sublunary beings was it given,
 Each fleeting impulse on the sensual powers
 At leisure to review ; with equal eye
 To scan the passion of the stricken nerve
 Or the vague object striking ; to conduct
 From sense, *the portal turbulent and loud,*
 Into the mind's wide-palace, one by one
 The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
 And question and compare them.

* * *

—— a nobler dower
 Her sire at death decreed her; purer gifts
 From his own treasure; forms which never deigned
 In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
 Of earthly organs; but sublime were placed
 In his essential reason, leading there
 That vast ideal host which all his works
 Through endless ages never will reveal.

TO THE NORTH WIND, RUDELY BLOWING IN MAY.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

“Why rage ye thus? no strife for liberty
 Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
 Has chained your pinions, till ye wrenched them free
 And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere.”

O thou dark wind from Northern clime!
 Why dost thou rave and mourn?
 Hast thou not had thy gala time?
 Have we not patient borne;
 And wilt thou still advance, nor yield
 To Spring's soft balmy hours?
 She waits to clothe with grass the field,
 And robe the earth with flowers.

When thy dark wing came o'er the plain
 With driving sleet and snow,
 Mild zephyr ceased its low refrain,
 That thy rough gale might blow;
 Now thou art rude to tarry here,
 And roar and shriek so loud,
 While zephyr waiting doth appear,
 Throned on yon Western cloud.

Thine Autumn breath was bleak and wild,
 And 'neath thy blighting wing,
 All verdure drooped, which early smiled
 A tribute from the spring:
 Like some fell spirit thou didst shout,
 And clap thy sleety hands,
 And throw thy ghostly folds about,
 And chain with icy bands.

And through the long drear Winter's day,
 Thy hoarse, exulting voice,
 Was howling through the leafless spray.
 With loud and boisterous noise;
 At which the songsters of the grove
 Affrighted left the shade;
 And lonely thou wast left to rove
 Unwelcome o'er the glade.

And wilt thou rudely still advance,
 Nor curb thy dark career,
 When bloom and beauty fly thy glance,
 And leave thy pathway drear?

Ah! demon like, 'tis thy delight
 To scatter ruin round,
 And all that's fairest, loved and bright
 Lay prostrate on the ground.

But thou hast had full long the sway,
 Much ruin hast thou wrought,
 Know soon thy reign shall pass away,
 Thy raving come to naught—
 Relax thy dark and frowning brow,
 And hush that dismal strain—
 To Nature's laws with reverence bow,
 And seek thy northern plain!

Louisville, Kentucky.

THE GRAY LADY.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Some miles from the town of Milford in Wales, lies a small village, whose parsonage had some singular circumstances connected with its history, and although the post was tolerably lucrative, and the parishioners well educated and in good standing, yet at the death or removal of a pastor, it was always difficult to supply his place; since it was the common rumor among the inhabitants of the village that a curse hung over the dwelling, and that some misfortune would surely befall any one who might venture to become its occupant. Stories of the most extravagant sort were in circulation; and in truth the place was well suited for anything connected with the supernatural. It stood in a narrow valley, between high mountains, where, on cloudy days, the fog seemed to hang like a veil over the whole landscape, while the old church, situated near the parsonage, was covered with moss, and of dark and gloomy appearance. Two large trees before the former completely covered its roof and increased the gloominess of the dwelling; while at the foot of the garden waved a majestic yew, in England the symbol of something sad and mysterious, over a half-fallen stone bench, where many of the inhabitants asserted that they had seen a female figure, sitting in the moonlight, dressed in old fashioned garb; who, when they approached near enough for a close inspection, appeared to be a woman of middle age, of regular features, but with the countenance of a corpse. What was strangest of all was, that the oldest people in the village declared, that “the Gray Lady,” as she was called, had appeared from time to time, through a succession of years, always choosing this spot as her resting-place. There were different versions of the story, though it was generally agreed, that this nightly wanderer was no other than the spectre of the widow of the first

Curate, who, it was said, had committed suicide, but whose small, half-crumbling tombstone, in a lonely corner of the church-yard, bore no legible inscription to prove the truth of the rumor.

However groundless may have been the report, yet it was certain that the various families, who had occupied the parsonage, had each been visited by some sudden misfortune, in the untimely death of the male branches; and where there were twins, as had been several times the case, one of the pair was always selected as the victim.

About the year 1750, the very respectable pastor, William Drummond, was elected to supply the church of the above mentioned village. For ten years after attaining manhood, he had been a candidate for the ministry; during the next ten, he had filled the place of Curate, with only forty pounds income; and as fifteen years had passed since he found himself an accepted lover, yet without possessing the means of marrying, it is not to be wondered at, that on becoming master of a hundred and sixty pounds per annum, his first act was to persuade his affectionate Joanna to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, and to undertake the domestic economy of the parsonage, even though it were haunted by as many ghosts as there were leaves on the trees. About a year after their marriage, the honest couple were made happy by the birth of two sons, who, in memory of their grandfathers, were baptised by the same names, one being called John William and the other William John, a bright idea, which had its origin in the pastor's own brain. Until this time Drummond had paid little attention to the stories circulated with regard to his dwelling, and often playfully observed that, as yet, he had not even had a sight of the hem of the Gray Lady's garment, but when, after the birth of the twins, the village matrons hastened to offer their congratulations, with which were injudiciously mingled their hopes and prayers, that heaven would avert from the children the dark prophecy which had been accomplished in so many instances, his wife became so wretchedly anxious to inquire into the truth of the story, as to excite her husband to a like degree, and he determined to look into the church archives and discover whether there was any clue to be found to the rumor. His examination, however, met with but trifling success; since the church books referring to earlier times were very defective, and after turning over pages of discolored and worm-eaten paper, he could find nothing to corroborate the legend, except a small, half-obliterated note, which ran as follows, and which seemed to glance at some such occurrence as the one in which he now felt so deeply interested. "In the year of our Lord's birth 1670, I, Albertus Marstonius, Theologia Magister, caused the fallen stone cross, which stands in the corner of the church-yard to be again set upright. The Lord grant rest to the unhappy remains which lie beneath it."

Soon, however, Drummond received a stronger testimony through the following accident. It was on Monday, when the pastor sat in his study, busily engaged in writing out the heads of his next Sunday's discourse. His wife, who, as an active and prudent housekeeper, contrived to get along with but one servant, had transported the cradle of the twins into her husband's study, who, as she said, could easily give an eye to them, while she was stirring about the house; and thus the respectable pastor might be seen industriously wielding his pen, while from time to time he touched the cradle with his foot, as a whine from its drowsy inmates threatened a speedy outburst. Two hours had thus passed, when his wife entered the room, bearing in her hand a tattered and dusty roll of paper.

"You know, Magister," said she, for so she called her husband, "I have been busy to-day putting the house in order."

"No doubt, my dear, that is your favorite employment," he rejoined, with something of a sigh.

"Nay! but you cannot reproach me for destroying any of your manuscripts this time; on the contrary, I have found this paper behind the chimney;" with these words she laid the roll on her husband's writing-desk and retired.

On turning over the sheets, Mr. Drummond discovered that the manuscript was a sort of chronicle, left by one of his predecessors, many years before; among items referring to conflagrations, floods, and the scarcity of provisions, he came across the following. "On the 17th of October I had the misfortune to lose my beloved son Henry, who was accidentally killed by his brother Charles while hunting, thus has the prophecy been fearfully fulfilled in my family." Again, in another place, Drummond met with the following paragraph. "(Wednesday before Jubilate.) This morning I paid a visit to my brother in Christ, Paul Aiken, who is now seventy-eight years of age, and having been Curate of the parish of Penrith for the last fifty years, is a living chronicle of the events of that neighborhood. Speaking of the fate of my unhappy son, as connected with the singular prophecy, my worthy friend informed me that the circumstances regarding the widow were really true, since, from a well authenticated source, he had learned that she was the partner of the first Protestant minister in the village, and at the death of her husband, had hired a room from his successor in the parsonage. Her proud and impetuous temper, caused her, however, to be continually at strife with the Curate's wife, till one day, when the twin boys of the latter were quarrelling on the stairs, greatly disturbing her by their noise, she rushed out and attacked them so furiously that one of them pushed the other over the balustrade, who thus received a blow of which he ultimately died. Exasperated by her harsh conduct, the Curate insisted

that she should immediately leave his house ; when carried beyond all bounds, she exclaimed,

'Yes, I will go, but in a different manner from what you imagine, for I will still visit it often ; yes, as long as one stone stands upon another. You acquit me of the death of your son. I am innocent, since it was his brother who gave him the unlucky push ; and as a proof of my innocence, I swear I that will bring misfortune on every family who may, in after time, occupy this accursed house.' On the following morning she was found dead on the stone bench under the yew tree, while the dregs of a white powder in a glass at her side, left no doubt but that she had taken poison."

The minister was not a little shocked by this unexpected testimony ; and although neither he or his wife had yet met with the least trace of the ghost, he could not hide from her his newly gotten and painful information, and while their thoughts turned continually on this one subject, they watched their children with an anxiety, which it is impossible to conceive.

The twins grew rapidly into beautiful boys. William, who was quiet and of a thoughtful disposition, had the blue eyes and fair complexion of his mother ; while the lively and unmanageable John resembled his father in his dark hair and skin.

As neither showed any decided turn for study, their father determined to allow them both to enter on a sea-faring life, several of his relatives having become distinguished in that line, and almost anxiously he looked forward to the time when the boys could be separated ; since even in their sports their mother particularly watched them with intense anxiety, as though a dark fate hung over them, and although devotedly attached to each other, it seemed at any moment the fatal prophecy might be accomplished.

These secret anxieties were greatly increased by the observations of their kind but ill-judging neighbors, who, when they visited them, would declare how much they rejoiced that no evil had yet befallen the twins ; so much so, that Mrs. Drummond, loving her boys as she did, hardly shed a tear when the time came for them to separate, William, who was destined for the navy, to enter the naval school at Portsmouth ; and John, who was intended for a merchant ship, to go to Liverpool. She even rejoiced with her husband, that they would thus, at least for several years, be safe from the curse of "the Gray Woman," and they both determined, if possible, to prevent them from visiting home at the same time.

In the course of a few years the wishes of the parents seemed fully realized ; since the career of the youths lay in entirely opposite paths. William, who had already distinguished himself as a midshipman by his activity and love of order, had risen to the rank of a lieutenant on board a ship-of-war which lay at Plymouth ; and by the command of

his superior officer, had gone to Liverpool to lay in sea stores. John, in the meanwhile, after making several voyages as chief helmsman, was now the captain of a merchant ship trading with Havana and North America ; and while at Liverpool, his brother heard respecting him, that he was a most enterprising seaman, fearless of danger, and almost always successful in his undertakings, though it was hinted that he had already made a little fortune by smuggling.

It was about twelve months after the above mentioned period, when the rich merchant, Samuel Barlow, sat in his small chamber attached to his counting room in Liverpool, busily engaged in reading a letter just received from a mercantile friend in Jamaica. His book-keeper and factotum, a spare man of about sixty, sat at a desk, noting down in a book whatever his principal dictated.

"Seventy boxes of hardware. Have you that down, Nathaniel ?"

The writer bowed assent.

"This next is a singular item," observed Mr. Barlow, "but shall be attended to." He read as follows : "Having determined to marry, and being unable to procure a suitable girl in Jamaica, I wish you to send me by the next ship a young lady possessing the following requisites. She must be about middle size, with an agreeable countenance, neither below twenty or beyond twenty-five years of age, of a good constitution, and sound in health, so as to be able to bear the change of climate. This last requisite is particularly desirable, since by her early loss I should be subjected to the repeated trouble of looking out for another. With regard to property I am indifferent, only desiring that the said person should come from a respectable family ; and with your endorsement, I pledge myself to accept and marry her in fourteen days after sight."

"This item will cost us some trouble," said the book-keeper, pressing his hand to his brow. "Our best plan will be to insert an advertisement in the Liverpool Reporter."

"No, Nathaniel," observed the principal ; "that matter is already settled, since I will do the business entirely in my own firm. When does the 'Fortune' sail ? To-morrow ? Hum, had it been only a week later, we could have readily filled up this item. I will, however, write by that vessel to Hoskins & Co. So take your pen, Nat." Mr. Barlow dictated as follows : "Sir, according to order, you will receive by the next vessel a girl of one-and-twenty years of age, of the family, size and constitution specified."

"Shall we mention her name ?"

"No ! Hoskins & Co. might suppose we took advantage of them by sending my niece, and countermand the order. Should she, however, reach Kingston before they are apprised of the fact, they must comply with their promise, whether willing or not."

"What!" cried Nathaniel, rousing from his usual apathy; "Is it Miss Eliza Barlow to whom you refer?"

"Certainly!" replied the principal. "Why should I let such a good speculation escape us? Hoskins & Co. are a house of long standing, a respectable firm, one of the best in Jamaica; and why should not my niece marry that firm?"

"But will it not cause some talk both here and in Jamaica?"

"Not in Jamaica: since no one will be aware of her relationship with us. And what house here can find fault, if possessing an article which exactly suits, I should use it to fill up an order, instead of looking further? As for what those may say who do not understand business, I care nothing."

"That is all well and good, but what will Miss Eliza think? They say women have odd notions on such subjects, and perhaps her views may not coincide with yours."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Barlow. "Hoskins & Co. are a house with whom any one would be glad to do business. However," he continued, after a pause of thought; "the girl may possibly raise objections, and were our aviso despatched, and a different article sent from what we promised, the same might be considered a breach of faith. Thank heaven! such a fault has never been committed by Samuel Barlow & Co. And as you, Nat, understand women better than I do, having courted that French Governess thirty years ago, though fortunately you did escape out of the net, I should like to have your opinion on the subject."

"Would it not be best for you," replied Nathaniel respectfully, "to hold a consultation with Miss Eliza before I despatch the letter?"

"Do you think so?" observed Mr. Barlow, impatiently. "I wish Hoskins & Co. had sent for twenty boxes of dry goods, rather than for this girl. However, we must know how the business stands before to-morrow; therefore summon my niece at once, and if she decides in the negative, as she may foolishly do, you must immediately put an advertisement in the Reporter. This will appear by eight o'clock, so that any person may apply before ten o'clock, allowing us time to write definitely by the Fortune."

Nathaniel simply bowed and left the cabinet, to do as requested.

Eliza Barlow was the daughter of Samuel Barlow's deceased brother, and was only taken into her uncle's house through fear of what commercial men might think, should he leave the orphan to struggle alone with poverty and loneliness. After giving her an education in a boarding school, he took her home at sixteen; though without allowing her to shew any interest in the domestic arrangements, since an old house-keeper possessed as entire sway over the mansion, as did Nathaniel in the counting room. She saw her uncle only at meals, and if

absent throughout the day no questions were asked, but the equipage or servant was always ready to attend her, without any intimation to Mr. Barlow, who was never more displeased than when she went to him with a request. Until this moment the thought of Eliza's marrying had not entered his mind, but now it flashed like a gleam of lightning.

Although greatly surprised by the summons, for she had never ventured into her uncle's counting room, Eliza hastened to obey it, first by pushing in her pocket a letter she had just been perusing. As Nathaniel opened the door, and she appeared before Mr. Barlow, he looked at her from head to foot, as if determining how far she fulfilled the requisites specified in his friend's letter, till, as if satisfied with the investigation, he cheerfully invited her to take a seat, and at once opened the business.

"Are you acquainted with the firm of Hoskins & Co. of Kingston, Jamaica? They deal in hardware and dry goods."

"It is the first time I ever heard the name, uncle," replied Eliza, astonished at the enquiry.

"It is a most respectable house, firm and solid in every respect."

"That is certainly advantageous for those who have anything to do with them," observed Eliza, smilingly.

"Yes! and for yourself who may also be concerned with them."

"Pray in what way could it be, uncle?"

"Very easily! very easily!" he exclaimed—"Hoskins & Co. wish to marry you."

"Impossible!" cried the maiden. "As I said before, the name of Hoskins is quite unfamiliar; nay, I do not know whether the man is young or old."

"Neither can I exactly tell you his age, only I know he is not one of those whiskered fellows who cluster on Sundays under the church porch, molesting women by their stares; but probably a sedate person, since I have transacted business with him for the last thirty years."

"Mr. Hoskins may be a very respectable gentleman," replied Eliza, "yet surely it is ridiculous in one of his years to think of marrying a girl whom he has never seen."

"No! he is a man of good sense," replied the uncle, "whom we have supplied with many hundred boxes of dry goods and hardware, and who puts entire trust in Samuel Barlow & Co."

"Then probably the idea of my marrying him originated with you," observed his niece, now fast rousing to a suspicion of the truth.

"No! not exactly, child," replied the merchant, handing her the business letter. "Here read for yourself that item number eight, and say whether you are willing to comply with the terms; for if not,

an advertisement will be presently sent to the Reporter, which is issued at 4 o'clock, P. M."

On reading this epistle, Eliza at first hardly knew whether to be angry or amused by her uncle's conduct; soon however the sad truth forced itself upon her, that the rich merchant felt towards her none of the pleasant ties of consanguinity; but that hitherto she had been fed and tended like a parrot in a cage, without being of use to any one, and only reserved for some moment when she might be bartered or disposed of like merchandise. Her first thought was to decline the match decidedly; her second to try and restrain the words in which she was about to express her angry feelings; and to reply to her uncle as though the whole was a mere business matter, since although he had never expressed towards her the slightest attachment, she could not forget he was her father's brother and had bestowed on her a home and education.

"I am sorry, uncle," she said, "that I cannot enter upon this very respectable connexion; but in case of your consent, I may comply with another offer which I have just received."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Barlow, bowing. "Is it as advantageous as that of Hoskins & Co?"

"Probably not as lucrative," replied Eliza. "It is a seaman who has made me the offer."

"A seaman! And are you not aware that the life of such a man depends greatly upon wind and weather?"

"And is not your merchandise, including myself, in case I should be sent, liable to the same risks?" remarked his niece somewhat bitterly.

"My goods are always insured."

"And I will have my husband insured."

"In a towline? A good notion, girl, I did not give you credit for so much thoughtfulness. Where did you get acquainted with this seaman?"

"I can hardly say I am acquainted; I only have cause to suspect that he is the handsome young man who has boarded opposite for several months, and whom I have often seen from my window; his name is Drummond, and here is his letter."

So saying, she drew the epistle from her pocket, and handed it to her uncle. It was brief, and written in a seafaring style. The writer commenced by saying that he had frequently seen Eliza at a distance, and believed that she had noticed him also. That his business had not allowed him to seek a nearer acquaintance, but that being about to sail, he could not deny himself the pleasure of offering her his hand, fearful as he was that she might be won by some one else before his return. He entreated an early answer, desiring her to send her letter to the firm of Gibbs & Sons, who would be acquainted with his direction, in case her uncle was ignorant of the same. He signed himself "J. W. Drummond."

"I know him!" said Mr. Barlow, nodding his head. "He is certainly an industrious man, and

one who has already amassed something; still I think you would prefer Hoskins & Co., since they do a much safer business."

"To tell the truth, uncle! I am quite determined against the match. In the first place I cannot go to Jamaica, where I would die of the fever the first summer; in the second place I will not marry a man who, however respectable he may be, is old enough for my father, if not grandfather; and lastly, I should prefer one whom at least I have had the pleasure of seeing."

"In your first objection there is some sense," observed Mr. Barlow, taking a pinch from his gold snuff box; "but the other two are hardly worth listening to, yet time presses; the Reporter comes out at 4 o'clock; and the "Fortune" sails to-morrow; as you are not willing to listen to Hoskins & Co., we must hurry over the business with Drummond. If you are willing to marry the man, I have, under certain conditions, no objections to your doing so: although I must tell you that his business, although lucrative, is more or less dangerous."

"Every girl who marries a seaman must prepare herself for that."

"At any rate, there must be some arrangements made to ensure your property, in event of his death; since I mean to allow you a certain income, which I have no notion your husband should lose in speculation. Promise me not to write to Jamaica, nor come to any understanding on the matter, until I have had a talk with him."

"Certainly! I will do as you desire, and thank you much for your kindness;" replied his niece—and in a few moments they separated, Mr. Barlow not at all angry at her refusal of his Jamaica friend, since the other offer seemed almost as advantageous; and Eliza hardly knowing how to determine immediately on her acceptance of a man with whom she had never exchanged a word, and whom she only suspected to be her neighbor, from the following circumstances.

About six months previous to the above conversation, Eliza's attention was attracted by a young naval officer, who boarded opposite Mr. Barlow's, and whose handsome exterior won the maiden's admiration, as she sat at the window with her work, while he was constantly busied in writing near his casement. After a while she fancied that the youth seemed reciprocally interested, and with little to employ her thoughts, they turned day and night on the unknown object of her admiration, although she acknowledged that it was weak and foolish so to do. Several months passed away, when one morning the stranger appeared at the window in a travelling dress, and stood for some moments looking towards Mr. Barlow's house, with a serious and almost sad expression, till when Eliza accidentally appeared, he pressed his hand to his heart, bowed low and presently disappeared.

On the following day a new occupant took possession of the chamber, and on enquiring from the maid, who boarded opposite? the servant replied that the room had been occupied by a handsome naval officer by the name of Drummond, who had however left the day before to take command of a ship. Often did Eliza, from this time, find her thoughts turning to the handsome seamen, she frequently sighed as she looked towards the window where he had been accustomed to set, and was greatly surprised to see a young man, closely resembling him, walking about the neighboring wharf. The only difference in their appearance was, that the one was fair complexioned, and the other darkened to an almost Spanish hue.

One day, while busied with some light needlework, a letter was brought in with Eliza's direction, and which proved to be the offer of marriage already referred to; its signature was "J. W. Drummond." "It must be he, and no other," whispered the voice of her heart, as she read its contents; for although the name was common in England, she believed that her admirer was her former neighbor, since he wrote that although not personally acquainted, he had often had the pleasure of seeing her. On confiding the matter to her maid, the letter almost settled her doubts by bringing in a visiting card, left, as her acquaintance, the porter at the boarding house had told her, by their late lodger, and on which was inscribed "William John Drummond."

"The matter is settled," observed Mr. Barlow, as he one morning entered his niece's chamber, a place with which he was but little acquainted. "I have spoken with Captain Drummond, informed him of your and my acceptance of his suit; and promised him to bestow on you two hundred pounds per annum. He will be here to-morrow week, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I chose that time to attend to this little matter, as it would be more convenient than on mail day. The betrothal can then take place in the presence of witnesses, and the necessary papers be executed."

"Oh! how good you are, dear uncle," cried Eliza, kissing his hand.

"I also told him that I should not object to his visiting you, and he will be here to-day."

"So soon?" exclaimed Eliza, blushing with agitation; "I did not know that he was in the city!"

"Yes! and he sails in a short time for France."

"For France! A British naval officer! What does he do there?"

"He attends to his business and a little besides. But what is this about a British officer? Drummond is captain of a merchant ship."

"Impossible! I have seen him in uniform."

"It must have been some fancy uniform then, for I have never observed him in any."

"Then you have been acquainted with him for a long time!"

"Not exactly, since I have never meddled with the smuggling trade."

"How! what do you mean, uncle?"

"Nay! I should have said nothing about it, since it may, and may not be true; although people report that Drummond is tolerable active in that business. This much is certain, that he is intimate with Hackstone & Co., who have made a fortune by contraband."

At the period of our story, smuggling was not held in such disrepute as at present, yet, nevertheless, Eliza was greatly disturbed by this intelligence; and she earnestly wished that the rumor, as her uncle said, might prove false. Yet greater was her anxiety on another point, whether the John William Drummond, who sued for her hand, was one and the same with the handsome stranger who had boarded opposite. What if he should be another, she mentally exclaimed, 'Ah! I shall have to marry him, whether he prove agreeable or disagreeable, since my uncle would never forgive me if I hesitated.'

While absorbed in these reflections, Captain Drummond was announced, and Eliza became so pale and tremulous, as to be unable to stand. The door opened and her lover entered; not her former neighbor, but a handsome man about thirty, who greatly resembled him, and whose animated and independent bearing stamped him immediately as a seaman. He seemed to notice the maiden's perplexity, and sought to remove it by observing that under common circumstances, his conduct might have been thought impertinent, in thus writing to her without a formal introduction; but that he was better acquainted with her than she supposed; since a friend of his had often spoken of her, before he himself had the pleasure of seeing her, which notice first induced him to sue for her hand. Fearful that she might become the affianced of another before he returned to Liverpool, he had determined to trust to luck like a seaman, and rejoiced that he had been so successful.

Drummond's honest and ingenuous manner of speaking, produced a favorable impression on Eliza, indeed almost any girl would have looked on him with favor; and it was therefore not to be wondered at, that interested by his lively conversation and prepossessing appearance, the image of the naval officer somewhat faded from her mind, and when, after a long interview, he departed, she felt that if not exactly a loving, she would not be an unhappy bride. The visit was repeated every day until the betrothal, on the evening previous to which Eliza's lover informed her that he had succeeded in procuring a witness to sign the papers on the following day. Without mentioning his name, he remarked that it was the same person who had first interested him in her favor, and who, no doubt, would be greatly surprised on learning the name of his bride.

It was about 4 o'clock on the appointed afternoon, when Eliza, Mr. Barlow, Nathaniel Simple and a few intimate friends, together with a lawyer, were collected in the merchant's drawing room.

Dressed in tasteful costume, the bride sought to appear tranquil and cheerful, while she waited the bride-groom's arrival; but in spite of her seeming attention to the conversation, which turned principally on commercial subjects, she could not repress emotions of anxiety and alarm; and a hand cold as ice seemed to press on her heart, as a carriage rolled up; voices were heard on the stairs; and Drummond entered, attended by the young naval officer who had resided opposite.

After introducing him to the master of the house, her lover brought him up to Eliza, observing playfully, "here is my brother, whom I commend to your mercy, although he really does not deserve it. Would you believe it, after first inducing me through his enthusiastic admiration of you, to sue for your hand; after promising to become the witness of our union, he dared this morning to plead that he might be excused from attending, under pretext of some very urgent business; nay, even now, he only shows himself on condition that I allow him to depart in an hour."

William Drummond blushed deeply and stammered some unintelligible words of excuse; while Eliza, overcome almost to fainting, scarcely heard her uncle, when looking at his watch, he desired the notary to read aloud the marriage contract. She however supported herself tolerably well till he came to the clause, "Miss Eliza Barlow promises to marry John William Drummond," when she began to totter, a feeble "no! no!" broke from her lips, and she sank senseless on the ground.

It is impossible to describe the confusion produced by this unexpected occurrence; the company dispersed, physicians were called in, who declared her attack to be convulsion of the most dangerous character; and in truth more than a month elapsed, during which she languished between life and death. In the meanwhile, John Drummond had been compelled by business to make a short voyage; but immediately on his return he received a letter from Eliza, in which she declared that she could not marry him, since by so doing, she would only cause unhappiness to both, but declined giving any reason for change of purpose; and when her lover wrote, pleading an interview, she declined any personal meeting, even while she assured him of her continued friendship and esteem.

Shortly after this time, John entered his brother's chamber, while both were on a sojourn at Plymouth. With a melancholy countenance he handed William an open letter, exclaiming, "read this, she loves you! I am convinced of it. Ah! had you acted more openly, all would have been different."

"I assure you I never had an idea of marrying

her," rejoined William, "since how could I have supported her with my lieutenant's pay? and I am sure her rich uncle would never have consented to so poor a match."

"But you must marry her!" said John in a mournful tone, "I will try and persuade Barlow to allow you the same income which he promised me."

"Never! I will neither be supported by the merchant, or deprive my brother of his betrothed."

"But she is mine no longer, dear William: sue at once for Eliza's hand, and thus make false the old saying, that twins born in the parsonage will always cause unhappiness to each other."

"How can you be so superstitious? An unlucky chain of circumstances alone has caused this misunderstanding, which might as easily have existed between mere acquaintances. If I had said Eliza interested me, and that I intended courting her as soon as I was able to support a wife, you would never have thought of choosing her, but as I could not hope for any success, I did not refer to my own feelings. You see it is all mere accident."

"Be it as you wish, but I am convinced that one of us will bring misfortune on the other, and as we love one another, let us adopt the safe resolution of never meeting again if possible."

"Gracious Heavens! what a dreadful thought! Ah! I see that you hate me for being the unhappy cause of your separation from Eliza."

"Be composed, dear William, such is not the case, but only that something tells me that an unhappy fate hangs over us. You misunderstand me when you imagine that I propose to resign all future intercourse. No! I shall constantly think of you with anxious affection, and we will correspond together. Accident favors my views; in a few days I sail for Boston, where the wealthy owner of a ship has made me a very liberal offer, if I will accept its command for two years."

"Think, brother, of what you are about to do; for the sake of a mere old woman's story you will forsake old England to go the United States, where even now the Hydra of rebellion is raising its head. As a good seaman, you must see into what a conflict your business may lead you as a British subject."

"Nothing won without danger;" exclaimed John, "If I had not ventured something, I should not have amassed the little fortune which I now possess. You must allow that I would not have advanced as quickly had I entered the navy."

"I own it; and never envied you, though receiving such small pittance myself. Nay," he added, after a pause, in which he seemed trying how best to soften his expression, "I have often been anxious on your account."

"You mean as regards the Custom House laws?"

"Yes! you must acknowledge that you run a risk in disregarding them as you do."

"Risk! What seaman cares for that? I never think of it."

"I know it! Your active spirit, your fearless disposition, may I add? your loose notions in regard to the laws, constantly lead you into danger. I entreat you, John! do not go to America."

"Nay! but I must," replied his brother, with a deep sigh. "A destiny hangs over the lot of man, and he can no more draw himself out of its influence, than can the moth which hovers above the candle. Look not so sorrowful, William, it is best that we should separate."

In spite of all his brother's entreaties and remonstrances, John remained firm in his first resolution, and when a few days after, he bid William farewell, he entreated him to preserve for him the same affection; advised him to explain his feelings to Eliza, since he himself had totally resigned the idea of marrying, and requested him, in the event of his death, to open his will, which he would find in the hands of notary Reynolds of Liverpool.

It was about this time that the well known stamp act was passed in the British parliament, greatly embittering the Americans against the mother country; a feeling which was further increased, when a duty on tea roused them to such excess of feeling, that boarding a vessel which just then arrived from the East Indies, they threw the whole of its cargo overboard, which act so provoked the government as to cause them to close the port of Boston, and declare null the charter of Massachusetts. This was the commencement of the war.

The brief limits of our story will not allow us to linger longer on this subject, than merely to call the attention of our readers to the cluster of large and small islands lying in the neighborhood of New York, and of which Long Island is the principal. This was the most important point for the warlike preparations, and the Generalissimo of the English army being aware of it, determined to make it the first place he would attack with his force of twenty thousand men. As Washington only commanded an army of sixteen thousand, he was obliged to act principally on the defensive; though knowing as he did, that Long Island formed the key to New York, he not only fortified it with 9,000 men under General Sullivan, but also equipped a number of small cutters, which hovered about the narrow channels among the Islands, ready at any favorable moment to make for sea, should the appearance of any British vessels offer them booty. Many American owners of vessels fitted out cutters at their own cost, placing them under experienced Captains, and it may be readily supposed that the number increased daily, since patriotism and self-interest were thus made to go hand in hand. One of these privateers, a vessel carrying ten or twelve guns, had in particular been very successful in its

excursions against the foe, and was commanded by a young man of handsome exterior and good education, who had only lately been entrusted with the "Gray Shark," as the privateer was called.

The English fleet had been for several days lying at the mouth of the Hudson, when Admiral Lord Howe called together all the Captains under his command, to make arrangements for an intended attack. Most of them were men of mature age, and to them he freely talked over his various plans; at length turning to a young officer, who was no other than William Drummond, and who had listened with considerable interest to the consultation, he said, "I regret, sir, that I shall have to employ you in a less agreeable though no less honorable business than the one on which our friends here are about to enter; but the peculiar swiftness of your ship renders it better suited than any other to the undertaking. I have just learned that the privateer called the Gray Shark, which has distinguished itself by its daring acts, lies about forty miles eastward of this, I wish you immediately to sail in search of her; should you encounter her and she refuses to surrender, sink her at once, for it is necessary to make an example of her. The wind is favorable, and you may sail to-day."

Eager to obey the orders of his superior, William Drummond was ready in a quarter of an hour, and before night drew on, he was on the high sea, although the favorable breeze had gradually lessened. The following morning proved so foggy, that it was impossible to discover the foe, and Drummond therefore lessened sail, fearful that the privateer might pass him and shelter herself among the Islands before he could pursue her. As he walked up and down the poop, with his hands clasped behind his back, watching the fog as it took grotesque forms under the influence of the rising breeze, the loud cry was heard from the sailor stationed on the mast, "of a ship on the lee side, sir;" and on looking out the commander immediately perceived a large boat under sail, which soon reached the vessel. In a few moments, a man, whose dress marked him as superior to his companions, mounted on board the "Vulture," and introduced himself as the captain of the bark "Mercury" from Liverpool, laden with provisions for the army, and which only two hours previously had been attacked by a vessel bearing the American flag. Opposition was not to be thought of; since, as the stranger affirmed, his foe was a ship with twelve guns. He and his crew were thrown into a large boat, with a cask of water and a few kegs of biscuit, and what had become of the "Mercury" he knew not, since he was compelled to set sail instantly.

"Will you continue your course to land, or will you aid us in trying to overtake this bold privateer?"

"Oh! sir, most gladly will I accompany you," replied the captain of the Mercury, and calling his

sailors on board, the "Vulture" soon spread its winds for full flight in the direction of the foe, till when the sun broke suddenly through the mist, he called aloud to Drummond, "There she lies, see! still at the side of my vessel."

On looking in the direction pointed out, William perceived a small schooner, and at its side a vessel with three masts, both about half a mile distant. "Down with the main-sail!" he commanded, and soon the "Vulture" dashed so quickly through the water, as to tremble at its keel. Meanwhile the captain of the "Mercury" stood with spy-glass in hand, scarcely able to restrain his impatience, till suddenly dropping it, he muttered, "too late! too late! The ship lies deeper in the water than it did a minute ago. Gracious Heavens! they are sinking it;" and as Drummond caught up a glass, he observed that the masts of the bark moved violently backwards and forwards, and presently the whole vessel disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

"Up, my men, prepare the vessel for combat," cried William, passionately; "yonder fellow shall repent this shameful act." His orders were obeyed with the greatest promptness, while the privateer, on her part, filled her top-sail and appeared ready to manœuvre. As soon the captain of the Vulture had appeared so near as cannon shot, he hoisted the British flag and let fly a few balls, which sunk at some fathoms from the bow-sprit of the privateer. These were quickly returned by a girdle of fire, above which was hoisted the American flag.

"Stand fast by your guns," cried Drummond, as splinters from the masts and shreds of canvass told of the enemy's successful shot; while, without noticing it, the Vulture still pressed its way through the deep, until it stood at only musket-shot distance from the foe. A regular cannonade now ensued, and lasted almost half an hour, while neither vessel changed its position more than the length of its cable. Now and then a puff of wind blew aside the misty veil which enveloped both barks, and then might be seen the devastation which had been committed. The shots of the privateer had been directed pretty high; indeed it was easy to see that its captain sought to render his adversary as incapable as possible of manœuvre, for all the yards were hung with tattered canvass and cordage, and had the American sought to escape, the Vulture would have found it difficult to follow her, though the former had received some little injuries in the trunk and netting sails. The ships now falling off on the wind, glided slowly side by side, streams of fire playing from their flanks.

"Yonder man understands his business well;" observed Drummond to the captain, his companion, "it is a pity he was not engaged in a better cause. But let us approach him nearer, our calibre is stronger than his, and we will fire low, so as to produced a good leak if possible; yet never have I

seen the smoke thus lie on the poop. Port the helm! Close on the larboard; and now for your pistols, the matter must have an end."

The noise of the combat was now indeed fearful. The roar of the cannon-shots; the whizzing of the bullets; the splinters of wood which flew in every direction; the cries of the wounded; all together formed a Babel-like scene, and the fight had raged for almost an hour, when suddenly one of the masts of the privateer, struck by a ball, fell with a loud crash. A loud "hurrah" from the Vulture proclaimed the victory; but to the command to lower the flag, the Gray Shark only returned a fresh cannonade. The Vulture now shot on the beak of the privateer, and on both sides preparations for boarding were made; the firing ceased; and all hands seized on muskets, sabres and axes. Already had a couple of sailors of the Vulture thrown out ropes, when springing to the poop, Drummond exclaimed, "cut that rope, let the ship drive on, there is fire in the privateer."

His command was immediately obeyed; and presently a stream of fire shot up from the deck of the foe; a cloud of smoke rose from its body, even to the top-masts; and a fearful crash so compressed the surrounding air, as to toss over the British vessel on its side; while as the black volumes dispersed, they could perceive that the place where the privateer laid was now empty and unoccupied, though masses of wreck floated all around on the heaving waters.

"Let us steer in the direction of the wreck, and rescue some of the crew if possible," commanded the captain of the second mate; but before the Schooner could reach the spot, the struggling sailors, had all disappeared, except one, who still combatted with the waves.

"He lives! yonder is the Captain of the Privateer!" and as Drummond looked in the same direction, and gazed on the face of the drowning man as the waves closed over him, he shrieked aloud, "Oh, my God! my God! Let down a boat! Save him! it is no other than —;" and unable to articulate another word, he was obliged to lean against the side of the vessel, while several sailors immediately obeyed his orders, though without success, since the body had sunk to rise no more.

Hardly in a situation to extend any directions to his crew, with tottering steps, Drummond reached the cabin; where throwing himself on a chair, he covered his face with his hands, as if to banish the fearful remembrance. "No! it is impossible! It could not have been John. My beloved brother would not have directed his cannon against the flag of old England. And yet that face was so like his. Gracious heavens! what am I to think?" then rising quickly, he paced up and down the apartment, muttering aloud. "No! I feel certain that I am mistaken. It must have been some one who greatly resembled him. How could I deter-

mine in that momentary glance?" And thus he sought to quiet his dark forebodings, till on the next day, they arrived in sight of Long Island.

On reaching New York, Drummond made enquiries in every direction, to discover who was the captain of "Gray Shark;" and though the information was very uncertain, he learned one fact which somewhat quieted his restless spirit, namely, that he was an Englishman by the name of John Walker. Soon, however, fresh doubts tormented him; for what was more natural than that his brother should change his name in taking part with the rebels, since as an American, if he could sustain that disguise, he would be treated less severely if taken prisoner. With his feelings wound up to the highest pitch, William determined to resort to the last expedient for discovering the truth, and accordingly wrote to the house in Boston, with whom John had entered into the contract as Captain. What was his disappointment, when on the subsequent day, he was summoned to appear before Admiral Howe, who informed him, that he wished him to sail immediately for England. "A committee of Congress," said he, "consisting of Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, have presented themselves before me to offer a treaty, which they believe will prove advantageous to both countries, I must however have instructions, and full power for acting, and as your ship is a quick sailer, I trust to see you back in three months, or at the least ten weeks. You will receive your despatches in the course of two hours."

Although Drummond was gratified by the duty assigned him, as well as by a hint from one of Lord Howe's adjutants, that the Admiral had recommended him to the British ministers for promotion, yet to depart before receiving an answer from Boston, was most distressing. He felt hardly able to endure the long months of agonizing uncertainty. Day and night, yes, even in his dreams, the pale, deadly face of the drowning seaman rose before him; and it was well that the anxieties attendant on a stormy passage, somewhat detached his mind from the one absorbing fear.

On reaching London, he learned that the business on which he had been sent, could not be determined in less than ten days; and taking advantage of the time, he hastened to Wales, and reached his native village on the midnight of the second day. A beautiful moonlight shone on the traveller, as he rode rapidly along the avenue of fruit trees leading to the parsonage, but what was his surprise, when on stopping at the gate, he discovered a large and newly built house, standing in the midst of the shrubbery, while the mansion, where he was born, was already unroofed, the sashes taken out, and the whole apparently about to be pulled to pieces. Overcome by varied emotions, William now dismounted from his horse, relieved him of his saddle, and passing through a side gate, which was

only fastened by a button, led the animal into the stable, then entering the garden, he roamed up and down its narrow walks, yielding to the remembrances of his boyhood, and quite undetermined whether to arouse his parent or not. "It is almost a pity to disturb them at this untimely hour," he said; "in a short time dawn will break, and the night is so calm and beautiful that I can sleep here as well as at the foot of the mast." With these words, he took his seat on the stone bench beneath the ancient yew trees and was soon fast asleep. He might have slumbered a half hour, when he was aroused by a dream, and on opening his eyes, what was his surprise to see a lady seated on the bench beside him. On looking at her, he perceived that she was about forty years of age; and although her face was very pale and rather expressionless, yet she was by no means unhandsome. Supposing her some acquaintance of his parents, then on a visit at their house, who had been probably induced by the summer temperature to enjoy the cool air of the garden, he politely observed, "You are perhaps surprised, Madam, to find a stranger intruding here at this time."

"No!" was her brief reply.

"I am William Drummond. Do my parents expect me?" was his next question.

"I know it. They do."

"Have you been long here?"

"Yes! a long while."

"I am astonished that my father never mentioned you in his letters."

"Perhaps he did."

"And I am also greatly delighted to find this comfortable new residence so superior to the old."

"I reside in the old."

"Indeed," why it seems almost pulled down."

"At least I will remain in it as long as it stands."

The young man was rather unpleasantly affected by the stranger's brief, unceremonious manner, but anxious to learn further, he observed, "excuse me, Madam, if I inquire whether my father has learned through the papers, or any other way, the news of a conflict between my vessel, the "Vulture," and an American privateer? I am exceedingly anxious to learn the name of the man who commanded the latter."

"He will know all to-morrow," observed the woman in a hollow tone. The Captain's name was John Drummond."

"Gracious Heavens! are you sure of it?" cried William, springing up; but ere he could utter another word, the figure had vanished away. "Am I awake or dreaming," he continued after a long pause, during which he looked wildly around him, and yet all is so real; so life-like! What if I am losing my senses? Surely I was not asleep! My mind seemed as awake as at this moment," and with such doubts he tormented himself, till at day-dawn he heard a window unbolted, and rushing into

the house, was soon clasped in the arms of his delighted, but trembling parents.

After several enquiries, William ventured to ask when they had last heard from his brother, and a hundred weight seemed to fall from his breast, on being informed that his last letter, dated from Boston, mentioned that he had taken command of a vessel about to sail for the Southern ocean, and that they must feel no uneasiness, should they hear nothing for a long period.

Mrs. Drummond now turned the conversation to their new residence, which she described as being most convenient in every respect; adding, that the old parsonage was to be pulled down in a few days.

"Dear Mother! was it not a strange notion to let it out to a lodger?" asked her son, immediately recalling his midnight companion.

"I know of no lodgers but the mice, which I trust will not follow me into my new home, by reason of hammering in the old."

"No! no! I mean the lady whom I met last night sitting under the Yew-tree, and with whom I had some conversation."

The parents looked astonished at each other, while the mother exclaimed, "we have no lodger, who could this have been?" and when their son described the interview, they both declared that he must have been dreaming, and with his memory refreshed by revisiting the home of his boyhood, had probably mingled the legend of "the Gray Lady" in his drowsy visions.

William was almost ready to believe that their surmise might be true; and engrossed in subjects of mutual interest among which William's adventures at sea were not forgotten, the day past till at evening a servant came in with a package of letters, among which the pastor immediately recognised the hand writing of a friend in Liverpool. Breaking it open, he commenced reading its contents, but presently it fell from his hands, and sinking back into his chair, he exclaimed, "Father in Heaven! It is too much! Too much!"

"For God's sake! what ails you?" cried William, as he sprang to the old man's assistance.

"Read this, my poor, unhappy son!" was the only reply.

William picked up the sheet and read as follows:

"*Dear Friend,*—I regret to be the herald of most unhappy news. Jenkins & Son inform me, that they have just received a letter from Hudson & Co., Boston, who beg them to forward to you the following intelligence. You are aware that the above mentioned Boston house, some time since employed the services of your son, John Drummond, as Captain of one of their vessels equipped for the Southern Ocean. As the blockade of Boston, however, took place before the vessel could sail, Drummond, who favored the cause of the

Americans, took command of the privateer 'Gray Shark' instead, and changing his name to John Walker, so as to conceal his disloyalty from his parents until the end of the war, he bore many prizes into port, and was greatly valued by the Americans. The 'Gray Shark' being lately engaged in conflict with the royal cruiser, the 'Vulture,' was blown up from a cannon shot, which entered into his hold, and your son, together with every one on board, perished."

Thus was the unhappy truth established, which William had so long hoped might prove otherwise. His twin brother, the companion of his childhood, the friend, whose course he had so anxiously watched for many years, to be thus doomed to death through his means! Ah! he felt that the legend was too true, that his midnight companion was not the visitant of a disturbed dream!

We will not attempt to describe the mournful hours that ensued. The mother sat overwhelmed with grief; the old pastor's face grew almost stern, as he sought to repress his anguish; while unable to restrain his burst of agony, the hapless William lamented himself loudly and continually as the cause of his brother's untimely fate. "Nay, it was Providence, I will not say fate, which has caused this dreadful event," said the father, pressing his son's hand in his.

William tried to believe it, but it was long before he could be comforted.

In the course of a few days, he set off for Plymouth, there to receive the orders to be conveyed to America, and on reaching Lord Howe's fleet, he found all so actively engaged, as to induce him to take a part in the conflict himself till the war ended; when he returned to his native land, where his parents were still alive. On reaching Liverpool the notary put into his hands his brother's will, by which he found himself sole heir to a considerable fortune. He was deeply affected by its last paragraph, where John entreated him to sue for Eliza Barlow's hand, if she still remained unmarried.

It must be allowed that the young Captain's thoughts had often secretly turned to this early and only object of his affection, but since this brother's disappointment, he had never felt it right to build his happiness on his ill fortune. Now that the wish was so clearly specified in this his last testament, he determined to yield to the fervent inclinations of his heart, and on making anxious enquiries concerning the maiden, he learned that she was still unmarried and contrived to win an introduction by writing to her and laying before her John's will. Her reply was highly satisfactory, for she referred him to her uncle, Mr. Barlow, who viewing the matter as a business affair, expressed himself well satisfied by her choice, and not only bestowed on her a rich portion on the occasion of her marriage, which took place in a few months, but left her a large fortune at his death.

Immediately after their union, the young couple set off for Wales, where the inmates of the new parsonage bestowed on their third daughter-in-law a most affectionate welcome. The site of the old house was now occupied by a garden; and as William led his bride to the seat beneath the yew tree, whose trunk was now decayed and crumbling with age, he related to her the legend, which was connected with the torn-down dwelling, and they wept together over the fate of the luckless John.

MARY E. LEE.

THE WANDERER.

(From the German of Goethe.)

BY C. L. L.

Wanderer.—God bless you, young woman,
And the blooming boy
On your bosom!
Let me here, beneath this rocky wall,
Throw off my burden
And rest by your side.

Woman.—What brings you hither
Through the heat of the day,
Along the dusty path?
Do you carry wares from the city
Through the county round?
You smile, stranger,
At my question.

Wand.—No wares I carry from the city.
The evening now becomes cool:
Show me the fountain
From which you drink,
Good young woman.

Wom.—Here, up this rocky path.
Go on before!—Through the thicket
Goes the path to the hut
In which I dwell,
To the fountain
Which I drink.

Wand.—Traces of fashioning human hands
Through the thicket!
These stones thou hast not joined,
Richly-strewing Nature!

Wom.—Farther up!

Wand.—An architrave covered with moss!
I recognize thee, forming spirit,
Thou hast imprint thy seal
Upon the stone!

Wom.—Farther, Stranger!

Wand.—An inscription over which I tread,
Not to be read!
Ye have disappeared
Deeply-engraven words,

That were to show your master's piety
To following generations!

Wom.—Do you gaze, Stranger,
At these stones?
Up yonder, round my dwelling
There are many stones.

Wand.—Up yonder?

Wom.—Now to the left;
On through the thicket!
Here.

Wand.—Ye Muses and Graces!

Wom.—This is my hut.

Wand.—The ruins of a temple!

Wom.—Down here
Flows the well
Which I drink.

Wand.—Glowing, O Genius,
Thou art moving
Over thy grave!
Above thee
Has fallen together
Thy masterpiece,
O, immortal one!

Wom.—Wait: I'll bring the vessel
For thee to drink from.

Wand.—Ivy has clothed
Your slender sacred forms,
Ye lonely columns!
How ye rise up
From among the ruins!
And thou, lonely sister there,
How the dark moss
On your holy capitals,
Mourning, majestically looks down
Upon those,
Mould'ring at your feet,
Your companions.
In the thorny thicket's shade
Rubbish and earth cover them,
And the high grass wave o'er them.
Is it thus, thou valuest, O Nature,
The masterpiece of thy Masterpiece!
Insensible, thou destroyest
Thy sanctuary,
Sowest thistles in it.

Wom.—How the boy sleeps!
Will you rest within the hut,
Stranger,—or will you rather
Remain here in the open air?
It is cool. Take the boy
That I may go to fetch water.
Sleep, love, sleep!

Wand.—Sweet is your rest.
How bathed in heavenly health,
Quietly he breathes!
Thou, born o'er the remains
Of the sacred past,
May its spirit rest on thee!
He 'round whom it moves
Will enjoy each day
With the self-enjoyment of the Gods.

Bloom on, full germ,
Glorious ornament
Of the early year,
And shine before your companions.
And when th' encircling flower
Has fall'n away,
May then the richest fruit
Rise from your breast
And ripen to the sun!

Wom.—God bless him! and sleeps he yet?
I have nothing with the cool drink
I can offer you but a piece of bread.

Wand.—How blooming all around
And green!

Wom.—My husband will soon
Be here
From the field.
O stay, Wanderer,
And eat with us
Our evening bread!

Wand.—You dwell here?

Wom.—Here between these walls.
This hut my father built,
Of tiles and stones
From these heaps.
Here we live.
He gave me to a peasant
And died in our arms :—
Have you slept, my heart?
How lively and
Playful he is.
Little rogue!

Wand.—Nature ever-germinating,
To life's enjoyment each one thou createst,
Hast furnished with maternal care
All of thy children
With a heritage,
E'en of a hut!
High 'gainst the cornice
Builds the swallow,
Insensible what ornaments
She may deface;
The caterpillar for her brood
Weaves 'round the golden twig
Her house.
And thou, O man, amidst
The lofty ruins of the past,
Buildest up a hut
To meet thy wants,
And livest and mov'st over graves!
Adieu, happy mother!

Wom.—You will not remain?

Wand.—Heaven bless you
And your boy.

Wom.—God be with you.

Wand.—Whither leads the path
Over yonder mountain?

Wom.—To Cuma.

Wand.—How far thither?

Wom.—Three good miles.

Wand.—Adieu.

Direct my path, O Nature,
—The Stranger's wandering step,—
While I pass
Over sepulchres
Of the sacred Past.
Direct it to a safe retreat,—
Safe from the North,
And where
The whisp'ring poplars
Keep off the beams of noon.
And when at eventide
Home I return
To my hut
Gilded by the sun's last ray,
May such a wife receive me
With the blooming boy
Upon her arm!

HANNIBAL AND BONAPARTE.

The Mediterranean and its shores have been from time immemorial the theatre of great events. The delightful climate, the exemption from tides, the fertility of the surrounding countries, especially on its northern and eastern shores, the number of fine harbors, have all contributed to give it unrivalled commercial advantages. The most flourishing and enlightened nations of antiquity clustered around it, until it finally assumed its present appellation of Mediterranean, or *Midland* sea.

At one of the most splendid of all the great cities now on its margin, about 238 years before Christ, was presented a scene of great interest and animation. The two harbors of this emporium, which was situated on the southwestern edge of the sea, were both filled with ships. The outer harbor contained trading vessels arriving and departing in great numbers; the inner separated from it by a wall, was completely covered with war vessels and transports, apparently preparing for some important expedition. The General and his army that were on the point of embarking, had just been engaged in sacrifice. The altars of Melkarth, the tutelary deity of the Carthaginians, were reeking with the blood of victims bestial and human, and from the hollow image of the dreadful Baal issued the stench of consuming flesh, when there suddenly appeared at the commander's side, one whose mien strangely contrasted with that of the veteran soldiers, and rough sailors, who stood around. This was a boy, whose person and countenance might have made him pass in a colder climate for 14 or 15, but whose real age was only nine.

He was perfectly formed, and moved with the utmost grace and animation. His complexion was nearly as dark as that of a negro; but the woolly head, the thick lips, the flat nose of the Ethiopian were wanting. His symmetrical features as well

as elegant person, might have formed a subject for a Grecian painter or statuary. His flashing black eyes expressed a boldness, penetration, and sagacity, far beyond what might have been expected from his age, even in that tropical climate. The soldiers and sailors, many of whom evidently recognized the gallant boy, smiled on him, as he worked his way through the crowd to the spot, where the commander was busy in giving directions to his principal officers.

A stranger would at once have discovered a strong resemblance between this veteran General, and the stripling who was approaching him so eagerly. The complexion, the outline of form, the features were the same; but the sinewy limbs of the old man had not only reached their full development, but had been evidently indurated by constant toil and exposure. His brow was furrowed with the deep lines of care, and bore tokens of deep mortification, if not of serious disaster. Yet his countenance immediately relaxed from its usual expression of stern, yet melancholy resolution, when his eye rested on the animated movements and striking appearance of the young Hannibal. Much as Hamilcar mourned over the sinking fortunes of his country, he derived some consolation from his son's extraordinary promise. He therefore gazed on him with parental pride, as he asked him what had induced him to leave his weeping mother for a scene so unsuitable to his tender years.

"Unsuitable," exclaimed Hannibal, "it is the only scene fit for a warrior's son; it is the scene in which I wish to live and die: my dear father, will you not permit me to accompany you to Spain?"

"My gallant boy, you are not yet able to endure the fatigues and hardships of a camp, stay to comfort your mother, until you are old enough to be *my* companion."

"Father, I can bear any fatigue; my frame is hardy, and, even if it were not, the spirit which I have inherited from you, would sustain me in every toil. I cannot remain with women, while my best friend and instructor is far away."

The old soldier was strongly moved and hesitated a moment, ere he replied—"You shall accompany me on one condition."

"Name it—it must be hard indeed, if I do not fulfil it to the letter."

"Listen to me, my boy. Carthage was once the mistress of yonder sea, and rapidly extending her dominion over all its important islands. But a power, with which she long maintained amicable relations, and which had no naval pretensions until recently, has shorn her of this supremacy, and expelled her from Sicily and Sardinia. The insurrections of our African subjects, which we have just quelled, show that our hold on them is very frail, while our enemies, the Romans, have set foot in Spain, and are determined to share with us that fine country, which has been handed down to us, as a

sort of inheritance from our ancestors, the Phœnicians. The object of this fleet and army, is to secure our possession of that peninsula, with all its rich mines, to extend our influence with the natives, and, when we have driven the Romans over the Pyrenees, to follow them, gathering auxiliaries in our progress through Gaul, and at last, having crossed the Alps, to pour down like an avalanche on Italy. You shall go with me, share my counsels, see my plans matured, and, if I die too soon, execute them, by taking vengeance on the accursed Romans, and raising your country to former power and grandeur. Will you swear on this altar eternal enmity to the Roman name?"

Hannibal, whose ardent soul had been completely kindled by the enumeration of his country's losses, and the development of his father's plan for retrieving them, readily assented. His father led him to the altar, smoking with the blood of victims just sacrificed, and there bound him, in the presence of assembled thousands, to manifest on the earliest opportunity that hostility to the Roman people which should end only with his life.

This done, the boy's preparations for departure were soon made, and his adieus soon spoken, for the name Barcae, said, in the Carthaginian language, to mean lightning, well characterized the family to which he belonged. His own, which is, being interpreted, the "favor of Baal," may be considered ominous of the remarkable success which attended his early campaigns.

We shall now transfer our readers to another and far humbler scene, which occurred more than two thousand years after the one which we have just been describing.

About five degrees a little to the north of west from Carthage, is situated a small town, on an island third in size among those in the Mediterranean, but greatly inferior to many in fertility and resources. Its people, rough like its surface, have been always distinguished by their hardihood and spirit of wild independence. Too small for the permanent maintenance of an independent government, this island has successively belonged to Phœnicians, Phœceans, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Genoese and French. The Corsicans were always restless and impatient subjects, and never submitted to the feudal system, once almost universal in Europe. Some ten years before the period of which we now speak, Genoa, wearied with ineffectual attempts to establish her odious authority in the island, had transferred her claims to France. That powerful country had easily defeated the efforts of the brave patriot Paoli to establish a free government, and, driving him into exile, compelled his countrymen to receive the yoke.

Some of Paoli's followers had not only submitted, but had insinuated themselves into the favor of the French Governor. One of these who had with difficulty been dissuaded from sharing his for-

tunes, when he fled to England, was now residing near Ajaccio, said to have been founded by a son of Ajax, and in ancient times bearing the name of Urcinium.

At this gentleman's residence, a short distance from the town, one beautiful morning in the month of April, 1779, there was heard an unusual bustle. The establishment was plain, but respectable; in its piazza might be seen its master and mistress, both persons strikingly handsome, surrounded by a group of beautiful children. Among them was a boy of 12 and another of 10, whose evidently depressed spirits the elder and milder-looking brother was attempting to cheer. The parents seemed divided between joy and grief, and while actively engaged in preparations for the departure of some member of the family, occasionally paused, to cast a look of mingled pride and melancholy at the younger of the two boys. This son's features were regular, his eyes uncommonly brilliant, and the bold and decided expression of his countenance only partially obscured by a passing cloud of sorrow. His person, notwithstanding his youth, was sufficiently developed in that warm region, (for although the latitude is that of Boston, the climate is very warm,) to admit the commencement of military training. He was starting to the military school at Brienne, in which Count Marboeuf, the French Governor, had just procured him a place.

When the time of departure came, the smaller children gathered around, the elder brother held him by the hand, and his father bade him an affectionate, but almost silent adieu. But the mother, whose face bore marks of high energy and intellect, and with whom he was an evident favorite, took her darling boy aside.

"Napoleon," said she, "the world is now before you, be industrious, be prudent, be daring, and you will crown yourself and me with honor. Your country is no longer free; but you have before you a wider field of enterprise, opened by its very misfortunes. Distinction is attainable by merit even in France; you have good blood in your veins, and you have a head and spirit on which the proudest Frenchman cannot look down. If kept down in France, you can seek elsewhere that military glory which it is your fate to attain. Farewell, my brave boy, remember your mother's counsel and your own high destiny."

As his mother spoke, the blood mounted to her son's dark cheeks, his eye flashed, and his whole face was lighted up by enthusiasm. "Never," said he, "will I forget your counsel. I will fulfil my destiny, or perish in the attempt."

His mother stooped, parted the dark hair on his forehead, kissed it, dropped a single tear, and then led him to the carriage which conveyed him to the French vessel in which he embarked. His parents accompanied him to the shore, and gazed on the

departing ship, until nothing was longer visible on its decks.

Seventeen years after Hannibal sailed from the port of Carthage, we find him about four degrees northwest of Ajaccio, at the western base of the Alps, heading a large army. Carthaginians, Numidians, Belearic islanders, Spaniards, Ligurians and Gauls, were all found in that multifarious host. He had just succeeded in the difficult task of transporting his army, with all its baggage and elephants, across the deep and rapid Rhone, and although "November's sear and yellow leaf" had already appeared, was pressing on to those mighty snow-clad barriers which separated France from Italy, or, in ancient phraseology, Transalpine from Cisalpine Gaul.

How comes this quondam Carthaginian boy, now in the vigor of early manhood, into a region before untrod by foot of Carthaginian soldier?

To answer this question, it will be necessary to go back, and briefly trace his career from his first presentation to our readers.

He had never revisited his native country. His father had retained him in Spain under his own eye and pupilage. His literary education was not neglected, for Carthage was a colony of that Phœnicia from which letters had been introduced into Greece, and Hamilcar was far too great a man to undervalue literary culture. But his darling object, as well as that of his son, who had early imbibed all his enthusiasm on that subject, was to make the young man a great commander. For this it was not enough that he should perfect himself in all martial exercises, that he should be familiar with the routine of a camp, and all the tactical manœuvres then practised, that he should train himself to hardihood and daring in desultory warfare against the fierce Spaniards. All these things he did; but his father's sagacity perceived that far more was necessary for the accomplishment of his ultimate purposes. It was needful that he should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the resources and deficiencies of Carthage, and all her dependencies, and more especially of Spain, which was regarded as a great prize, on account of its agricultural fertility and mineral wealth. It was essential that he should understand the strength, and the weakness, the peculiarities, and the policy of those formidable adversaries, whose insatiable ambition, indomitable courage and perseverance were already grasping at universal empire. It was important to the success of his great plan, that it should not be suddenly developed, but that those who carried it into execution, should "bide their time." To the patience requisite for this purpose, was to be added the insinuating address necessary for gaining the confidence and affection of the Spaniards and other nations, whose co-operation was desired. Above all things, the young man was to be inspired with an undying love of Car-

thage, and hatred of Rome, a hatred similar to that which in after times, with far less excuse, prompted the "Delenda est Carthago" of the elder Cato. His long absence, which, under other circumstances, might have perhaps cooled the ardor of his patriotism, as it was, probably heightened the feeling in the bosom of Hannibal, by keeping him from witnessing with his own eyes whatever was offensive in the theory and practice of the Carthaginian government. The hatred and opposition of the aristocracy to the Barcine or his father's faction, were not allowed to lessen his whole-souled devotion to all the best interests of his country.

For eleven years Hamilcar was engaged in moulding the character, and directing the energies of his extraordinary son. When the father was killed in battle, the son, although still very young, was associated in command with Hasdrubal, son-in-law of Hamilcar, who for several years longer, skilfully prosecuted the grand scheme of Spanish conquest and colonization, and ultimate war with Rome. He subdued most of Southern Spain to the Iberus, and, while he made, and himself observed a treaty binding the Carthaginians, not to extend their operations beyond that river, it was evidently a mere rope of sand, whenever its infraction became the interest of Carthage. He built another Carthage, which became the centre of his power in Spain.

Immediately after his assassination, the young Hannibal was selected to fill his place, and the choice of the soldiers was ratified by the Carthaginian Senate.

His ardor, when no longer checked by the prudence of older heads, could not brook inactivity, and he set himself at once to the execution of his great scheme. He sent ambassadors to survey the routes, and request an undisturbed passage through Transalpine Gaul, and to solicit the Cisalpine Gauls to shake off the Roman yoke, which was peculiarly galling, from having been recently imposed on the necks of this fierce and brave people. This route for the invasion of Italy, may have been chosen for two reasons. First, the Carthaginians having lost their naval supremacy, were not so likely to undertake a naval expedition. In the second place, by the exploit of effecting so difficult a passage, he would secure the co-operation of those Gauls with whom the Romans, as was afterwards said by one of their own historians, always contended *non pro gloria, sed pro salute*. The emissaries of Hannibal, having reported that it was "difficult, but not impossible" to cross the Alps, he determined to follow in the track which had been assigned to Hercules by tradition, and, by the splendor of his achievement, at once strike terror into his enemies, and inspire with hope those inclined to become his allies.

As soon as he had completed these reconnoissances and intrigues, he commenced operations in

in the Spanish peninsula. In spite of great odds he gained a complete victory over some of those fierce Northern mountaineers, who in after ages long defied the power of imperial Rome. He took the strong and bravely defended Saguntum after a siege, in which he was himself severely wounded in the thigh, and for a time disabled. He then passed the Iberus with a very large army, whose ranks however were considerably thinned by his conflicts with the nations between that river and the Pyrenees, by the necessity of leaving troops to keep them in subjection, and finally by the failing hearts of many Spaniards whom he permitted to return home.

He pushed forward the 60,000 men who were left him with all the speed and energy which characterized all his subsequent movements. In the language of the Roman satirist, *Pyrenaeum Transilit*. He pushed on with unabated speed through the country of the Southern Gauls, whose friendship he had not been able to secure, and placed himself on the Eastern bank of the Rhone, before the Roman commander Scipio knew that he was in that region. The age of steamships and electric telegraphs had not arrived, and the means of communication between Spain and Italy were then so uncertain and tedious, that the Roman Senate had despatched an army by sea to Spain, with the hope of nipping in the bud the scheme of Hannibal. Great therefore was the astonishment of the consul, when he learned that his enemy was already in the heart of Gaul. He landed his force, expecting to contest the passage of the Rhone, but never saw any of the Carthaginians, except a small body of cavalry, which he defeated: it was not the policy of Hannibal to await in Cisalpine Gaul the issue of a general battle. He avoided the Roman army, and, having made every preparation which circumstances permitted, was about commencing the ascent of the Alpine chain, "despite the rage of the winter" and the anticipated assaults of the brave mountaineers. At this point we shall leave him for the present.

We shall pass over 2000 years, and transfer the attention of our readers to the region where the same Alps sink down on the Mediterranean. We shall there find an army commanded by the Corsican boy who left his home as a simple cadet. His troops were not a mixture of black Africans, swarthy Spaniards, and fair-haired Gauls, supported by a herd of those monstrous animals which the orientals had converted into warlike engines. The modern army was all Gallic, or to use the name derived from the German Franks, all French. They had recently made a bold stroke for the freedom implied in that name, and, not content with their own emancipation, had become the propagandists of revolutionary principles throughout Europe. They were now engaged in a war with the emperor of that Germany, which had, in past ages, sent down its hordes

of bold freemen to regenerate Southern Europe. The soldiers of Germany were now fighting the battles of despotism against the descendants of those very Franks and Burgundians who had emigrated from her borders.

But how came that little boy, from one of the most insignificant possessions of France, and that so recently acquired, to be at the head of one of her most important armies? How had he risen during those seventeen years into such distinction?

As already hinted, one of those great crises had occurred, in which all men of great practical talent rise by their native buoyancy to the proper level of their powers. Otherwise he might have languished in obscurity, a "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

Placed, not under the tuition of his father, but at a provincial military school, Napoleon Bonaparte had soon attracted attention by his genius and application, and being transferred to a higher school at Paris on that account, there sustained and even increased his reputation. After an examination, approved by some of the first scientific men in France, he received his first commission at the early age of sixteen. During his long absence from his native country, his attachment to it had not, as in the case of Hannibal, been kept alive by the precepts and influence of a father and other relatives; Bonaparte's father had despaired of his country's independence, and the young man was a beneficiary of the French government. While therefore he had in a great measure lost that local attachment, which, in the heart of the Carthaginian, survived an absence of thirty-six years, he had imbibed no strong attachment to the French monarchy, but shared largely in the revolutionary principles of the period.

His first real service was against his father's old friend Paoli, who finding himself deceived in his first favorable impressions concerning the tendency of the French revolution, had acted on his changed opinions, and in vain solicited the aid of Napoleon in the resistance which he had organized against France. His young favorite's French education and associations, his real or politic attachment to Jacobinism then in the ascendant, and his eagerness for a larger field of enterprise, deterred him from devoting his high genius to the establishment of his country's independence. In vain did his father's old commander remind him of their joint efforts, and sufferings in that noble cause, and stimulate the youthful ambition of the son to a rivalry of those heroes that he admired so much in the descriptions of Plutarch. His father was dead, and his mother, whose energy and decision were his best inheritance, wanted the influence, if not the inclination, to engage him in this romantic enterprise. Not satisfied with neutrality, he bore arms against his hereditary friend, and native island, and experienced the defeat and disaster which

such conduct merited. Escaping with difficulty from a tower which he had taken, and defended to the very borders of starvation, he, with his whole family, was banished.

But his adopted country soon gave him an appointment, that opened to his ardent gaze the long vista of coming glory. The people of Toulon, disgusted with the excesses of the Jacobins, had called in the aid of the English government. They were the allies of England, as the people of Saguntum were of Rome. Napoleon commanded the artillery in the force sent to reduce this town, denounced as an enemy of liberty and of France. It soon fell by a plan which his intuitive sagacity had suggested; but like Hannibal, he was wounded in the thigh, although it did not withdraw him from the active superintendence of his operations, as it did the ancient general. Most of the leading citizens of Toulon escaped by flight, not by suicide, as had been the case at Saguntum. But the Jacobins displayed more than Punic cruelty and treachery towards the remainder. The young artilleryman, however, although not particularly soft-hearted or scrupulous, must be exonerated from any voluntary participation in their butcheries. The overthrow of the Terrorists, the party to which he was then attached, over-clouded for a time the brilliant prospects opened to him by the capture of Toulon, and, during a short period, actually occasioned his confinement. During this interval of inactivity, his ardent imagination formed schemes of oriental achievement and conquest, not destined to be realized. Being recommended as a man "who would not stand upon ceremony," he aided the base "rump" convention, in crushing those honest citizens who were endeavoring to thwart its selfish and dangerous designs, and received his reward in the command of the army of Italy.

That army was probably about equal to the Carthaginian's in number, but wretchedly deficient in cavalry, in stores of every kind, and even in food, and watched by forces vastly superior. But his soldiers were all Frenchmen, exulting in having recently struck off their shackles, and in the victories achieved by their arms in other regions. Although here dispirited by temporary circumstances, they possessed all the French elasticity, and were capable of being inspired with all the enthusiasm of plunder and liberty. His determination to invade Italy, formed suddenly, and not like Hannibal's, after long meditation and preparation, was just the expedient to inspire his soldiers with ardor, and Europe with astonishment. It mattered not to him that he was sprung from Italian blood; he and his army were destitute, and eager to relieve their destitution by Italian spoils. It mattered not that he had no previous concert with the people of Lombardy; he trusted to the restless spirit then prevalent in Europe, to range these down-trodden serfs of Austria under his ban-

ners. He trusted by his system of concentration to vanquish in detail, and remove from his onward path the superior forces in front. We shall leave him at present to the indulgence of these daring hopes, and ascending the Alpine ridge, watch the progress and fate of the army which twenty centuries before had begun the ascent of those rugged summits.

We can perhaps best appreciate the effect of that difficult march by looking forward to the end of twelve years from its commencement.

The ardent boy at the Carthaginian altar, the energetic youth, to whom in vain *opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque*, ehad become the greatest commander of the age, wise in council and irresistible in the field. Hardships and watching had dimmed the brightness of one eye, and marred the beauty of his visage; but the other retained all its original fire, and had acquired that expression of profound penetration which is the result of long-continued familiarity with important and difficult affairs.

The lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.

But that cheek had lost the bloom of youth, and bore strong tokens of reckless exposure to Alpine snows and Italian heats. Yet his form was still unbent, and his constitution unbroken.

His army was stationed in the Southwestern portion of Italy, near Canusium, and there watched by a force under M. Claudius Nero, without any apparent intention on either side of bringing on a decisive contest. Hannibal was awaiting a reinforcement under Hasdrubal, who, in spite of the Roman force, under the Scipios, had forced his way out of the country, and reached Cisalpine Gaul by the same route which his brother had pursued.

Let us go back and see how, and through what vicissitudes, things had arrived at this condition.

It had not been without a deadly struggle with the rocks, the glaciers, and the people of the Alps that Hannibal had succeeded at last in carrying over his army diminished by half, exhausted, frost bitten, and of course ill-prepared for action. But early action was indispensable to fix the wavering Gauls, and to crush the gallant people who, although astonished at the bold manœuvre which he had just accomplished, were prepared to resist his farther progress to the death. Scipio, who had not been able to overtake him in Gaul, had sent on his own troops to their original destination, and sailing back to Northern Italy, had led some newly raised levies to meet the invader.

It would have been as hopeful a task to stop the current of one of those Alpine streams, whose beds he had just crossed, as to check the onward progress of Hannibal. But Scipio was not the man to shrink from danger, and throwing himself across his path, met the fate of those who attempt to stem

a mountain torrent, ere it has lost the impetus acquired in its rapid descent. Beaten, wounded, and saved only by the gallantry of his son, the great Africanus, he retreated, and awaited the arrival of his brother consul. But that other consul, in his rashness and over-confidence, had similar, or even worse fortune. Thus were the obstacles to his Southern progress, which were interposed by those two consular armies, removed. Yet the soldiers of that nation which Horace had made Hannibal compare to the Hydra, like hydra's heads, seemed to multiply by disaster and destruction. Hannibal encountered, too, on the Apennines, a wintry storm more severe than any weather he had felt even on the giant Alps, and nothing but his iron energy and skill could have taken his army safely through the deep sloughs of Etruria. After he had mastered all these difficulties, and had lured the brave, but rash Flaminius into an ambuscade fatal to a third army, his immediate march on Rome was expected. But his policy seems to have been rather to dry up the fountains from which her great resources flowed, than to break up the reservoir in which the streams centred. He marched towards Samnium, Lucania and Campania, regions where the inhabitants, retaining a longing after their ancient independence, could easily be seduced into revolt by a successful and artful invader.

The Romans once more took the field with greater numbers than ever, and, contrary to the opinion of their wiser and braver general, met the enemy on the fatal plains of Cannae. The more numerous cavalry, and unmatched skill of Hannibal, again triumphed over a force double his own; but in spite of this, he again failed to march on the Roman capital. Roman writers also charge him with a still greater blunder in stationing his troops at Capua, where they became completely enervated by luxury. It is plain that no General could have entirely secured an army worn down by the hardships of the Alps, the Apennines, and marches, from the corrupting effects of victory and plunder, and the relaxation produced by the delicious climate, and seductive pleasures of Campania. Yet there can be no clearer proof that the evil has been greatly exaggerated by the Roman writers, than the fact that for many years afterwards, when every effort to expel him had been made by Fabius Maximus and Marcellus, the shield and the sword, he continued to be the scourge and terror of Italy. The brave Marcellus, at the period of which we now speak, had been killed in an ambuscade, and the wily and inflexible Fabius was no longer in command; Rome was in a more critical condition than she ever had been previously. The union of the armies and the genius of Hannibal and Hasdrubal might have changed the fate of the world. The elder Scipios had both fallen in Spain, and, although the younger had avenged the fall of his father and uncle by some brilliant successes, yet the

consequences, if not the character of his victories, must have been greatly overstated by the Roman historians. They certainly did not prevent Hasdrubal's leaving Spain in possession of a large treasure, and reaching Italy with a force, which, if united with Hannibal's, would have made the Carthaginians completely triumphant. The second Carthaginian army found the Gauls much more friendly than they had been to the first, because experience had convinced them that their country was threatened with neither conquest nor injury, and the passage of the Alps was greatly facilitated by the sort of road which Hannibal had made. But this advantage, as we shall see, was completely lost, owing to the interception of Hasdrubal's despatches, intended to inform his brother, already apprized of his arrival in Italy, of the plan which he had chalked out for their combined operations.

What has become of the little Corsican whom we saw endeavoring to "turn the flank of the Alps" in mild April weather, and not, like the Carthaginian, defying the icy storms of winter amid the the highest passages of that lofty range? To counterbalance the advantages of the modern, an army greatly superior in numbers, and in equipments, consisting not of naked and undisciplined barbarians, but of trained soldiers, commanded by brave generals, to whom they were accustomed, was awaiting the onset of a young man unknown to fame and to his army. Did he conquer, or did he fail? We shall answer this question, according to our plan, by leaping over a considerable space of the time which followed, and seeing what was then his position.

Sixteen years after was witnessed the most powerful armament which Europe, or indeed the world had ever seen. The ruler of France had control over more than a million of soldiers, a host, which armed and equipped, as it was, would have been greatly an overmatch for the army of Xerxes, had it been five times as numerous as Mendax Græcia represents, and every man in it brave as the elder Cyrus. Nearly all Western Europe furnished troops and quotas for the stupendous expedition in which the *great* nation was now engaged. Who is now at the head of this great nation? Is it a Bourbon, whom his people disgusted with the evils of anarchy has restored to his throne, and who is endeavoring to blind them to the gradual restoration of the old tyranny, by the dazzling splendor of his foreign conquests, or is it a "champion and a child" of the revolution. It is indeed a child of that great convulsion, but now greatly ashamed of his origin. The young Corsican who dreamed that he might be "king of Jerusalem," had risen far above his most brilliant anticipations. He is not only emperor of la belle France, but dictator of Europe. He is marching at the head of half that million of men that he had in arms, towards a region which the flight of Roman eagles never reached,

for the purpose of making the emperor of Sarmatia and Scythia an unwilling ally, in his great continental crusade, against that small Western island which remained untouched by French soldiery or French policy. Distance, climate, and the murmurs of those whose rights, comforts, and interests he regarded as a slight sacrifice to his vain-glory, in vain combined to deter from the enterprise the grasping ambition and iron energies of Napoleon. In vain was he reminded that the stubborn valor of the Russians had always rendered his successes over them dear purchases, and warned that, on their own frozen plains, his victories, like those of Pyrrhus, might prove absolutely destructive. At heart despising the Christian *superstition*, he was led by fatalism, by his star, which he imagined an infallible guide to victory.

But it is full time to trace the career by which he arrived at this pitch of presumption.

His rise had indeed surpassed every thing recorded in history, and had been such in its commencement, its rapidity, and the astonishing height to which it had carried him, that no head which ever sat on human shoulders, could have borne it without intoxication. Taking command of an army inferior in number, dispirited, without clothes, without provisions, without cavalry, without pay, he had not only forced his way into the fair fields of Italy, but had almost annihilated five superior Austrian armies, led by brave and experienced commanders, and thus in one single year thrown completely into the shade the exploits of every other modern General. He had in the same space shown himself an able and successful diplomatist, by revolutionizing Northern Italy, while he sent its spoils to fill the empty treasury of France, and adorn her repositories of art. Not satisfied with Europe as a theatre of action, he carried his arms to the distant East, into those fields on which Alexander, and Cæsar, and Cœur de Lion once fought. But victorious as he was on the plains of Egypt, and the mountains of Palestine, he advanced neither his moral reputation, nor the true interests of his country.

Returning from what he perceived must be a fruitless expedition, he rid France of the feeble and corrupt government which disgraced it, to the great joy of the nation at large, which looked only at the immediate result, without considering means or consequences.

As soon as he had somewhat cleansed away the corruptions at home, and given new energy to the civil administration, he plunged into his proper warlike element again. Instead of now creeping around the base of the Alps, he boldly scaled their highest summits, emulating the example of Hannibal, and pouring down his unexpected troops into the same fruitful and beautiful plains. He had indeed no enemies, nor elephants to retard his march difficult as that march was, in spite of the aid afforded by the mountaineers, both from the rugged,

ness of the way, and the encumbrance of those thundering engines, which were at once more formidable and more manageable, than the animal engines of oriental warfare. Hannibal had owed his victories to his great superiority of cavalry *frænati et frænati*, which were eminently useful in the champaign country of Lombardy; but the inferiority of Bonaparte in this arm had well-nigh occasioned his defeat at Marengo; yet his skill and perseverance triumphed over this disadvantage, as they had done over the precipices and glaciers of the Alps.

Austria was again at his feet, and the short interval of peace which he granted to his prostrate foe, only gave him leisure to place the imperial crown on his head, and to prepare for a new and wider career of conquest.

When he again took the field, it was against two emperors, for the Russian Czar had now buckled on his armor, to meet the daring power which was threatening the repose and independence of Europe. His General Suwarrow had, in the absence of Bonaparte, beaten the French, and it was hoped that the obstinate and untamed valor of the Russians, might check the flight of those eagles which bid fair to emulate the Roman.

Vain thought! The sun of Austerlitz rose not to obscure, but to brighten the escutcheon of France; "the battle of the emperors," laid the pride of Austria in the dust, and drove the Muscovites back to their Northern hive.

The sword and the dominions of the great Frederick were seized by the strong and grasping hand of Bonaparte.

Again he met the Russian hordes, and again he triumphed over their iron steadiness at an immense cost of life. The Czar himself for a time became a minion of Bonaparte, and united in the impotent attempt to destroy the only great power which never bowed the knee to Baal.

But the persevering Austrian, seizing the opportunity, while Napoleon was engaged in his unrighteous invasion of Spain, took the field against his fated conqueror. Leaving to inferior hands the conquest of the Spanish peninsula, the French emperor flew to Germany, and by a series of manœuvres, perhaps the most masterly in modern warfare, completed the degradation of the Austrian empire.

Yet, instead of pressing his advantage, as was his wont, he heartlessly deserted the wife of his youth, and sought a new bride in the house of his prostrate enemy. He was now apparently on the highest pinnacle of his greatness. Uniting the splendor of his own revolutionary achievements to the apparent safeguard of an alliance with one of the oldest dynasties in Europe, he seemed to those who saw only the surface of things to have laid the foundations of an hereditary empire.

Believing this he determined to crush his quon-

dam ally, the Czar, now the only refractory continental potentate. It was for this purpose that he had mustered all his hosts and collected all his quotas from his Prussian, Austrian, Italian and other vassals. It was for this that he had assembled on the Vistula the most formidable army ever ranged under one banner, to invade that vast empire which the Swedish madman had fruitlessly attacked, and which the genius of the great Peter had consolidated. We shall hereafter see whether he found a Narva or a Pultowa.

When we parted from Hannibal, he was anxiously expecting intelligence from his brother Hasdrubal, and in the meanwhile watching Claudius Nero near Canusium. No sooner had Nero intercepted those important despatches than he planned and executed one of the boldest manœuvres in the history of war. Leaving his camp unnoticed by even the matchless vigilance of Hannibal, he traversed nearly the whole length of Italy with Hannibalian speed, gathering volunteer reinforcements at every step, and secretly united himself with the other consul, then facing Hasdrubal. The gory head of his slaughtered brother first apprized Hannibal of his adversary's departure and return, and at the same time informed him that the plans and hopes of his whole life were blasted. That bold march of Nero had probably decided the fate of the world for ages to come.* But even this heart-rending disaster did not at once drive the Carthaginian from the country which it had been the cherished scheme of his whole life to conquer. For four years longer, sixteen in all, did he maintain himself with little aid from home, in the very heart of a region then the most warlike on the globe, against a host of able and experienced generals. Most wonderfully had he succeeded in living upon his allies, without alienating their affections, and kept together an army composed of several nations, differing widely in language, habits, and temper, without serious mutiny or desertion. But "the hour had come and the man," destined to lay his own and his country's hopes in the dust. Recalled to defend his native soil, he left Italy with the growl of a lion disappointed of his prey, and sailing to Africa, there met a "foeman worthy of his steel." In Livy's account of the conference between him and Scipio, we are pleased to see amid national hostility and personal animosity,

Shine martial faith and courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war;

Yet Scipio, despite his courtesy, saw plainly that it was a struggle for life and death, in which every advantage should be pressed, and would therefore listen to no terms, which did not completely humble and degrade Carthage; and anxious

* Since writing the above, we have seen that Professor Creasy reckons this among his "six decisive battles of the world," in his able and interesting articles under that title, published in Bentley's Miscellany.

as Hannibal was to temporize, nothing short of imperious necessity could reconcile him to utter disgrace.

At Zama, his enemies themselves being witnesses, he did every thing which skill, or energy, or dauntless valor could accomplish. But fortune was against him, and his career of victory, as a Carthaginian general, was forever closed.

It was in a far different climate, and by means altogether different, that the decline of the modern Hannibal was to commence, and

He who had defied all Europe's strength
Beneath his own weak weakness sunk at length.

That immense army with which, contrary to the advice of his best counsellors, he had trusted to make another imperial worshipper fall down before the European Juggernaut, had been annihilated by Russian cannon and Russian frost. The battle of Borodino and the retreat from Moscow are the most revolting scenes in the history of modern warfare. We are accustomed to regard the Russians as more than half savages and altogether slaves crushed almost out of the very form of humanity by oppression. But in this campaign they proved themselves true patriots and heroes, ready to peril life and property in defence of their country however enslaved. Moscow was burned by the hands, not of Frenchmen but of Muscovites, and Bonaparte was not slow to perceive that such an act "boded great misfortune" to him and to an army whose after sufferings no imagination can conceive, nor pen describe. It was a scene which should have sickened him completely of warfare; but this iron-hearted chieftain only considered it a signal for greater, but fruitless exertions.

The cringing vassals of his sunshiny days fell from him in adversity, and made him feel that something more than the will of one man was required to affect a permanent union among nations differing in language, institutions and interests.

Even his father-in-law, and Murat, to whom he had given his sister's hand, and a throne, joined the hostile league. Genius, energy, skill, the result of long experience, seconded by perfect acquaintance with his own troops and resources, as well as with those of his enemies, were in vain exerted. His star, which often invisible to others had always before appeared to him, as a guide to victory, was no longer in the ascendant, was now hid from his own eyes. Yet still he fought on, and was the last to abandon heart and hope.

The Scythian, the Goth, the Sarmatian and the German, are now poured on southern Europe, not as in days of yore, to secure abodes in softer climes and richer fields, possessed by an effeminate and worn-out race. The armies of the South had attempted to carry their conquests, where no Southern banner had ever before waved, and to enforce on those Hyperborean regions the arbitrary

policy of the French dictator. The wild Tartar and the fierce Cossac now united with the Austrian and Prussian, so often beaten and trampled on, in exulting over the "capital of the world." The imbecile race of Bourbon was once more on the throne, while the hero of a hundred fights, on whom the world had just been gazing with awe, was banished to an insignificant islet near the one which gave him birth. His native country would have been a more appropriate retreat, had he been capable of repose.

But fate decreed not so; the imperial bird,
That in his neighboring cage unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring.

But this was destined to be the last swoop of the king of birds; those inferior fowls, which had once fluttered in cowardly humility around him, now gathered courage from his recent overthrow, and their own numbers. The northern eagle, which, although in youth, fascinated by his eye and his caresses, had shaken off the spell, and first dipping his beak in his blood, had aided in bringing him to earth, now that he was up again, was sailing to the renewed assault in the full vigor and majesty of his matured pinions. That island falcon which had never for one moment quailed before the French eagle, when "soaring in his pride of place," now led the van of his assailants.

To drop metaphor, Bonaparte was now to find his Scipio and his Zama. The modern Scipio, like the ancient, had won some of his greenest laurels on the battle-fields of the Spanish peninsula; but the object of those battles was not to conquer Spain, but to free her from the invader. Like Scipio he had never sustained a defeat, but was more fortunate than he in the complete attainment of his object in the peninsular war.* Wellington had no father's plans to follow, nor injunctions of vengeance to obey; he followed the suggestions of his own genius in avenging his country and its allies. Scipio's troops at Zama, although greatly inferior in number to Hannibal's, were all veterans, long accustomed to victory under his banner, while his opponents consisted of a small fragment of his great Italian army, reinforced by levies of raw Carthaginians and Numidians. Wellington's army was equal to Bonaparte's in number; but he had few of his old troops with him, and more than half his force was a mixture of several nations allied to great Britain. Scipio seems to have had no advantage, but the discipline and confidence of his less numerous troops. Wellington had chosen his own position, where he quietly awaited the onset of the French, many of whom had been marching all the night before, and in the afternoon was aided first mo-

* See the parallel between Scipio and Wellington more fully carried out in Prof. Creasy's Article.

rally and then physically by the approach of the Prussians. Yet the French Emperor, as the Carthaginian before him, did every thing possible for a great General to avert defeat; but the wand of his power was completely broken at Waterloo.

After the fatal battle of Zama, Hannibal bent the whole force of his mighty genius to retrieve his country's losses. The nature and success of those efforts proved him to be a great statesman, as well as a true patriot. A corrupt aristocracy having engrossed the management of the Carthaginian finances, had added embezzlement to the burdens of war and tribute. Hannibal brought these peculators to justice, with all the iron energy of his nature. This deserved severity might have enabled Carthage to pay the sum promised to the Romans, and gradually recover her independent position. But this system was not more unwelcome to the Romans, than to those citizens, whose dishonesty it exposed to just disgrace and punishment. These cormorants, under pretence of propitiating the Romans, sent forth to wander on the face of the whole earth, the hero, whose patriotism neither absence, nor misfortune, nor age had chilled. He found no "rest for the sole of his foot," for his undying hatred of Rome was reciprocated by an unceasing Roman persecution. This persecution was the highest tribute to his genius, showing that his single head was a dreaded obstacle in the path of Rome towards universal dominion. Had Antiochus heartily embraced the plans of Hannibal, it is possible that even the victorious career of Rome might have been arrested. But the Syrian king felt that his Carthaginian guest could not play a secondary part in any enterprise, and therefore never trusted him fully, or followed his advice entirely. After his fall, no other dared to protect him openly, and concealment became his only resource; the Bithynian monarch, in whose dominions he had taken refuge, neither protected him nor delivered him up to the Roman ambassador. A self-inflicted death seemed the only means of escape from the hated Romans and an ignominious execution.

Finem animæ quæ res humanas miscuit olim,
Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, nec tela; sed ille
Cannarum vindex, ac tanti sanguinis ultor
Annulus.

His tomb may be seen in that region which the barbarism and tyranny of centuries have desolated. His penitent country never had the opportunity to atone for injustice to him living by posthumous honors. The glory and independence of Carthage were extinguished with its greatest commander.

Where died the modern Hannibal? He died, as he was born, on a small and rocky island; but it was not that of his birth, nor was it washed by the sea which so long formed the centre of human civilization and grandeur. It was in that *magnum*

mare to which a Carthaginian mountain has given its modern name, and in a remote part of it, unexplored in ancient times, save by Carthaginian navigators. He was a prisoner to those modern Romans whose firmness had remained unshaken by his most brilliant martial achievements, and by his most daring coups d'état, and whose prince, either from conviction, or from policy, he had called "the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies." It was in the vigor of manhood when the understanding is usually in its full maturity, and the bodily powers unimpaired, at the age of forty-six, that the disturber of modern Europe was condemned, not as before, to the government of an insignificant principality, but to a real and sad captivity. The poor privilege which Hannibal had enjoyed of relieving his constitutional restlessness by change of place was denied to Bonaparte.

Lurking disease, brought into activity by confinement and anxiety, within a few years, put a period to that turbulent existence. The brightest blade rusts soonest when confined within its sheath.

A storm of nature was raging around his dying couch; but the moral world which he had so long disturbed, was at peace. Neither literature, nor philosophy, nor religion satisfied the cravings of a soul on which ambition had set its everlasting seal. In his last words and, doubtless, in his last disturbed thoughts, he was at the head of his army. With war in his heart he passed to his dread account before the God of peace.

His desire that his remains should be deposited in France, "the land he loved so well," was at first disregarded. But twenty years afterwards, the love, and still more the vanity of the French, were satisfied by the restoration of one dead, who, with all his faults and crimes, must ever be identified with the glory of that nation, and deserved a thousand times better than the bigoted and debauched Louis the title of Grand Monarque. His heart, after death, became the prey of vermin, as in life, it had been devoured by the demon ambition.* The preservation of his body may be considered ominous of his permanent hold on the admiration of his adopted country. The bright colors in which his character has been invested by the imagination and affection of his blind followers may fade and disappear like the garments around his corpse, but must ever leave a solid and indestructible residuum.

Having thus cast a bird's-eye glance at the career of these two extraordinary men, in which those familiar with history will readily discover some liberties which we have taken, we may be expected to sum up the evidence and pronounce judgment on their comparative merits.

If asked, which was the greater General, Hannibal or Bonaparte, we should probably answer

* Said to have been half eaten up by one of the rats which infested Longwood.

with most prudence in the style of the Scotch ambassador to the vain Elizabeth, Hannibal was the greatest General of his time, as Napoleon was of his. The circumstances of the two were so completely different, that we cannot measure them by any common standard.

The literature of Carthage perished with its walls and with its vessels. No Punic historian tells the tale of Cannae, Metaurus, and of Zama. The account most favorable to Carthage, among those which have reached us, was written by a Greek, who after seeing his native country subdued by the Romans, became the follower of the second Africanus, and actually witnessed the final overthrow of Carthage. Yet after all his praiseworthy attempts to procure accurate information, we cannot suppose that a history composed by one thus under the spell of Roman ascendancy, and deriving his knowledge principally from Roman sources, did ample justice to Rome's great enemy.

But admitting his and even the narrative of Livy to be strictly true, and entirely uncolored, they want the minute details, which at once interest and instruct us in the case of Bonaparte. The enemies of the latter indeed triumphed; but the records of his nation, and the accounts of his friends are not lost. His nation not only survives, but is now proving its super-abundant life by a new revolution. We are not compelled to rely on the representations of foreigners, and enemies, while the press teems with French memoirs and histories. We may be dazzled and bewildered by cross-lights, but need not grope through the twilight which partially conceals the career of Hannibal.

Yet in spite of this disadvantage, the latter stands out in bold relief, as the master spirit of his age. Listen to Livy describing his interview with Scipio, *Congressi sunt, non suæ modo ætatis maximi duces, sed omnis ante se memoriæ omnium cuilibet regum imperatorumve pares*. Again, speaking of his conduct at Zama, *Omnia et in praelio, et ante aciem, priusquam excederet pugna expertus; et confessione etiam Scipionis, omniumque peritorum militiæ, illam laudem adeptus, singulari arte aciem eo die instruxisse*. This we admit does not place Hannibal above Scipio, and may be designed to exalt Livy's favorite hero by elevating his vanquished rival; but it is significant that he does not claim superiority for that hero, as the English do for Wellington.

We find also a strong indication of the prevalent sentiment, in a Roman author, not an historian, who had entirely a different purpose from any comparison of military genius. We refer to that true patriot Juvenal, who, in an abandoned age, so strongly expressed his grief and rage at his country's degradation. While adducing, in his tenth satire, the most conspicuous examples of wealth, power, eloquence and martial fame, it is remarkable that he selects no Greek nor Roman commander, but the

hated Carthaginian, as the great representative and type of military glory.

Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo Invenies?

Now we can scarcely account for this indirect admission of his supremacy, except by supposing that supremacy to be an universal conviction on the minds of well-informed Romans.

The military pre-eminence of Bonaparte in the nineteenth century will scarcely be questioned by any, but an Englishman. If he overrated his wonderful powers, and, intoxicated by success, attempted impossibilities, his failure is no impeachment of his genius, but only of his prudence and moderation.

But passing from opinions to facts, let us see what was the condition of their respective nations when these heroes flourished.

When Hamilcar and his son-in-law Hasdrubal, determined to prepare in Spain the means of another, and far more desperate contest with Rome, Carthage, although still rich and powerful, was evidently on the decline. In the first Punic war, she had lost her Sicilian province, Sardinia, and above all her naval superiority. Her treasury had been^d drained, not only by the expenses of the former contest, but by the sums which she had been compelled to pay the Romans.

Livy indeed states that Carthage was never stronger than when the second Punic war commenced. *Nam neque validioras opibus ullæ inter se civitates gentesque contulerant arma, neque his ipsis tantum unquam virium aut roboris fuit*. Admitting, for the sake of argument, the consistency of this with well-known facts, it is plain that the comparative strength of Rome was far greater than in the first conflict. She had more completely developed that remarkable character which stamps her the marvel of history. She had gradually extended and consolidated her sway over all Italy, and although the Cisalpine Gauls, and some of the other conquered tribes were still restive, her government had been on the whole so judicious, that defections to Hannibal were far less extensive than might have been anticipated under the circumstances. The oppression of the Carthaginian subjects was, on the contrary, sufficient to produce the most dangerous revolts without any foreign solicitation.

At the commencement of Bonaparte's first Italian campaign, the French government was the weakest and most inefficient that can be conceived. Without money, without honesty, without vigor, it was no less jealous of its great commanders, than of its enemies. Yet lamentable as had been the effects of the revolution in other respects, it had, in spite of its early horrors and disorganization, given ten fold vigor to the nation, by diffusing those resources which had been so long locked up in the hands of the clergy and noblesse, or by them squandered in

luxury, by opening a career of distinction to plebeian talent, and inspiring the ardent enthusiasm of recent emancipation. The usual success of the French arms proves that these circumstances counterbalanced even the imbecility of the directory.

The spirit which animated the French people was contagious, and had disseminated itself more or less throughout Europe. The sympathy of the lower classes with the revolution was almost universal. Bonaparte's career was one triumphant progress, until he provoked the animosity of the nations, as well as sovereigns whom he assailed. The tri-colored flag was at first the emblem, if not of republican liberty, at least of political reform, and the introduction of a new system, by which old corruptions would be purified, and merit, not blood, become the passport to distinction. But when terrible experience convinced them of their mistake, and made it apparent that the French policy was radically selfish, and the French rule every where oppressive, a violent reaction ensued. The Austrians and Germans, who had been, in their days of disaster, ridiculed as inferior beings, exasperated by long-continued injury, began to show themselves more worthy of their ancient reputation. The Prussians, who had been so terribly beaten at Jena, only twenty years after the death of the great Frederic, retrieved their reputation in France and the Netherlands. The Russians under Suwarrow, at Eylau, Friedland and Borodino, had clearly shown that submission to Napoleon's decrees was never the result of necessity, but of the personal ascendancy which he acquired over their youthful sovereign. Above all, Britons were the modern Romans, whose steady courage never yielded either in the cabinet or in the field, and, whatever may have been the *motives* of their politicians, proved the great bulwark of European liberty. All these nations, save the Russians, were in about the same stage of civilization as the French, and their military training and experience fully equal.

The soldiers of Carthage were mostly mercenaries, whose only motives were pay and plunder, whereas the hardy Italian farmers, who constituted the Roman armies, were also stimulated by national pride, and love of country. The tactics and arms of the Roman infantry are said by Polybius, a competent judge, to have been more formidable than any others then known in the world. Hannibal gave strong evidence of his opinion on this subject, by arming most of his Africans at the battle of Cannae with weapons taken previously from the Romans, unless we suppose this to have been done from necessity, not choice. But his selection of his best troops as the recipients of those weapons, seems to indicate the contrary. His superiority in cavalry is considered by Polybius his principal advantage. It has been customary to ridicule elephants as a force so precarious as to be utterly contemptible. But their constant use by some of

the greatest generals of antiquity, and especially the trouble taken by Hannibal, who well knew their value, in transporting them over deep and wide rivers, and snow-clad mountains, and in supplying the places of those which were lost, should make us pause before pronouncing a sweeping sentence of inefficiency.

There was no essential difference between Bonaparte and his enemies, in the arms, equipments, discipline, or mercenary character of their troops; but the impetus given to the spirit of the French nation and soldiers by the revolution, was irresistible by the yielding medium against which it was directed. England like Rome had a decided naval superiority.

Altogether it may be said that as far as their nations and forces were concerned, Napoleon was in a more favorable position than Hannibal. This remark cannot be extended to their *personal* position.

The ancient was descended from one of the first families in his country in reputation, popularity and influence; a large majority of those in power were his warm supporters. He had an army trained under his father and brother-in-law, and had inherited from them their skill, their plans, and the treasures which they had been laying up for the very purpose to which he devoted them. His education and his thoughts had been directed to a single object from childhood. He was no mere theorist in war, but had often been in battle against the brave Spaniards.

Sprung from a family comparatively obscure, and that not French, the modern inherited from his father, neither that influence which would bring him forward in the army, nor those great military schemes, which in the case of Hannibal were maturing during two generations. He commenced his career, as a lieutenant, and his humble position, as he frankly admits, gave a revolutionary cast to his political sentiments. When he was raised to the command of a French army the soldiers did not recognize with delight the form and features of their old commander, and afterwards forget the resemblance in admiration of his own great qualities. His army, government, and himself were equally destitute of money, and of supplies. He felt that his own efforts must realize his youthful dreams of glory. With the confidence of genius, he said to one who thought him too young for so important a command, "In one year I will be old or dead." In twelve months he became, in his own sense of the word, far the *oldest* general in Europe. If he afterwards possessed a great advantage over Hannibal in the complete control of France and her conquests, he owed it to himself, and not to circumstances.

Hannibal does not appear to have introduced any new arms, or engines, or to have used any novel system of tactics or discipline.

Bonaparte cannot be said to have invented his system of concentration, any more than Lord Bacon can be said to have invented inductive reasoning. There can never have been a period since man's creation, when he did not draw general conclusions from particular facts; the glory of Bacon was to appreciate and demonstrate the value and proper application of this mode of reasoning. So no savage chieftain can ever have been blind to the advantage of attacking a single straggler among his enemies with three of his own warriors; and Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar doubtless acted on this common-sense principle, just in proportion to their skill and circumstances. Frederic the Great, surrounded by enemies, each more powerful than himself, preserved himself from ruin by their separation alone. But it was reserved for a young man, who had never seen war on a great scale, nor been under the tuition of any great commander, to give perfect system to this mode of operation, and by its daring practice to overwhelm adversaries, who were very slow in imitating his example.

Both had the high daring indispensable to the complete success of genius in any department; but in the ancient, it was far more under the control of prudence. He never darkened his moral or military fame by a Spanish invasion like Bonaparte's, or a Russian campaign.

On the other hand, Bonaparte rose from an humble station to a much greater height of power. When four armies were beaten by Hannibal, and five by Bonaparte, within twelve months after they respectively entered Italy, their merit may seem to be nearly equally balanced. If Hannibal had at first greater resources than Napoleon, he encountered far greater obstacles in the passage of the Alps, and in the stubborn resistance of the gallant Italians. But Hannibal was in the meridian of his glory just after the battle of Cannæ; if the approach of Hasdrubal brought him nearer to the attainment of his object, it placed him no higher in the temple of fame. In his first Italian campaign, Bonaparte had only commenced his progress towards empire and glory. With all the resources of France at his command, he did not ascertain that impossible was *good* French, until he turned his back on the Kremlin. Victorious as he always was, the Carthaginian found at an early period, that victory, and the complete conquest of Italy were different things. His country's neglect of his wants, the persevering efforts of Rome, and the skill and caution of her commanders, soon convinced him that there were obstacles which not even his genius could overleap.

Hannibal's own officer Maharbal said to him, *Vincere scis; victoriâ uti nescis*. The charge appears to have been in some degree warranted by facts. After neither of his four great battles of Ticinus, Trebia, Trasimene, and Cannæ, does he

appear to have pressed his advantage with all the energy to be expected from his character. The circumstances accompanying the first two show plainly why he did not immediately press forward. But the reasons for not marching on Rome, after the massacres of Trasimene and Cannæ, are by no means so clear. It may be urged that his plan was to destroy Rome rather by cutting off its resources, than by a direct attack on its strong fortifications, which would have occasioned considerable delay, that his troops and himself were less fitted for sieges than for operations in the open field, and perhaps that he feared driving the Romans to desperation by the capture of their metropolis. Yet it can hardly be maintained that any or all of these apologies are sufficient.

Bonaparte hesitated on two or three occasions, when placed in circumstances of great danger and difficulty. But when triumphant, he always struck at the heart of his enemy; his motto was always *en avant*. He strained every nerve, military and diplomatic, to make his victory fruitful of great results.

But Hannibal, if less skilful in improving advantages, had far more tact in conciliating allies and dependants. We have the positive testimony of Polybius that, during his sixteen year's stay in Italy, "in the midst of various fortune" his soldiers of so many various nations "never mutinied against him, nor quarreled among themselves." He so well maintained his position and influence among his Italian allies, that even four years after the death of Hasdrubal, the state of affairs in Africa, and not in Italy, compelled his departure. Had he been less artful and insinuating, the necessity of living on the inhabitants, must long before have driven them to a levy *en masse*, which would have resulted in his absolute expulsion.

Bonaparte too had an insinuating address; but it was too often overbalanced by his tyrannical temper, and it is well known how soon he alienated the nations whose sovereigns he had beaten, and whose welfare he professed to have so much at heart.

Altogether we, not without hesitation, should assign the military palm to the modern commander. His improvement in the art of war, the buoyancy with which he rose from an humble station to an elevation unparalleled in history, and the sagacious energy with which he extracted the last possible advantage from every success, in the estimate of genius, must outweigh the superior caution, and address of the Carthaginian, who was never so completely the "spoiled child of victory." The sweet use of "disappointment and adversity," taught him more wisdom and moderation.

When we come to a moral comparison, we must reverse that decision. Hannibal's was an age of infant science, of heathen darkness, of bloody superstition, unenlightened by revelation. Bonaparte

parte's was one illuminated by science, by philosophy and Christianity, in which the deadly pressure of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny and corruption had been greatly lightened, if not entirely removed. We must, however, in justice, remember that men without this pressure to which they had been long inured, were buoyed up into the loftiest heights of folly and extravagance, and that it was a period of fiery trial, in which the principles of few withstood the ordeal.

Yet, with all this allowance, we cannot be blind to the fact that Napoleon's essential principle of action was wrong. He was an adventurer ready to embrace any where any opportunity of personal aggrandizement. The means, whether by Jacobin pamphlets, by Mahometan manifestations, by summary executions, by carnage on the battle-field, or by odious espionage,—the place, whether France, Turkey, Egypt, Spain, or Russia were to him indifferent. When he told his brother Louis, that the first object of his care must be "the Emperor, the second France, and the third his own kingdom Holland," he arranged the motives which he thought should govern all mankind, according to his own ideas of their precedence.

He loved indeed the country which he ruled, but only as part and parcel of himself. He wished to improve its condition and institutions only so far as was consistent with his own despotism. The complete attainment of absolute power in France, and of immense influence throughout Europe, exposed him to fearful, almost irresistible temptation. As he loved France, because it was a ready instrument of all his designs, so he hated England, as the standing obstacle to their accomplishment.

Hannibal's ruling motive was far nobler. His country's independence, to be attained by the overthrow of Rome, was the object to which he devoted his life. He seems never to have coveted a higher station than that of first citizen of Carthage, or to have contemplated tyranny. We may condemn his intense hatred of Rome, but must remember that it was sucked in with his mother's milk, was the first precept which his father gave, had been cherished by his own reflections, and sanctioned by the universal sentiment of the age. He possessed, in an eminent degree, what were then regarded as cardinal virtues, courage, fidelity to his country, and ardent patriotism. He has been charged with *habitual* cruelty by the Romans; but the allegation is denied by Polybius, and seems to be unsupported by facts. That in such an age, a man, so circumstanced, scrupled at shedding blood, or inflicting injury when necessary for his purposes, is neither asserted nor is it probable; but the proof of his wanton barbarity is wanting. Indeed his long-continued popularity with his allies and troops, is a strong indication of the contrary. If he usually indulged his forces in pillage and massacre of the Romans, it was part of his policy, and only the common practice of an age,

when slavery or death was the lot of the vanquished. His sparing the lands of Fabius Maximus, and burying the body of Marcellus, are traits of generosity, of which we recollect no examples among his enemies. The bloody head of his brother was the only token which they ever gave him of their magnanimous courtesy.

With far less apology, Napoleon early manifested a recklessness of injury and suffering in the attainment of his objects. When some persons in Lombardy rose on their French invaders, he did not treat them with forbearance, as honest patriots whom it was his unpleasant duty to control, but as brigands and traitors. In imitation of the Romans, he seized those monuments of the fine arts which in modern warfare have been usually esteemed sacred. This was but the mild commencement of those outrages on a great scale which he continued to perpetrate in person, and by his lieutenants. These may be extenuated by the tyrant's plea necessity; but that can hardly avail him in some cases of individual cruelty, such for instance, as the murders of the Duke d'Enghien,* and the bookseller Palm, whose *worse* case been less noticed on account of his humble condition. His Corsican love of revenge, and childish sensitiveness to attacks from the press, led to these infamous acts.

If *Punica fides* in the Roman vocabulary, became synonymous with bad faith, on the other hand, "To lie like a bulletin," became proverbial in France itself. If Hannibal, in his blows at Rome, disregarded treaties and the rights of neutrals, Bonaparte imprisoned his guest Ferdinand, and seized the Pope, with whom he was at peace, within the walls of the Vatican.

In domestic relations, no comparison can be instituted between the two, because we know absolutely nothing about those of Hannibal.

We are not much better informed in regard to his conduct in political affairs. That he was an able statesman, his honest and successful administration after the battle of Zama, and his management during a series of years in Spain and Italy, conclusively proved. But we have the mere outlines of the transactions, and those outlines from the Romans. They distinctly admit his ability, integrity and success, while they insinuate no charge of selfish ambition.

Bonaparte's civil talents were only second to his military. A master hand, an iron grasp were necessary at the period, when he arose. He reduced the chaos to order; but it was the order of despotism. The avenues of office were kept open to all who had the best qualifications; but office-holders were no longer servants of the State, but of the Emperor. He established a good code of

* For Napoleon's defence against the charge of murdering the Duc d'Enghien, see a review of Montholon's "History of the Captivity" in the January number of the *Messenger* for the present year.—*Ed. Mess.*

laws, but when it suited his purpose, interfered with their fair administration. He erected buildings, he digged canals, he made roads; but they were mainly designed to feed his own and the national vanity, and to furnish means for further conquests. By his police, he tyrannized not only over men's words and actions, but over their very thoughts.

The influence of Hannibal's policy ceased with the independence of his country. That of Bonaparte is still felt in France now republican. He gave the prestige of splendid success, shape, and permanence to the warlike system of the old republic. If that belligerent policy should now be resumed, the remembrance of his exploits will contribute greatly to the result. Should Europe be again kindled into a general blaze, we may exclaim

E'en in his ashes live their wonted fires.

GENIUS.

I.

Spirit immortal and divine!

Whose calm and searching eye
Look'st forth upon the universe,
Its wonders to descry—
Whose eagle-wing, resistless, proud,
Hath soared above each misty cloud
That o'er us darkly spread—
I bow before thee, as of old
The Grecian bowed to her who told
The Oracles of dread.

II.

For thou art Nature's prophet—priest,
Anointed by her God,
And dwellest in her sacred courts
By others all untrod:
To thee alone 'tis given to raise
The veil that shrouds from mortal gaze
Her mysteries sublime,
To hear her sweet and solemn tone
Revealing wonders else unknown
In all the lapse of time.

III.

And more—the human heart is deep,
And passionate and strong,
But thou may'st read its sealed page
And search its depths among;
May'st bow it with thy spell of might,
Or urge it to a prouder flight,
A loftier desire,—
'Till yielding to thy high control
The newly-wakened, eager soul,
To purer things aspire.

IV.

Thou dwellest on this lowly earth,
Majestic and alone;

Thy home is in a brighter clime,
Near the *Eternal's* throne;
And evermore, in tameless might,
Still strivest thou to wing thy flight,
Its glory to attain;
E'en as the eagle turns his eye,
Though fettered, to his native sky,
And struggles with his chain.

V.

Men gaze in strange and wondering awe
On thine inspired brow,
But reck not of the hidden things
That darkly sleep below;
Nor how thou spurnest earth's control,
What voices haunt thy troubled soul,—
What shadows round thee play:—
Thy dreams are all of future bliss,
Of other worlds—and e'en in *this*
Thy name shall not decay!

VI.

Sage! musing in thy lonely cell—
Aspiring, yet serene;
Tracking afar the light of truth,
Through darkness dimly seen,—
A thousand minds thy truths have caught,
And pondered o'er thy lofty thought,
In inspiration high:
A thousand minds have scanned the page,
Made clearer by the lapse of age,
In which thy treasures lie!

VII.

Bard!—lo! the thrilling strain that poured
Thy soul's deep melodies,
Have waked in many an echoing heart
A thousand sympathies;
Have lived through years of dull decay
When princely names have passed away,
That were a glory *then*,
Till every word hath thus become
Like to a thrilling voice of home,
In the deep hearts of men!

VIII.

And ye o'er whose inspired souls
Strange shapes of beauty gleamed,
Embodied to the gaze of men
In forms of heaven that seemed,—
The marble still in beauty lives,
The pictured canvass but receives
New value from decay;
And both shall perish ere the name
Of him who gave them unto fame
Hath passed, like them, away.

IX.

And they, to whom were given the gift
Of inspiration's tongue,—
Upon whose high commanding words
Senates in rapture hung:—
And they, the dauntless chiefs, and brave,
On battle-field and ocean-wave,

Who won a lofty fame,
Lo! deathless, and defying time,
A thousand monuments sublime
Commemorate each name!

X.

Thus Genius lives—its spirit caught
From heaven's own height afar,
Shines tranquil 'mid the gloom of earth,
An ever-guiding star:
A shining mark that's given to show
To those who darkly tread below
The way our pathway tends;
A beauty and a mystery,
A prophecy of things *to be*
When earthly being ends!

XI.

A prophecy of glorious things—
Of holy things and bright,
Which we behold not through the mists
That dim our mortal sight;
A voice that whispers from afar
Telling of wondrous things that *are*
Where perfectness hath power!
A light to guide the spirit on
'Till that celestial state be won
Which was our primal dower.

XII.

Thou shalt go forth in prouder might
And firmer strength ere long,
And *truth* shall guide thee on thy way
With revelation strong;
And thou shalt see with wond'ring eyes
The thousand mighty mysteries
That round our being cling;
Unfolding truths whose shadows lie
Darkly before the doubting eye,
Our souls bewildering.

XIII.

High souls have gazed on wondrous things,
And men have called them dreams,—
But they are such as shadowed stars,
Upon the mirroring streams;
We gaze upon the phantom-glow—
Alas! we gaze too much below,—
And strive to grasp in vain,
But Genius turns his gaze afar,
Where like a pure and shining star
The glorious *truth* is seen!

XIV.

Go forth, thou spirit proud and high,
Upon thy soaring flight!
Thou art the messenger of God,
And *He* will guide thee right,
Go proudly forth, and fearlessly,
For many a hidden mystery
Awaits thee to unseal;
And men shall gaze in rapt surprise,
On wonders that to darkened eyes
Thy brightness shall reveal!

Richmond.

THE TWO COUNTRY-HOUSES.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER VI.

Imposing was the array that wound down the hill of Winisfalen. The country had gathered to honor the obsequies of a good, generous, and beloved citizen. Colonel Hunter had bought his mourners in advance: paying in the benevolent deeds of a long life. Many, very many, wept genuine tears as his time-broken body was drawn in that solemn, and slow-moving hearse, to be placed away in the melancholy burial ground, where the Hunters of many generations—their bows broken, and their sandals of speed unstrung—lay mouldering away into the fate of all humanity. I cannot linger over the ashes of this good old man. The great life of the world closes over the individual dead, like waves over a sinking ship. Grieving a little, or much, the many, in whom the pulse of health yet beats high, put away the band of sombre crape, give a few profound thoughts to the solemnities of death, and go back to the busy course upon which the wheels of life are still flying and flashing. I must imitate this universal desertion of death for life to which the necessities of human existence rudely drag us: or to which, perhaps it would be better to say, a kindly oblivion gently leads us.

After the funeral, search was made amongst the papers of the dead man for his will. One day's search proved fruitless. The second produced a partial result. A will was found of a very old date. By this will Colonel Hunter devised Winisfalen to his brother Godfrey Hunter of Mississippi; and bequeathed the whole of his personal property to Henry Hunter, the eldest son of Godfrey. This will, or paper purporting to be a will, recited certain family grievances, mixed up of politics and an injudicious marriage, as reasons for diverting his property from its natural inheritor, Lewis Hunter. A codicil recited the death of Lewis Hunter, and left to his infant daughter, about this time received with her mother under the roof of Winisfalen, the sum of \$10,000. No one imagined that this would prove to be the last will and testament of Colonel Hunter. His love for his grand-daughter, and his intention to give her the greater part of his large estate were generally known. The search continued for days, and when it had been conducted to a result of despair, N——, the old lawyer, drawn from a sick bed by the emergency, made all commence anew, taking the house room by room. Robin maintained that he had heard his master tell Gamil of his purpose to leave the bulk of his property to Mary, that Gamil had

SUSAN.

read a will so disposing of the property, and that the old gentleman had directed him to return it to the pigeon-hole, where it and other papers had been kept with the fishing tackle. The pigeon-hole contained a bundle of papers, but no will was amongst them. Gamil, in consequence of this statement blunderingly made by Robin, had been summoned at an early stage of the search. He said that he had conversed with Colonel Hunter generally on the subject of will-making. That his client had mentioned an old will, and expressed the *intention* of making a new one; that he (Gamil) had been called upon to give, and had given, some simple information for the guidance of his client in carrying the intention into effect. This made the sum of the polite attorney's statement. N—— scarcely believed him against the positive assertions of trusty Robin; but he could, on the other hand, scarcely disbelieve him. This thing of an unfulfilled intention was like his old friend Colonel Hunter. Altogether his mind was very much unsettled. I need not dwell on the fruitless search. At the end of a week's seeking, N—— rode home in a state of despondency just a little relieved by some forlorn scheme, which fitted through his mind, of going into chancery, and seeking to establish a lost, or suppressed will. "I would give a great deal—a great deal," muttered this old friend of the Hunters of Winisfalen, "if prying Robin had a white face to be believed. What shall we do without witnesses? Lord—Lord—how terrible!"

This great overthrow of well-grounded hopes, if it developed no high quality in Mrs. Agnes Hunter, yet had the effect of showing that her nature was haughty and staunch in its sufficiency to self. Barren of emotions her daily life had been; the coldness which had been fatal to these soft yieldings, these weaknesses which make human life lovely even whilst pitiable, now assumed the appearance of a proud equanimity under misfortune. Mrs. Agnes Hunter never appeared to so much advantage. She at once, when the last effort to find a later will had proved fruitless, signified her purpose to remove from Winisfalen, and take an humbler establishment in the town of C——. No one would have supposed that a great overthrow had befallen the worldly hopes of the serene and stately lady who calmly made arrangements for this change in her mode of life. Her means, apart from the small legacy bequeathed to her daughter, were very slender; they consisted in their sum total of a few thousands, invested in bank stocks—moneys which had constituted her sole dowry, when Lewis Hunter, from some eccentricity into which love betrays men, led her from poverty to reasonable, but now defeated, hopes of affluence.

It would be untrue to say that Mary Hunter was wholly indifferent to the loss of a great fortune. But grief for her grandfather's death at first drove

all thought of other loss from her mind. And as the tumults of this subsided, two causes of distress which a common nature, in a similar case, would have left far in the background, assumed a predominance over the baser grief which attends loss of wealth. One, the least, of these causes of distress, was the necessary removal from Winisfalen. She loved the old walls that had sheltered her from infancy; the sentinel oaks were her dumb friends, or rather her many-voiced friends, for they could speak in a thousand tones, when the winds came roaring, or sighing, or whispering, amongst their wide-spread branches. She loved her little flower-garden; she loved her accustomed walks; the very clock in the old dining-room, standing grimly in its corner, with its moon-face, was like something sentient with which she had contracted a quiet friendship. There was no spot on earth so dear to her as the green hill, upon which the happy years of her life had been passed. But the great cause of distress was this—and I fear that, in indulging it, she was guilty of a wretched weakness: the poverty into which she had fallen made it seem impossible to her that she could now recal Carabas. Her motives would seem base. The master of Cotsworth, in spite of his involvements, was rich in comparison with the poor disinherited girl who so recently, when fortune seemed prodigal of bright promises, had dismissed him. To make overtures now—what would the world say to such a course? what might not even he think of it? She permitted this weakness to overcome her better sense, and left the fulfilment of the promise, which had cheered the last moments of her grandfather, to the chances of the future.

The Winisfalen servants were much distressed, when their young mistress, passing before a long line of them, pressed their hands, and gave them kind words at parting. Robin, the girl Malkin, and one or two others, were to continue, by an arrangement with the executors in the service of Mrs. Hunter. Loud lamentations followed the groaning and creaking of the old family coach, as it bore the sad ladies from Winisfalen, to their new and more humble home.

I must pass over a considerable interval of time, and take up my story at a point of interest. Mary Hunter, leading a life of seclusion in a pleasant cottage in the edge of C——, had found the certain truth that a well regulated mind, and pure conscience, aided by the physical health of youth, can triumph over griefs, and make any life endurable. Winter had come and passed. She felt a little surprise, when the changing face of nature reminded her that she had lived through six months of time in her calm resistance to unhappiness. The trite verse of the Latin poet is freshly enough expanded by Chaucer:

"For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,
Ay fleth the time, it wol no man abide."

It had flown with Mary Hunter, in spite of much to make it drag heavily.

One morning, as Mary was employed in training her honey-suckles and roses, upon which "the blind motions of the spring" were bursting buds, the little busy wife of one Mr. Hobson, an Episcopal clergyman, came briskly up with an unstarched cap-frill flying back from her round, good-natured face, and a letter and newspaper in her hand. Her worthy husband had preached himself into an affection of the lungs, and his congregation had sent him off to spend the winter in the south of France. The letter in Mrs. Hobson's hand was from this absent husband; he wrote from Paris where a weakness for prying into rare books of useless learning had detained him from his original destination. The newspaper was a number of the C— gazette. The brisk little woman puffed, as she waddled up to Mary. Her good-natured face expressed as much indignation as its capacity in such expressions permitted. She lost no time in opening the batteries of her speech.

"How do you do, my dear? Have you seen the gazette? How shameful to take such an advantage of the poor young man's being out of the country; and just when Mr. H. is writing such complimentary things about him too. I could tear the old wretch's eyes out of his head."

Mary did not at all understand Mrs. Hobson's speech. Mrs. Hobson explained it.

"I have just got a letter from my dear Mr. H. He says that our friend Mr. Car is in Paris, and that he makes quite a figure in—what do you think? In writings—all about politics and that sort of thing—some great questions. But let me read you what the letter says." The good wife read:

"Our young friend Carabas Car of Cotsworth is here, and, much to my astonishment, has distinguished himself by the publication of able papers upon important international questions. He seems to have changed completely from her former dissipated mode of life. I mean, my dear, by 'dissipated' not that he drank intemperately; I never heard that he did so. But that he dissipated time, health, and wealth in improper pursuits. How a man so recently lost in enfeebling and wholly unlettered habits, and still so young, should have mastered the grave subjects upon which he writes forcibly and profoundly, I am at a loss to know. He has attracted the attention of our embassy here, and is quite a lion. I held a long home conversation with him a few evenings since. His principles seem to have become greatly purified; his reflections upon the past are singularly sad, but struck me as just. He persists, however, in what I consider an error; he will not return to give personal attention to his affairs, but talks of travelling in the East for an indefinite time. I think that recovering from a few faults of youth, he will become, so far as worldly

views go, a remarkable if not a great man. If the blessed, and blessing Spirit should ever penetrate into his nature, he would become truly a shining light. I devote so much space to him, in my letter, because I know that prejudices exist against him among the good people of C—, and its neighborhood. I think now, forming my judgment upon his more developed character, that our lovely young friend at Winisfalen acted unfortunately in her course toward him."

"Ah—isn't it fine?" exclaimed Mrs. Hobson. "I always thought it would turn out so. I told our neighbor, Mrs. Smith, as much a year ago—she will testify that I told her so. 'Meggy,' said I, 'they talk a great about young Car's way of living, but' said I, 'what's his own is his own'—but bless me, my dear, that brings me to think of the thing in the paper. Here it is—read that."

Mary, taking the newspaper, read an advertisement, beginning with the ominous words, "By virtue of a deed of trust," &c. It was the advertisement of one Isaah Jones, trustee, and notified the public that, on the 30th of April, Cotsworth would be sold, *for cash*, to the highest bidder, to satisfy a debt of \$52,000, due from Carabas Car to Simon Grimshaw. Isaah was very explicit, and rambled into details; there was none of the usual soft handling, which leaves something to be supplied by conjecture, in his advertisement.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as selling such a great property for cash?" inquired Mrs. Hobson, with a ratiocinative cast of countenance. "Why it is one property for one person to buy, and where is the one person in the world with so much cash? I'd like to have that question answered."

"Poor Carabas," Mary sighed. "It is not only we that are turned adrift from an old home. Cotsworth, like Winisfalen, must have new occupants."

Mary Hunter sat alone in her chamber, late in the evening of the day on which this information had been conveyed to her by Mrs. Hobson. Her face beamed with a hopeful expression. Carabas seemed to her, impressed as her mind was with the awful terms of the advertisement, wholly ruined. Now she could fulfil her promise to her grandfather, and bid him come back to receive her portionless hand—without peril of incurring a suspicion of base motives in so recalling him. Another cheering consciousness added to the brightness of her beauty. It was that her mother no longer made a barrier between herself and her lover. The dying wishes of Colonel Hunter had not been without effect upon Mrs. Agnes Hunter; then Mary's poverty had led to some secret reflections, which the proud lady would scarcely admit, in her self-communings, had the least influence upon her judgment, but which, nevertheless, did have no little influence upon it. Operated upon by these double causes, she had, some time before, committed herself partially to Mary by a tolerant remark upon Carabas. This

had led to conversations, not very definite, but gradually becoming definite. These revelations may help to account for what I have said of the regained good-looks, and cheerfulness, of my heroine. The letter from Mr. Hobson, and the newspaper with the advertisement of the sale of Cotsworth, were, the one favorable, the other unfavorable in their operation upon these yieldings of Mrs. Hunter. But the letter had unqualified force, whilst pride would not permit her to undo much recently done, and veer again, directly and suddenly into objection upon the score of this loss of fortune by the gentleman; besides a reflection came unacknowledged to her mind, much more enlightened than Mary's on such subjects: Carabas would still possess, after satisfaction of the debt for which sale was to be made, a very considerable property. She had, in a word, left the matter in the hands of her daughter; going through the formalities of prayer that good might come of it. So Mary sat cheerfully in her chamber, and wrote to Carabas Car.

That was a most touching and graceful letter. I regret that I cannot give it to the reader. Some years after, a very sweet little girl, with light hair, and blue eyes, prying into nooks and corners of an old country-house, found it, and made such havoc with its worn folds, that no trace of it remains to us—except in its consequences to personages of this domestic history.

Having thus followed Mary Hunter to her cottage home in C—, and found her, after the lapse of months, cheerful, and in the act of reinstating the happiness of her exiled lover, let us look into the dealings of Simon Grimshaw, and see, farther, how Tom Manning, representing the absent owner of Cotsworth, played his cards against the sharp game of the money-lender. Simon had taken a most stringent deed of trust to secure payment of his large debt. The money had been lent nominally for five years, but one provision of the deed of trust was that interest should be paid half-yearly; and, in case of failure, to make any one payment of interest when it should become due, that the trustee, demand having been first made unsuccessfully of the interest so in arrear, should have the power to sell the whole property conveyed, to discharge at once the whole debt. Having in this careful and effective manner prepared his campaign, Simon found, much sooner than he had hoped, an opportunity of bringing it to an end by a pitched battle, fought on terms of great advantage to himself. The absence of Carabas Car removed one great annoyance, and hindrance, which even the most flinty money-lender will experience; the sharpest rascals of this class are apt to be rebuked into some slowness in their process of victimization, by the mere look, the speaking eye, of the once confiding, but finally enlightened, victim. It was, in this view, a delightful relief to Simon,

to have his debtor, who had been lulled into perfect reliance upon his neighborly good will, and who had never looked at all closely into the deed of trust, absent, in distant lands where no rumor would reach him, until the Penates of the Cars had marched away, in solemn procession, before the advancing columns of those domestic guardians of the respectable Grimshaws. Then, again, Tom Manning was known to drink more than his brains, more honest than shrewd, could well stand; and probably would have no clearness of ideas at all on the subject. He would make no effective resistance. Finally, delays, in the enforcement of his pretensions, might defeat him in the eventual attainment of Cotsworth, or compel him to pay much more than his debt for it, by making it the interest of new creditors (and he did not conceive it possible for Carabas to live without forming daily debts) to see that the estate should not be sacrificed. I must add that these views combined could not have brought Simon to the dire point of immediate sale, if Colonel Hunter of Winisfalen had been out of his grave. Simon had always dreaded the high nature of the brave old man, as an evil spirit dreads the sprinkle of holy water, or as the monster of Ariosto dreaded the glitter, and shrunk at the touch, of the charmed spear. With a clear field, and such ideas as I have copied from the dirty tablets of the man's nature, the money-lender paid Tom Manning a visit, and quietly demanded payment of the first half-year's interest. Manning admitted his agency for the owner of Cotsworth, and expressed his desire to pay such engagements for his principal, but, after a time-honored Virginia custom, apologised for present want of means; said something about the getting in, or out of crops, and spoke of moneys due but not easily collected; expressed surprise at one's expecting payment of interest twice in the year, when, as every one knew, it was so difficult to pay it once; and, altogether sent Simon away very well satisfied that his demand remained unsatisfied. The fact was that Manning had recently quite exhausted his immediate resources by placing moneys in a distant bank—a deposit which, in his ignorance of the simple contrivances by which such things are every day managed, he had travelled expressly to make—to meet the wants of Carabas. But of this he said nothing to Simon Grimshaw. In a few days after this visit to Manning, Simon made the trustee, his useful friend, Isaah Jones, startle the country side with that advertisement which Mrs. Hobson inveighed against in her interview with Mary Hunter.

A copy of the C— gazette reached Tom Manning, one day, as he sat enjoying himself under the warming influences of his noon glass, and meditated upon the pleasure with which he should, presently, send a companion after it. He was entirely alone; I may as well mention here that he had

contrived, shortly after the departure of Carabas, to rid Cotsworth of its crowd of unworthy guests. As he glanced over the paper, his eyes fell upon the awful advertisement. Tom Manning became instantly the very picture of astonishment and wrath. He had received, within a few days after the visit of Simon, the means of paying the interest due, and putting the money into his pocket, he at once determined to return the visit; in ten minutes he was riding at a fast gallop over the road to the Cowpens—the Grimshaw homestead. He reached the house of the money-lender, and without unnecessary delays, fronted his one-eyed adversary, who, with Paul at his side, awaited, with great benignity of countenance, the onset.

"Did you have that advertisement about selling Cotsworth put into the paper?" demanded Manning. "Did *you* have it done?"

"A man has his rights, Mr. Manning," answered Simon. "What is the use of laws of the land, if we are never to go by them? If I have instructed Isaah to sell, it is according to law. You know that very well, Mr. Manning. I think, also, the young man has not acted conscientiously by an old friend: I am his friend, Mr. Manning—his true friend. He is pleasuring off, and not working, like a conscientious man, to pay off his undertakings. If I ordered the sale I acted up to law, and Christian duty."

"You ordered the sale then?"

"Yes: I instructed Isaah to sell."

"Just be good enough," said Manning, "to get a pen, and ink, and some paper. I have something that I want you to write."

Simon, with an inquisitive countenance, opened a drawer, and took out writing materials.

"Now write," said Tom Manning, "to the editor of the gazette to take the advertisement out of his paper; and, for fear he may be a little slow, send him Tom Manning's compliments."

"But," said Simon, "the editor has nothing to do with it."

"The advertisement must come out of the paper. Of course that is fixed," said Manning. "Suppose it should get to Mr. Car. What would he say to my management?"

"You refused to pay the interest," said Simon.

"Refused? What do you call refusing? I begged a little time! What is there so hard in giving a little time? But now I have brought the money; of course the matter will be all settled."

"It is too late," said Simon, wearying of a conversation from which nothing was to be gained. "Your refusal to pay gave me the right to sell, and I mean to sell—that is, Isaah Jones will proceed to sell for my benefit, and that of my family." Simon looked tenderly upon Paul, as an accompaniment to this outpouring of paternal affection and generosity.

"You mean to sell Cotsworth, where I am mas-

ter, do you?—and when I offer to pay you all you asked?" said Tom Manning, boiling to the brim, and about to boil over.

"Isaah will sell," answered Simon.

"Then I say that you are a robber, and a d—d skinflint."

"Come—come," interposed Paul, bristling up, in a faint and reluctant manner, to the defence of his stouter hearted sire, who stood his ground like a grim terrier with one very sharp eye. "This wont, any way, do. No hard names."

Manning gave Paul a prompt answer. He struck the heir apparent of the House of Grimshaw between the eyes, and knocked him quite through a painted screen—the handiwork of Miss Caroline Grimshaw, an interesting young lady, who stood some six feet in her kid shoes. This act of hostility produced an extraordinary hubbub. Simon was furious—Paul loud-tongued, Miss Caroline came running to the rescue. The upshot was that Tom Manning, very soon, found himself trundled out of the house with a considerable quantity of his hair left in Miss Caroline's hands, his face seamed with scratches, a coat-tail gone, and sundry minor evidences of discomfiture in his enterprise.

"I'll have the law upon you," shouted Simon; and then, slamming his doors, bolted them.

"I'll have a little more of this sport," shouted back Tom Manning. "We are a long way off from being done with it."

As Manning rode back to Cotsworth, certain sharp sensations about the head drew his attention to Miss Grimshaw's mutilations.

"I think, taken all together, they are too much for me," he said. "The girl's a perfect Indian; she must have clawed my scalp clean off. But she's a strapping, well-built, young woman, too, and I oughtn't to blame her for helping the old man and her brother. I'll give Paul *Jesse* to-morrow."

I leave the reader to conjecture what Tom meant by giving Paul *Jesse*. With a desponding humor, he reached Cotsworth, and then, instead of hastening to employ some honest lawyer, and endeavoring to devise means of warding off the sale, which loomed in such horrors before his mind's eyes, the fox hunter pursued a course more natural to him, but far from being so wisely serviceable to the interests of his absent principal. He drank one glass, and then another, and then extended the file of them indefinitely. The consequence was that this sentinel of Cotsworth was disabled upon his post. Tom Manning continued drunk for a week after this unfortunate day. At the end of that time he roused himself a little, tapered off in his drinking, endured certain horrors, and, in a day or two, was pretty well again.

"It's my heart, after all," speculated Tom as he looked back upon the not unusual debauch. "I never could stand being distressed. If it was not for distress of mind, I would never take more than

a wholesome quantity. I think, after the little glass I just took, I feel myself man enough to give Paul and the family another round. I must take, however, one or two more, to make the thing certain."

The old jocular ballad commemorative of the prowess of More of More Hall, in slaying the Dragon of Wantley, informs us that the champion, before going out against the beast,

"—To make himself strong, and mighty,
Took, by the tail, six pints of strong ale,
And another of aqua vitæ."

Tom Manning braced himself in pretty much the same manner, and then made a second inroad upon the Grimshaws. It was as unfortunate as the first; but the result by no means quieted the bruised fox-hunter, who had got chained fast to a single idea. Strangely enough, it is quite as true as any part of this history that Tom Manning consumed the following weeks, quite up to the day appointed for the sale of Cotsworth, in a system of assaults upon Paul, in which he endured battery at the hands of the whole Grimshaw family; and in the kindred system of getting terribly drunk, and remaining so for days together. By the day of sale, Miss Caroline had diminished the quantity of his hair deplorably, and made a net-work of his face; whilst Simon, proceeding upon his Christian and legal rights, had initiated seven actions of assault and battery against him.

CHAPTER VII.

The day appointed for the sale of Cotsworth came in with a howling wind, and occasional showers of driving rain, mingled with a very unseasonable sleet. The Banshee of Cotsworth may have contributed, with melancholy utterances, to the mysterious sounds with which the roaming wind entered, escaped from, and dashed about, the great country-house.

In spite of bad weather, a crowd of many hundreds collected at Cotsworth in the course of the forenoon. It was suggested to Isaah Jones that the sale ought to be postponed to "the next fair day," but Isaah knew no will except Simon Grimshaw's, and Simon was peremptory in ordering him to proceed. Moreover, the sun, in Simon's justification, came peeping out at a later hour, and the weather greatly improved. An auctioneer, with one half of a large mouth occupied by tobacco, and an extraordinary voice rambling through the other half, began the work of the day. Simon, who knew the circumstances of every man of the crowd, felt himself perfectly safe; and could even afford to express some regret, to a better class of listeners, that his friend, Mr. Car, should have obliged him, by his neglect, and unconscientious conduct, to

proceed so suddenly against his property. The money-lender commenced operations in a dashing manner. Without any per acre trifling, he made a first bid of \$50,000 for the estate. The bid was cried full an hour; no other was made, and there seemed to be a likelihood that no other would be made. But early in the second hour, heralded by a stream of sunshine which extracted quite a fog from the drenched crowd, a solid looking stranger rode up. Immediately after dismounting, he made an advance upon the bid of Simon. The appearance of Ivanhoe at the Preceptory of Templestowe was nothing to that of this square-built, elderly gentleman, upon the sale-ground of Cotsworth. The crowd gave a shout that broke every halter in the stables. Simon, very much disturbed, topped the stranger with a new bid; the stranger instantly returned the compliment. So it went on—the battle limited to these two. Simon's first bid of \$50,000 had been nearly doubled. A sort of ghastly jaundice made the countenance of the one-eyed money-lender terrible to be seen.

"Do you know—sir—sir"—he said with a trembling hitch in his voice, "the terms of this sale?"

"Yes," answered the broad-faced stranger, looking stoutly from under a very capacious hat, and crossing his hands upon his coat tails.

"The property is selling for cash," continued Simon—"for cash. Read the terms again Isaah. Do you hear?—for cash."

"I hear very well," answered the stranger.

"Isaah, the question occurs," argued Simon, "whether we ought to take the bids of an unknown individual, who may be without the means of making them good, and who may be set on by the other party. It might have injurious effects; it might stop, and throw out good solvent bidders."

"It has not stopped you," said the stranger, "but brought you up to something near a just price for the estate. But what do you mean by saying 'we' to the trustee, and talking about the other party as the adversary of both of you? Are you joined together to rob the young man—who certainly ought to be here to attend to his own rights?"

Simon, although possessed of a stereotyped answer to the charge of robbery, became judiciously silent. The stranger spoke on:

"If you and the trustee, selling the property here, are leagued against the owner, you are making a great mistake to let the fact out. The trustee is bound to be impartial between parties. As for my bidding, John Blunt, senior partner of the firm of Blunt, Brothers & Co., is able to stand up to his undertakings."

Blunt, Brothers & Co. were a great house in a great city, and fame had sounded their moneyed respectability loudly enough to be heard even in the distant region of Simon Grimshaw's labors. Knowledge of the fact that John Blunt, with his long purse, was his adversary, whilst it overthrew

what had remained of his hopes of buying Cotsworth at advantage, gave him something of the calmness of despair.

"How high do you mean to go for the estate?" he inquired of the senior partner of the house of Blunt, Brothers & Co.

"We will see. Go on. The last bid, I believe, was mine."

Simon did go on, but like a man feeling his way over unsafe ice. For his every small advance, John Blunt made one as small. To \$105,000; after a little to \$109,000; then to the verge of \$110,000, swelled the bidding. Simon, blanched to a yellow white, held on. "A little more yet," he muttered; "the property is worth more. Cash—cash! But Isaah will come into arrangements. A little more yet. I can sell the neck, and other out-parts of the property. The place will make a gentleman of Paul. I have labored for it. I must have it, at anything this side of its just value. But, Father in Heaven, what a trial!"

The bid for the round sum of \$110,000 was Simon Grimshaw's; John Blunt, turning on his heel, said:

"You may have the property for that. I have no more to say." And, mounting his horse, he rode back to the town of C——, where he and his friend, Mr. N——, the lawyer, made themselves somewhat merry over the discomfiture of Simon Grimshaw. N—— had some time before heard of John Blunt's desire to purchase a large estate, and, hearing, had sent for him, to prevent a sacrifice of Cotsworth.

"I am not the young man's agent," said the old lawyer; "but he is out of the country, and Simon is a prodigious rascal. I must take on myself to look a little into the surplus of *cash*, which that pleasant feature in the deed of trust makes it the business of Simon to pay into the hands of Isaah Jones, for payment over to Car."

After John Blunt left the sale-ground, Simon held a brief consultation with Isaah Jones, and, when that worthy left him, retired to bed under the Cotsworth roof. How desolate the great house was! Caught in his own trap, the money-lender was by no means in the humor to make a spot cheerful which was, in itself, not so, by cheerful workings of the internal man. No ghost of the many victims of his plausible, but sharp dealings haunted him; it was disappointment—terrible disappointment—that held him sleepless throughout that long night. If he thought at all of young Cuthbert, wild Jack Cuthbert's son—of whom Col. Hunter raked up a reminiscence, in the conversation with Robin—or of the many others whom he had made fortuneless, and houseless, it was with some relief against his gloomy and desponding meditations. These victims, in their ruin, made the brilliant successes, to be placed against the one bitter defeat of his life. A weary-souled, and most

wretched-looking man was Simon Grimshaw, when day streamed in through the windows of his chamber. In the effort to leave his bed, he discovered that severe bodily ailments had seized upon him; he persisted resolutely however, and tottered himself into his suit of sober snuff-color. That morning he was for a long time closeted with Isaah Jones, and by noon, had overcome whatever scruples the trustee entertained, and received a conveyance, and taken formal possession of Cotsworth. As a preliminary to this, he gave his bond for nearly \$60,000—the residue of the purchase-money, after deducting the debt for which sale had been made. This bond was, in terms, payable on demand; but there was an understanding that Simon should not be called upon to pay it, until Carabas Car returned, and became urgent. This business accomplished, the money-lender, once more left alone, took from a rusty pocket-book a venerable looking paper, and, placing it on the table before him, crossed his arms over it, and bending his head until his haggard face rested upon them, seemed soon to be buried in wretched meditations.

"Caroline must have the home-place, and Lucy the Thornhedge farm," he muttered to himself. "Paul must have this great estate; but if I go off too soon, how will Paul manage the bond to Isaah? If the young man keeps away a year or two, and I live, we can scrape through."

Presently he drew from his pocket an inkhorn, which had dribbled out a black poison fatal to many fortunes, in its time, and wrote an additional paragraph upon the venerable paper. The additional paragraph was a codicil to his will.

A few hours after this, Paul and his sisters reached Cotsworth, bringing with them a first instalment of the household goods of the old Grimshaw establishment. Paul and the young ladies had been debating the question whether there would be any impropriety in using the fine furniture of Cotsworth, which still belonged to the recent owner of the estate. The question had been settled with remarkable unanimity; it was the judgment of all that the best mode of preserving it, was to keep it in use. So the fine things of Cotsworth had been devoted, in anticipation to the Grimshaw uses. But grave duties awaited the children of Simon, at Cotsworth. The money-lender, after adding the clause to his will, had found himself growing ill. Not a human being was near him; the Cotsworth servants had deserted the house, and were either close in their own quarters, or wandering about the country—all except a groom, or two, who were asleep in a hay-mow. Tom Manning, entirely vanquished, had marched away, I omitted to tell the reader, a day before the day of sale, followed by his hounds, and was again established at his former little box of a residence. So Simon quite alone, had dragged his failing limbs after him, and with

difficulty reached his bed again. His son and daughters found him quite ill.

Very soon it was the talk of the country that Simon Grimshaw had contracted a fatal sickness, by exposure on the day of the sale of Cotsworth. Physicians had despaired of his recovery; it was a malignant case of quinsy. Suffocating with the tumors of this terrible malady, the old man was indeed struggling on the narrow and unsteady ground which makes the utmost confine of life. In such a state, with a strangling paroxysm about to return in renewed force upon him, he caught his son's hand, and was just able to say, in a series of low gasps:

"Hold on to the estate, Paul. Fight it out. Sell a part. Work your way. Hold on to it. This cough is your enemy, Paul. Remember your old father, Paul. If he ever dealt hardly, it was for you—my son."

And having finished this speech, Simon gave way to his malady, and died. A little of the old man's love for his children extended to the great family of his kind, would have made a difference in his funeral retinue. As it was, in spite of his wealth, only a very forlorn handful of indifferent-seeming people took the trouble to see christian burial given to Simon Grimshaw. The burial-ground, in which his remains were placed, lay near a village academy. Two school-boys, turning aside from their play-ground, stood over a showy tomb-stone, which marked his grave and recorded his virtues. The inscription upon the stone exaggerated the deceased into "a devout christian, and lover of his species." Whilst one school-boy erased, with a rusty nail, the final letter of the word "species," the other wrote upon the marble, with a pencil, some lines of Dryden:

"A fox full fraught with seeming sanctity,
That feared an oath, but like the devil would lie;
Who looked like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer."

Now let us join Mary Hunter. Spring has deepened into summer; summer has blazed its life out; autumn has come full-handed with its fruitage, but has not, as yet, grown sombre with the satiety which follows its fully accomplished works, since we left her writing a gentle, and wise, letter to Carabas Car. To join Mary Hunter we must leave the town of C—— behind us, and get more than a mile into the country; for so far Mary has been led, in one of her meditative walks. She is now fairly seated on a bank, green with moss and grass, over a clear forest stream, and, without any special purpose, throws pebbles into the water. That last pebble was quite a stone; heavy enough to have dashed the brains out of any water spirit trusting himself abroad without his river-shell helmet. The water, after wimpling, and circling off, becomes tranquil again. As it

does so there is a shadow upon it. Some one is behind the lady, upon the bank. She turns her head swiftly. Why should Mary Hunter spring to her feet with a quick cry, and then totter and grow paler than grief itself? To be at once very explicit, the quick cry of Mary Hunter was "Carabas—Carabas!" The tall, and distinguished looking gentleman, who with a remnant of boyish mischief has stolen, with unheard steps, to her side, and now holds her in his arms, and glues his lips to hers, is indeed Carabas Car. Her letter, long in reaching him, has at last drawn him from beyond the ocean; the lost is again found, the exile returned, the unhappy made happy. A few wizard words, traced on a most perishable tablet, which water may easily ruin, and fire instantly reduce to a pinch of ashes, have sometimes a wonderful power over human fortunes.

That night, the cottage of Mrs. Agnes Hunter was the scene of a very cheerful gathering. The old lawyer N——, and some other tried friends were met to do sober honor to Carabas Car's return. Mrs. Hunter resorted to this ready mode of declaring the fact that her intentions had become pacific.

It was early on the next day, that Carabas entered the office of Mr. N——. The lawyer received him with a countenance of cold gravity. His notions of prudence had been greatly outraged by his young friend's career.

"You have managed to get rid of a fine estate very soon," he said, after a few general remarks. Carabas sententiously admitted the fact.

"As imprudent a part of your course as any," said N——, "was your absence from your affairs. If you had been here, we might, very easily, have saved Cotsworth."

"I mean to save Cotsworth still," replied Carabas.

"How?" inquired N——.

"With my horse-whip. I shall turn my old friend Paul out, quickly enough," Carabas answered. It was clear that, notwithstanding the fine letter of the clergyman, Mr. Hobson, the leopard was not quite rid of his spots.

"You seem," said the lawyer, disappointedly, to have some of your follies about you still. But listen to an older man. Of course the horse-whip wont do. But there is a clear course of prudence before you. Isaah Jones owes you nearly \$60,000. The debt is over due. You can consent to the loss of Cotsworth and take this money. Such a sum, with your large personal property ought to be sufficient for any reasonable man. I believe it is understood that you and our charming Mary will be married. What do you say to the purchase of Winisfalen? It is a smaller estate, and a little stretching of your means may compass it. I think Godfrey Hunter will sell the old place to Mary's husband."

Carabas mused a few moments and then replied :

"My pride is concerned in this thing. I have a humor of continuing to be a Car of Cotsworth. I must drive Paul out of my father's house, either by the usual agencies, or by putting my hand directly to the business."

"This means, again, by using your horse-whip. Drop that idea. If you are determined to strike for Cotsworth, for which I like you all the better, I think we have a way. In the first place I think evidence might be had of collusion between the trustee, and the beneficiary Simon Grimshaw. Then it was a gross enormity to sell \$110,000 worth of property to pay a debt of \$52,000. The trustee should have sold so much, and only so much as the amount of the debt required. This great blunder of the rascals, no doubt, grew out of their fixed idea that there would be no competition in the bidding, and the debt to Simon would thus swallow the whole. On these, and some other grounds, the proceedings of Isaah Jones could be effectively assailed. But there is a very simple process by which, I think, we can immediately recover Cotsworth. Paul is your real debtor. I understand that Simon gave him nothing but Cotsworth, and a few negroes. Demand payment of the balance of the purchase money, and Paul will, doubtless, give the estate up at once. It must appear to him more comfortable to be your creditor in the large original debt, made perfectly secure, than to be harassed for an immense sum which he has no means of paying. By the way that agent of yours, Tom Manning, who has as thick a head as his riding horse, must have some payments to make to you from your crops."

Carabas determined to adopt the course advised by N——. It was arranged that they should make a visit to Cotsworth together. As they were about parting for the present a strong step was heard at the door-way. Tom Manning, hearing of the arrival of Carabas Car, had ridden into town, and now presented his honest face at the office door. His meeting with Car was a right hearty and relieving scene. The fox hunter had borne a load which had soured his temper, and confused his wits. He was glad to be rid of it, and glad to see again an old friend. Various were the small rolls of bank-notes, each roll kept to itself, and accompanied with a specimen of Tom's chirography, in explanation of its source, numerous were the notes, and other evidences of debt, remaining uncollected, which he presently spread upon the lawyer's table. Tom drew a long breath as he disburthened himself.

"I did my best," he said; "but the Grimshaws were too much for me. Thank God you have come back to attend to your own matters. I hope you have got to be more prudent since you went away."

The old lawyer laughed very much at this reference to a prudent course of life, and made an ob-

servation or two upon certain actions of assault and battery, which enlightened Carabas, and made his manner to Tom Manning all the more kindly.

The day following Mr. N—— took Carabas into a venerable circuit gig, and jogged him to Cotsworth. The face of the new master of that demesne grew of a frightful length when these visitors met his eyes. Alas for him, that the spirit of old Simon was departed, and could no longer come to the rescue!

"It seems to have become your turn to do the honors of Cotsworth," said Carabas as he seated himself in one of his own costly chairs, and leaned an arm on one of his own tables. There was something in the look which accompanied these words that terrified Paul infinitely. But N—— presently threw him quite into a cold perspiration by broaching the subject upon which he had come. The effects of a clear and somewhat peremptory statement of the obligations which Simon had left him to bear, and of the requisitions of Carabas Car were even more immediately conclusive than the lawyer had anticipated.

"If Mr. Car will let me off," said Paul, catching at the intimation that Carabas would do so, "I will turn out to-day. Whatever was wrong, gentlemen—whatever there was that wasn't right was the doing of the old man. It was a nice way to leave the place to me, to leave it with such a sum of money to be paid on it. Besides I was to be a fine gentleman; and the rich neighbours were to come and crack jokes and drink wine, with Paul Grimshaw, Esq. It all sounded fine enough. But since I came here to live, Tom Manning is about the only man, out of the Joneses, and that sort, that has been here; and it was only to wind up Mr. Car's business; and he always treated me like a dog. The old man did a nice business when he put me here—as he did, gentlemen, for it was no doing of mine. But what's to be done had better be done without Caroline's hearing of it; she has got some of the old man's notions about my holding on."

Paul having shown himself so reasonable, no time was lost by the lawyer in bringing the business to an end. By the ensuing day Carabas had been entirely reinstated in his rights. He was, once more, master of Cotsworth, owing, as a drawback to his perfect ease, the original debt of \$52,000, with slight accumulations of interest.

It presently became known in C—— and the country around, that Carabas Car and Mary Hunter were very soon to be married. Gossip had even fixed the day for the wedding—and as the day so fixed was not many weeks from the true day, gossip made an unusually near hit. Whilst the hours were flying swiftly on to the great point in the fortunes of Carabas and Mary, Mrs. Agnes Hunter received, one day, a bulky letter, heavy with sealing wax, and stamped with griffins, scrolls and

cyphers. It was from Godfrey Hunter of Mississippi. It enclosed certain instruments of writing, giving and securing to Mrs. Hunter and her daughter, a very considerable provision out of the estate devised to him by his brother, Colonel Henry Hunter. But the letter itself was of so much importance that I must give it to the reader. Here it is.

LONSDALE—

“My dear niece :

I enclose the instruments referred to in a former letter. But, after all, it may prove unnecessary, on my part, and a display of cheap liberality. I never saw the justice of my lamented brother's robbing you and Mary to enrich me and my son. And you will do me the justice to admit that, acting upon the first impressions, I at once made the propositions now consummated. To have given up the whole estate I trust you will agree with me, would have been more than could have been expected reasonably of any one with a numerous family. But I incline to believe that we have no claims upon the property of my lamented brother. A person calling himself Gambrill, or Gamill, has very recently paid me a visit, and although he seemed to find it impossible to develop the business which he had in hand, was plain enough to induce the strong suspicion that he knows of the existence of, if he does not himself hold, a later will of my lamented brother. In this country the law is not administered with a proper stringency, and the scoundrel, moreover, would find it easy to escape conviction by destroying the will if he holds it; as my knowledge of the fact of his holding it is not sure enough to make conclusive evidence. If the will exists, I say let it be brought to light; it would be a great wrong to hold against the rights of others better entitled. My sons join in the wishes and opinion expressed on this head. It would seem advisable on your part, niece, to send some trusty person acquainted with this Gambrill, or Gamill, to inquire into the matter, and act judiciously upon it. He is still in this country. Your agent had better come directly to my house and receive the information and assistance in my power to bestow. Embrace my blue-eyed Mary for her old uncle, and believe me, niece, very cordially,

Yours, &c.

GODFREY HUNTER.

Here was a letter, indeed, from a very high-toned gentleman. It came like a flood of sunlight to our friends. Fortune had recently assumed so favorable an aspect that every heart had grown into confidence; and the prospect of regaining the will seemed a certainty.

After reading the letter Carabas said :

“The fine old gentleman deserves Winisfalen.”

Mary Hunter said :

“I am glad to know that this great wealth will make the loss of Winisfalen, should we regain it,

a matter of small importance to himself and my good cousins.”

Mrs. Agnes Hunter said nothing.

Mr. N—— was wonderfully moved. “It was my old jackass of a self, then,” he muttered, “that did the whole damage, by sending the rascal to Winisfalen on a business that I might have known was critical. Gamil has stolen the will. What could be his reason? It must be had out of him, if steel hooks are to drag his heart out with it. I swear, if he has destroyed it, by all the comfort I am to have here or hereafter, I will make him give evidence of his knowledge and the fact. Lord—lord—was such a thing ever heard of?”

In the same hour in which N—— so cogitated upon his own folly, and the misconduct of Gamil, Carabas conversed with Mary.

“I think,” he said, “that I should go upon this business. If Gamil has the will I do not doubt of getting it from him. But every one will say that I am too much interested in looking up a fortune for the lady I am to marry if I go now. But, then, time is important. Gamil may, any day, become alarmed and burn the will. Suppose, Mary, we hasten matters and be married at once.”

Mary, with a smile and a blush, said :

“No. That is not necessary. It never was a weakness of yours to change your determinations, because idle tongues might censure them. Do you think that you could accomplish the end? If yes, then I confess to you, Carabas, that I have two great wishes; one to bring a proud dowry to you—the other to regain the dear old home, Winisfalen.”

“But,” said Carabas, “if the will is found and Winisfalen becomes your own you are still to live at Cotsworth.”

Mary laughed : “you are peremptory in time. But Cotsworth and Winisfalen are upon the twin hills. A loving eye, looking from the one, bears the heart easily to the other. I can love Winisfalen happily from the new home to which you will bear me.”

It was determined that Carabas Car should go to Mississippi. In as short a time as possible he prepared himself; and, burthened with instructions from the old lawyer, and receiving certain gentle warnings from Mary Hunter he began the journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

Near that volcanic city, Vicksburg, on a fine estate which he called Lonsdale, in great style lived Godfrey Hunter. The wealth of the south-west displays itself more than wealth of like degree here, in the older social organization of our country life. There is more pomp; the newness of society cannot at once settle down to the composure and quiet ease of our old-fashioned mode of living. Godfrey Hunter resembled his brother, Colonel

Henry Hunter, in many substantial respects; but certain elegant vanities made his superficialities. He reminded you of an old French Marquis. His sons were fine young men, accomplished, and of good appearance.

Carabas Car reached Lonsdale, and was made warmly welcome. His host compelled him to take a respite, and enjoy himself in these new scenes for a day or two. When he had done so, the business upon which he had come was discussed, and it was decided that Carabas, young Henry Hunter, and the Lonsdale overseer, one Mr. Small, who, belying his name, was quite a giant, should go together to Vicksburg, where Gamil was known to be, and endeavor to come to a clear knowledge of facts, and a pacific arrangement with him. Carabas had brought with him the means of buying Gamil, at any reasonable price, into a relinquishment of the will, if he held it. The old lawyer, N——, had contributed a considerable part of these means; he felt very desirous to undo the serious injuries which his indiscretion had caused to his friends. It was with him, also, that the plan of buying Gamil into measures originated. "If the rascal," the old lawyer had said, "stole the will, it must have been with the notion that he could extort money from Godfrey Hunter, by holding it over him. Godfrey has proved too honest a man for the game, and we may be able now to get the will for a small sum. Quiet measures are, above all, necessary. The blaze of a candle could, in a minute, play the devil with our hopes, and leave the rascal perfectly safe." He had therefore given counsel, and contributed a portion of the means to buy Gamil.

In accordance with the arrangement made at Lonsdale, the three, Carabas, Henry Hunter, and Small the giant, went to Vicksburg. The whereabouts of Gamil was easily discovered. Every body knew him. David Gamil, attorney, had sunk from his recent rank, and now kept a popular faro-bank. In the house in which this bank was kept, Carabas and his companions soon found themselves. As they passed in, others were coming out, and they heard one say to another: "The bank is in a run of bad luck. If Bull goes on he must win the table." On joining the crowd around this table, which this stranger had hazarded the opinion that "Bull must win," Carabas recognised by the light of the lamps, for night had set in, not only Gamil, but his former guest, Colonel Bull of Tennessee. Colonel Bull seemed to be in a state of brilliant prosperity. Every thing about him bespoke a man upon whom fortune had for a long time smiled. He was very decided in his carriage, patronizing in his courtesies to those about him, and as gorgeous in his apparel as a peacock. He was now betting heavily, and had brought the bank of poor Gamil into a tottering condition. Keeping in the back-ground Carabas looked on.

"I go the whole pile on the Jack," said Colonel Bull, drawing the chips from other cards upon which they had been distributed. Gamil, putting his hand upon a small bit of ruffle, which peeped modestly from the folds of his waistcoat, seemed to count the great pile of chips. It was an eccentricity of Gamil, when fortune favored him, to put out his ruffle to the utmost and load his fingers with rings; but, as he became unlucky, to suppress these ornaments. One might, therefore, gauge his condition by his ruffle and rings. The small bit of visible ruffle, and a single ring set with a glass star, now bespoke an ebb tide in his fortunes. After counting the pile of chips which Colonel Bull had stacked, like a shot tower, on the Jack, Gamil put down his box and said:

"Gentlemen, the bank must liquor."

The crowd recognised the necessity, and waited whilst the bank did so. Having taken the fortifying refreshment, Gamil returned to his duties, and dealt the cards. Presently the knave fell against the bank; Col. Bull had won, and, in winning, had put the finishing stroke to his work. A very dangerous person was Col. Bull of Tennessee; at least, about this period, when fortune took it into her head to buckler him.

"Gentlemen," said Gamil, hiding his last bit of ruffle, and slipping the ring into his pocket, "luck is too much for everything. The bank will go into liquidation, and possibly, in a few days, resume operations. Gentlemen, take a universal refreshment."

As the crowd, led by the great Bull, proceeded to a part of the room, where bottles and decanters contained the means of refreshment, Carabas and his companions became visible to Gamil. The gambler at once recognised Carabas, and, with all the polite ease imaginable, hurried to salute him.

"God bless me!" exclaimed this infinitely impudent person; "is it possible? Col. Bull we have an old friend—Mr. Car of Cotsworth," and he shook Carabas fervently by the hand.

Col. Bull, throwing his head back until his features had nearly reached the horizontal, looked inquisitively from between his half-shut lids along his mahogany-colored cheeks; and, having done so, made a courteous rush to meet his former host. If there was a man on earth of whom Col. Bull retained pleasant souvenirs, it was Carabas Car.

Carabas, presently, the ardors of the meeting a little spent, said to Gamil:

"I came in upon you, at a very bad time. Col. Bull, I think, is always successful."

"Ah"—said Bull—"a trifle, a trifle. I must set him up again in a day or two. It wont do to be robbed of our little amusements. We will see about it to-morrow. To-night, Gamil, we must have a bit of enjoyment with our friend. That rush on the Jack was a settler—eh?" And Col. Bull poked Gamil in the ribs with a fore finger.

The Colonel, to whom Carabas had not seen fit to introduce his Lonsdale friend, presently proposed an adjournment to his quarters. Carabas seized upon the invitation, which embraced Gamil, and whilst the gambler saw the crowd off, and made his concerns safe, caught an opportunity of bidding his friends await him at their lodgings. Very soon Col. Bull, Gamil, and my hero, were right jovially engaged upon a bountiful supper, singularly blended of solids and fluids. The Colonel lived, in this period of his brilliant prosperity, like a Sardanapalus. And he possessed one great advantage over that luxurious despot; nature and Tennessee air had braced him into great energy of stomach. Gamil ate and drank like a man famished with adversity. The hint, which the Colonel had thrown out, "of setting him up in a day or two," operating in conjunction with the stimulating comforts with which he was growing full, made the ruffle begin to show itself again, and restored several rings to his fingers. Carabas had determined to discuss his business with Gamil in the presence of Col. Bull, relying upon the friendly inclinations of that worthy person, and counting upon his influence, which just now seemed to be great over the gambler. He found some difficulty in broaching the subject, but at last, supper ended, he began in an easy and pleasant manner:

"Our friend Mr. Gamil, Colonel, who is one of the most eccentric gentlemen in the world, has been merry enough to play off a rare bit of mischief upon a family of my Virginia friends."

"Ah?" said Colonel Bull, "What is it?"

"He has brought away a paper. It would greatly have amused you, my dear fellow," (turning to Gamil,) "to witness the effects of your bit of mischief. It went off like a wheel of fire-works."

Gamil began to look somewhat uneasy, but lingered upon a glass of wine, saying nothing. Carabas, becoming impatient, and not much practised in keeping up a tone of banter, at once determined to make a frank and clear statement. Whilst he did so, Gamil, who laughed benignly, as if listening to some cheerful quiz, was nevertheless shrewdly watching the effect of the statement upon his patron Colonel Bull. Carabas made an admirably effective narrative out of his material. He blended facts, inferences and suspicions, in such a manner that Col. Bull was persuaded irrevocably that the faro-bank keeper had stolen the will. Carabas, in gaining so much of his cause, had been careful to use Gamil gently, and to avoid harsh comments on his conduct.

"Gamil," said Col. Bull, "this looks like a bad business. You are a sharp fellow, but this is going a *little* too far. We shall have to cut your acquaintance, Gamil. Of course, you will say you never took the will; but I've not a doubt on the subject after hearing the facts. Gamil, we shall have to cut your acquaintance, and start somebody else with the bank."

"On suspicion?" asked Gamil.

"Certainly," said Col. Bull.

Gamil meditated as he filled his glass. He always came to his conclusions—such as they were—rapidly. He determined to confess to certain main facts, and shade off his motives with a delicate touch.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a want of veracity was never a failing of Davy Gamil. The document, referred to by my friend Mr. Car, did indeed continue in my hands, after my interview with the lamented Colonel Hunter:—a worthy old gentleman, Mr. Car, and left you in the document, fifty thousand to pay off the debt to Simon, who, being an old blackguard, I am thankful to hear is dead."

"So the old cock left our friend here fifty thousand, did he?" observed Col. Bull, pricking up his ears.

"Fifty odd thousand," said Gamil, "charged upon his whole property, real and personal. But, gentlemen, in spite of innocent motives—more or less—I am agitated, and require refreshment." Gamil drank the glass of wine which he had held in a slightly tremulous hand from the beginning of his confession. "Mr. Car gave something of a right color to the transaction," he continued, "when he spoke of it as a bit of mischief. Davy Gamil was always a mad wag, gentlemen, a mad wag."

Col. Bull whistled, and said: "That wont do, Davy. Mad wag be —."

"I admit" continued Gamil, "that there were other motives. But waggery, Colonel, was indeed a part—it is my nature. I was very hard up just about that time, and when I felt the will between my fingers, and was told that there was one behind it, that gave the property to old Godfrey out here, there was a voice that whispered 'Davy Gamil, that will just suit; the west is the theatre for such a man as you, and here is a chance of making your expenses, and getting a start.' So, along with the waggery, I thought I might as well keep the will, and make a raise on old Godfrey by letting him know I had it. That motive, I admit, gentlemen, was questionable. But the human heart is treacherous." Gamil sighed, and suspended his narrative, whilst he drank a glass of wine. "I brought the document," he resumed, "to this country, and had an interview with old Godfrey. I tried to let out a little of the fact to him, but the subject was so delicate, that I was unable to get on it. I tried him again, not long ago, and, upon my word, I have great reason to congratulate myself upon my escape. If I had let out a little more, I think I should not have survived the visit. Old Godfrey was not the man to be operated on; so, gentlemen, I never made the raise. This is the whole of the business. Gentlemen, my heart fails me, when I think what your verdict may be on the transaction. But Davy Gamil confesses to the little error of judgment, and throws himself on the mercy of the court." Having finished, he placed a hand over his face, and

peeped through the crevices of this veil to his grief, and mortification, to make some observations of the effect of his eloquence. Col. Bull was prosperous enough to be forgiving in his judgments upon his fellow men.

"Well Davy," he said, "you went too far, to be sure, but you have talked it out like a man. May be we can get over it. Now, what have you done with the will?"

"I have preserved it most faithfully," answered Gamil, removing his hand from his face, and looking as much outraged honor as he could venture on with Col. Bull. "I am surprised, Colonel, that you should ask a question intimating that I had not done so. Nothing should have induced me to part with a document so important to the interests of my friend Mr. Car. I always did intend, after sucking old Godfrey, to put things right in the end."

"Well," said Col. Bull, "the transaction doesn't look quite so unhandsome, as at first. You must surrender the will to Mr. Car, who being interested to such an extent"—here the Colonel paused, and felt his way, before proceeding—"who, being interested to such an extent, will, no doubt, pay you something—say a thousand—for the honorable way in which you give it up."

Carabas, smiling, nodded his assent to this eccentric proposition. But, if he was surprised to find his fine friend Col. Bull developing these views of honor and justice, his surprise was greater, the other way, when Gamil said:

"Pardon me, Colonel. I have my peculiar notions. A thousand would come in very well; but Davy Gamil is something of a gentleman. It won't do for my friend Mr. Car to give me money. I am mortified, Colonel, that you should have entertained such an idea. There is a way, perhaps, to arrange the matter to general satisfaction. Putting the document against a thousand of his money, suppose Mr. Car and myself take a little game."

Col. Bull, full of admiration, took Gamil by the hand. "You are a gentleman after all," he observed energetically. "I shall certainly set you up again." Carabas made answer to Gamil's proposition:

"I see but one objection to what you propose. I have some time since made a resolution against this mode of amusement." The Colonel and Gamil were at a stand-still. Presently the Colonel said:

"Suppose I play a hand for you."

"I would much rather pay Mr. Gamil the money," answered Carabas. "But, if he has scruples, do as you choose. You have a dice-box there—suppose we settle the matter with a throw or two. But there is one difficulty. If Mr. Gamil wins, what then?"

"You lose your thousand," said Col. Bull.

"Of course; but I am to have the will. This is very awkward. I desire to have the will, and I have no objection to Mr. Gamil's having the money

for it. Why not simplify the proceeding by an interchange of the two commodities?"

"There is a way," said Col. Bull. "I throw for you; a thousand at a time against the will. If I win on the first throw, you pay nothing, and get the will. If Gamil wins, you lose the thousand; but Gamil will give you another chance. You can go on until you do win one throw, when the will becomes yours: it being understood that I don't throw for money, but always for the will."

The reader will recognise one of Carabas Car's old failings, in the bold assent which presently he gave to this proposition. Col. Bull, in the readiness with which the plan was acceded to, had a vista opened to him of a very profitable night's amusement. Perhaps he entertained certain schemes of doing over again the fine old work of his visit to Cotsworth. One who evaded so easily a resolution not to gamble, could with little persuasion, he argued, be drawn into play. Gamil withdrew for a short time, and when he returned said:

"Here is the document. What shall be done with it?"

"Put it under a candlestick, with the money," suggested Col. Bull.

"Permit me to glance at it first," said Carabas, easily, and took the paper from Gamil. He read it—that just and earnest will—just in all except that, in a final codicil, the provision of which Gamil had spoken was truly made for payment of his wild debts. Lingered a moment, with a moistened gaze upon the signature of the good old man, he placed the paper, with the money against which it was pitted, in the centre of the table.

"Now," he said, "get to work. A single throw."

Gamil threw. The dice rolled, and came up *cinques*—making ten for the cast. Col. Bull threw. The dice, by a different combination of numbers, made ten again.

"A tie," said Col. Bull.

Gamil resumed the throw. One die settled at once with the ace up. The other was an instant in settling. It turned up a *treys*. The cast counted but four.

"We have you now," said Col. Bull, making his cast, which he did perpendicularly, and permitting no rolling to the dice. He lifted the box. He had thrown aces. Carabas had lost his first thousand. As he saw the money taken down, he said internally: "There is a sort of eccentric honor thrown over this thing; and my means must be quite exhausted before I resort to extreme measures. But I must carry the will away with me to-night, or lose my life."

He was about renewing his stake, when Gamil, getting up, with an air of dignity, and rare self-appreciation, took the will into his hands, and said, with an approach to a tremor of sentiment:

"Mr. Car, I am satisfied. My sense of honor

wont permit me to go further. Here is the will of the lamented guardian of your youth—that most respectable old white cravat. When you return to the scenes familiar, and, I may add, dear, to both of us, and mention matters to the ladies—to whom best wishes—be not too severe upon Davy Gamil.”

And whilst Col. Bull looked some slight annoyance—which, however, was only for an instant visible, and gave way to some very jovial remarks—he gave the will to Carabas.

* * * * *

Taking one of the liberties of which this history has been necessarily full, I pass to a point of time, a month or two in advance of the date of the scenes with Gamil and Col. Bull. We are once more in Virginia. It is an afternoon in early December, but one not at all wintry. The Indian summer lingers late this year, and the warm haze of autumn has drooped beyond its confines, and lies upon the demesnes of winter. Some exciting cause must be at work; the country seems to be up, and in motion. Along a dusty high-way a great many persons are hurrying, all in one direction. The humming of wheels, the hoof-strokes of trotting, and galloping horses, the cracking of whips, the hilarious salutations interchanged, as party recognises party, make the high-way a busy and stirring scene. Here a lady, with gay face, and flying skirts, rises and sinks very elegantly with the loping canter of a fine thorough-bred; whilst the gentleman who escorts her, on another, sidles in his saddle, and does some very tender, mid-gallop conversation. There again comes a stylish carriage, whirled on by northern trotters; some ladies occasionally put their fine heads out of its windows, to look at the dust-cloud, which they declare to be horrible, or to salute some phantom, in a round hat, that emerges into view out of it. It is a good scene, and very characteristic; a country community is up, and on the wing for a merry making. We may recognise a vehicle in the crowd. It is a ricketty circuit-gig. It contains a very fat and jovial looking old gentleman, and a lean and meditative younger one. The latter is the Rev. Mr. Hobson, some time since returned from France; the jovial old gentleman is N——, the gouty lawyer. They are hurrying on to Winisfalen—the crowd are hurrying on to Winisfalen—to-night is the wedding night of Carabas Car, and Mary Hunter.

* * * * *

The wedding had taken place. A week, indeed, of the honey-moon had passed. Carabas, and Mary his beautiful wife, stood under the oak tree beneath which Colonel Hunter, a year before, had died. Mary, with a gentle solemnity said:

“It was here, Carabas, that his last living moments passed. It was here that he spoke generously, and touchingly of you, whom he always loved most dearly. And perhaps, Carabas, his words

were the charm that brought this happiness to us all. Ever good, generous, and kind, were you, grandfather; and if the spirits of those who are removed from the earth, retain knowledge, or any care, for passing human events, yours will bless us, now that your great living wish is accomplished. Carabas, let us always live as if our actions were to cheer, or pain, his true heart. Here let us make a holy resolution to do so, Carabas.”

Her husband, looking happily into her suffused eyes, answered:

“Your grandfather, in addition to the generous, and kindly traits, which win upon the hearts of women, and the young, was, withal, a gallant gentleman; and my maturing manhood has elevated my love for the good old man into a rare admiration. The great happiness which I now possess, Mary, I have not deserved. Indeed, I should deem myself hopelessly unworthy of it, but for the gentler judgment of one so good as he surely was. Your resolution is mine: to live in the future, as if he looked upon us. If we do so, we will merit happiness, and to merit happiness is to be happy.”

Postscript.

The scenes of the foregoing history were enacted years ago. Cotsworth is now cheerful with bright-faced children. One of them, a manly little boy, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, is beginning to develop quite a passion for horses; and our old friend Robin makes a great pet of him. The name of this child is Henry Hunter Car. I trust that he will become an honest, and worthy man, and that when, as the general design is, he one day takes possession of Winisfalen, he may not live beneath the virtues of his great-grandfather. His eldest sister promises to be as beautiful as her mother. The others are little ones, of whom nothing material can yet be said, except that they make Cotsworth, or Winisfalen, where all are often met for the gratification of its present mistress, Mrs. Agnes Hunter, very cheerful with their young faces and ringing voices. Of the pecuniary affairs of my hero, it gives me great satisfaction to be able to say that the purchase made by Ned Tyler resulted so fortunately, that there is no longer a remnant of the Grimshaw debt. It is quite evident, also, from the excellent management visible every where about Cotsworth, and Winisfalen, that sagacity, and prudence are at work, to secure the future against the lapses of the past.

I end my history with a few words concerning Tom Manning. The vigor with which Miss Caroline Grimshaw treated him, on certain occasions, remembered doubtless by the reader, had made a double impression upon the fox-hunter. In mutilating the externals of his head, she had quickened into operation certain subtil fancies lying in the interior of it. Several years were required to bring

Tom Manning into a state of entire subjection to sentiment; and, by the end of that time, Miss Caroline having begun to despond in her matrimonial views, and having quite a passion for the "best society" was ready to bestow herself, and her snug fortune, upon any respectable person, who like Tom Manning, was well received at Cotsworth. A not very old number of the C—— Gazette contains the following amongst its marriage-notice.

"At the Cowpens, by the Rev. John Tyem, Thomas Manning, Esq., to Miss Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Simon Grimshaw, Esq., all of this county." The cheerful editor, acknowledging, in an appended paragraph, a present of wedding cake, ventures upon certain lively confidences concerning the married life of the interesting couple. I join the editor in his good wishes for the future of worthy Tom Manning; and sincerely trust that so able-bodied a lady, as Mrs. Manning, may find it possible to moderate Tom's attachment to his bottle. I think that I have heard something, already, of such a result.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

No. II.

OCEAN HYMN,—BY MRS. WILLARD.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
 Father protect me while I sleep,
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For thou my God hast power to save;
 I know thou wilt not slight my call,
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death
 In Ocean cave—still safe with thee—
 The germ of immortality,
 And sweet and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

THE EVENING HOUR,—BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

This is the hour when memory wakes
 Visions of joy that could not last;
 This is the hour when fancy takes
 A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind,
 The hallowed scenes of earlier years,
 And friends, who long have been consigned
 To silence, and to tears.

The few we liked, the one we loved—
 A sacred band! come stealing on,
 And many a form, far hence removed,
 And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships, that in death are hushed,
 And young affection's broken chain,
 And hopes, that fate too quickly crushed—
 In memory live again.

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
 But muse on hopes as quickly flown,
 Tint after tint—they died away,
 Till all, at last, were gone.

This is the hour, when fancy wreathes
 Her spells, round joys, that could not last;
 This is the hour when memory breathes
 A sigh, to pleasures past.

THE HILLS OF DAN.

The world is not one garden scene,
 One pleasure-ground for man,
 Few are the spots that intervene,
 Such as the Hills of Dan.

Though fairer prospects greet mine eyes,
 In nature's partial plan,
 Yet I am bound by stronger ties,
 To love the Hills of Dan.

The breezes that around them play,
 And the bright stream they fan,
 Are loved as scenes of childhood's day,
 Amid the Hills of Dan.

There too the friends of early days,
 Their fated courses ran,
 And now they find a resting-place,
 Amid the Hills of Dan.

Ye saw the twilight of my dawn,
 When first my life began,
 And ye shall see that light withdrawn,
 My native Hills of Dan.

Whatever fortune may ensue,
 In life's short changeful span,
 Oft memory shall bring back to view,
 My native Hills of Dan.

The love that warms this youthful breast,
 Shall glow within the man,
 And when I slumber, may I rest,
 Amid the Hills of Dan.

ODE ON DEATH,—BY LEWIS LITTLEPAGE, OF VA.,

Written at the age of fourteen years.

Why should Death's tremendous name
 Strike with terror every heart?
 Why should each terrestrial frame
 Linger in tremble to depart?

No mortal here is truly blest,
 The transient joys of earth are vain,
 Bliss and Pain
 Alternate reign,
 And sway by turns the human breast.

O what is Empire's glittering show !
Ambitions empty fame
And pageant pomp proclaim,
All, all is vanity below.

Where is great Alexander ? Where
Are all his gaudy triumphs now ?
Does he th' imperial sceptre bear
And prostrate kings before him bow ?

Friendless on a foreign land,
By a vile Ruffian's impious hand,
Deserted Pompey bled.
To Liberty a sacrifice,
The once tremendous Cæsar lies,
Now numbered with the dead.

In the cold arms of Death must lie
Alike the good and brave,—
Even Godlike Washington must die
And fill the silent grave.

What is earth or earthly joys ?
Health decays and Beauty dies,
Vice distracts and pleasure cloy,
But O, the voice of reason cries,
The virtuous soul can never die,
But from mortality shall fly
And to eternal life arise !

From anxious fears and vices free,
Resigned then let us wait
Th' appointed hour of fate,
And Heaven's immutable decree.

—
BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ah ! how long shall I delight,
In the memory of that morn,
When we climbed the Danube's height,
To the Fountain of the Thorn.

And beheld his waves and islands,
Flashing, glittering in the sun,
From Vienna's gorgeous towers,
To the mountains of the Hun.

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around,
And where'er it turned,—the eye
Looked on rich poetic ground.

Over Aspern's field of glory,
Noontide's distant haze was cast,
And the hills of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past.

CANZONET.

(*From the Italian.*)

BY S. S. BRADFORD.

Her light wings spread, through fields of air,
To earth's fresh plains a seraph flew,
Plains where I traced the thread of destiny.
And as I wandered, lonely, there
She saw me. Where the grass-blades grew
Green in my pathway, there a silken tie
Was woven. It binds me, as the spell of dreams,
Such tender brightness from her dark eyes beams.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE,

FROM CHURCH HILL.

Was there ever a lovelier scene spread out to mortal gaze, than that which is presented to the eye of the beholder, on a soft, moonlit night, from Church Hill, in the City of Richmond ?

Standing upon the brow of the hill, west of the Old Church, there is a picture sketched before you that cannot fail to fascinate the lover of the rich, the varied and the beautiful in landscape painting. Looking westward, the most prominent object that attracts attention is the Capitol, which is seen lifting its majestic form above the green foliage that gently undulates around it. The white walls gleam amid the dark shade trees, that crown, like a diadem of royalty, the eminence on which the Capitol stands. Just beyond, the tall, sky-pointing spire of St. Paul's is seen piercing the heavens, and standing out above surrounding objects, like a lone, but faithful sentinel, keeping watch, while the whole camp besides is sweetly sleeping. Still further on, and a little to the left, the four pinnacles which surmount the graceful tower of the Second Presbyterian Church are seen shooting upwards. Still on, far away upon the City's verge, a concentrated speck of moonlight glitters upon the rounded dome-like summit of the building that overarches the entrance to the gloomy walls of the penitentiary. And yet still on, and to the left, the green islands, the dark rocks, and the sparkling waters of the quiet James, attract the eye ; while the canal lies along the broken hillside, like a great serpent,—its shining coils marking out its sinuous course along the stream. What a picture is here ! From the base of the hill at your feet, stretching far away into the gathering gloom, thousands of houses present their roofs and walls, which, together with the patches of shrubbery, the public Squares, the rows of shade trees, all rising and falling with the uneven surface on which the City stands, produce a most happy effect. There a window-glass is gilded with the reflected light of a full moon—there another is sunk in darkness from the deep shadow of an adjacent building ; yonder a gentle undulation swells up in a graceful curve, and there an abrupt steep meets the eye ; in one place the white cottage-like dwelling peeps out from surrounding trees, in another the magnificent mansion overhangs the precipitous cliff ; there is a church steeple, and yonder a prison wall ; and, amid all, in every direction, thousands of lights gleam from the windows of the gilded saloon, and from the sanctuary of religious worship ; from the house of revelry and mirth, and from the lonely apartment where moments of anguish are measured by the pulsations of an aching heart ; from the home of luxury and pleasure, where

fair fingers sweep the golden harp-strings, and from the abodes of poverty, where the needle is assiduously plied to save fatherless children from starvation. This picture, on which we gaze, has its lights and shadows; and yet the variety gives interest to the view. * * * Turning around you are struck with the antique looking tower of the old church that is seen rising above the tufted tops of a rich, green clump of trees that cluster around the ancient fane, and half embosom it in their soft embrace. Silence has folded her downy wing over that old grave yard. The funereal trees—the shrubbery and flowers that adorn this sacred and solemn spot, present a strong contrast with the white monuments, and tombstones nestling amid the roses and wild vines that weave a festoon to decorate this last resting-place of the dead. How sweetly the moonlight rests upon the thick, bushy boughs of that wide-branching tree! How quiet the tower on that time-honored church!

“All things are calm, and fair and passive. Earth
Looks as if lulled upon an Angel’s lap
Into a breathless dewy sleep: so still,
That we can only say of things, they be!”

We look down again towards the City. Southward we turn our eyes. Below us the whole of Franklin Street is marked out, from the foot of the hill at its eastern termination to where it ends abruptly at the Capitol Square. All along its course the deep shadows of the shade-trees chequer the side walks with alternate light and darkness.

And now—for the night wears away, and the bell is tolling the hour of twelve—we must take our last look upon this enchanting scene. Look beyond the river—Manchester seems a sweet, smiling village, embowered in trees, and lapped in a beautiful valley. And then to the left, you look upon that well-tilled farm which stretches away from the river’s bank to the dim outline of forest that skirts the horizon, and seems to blend with the drooping, darkening sky. And then that river—the Powhatan of Indian memory! Time was when the bark canoe of the tall red man shot like an arrow across its waters. Time was when the yell of the savage echoed along its lonely shore. But now, there it flows, bearing upon its bosom the commerce of a flourishing State. The broad, rounded-full moon, hangs just over the stream, while a quivering thread of brilliant light dances, and shimmers along the surface of the tide. Yonder it is obstructed by a passing sail that flutters in the unsteady breeze, there by a fisherman’s boat, and here by the flaunting of our country’s flag, as it rustles from the mast-head at Rocketts. On either side the river is indented by the overhanging forest that runs up in a bluff to the stream, or by the dense clusters of willows that fringe its tortuous banks. The eye is fixed for a moment upon the most distant point

at which the river is revealed by the moonlight—scarce a sound is upon the night winds as they creep up the hill sides and stir your hair, save the far-wandering note from a serenader’s flute, or an occasional footfall upon the pavement below. The last echo of the midnight bell has died upon the ear: a fleecy mass of cloud, momentarily conceals the face of the “melancholy orb,” and the curtain is drawn over the scene that enchants the eye—

“I would I were like thee, thou little cloud,
Ever to live in Heaven: or seeking earth
To let my spirit down in drops of love:
To sleep with night upon her dewy lap;
And, the next dawn, back with the sun to Heaven;
And so on through eternity, sweet cloud!
I cannot think but that some senseless things
Are happy.”

J. E. E.

Richmond, June, 1848.

SOUVENIR.

(Translated from the French of Lamartine.)

Vainly the days still onward roll,
They glide and leave no trace;
But love’s last dream within my soul
No time can e’er efface.

As years crowd on, their space seems brief
My glance I backward cast;
Then seem they like the faded leaf
Swept off by Autumn’s blast.

My brow Time’s hoary hand has press’d,
My life’s warm current still’d,
As when the foamy billow’s crest
By Winter’s breath is chilled.

Thy radiant image reigns supreme
Deep in my heart it lies,
Its glory gilds regret’s dark beam,
And like the soul ne’er dies.

No! thou hast never left my sight
And in my musings lone
My thoughts pursue thy heavenward flight
Since thou from earth art flown.

Then seem’st thou as on that last day,
When throwing off life’s load;
Thou flewest with Aurora’s ray,
Towards thy blest abode.

Thy beauty’s pure and touching light
In Heaven shines still the same;
Those eyes which death had closed in night,
Send forth immortal flame.

Still Zephyrs breath, thy long dark hair,
Lifts up in amorous play,
As waving o’er thy bosom fair
Those ebon tresses stray.

Thy form thus wrapp'd in shadowy veil,
A softened semblance seems ;
Like mists which shroud the morning pale
Ere day's full brightness beams.

The glorious sun, celestial flame !
To day alone gives light,
But my soul ever burns the same
With love which knows no night.

'Tis thee I see, 'tis thee I hear,
In clouds in deserts lone ;
Each wave thine image pictures clear
Each Zephyr bears thy tone.

Oft while the earth sleeps peacefully,
I list the wind's low sigh ;
Then in each star thou seem'st to be
Which most attracts mine eye.

When Zephyr wings from flowers, and I
Am dizzy with perfume ;
I think that I inhale *thy* sigh
'Mid those which sweetest bloom.

When lone and desolate I stand
Beside the healing shrine
My secret prayer to raise ;—the hand
Which dries my tears, is thine.

Thou watchest when sleep casts its shade,
Thy wings are o'er me spread ;
Soft light from thee my dreams pervade,
Such light as spirits shed.

And should while slumber seals mine eye
Thy hand my life's thread break,
My soul's celestial half,—then I
On thy pure breast shall wake.

Like blended rays at morn that shine
On sighs that mingling soar,
Our two souls, as but one entwine
And *now* I sigh e'er more.

POTATOES AND PROPHECY.

MR. EDITOR,—I have just seen in an "old magazine" a very curious speculation which looks like prophecy. As you take an interest in such matters, I venture to send it to you. To peer into the future has always been regarded as among the "things forbidden" to mortals, and Milton represents the fallen angels, who remained in Pandemonium, after the Arch Fiend set forth on his journey to the Earth, as reasoning among themselves

"Of Providence, *fore knowledge*, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, *fore knowledge* absolute."

Still Superstition has aforesaid often credited the vaticinations of the astrologer and the incoherent ravings of "second sight." There have been

more Allan M'Aulays in real life than in fiction. Campbell indeed makes his seer reveal the cause of his prophetic skill, for when the red field of Cul-loden rushes upon his vision he exclaims

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

But I am forgetting the passage with which I started out. In Blackwood's Magazine for November 1819, the following remarkable paragraph may be found, in an article entitled "De Foe on Apparitions." The writer after speaking of the days of chivalry, when "gentlemen set down to rest themselves, under about two cwt. of iron," says,

"Neither were there potatoes in those days—and, without that vegetable, say, what were a dinner?"

"A world without a sun."

From the very bottom of our souls do we pity our ancestors. There is no philosophy in saying, that the universal love of the potato, did the potato itself create. That love must have pre-existed in the elements of our nature, just as the desire of Eve pre-existed for Adam, and was only called forth into action by that accomplished female. There must, therefore, have been, ever since the arrival of the Saxons in this island, unknown, at least understood, by our forefathers,

"A craving void left aching at their hearts."

A void which, within these last hundred years, has been filled up, so that little seems now to be wanting, under our free government, to the perfection of our social and domestic happiness. It would be a curious inquiry to show the effects of this vegetable on the moral, intellectual, and physical character of the people of a sister kingdom ; and on some future occasion we hope to sift this subject to the bottom. *There can be no doubt, that the sudden extinction of the potato in Ireland would be as fine a subject for a poem from the pen of Lord Byron, as the sudden extinction of light,* some of the evils of which imaginary event his Lordship has, with his usual vigor, delineated in that composition entitled, "Darkness." Not to go too much into particulars, we just remark, that bulls are in Ireland fed chiefly on potatoes, and that those fine animals would be in danger of becoming extinct with the root on which they now grow to such prodigious size."

"The extinction of the potato in Ireland!" Alas, could this joking prophet have foreseen the long train of attendant horrors which were destined to follow in sad procession this very event, he might indeed consider it a proper subject for the pen of Lord Byron. The tory magazine is still published, its fame has filled the world—perhaps the writer of the article is himself yet upon the

stage. If so, he will surely agree with me that the repulsive and gloomy imagery of "Darkness" presents no exaggerated picture of the condition of Ireland in 1847. Did not a fearful famine spread its disaster on every hand?

"Morn came and went—and came, and brought no food,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for—bread."

Alas, how singularly and fearfully has this casual prediction been verified!

R.

TO SUSAN.

BY W. GARDNER BLACKWOOD.

Maiden, in the spring of life,
Thine are life's May-flowers;
Their freshness in thy heart is rife,
Their fragrance fills thine hours.
To thee the future's sun shines bright,
Hope its enchantment lends,—
Unknown thy memories to the night
That on the past attends.

Affection's flowers strew thy path,
Love's blossoms there entwine;
Each golden joy that fortune hath,
Youth's halcyon days are thine.
And fairy visions, dim-defin'd,
By fairy fancy wove,—
In heav'n-sent dreams awake thy mind
To purifying love.

Enjoy youth's cloudless morn, that breaks
Above the future's gloom:
For time, alas! all quickly makes
Of the young heart a tomb.
And in its fleshly urn, sweet dreams
With fond hopes that have died,
And many a joy that life redeems,
Sleep death-cold side by side.

I would Fate's mystic pow'r were mine,
Thy horoscope to cast;
The stars above, that brightly shine
O'er darkness' empire vast,—
The beauteous stars thy type should be:
Thro' life's Erebian night—
To know the sphere's sweet harmony,
In love's unchanging light.

Charleston, S. C.

Notices of New Works.

NEW BOOKS.—Harper & Brothers have issued three new works combining the *utile* and the *dulce* most appropriately for summer reading;—the former in the shape of a revised edition of Dr. Beck's Botany—and the latter in that of a most attractive novel and spirited book of travels—"Angela," by the justly admired author of "Emilia Wyndham," and "Loiterings in Europe," by a very intelligent physician just returned from abroad. We commend them cordially to tourists and rustivating gentry as exactly the thing to beguile instructively the time under a tree or on board a steam-boat; and worthy afterwards of a niche in the library. One of the most graceful juveniles we have seen for a long time is the "Danish Story Book," by Hans Andersen, published by C. S. Francis & Co., of New York. D. Appleton & Co., have very seasonably issued a handsome reprint of "Lamartine's Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," which, independent of its intrinsic merit, gives us a delightful insight into the character of the poet who has been recently so nobly developed as a man of action. Headley's Life of Cromwell has also just appeared from the press of Baker & Scribner. It contains passages of vivid narration; but we cannot agree with the author in his estimate of the Protector. It is altogether too eulogistic. Carey & Hart have supplied a desideratum in putting forth a neat but economical edition of Bryant's Poems.

SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON, or Laurel Water. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

We believe that a judicious economy of labor would teach the critic to await the publication of three or four works of Mr. James, and despatch them all with a single notice. With this view we have deferred our remarks on the volume before us, until the present time. The last month, however, has passed away, *mirabile dictu*, without the appearance of his usual novel, and we must therefore no longer delay paying our regards to Sir Theodore Broughton.

The incident on which the story is founded is the death of Sir Theodosius Edward Allesly Boughton, in the year 1781, under suspicion of poison, from the hands of his brother-in-law Capt. Donellan, who was found guilty of the murder and executed at Warwick. We recollect reading the minute account of the trial of Capt. Donellan, which is preserved, with strong convictions that the accused was condemned upon insufficient evidence. The tragical end of a young nobleman in the morning of life, the searching examinations of counsel, the appearance in the witness-box of so distinguished a man as Dr. John Hunter—all conspired to invest this trial with a remarkable interest. We do not wonder therefore that Mr. James has chosen the incident for the basis of a fiction. In his preface, he begs it to be understood that his personations are not designed as accurate portraiture of the real characters—a precaution which is proper enough, when we consider that there are relatives of all the parties, still residing in England.

We cannot give anything like a synopsis of the plot of this story and must therefore merely say, that the hero is not the nobleman, but a highwayman of the Clifford school, one Colonel Lutwich, who, falling in love with a lovely young girl, is made to forsake his evil courses through her gentle influence, and become in the last chapter an honest and happy bridegroom. Before this satisfactory result is attained, a variety of *malaventures* are experienced. The heroine has been the object of Sir Theodore Broughton's

unworthy love and persecution, and has been twice rescued from insult through Colonel Lutwich's intervention. Sir Theodore, filled with rage, meets with a witness of Lutwich's crime and has the Colonel arrested for robbery. The facts have been clearly proved before the committing magistrate and Sir Theodore proposes (through the villain of the story) to send the witness out of the country if the heroine will consent to marry him. A severe struggle ensues in the heart of the girl. To save the life of Lutwich she consents to lose him forever and signs a paper promising her hand to Sir Theodore. Lutwich is acquitted, the noble girl obstinately refuses to forfeit her word, despite the protestations of her family, and while arrangements are going on for the wedding, Sir Theodore takes the laurel water and dies in a fit. Capt. Donovan (Donellan), who in the novel is represented as his uncle and guardian, is not, however, the murderer. He had indeed prepared the fatal liquid,—with murder in his heart, he had even sought an opportunity of administering it, but he hesitates, and a servant of the household, a scoundrel, who has acted a conspicuous part in corrupting the morals of his master, finds it in the night and places it in Sir Theodore's chamber. The upshot of the matter is, that Lutwich and the heroine are finally married and the story ends in the honey-moon.

We regard this in some respects as the best novel that Mr. James has produced for many years. But we cannot help expressing our regret, that he should so far have deviated from his usual propriety, as to endeavor to enlist our sympathies in behalf of a foot-pad. The novels of Ainsworth are bad enough in all conscience, but we see his rascals in Newgate and we follow Jack Sheppard to Tyburn. They have lost all sense of honor, but they never regain it—they disregard the rights of property, but they are duly hanged for their conduct. It is far worse, we think, to bring forward men of elegant manners and thievish propensities, making the highway dangerous and the drawing-room delightful—and to represent them as reforming their mode of life and marrying an angel, with a pocket-full of their neighbor's guineas! Mr. James should leave such characters as these to their legitimate dramatists.

LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE. By H. N. HUDSON. In Two Volumes. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1848.

We commend this work to our readers as acute, eloquent and interesting; and at the same time, desire to hint at its obvious defects. Our impressions upon hearing some of the lectures are confirmed by a more leisurely inspection. These lectures are in an ingenious *rifacimento*. We recognise not only the ideas of several of the best critics on Shakspeare—sometimes prolonged and modified; but the author's familiarity with Carlyle, Guizot, Milton, the old English divines and prose-writers is evident on every page. His acknowledged quotations, however, are "few and far between"; but as he disclaims originality in the preface, and, as the very term, lecture, properly suggests the bringing together of what is known on a given subject, in a popular form,—we exempt Mr. Hudson from all pretensions in regard to his ideas. Not so, however, with his tone and spirit—these are often too dogmatic for the subject. Professing great reverence for his theme, his manner of treating it is often quite familiar and shrewd. He aims too much at smartness; and is frequently too pert to be wholly agreeable. We could wish that many of the good things herein said were uttered in another connection; or that the author had not attempted to analyze all the characters; for the process, as Charles Lamb would say, "argues an insensibility." There are things that must be felt and never described, just as poets give hints instead of pictures of what lies nearest their

hearts. All capable of appreciating the creations of Shakspeare have sacred associations in regard to them; and shrink from discussing the latent points and infinite suggestions they contain, on the same principle that we habitually decline talking of our private sentiments on personal relations to strangers. With all Mr. Hudson's perspicacity, he often utters very random opinions. Thus it is absurd to call Raphael a Shaksperian painter—for that artist was far more remarkable for individuality than universality of style; and equally irrational is it to instance the statues of Powers as exemplary of classic art—their very merits consisting in a novel approach to nature and the more varied expression of the Christian era. If another edition appears, we advise Mr. Hudson to prune away some of the deformities of his style. It is vulgar to speak of Shakspeare's "*trotting out* from his imagination"—the noble conceptions of his play. Such phrases as "*get up* an immortality," "*dyeing in the wool*," "*given up as a spoiled egg*," "*the present age is unquestionably ahead of preceding ages*," &c. are as inappropriate as they are inelegant. Mr. Hudson seems to pry, with a kind of Yankee, guessing cleverness, into Shakspeare. His constant repetition of the phrase "*I suspect*" indicates this. It is a method quite intolerable when applied to poetry and the sanctities of nature and genius. He also, for the sake of making a sentence of proverbial philosophy, sacrifices actual truth; thus he says—"as wit is the antithesis of dullness, so humor is the antithesis of contempt." The parallel is incorrect—humor bears no such relation to contempt as does wit to dullness, the latter being essential opposites, whereas humor is the antithesis to what is literal and obvious, and may even be allied to contempt. The discriminating reader will find many pleasing and useful ideas in these Lectures;—enough to warrant much of the praise they have received, notwithstanding their blemishes. They will open some minds to a clearer perception of Shakspeare's transcendent mind; but the very best criticisms on the bard of Nature, will always be incidental, spontaneous and drawn from individual consciousness, rather than formal teaching.

THE BOY'S SPRING BOOK, Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller. With Thirty-Five Illustrations. New York. Harper & Brothers.

A dissertation on Spring, with its cool atmosphere, its bursting buds, its refreshing showers, its "violets by a mossy stone, half-hidden from the eye," would be quite out of place in the "leafy month of June." It is June—and on the longest day of the year—that we take up the Spring Book. We read it, with a reference to a period four or five weeks ago, before the thermometer had reached 95°, and when the balmy air tempted us away from books and pen to breezy hill-sides and the song of birds. Now, there is not a rag of cloud upon the sky and the meridian sun pours down an intense heat. Every page of the book makes us sigh for the shade, and the dreamy idleness of a fortnight's holiday in the country. The approach of a summer like ours would have infused a fondness for country scenery even into the nature of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who declared that the finest prospect he had ever seen was the one up Fleet Street.

The moralist has drawn from the reanimating effect of Spring as seen in the visible universe some good reflections upon the fleeting nature of human life. The reign of winter having passed away, the earth is apparelled anew in her green robes. Summer and Autumn and Winter succeed and again does Spring return to deck it with flowers. But

for the race of man no second spring comes round. With what mournful sweetness does not LEIGH HUNT sing,

Ah, friends ! methinks it were a pleasant sphere,
If, like the trees, *we* blossom'd every year !
If locks grew thick again and rosy dyes
Returned in cheeks, and raciness in eyes,
And, all around us vital to the tips
The human orchard laugh'd with rosy lips.

The poetical basket-maker is well-known for his fondness for rustic sketches. In the present little volume, he is fortunate in his original engraver and his American copyist, for the designs of the illustrations are beautiful and well executed. We commend the book cordially to "*all the boys.*"

It has reached us through Drinker & Morris.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES on the Gallic War. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, A Lexicon, Indexes, &c. By REV. J. A. SPENCER, A. M. New York. D. Appleton & Company. 1848.

It was Euler, we believe, who declared that there was no royal road to Mathematics. This may indeed be true with regard to the exact sciences, but in these modern days, great assistance has been afforded to the student of languages in the new editions of the classics. The volume before us may be regarded as one of the most excellent of these publications and bears towards the old dog-eared copy of our academy days about the same relation that a turnpike, built upon the most approved principles of McAdam, does to the rugged passes of the Alps, up which Cæsar led his cohorts and Hannibal urged his elephants.

The Notes of Mr. Spencer we are disposed to regard as highly judicious and conducing largely to a proper understanding of the context. He does not seem to have fallen into the common error of giving free translations of whole passages, thereby affording a positive license to laziness, nor is he so meagre as to discourage the student, who is really striving after a competent knowledge of the author's meaning. The space, which is occupied in the old editions with the Civil, Alexandrine and African Wars, is here devoted to a sufficient vocabulary of the language and a good Index to the Notes. The book contains also a map of the country described and some diagrams of that *pons asinorum*, the bridge across the Rhine.

The public are much indebted to the Appletons, whose enterprise and good taste have brought forth so many excellent editions of standard text-books.

This volume may be found at the store of Nash & Woodhouse.

EASTERN-LIFE, PRESENT AND PAST. By Harriet Martineau. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

A restless roving spirit seems to characterize the Anglo-Saxon race. Since Capt. Cook circumnavigated the globe, his countrymen have not been slow to follow in his track and now it may be said with truth that the English are every where. The morning drum-beat of England, which the greatest of living orators has so finely represented as girding the earth around, is but a faint type of John Bull's ubiquity. Beginning with the Boulevard des Italiens—where the English may be seen peering into shop windows—

you may find them at every turn throughout Europe, the same angular persons in highly starched collars and checked trowsers, from the Zuyder Zee to the Egean. Nor do they confine themselves to their own continent. No rigor of climate deters their curiosity, no extreme of heat or cold can arrest their course, they range at will through the tropics and

Neither sex or age controls
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids.

The traveller, who should start upon an expedition around the world, need not wonder to meet with an English party drinking bottled-stout beneath the shadow of the Parthenon or eating a dejeuner of sliced ham among the *Sandwich* Islands.

With regard to the counties described in the volume before us, little remains to be told of them after the books of our own countrymen, Dr. Olin and Mr. Stephens. Latterly indeed we have had a delightful narrative in Eothen and a sprightly account of Mr. Titmarsh's "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." But Miss Martineau is an agreeable writer and her volume is rich in information and Biblical illustration. She has expanded it, however, into a somewhat unreasonable bulk.

The book is for sale by J. W. Randolph & Co.

We have received Catalogues of the University of Virginia and of Emory and Henry College for the Session of 1847-'48. At the former institution, there are 212 students—a very gratifying increase on the number of the preceding year. We are pleased to observe that Emory and Henry College is in a flourishing condition. The number of students there is 164.

LITERARY NEWS.

It is with pleasure that we have noticed an announcement, from that enterprising publisher, Geo. P. Putnam, of a new, uniform and complete Edition of the Works of Washington Irving, revised and enlarged by the Author. The work is to embrace twelve elegant duodecimo volumes, printed in the best manner and on superior paper at \$1.25 per Vol.

Bartlett & Welford announce the Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, comprising the results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. By E. G. Squier and E. H. Davis. This splendid work is the first contribution to science from the Smithsonian Institute. We have seen sheets of the volume and we do not hesitate to pronounce typography and engravings as far superior to anything of the kind ever published in America. It is to be furnished only to subscribers, at \$10 per copy.

The novel of Bulwer, which has been promised for some months, will be issued by the Harpers in a few days. Its appearance will be simultaneous with the London publication. It will be entitled "Harold, the last of the Saxons."

Appleton & Co. have in press a new work by the author of *Jane Eyre*, and another by the author of "*Two Lives, or To seem and To be.*"

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1848.

NO. 8.

TO-MORROW.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Once, when the traveller's coach o'er England's vales
Paus'd at its destined goal, an aged crone
Came from a neighboring cottage, with such speed
As hoary years might make, and with red eye
Scanning each passenger, in hurried tones
Demanded,—“*has he come?*”

“No,—not to day.”

“*To-morrow*,” was the answer. So, she turn'd,
Lifting her shrivell'd finger, with a look
Half-credulous, half-reproachful,—murmuring still
“*To-morrow*,” homeward went.

A mournful tale

Was hers, they said. She and her husband led
From early days, a life of honest toil,
Content, though poor. One only son they had,
Healthful and bright, and in their simple minds
Both wise and fair. The father was a man
Austere and passionate, who loved his boy
With pride that could not bear to brook his faults,
Nor patiently to mend them. As he grew
Toward man's estate, the mother's readier tact
Discern'd the change of character that bears
With chafing thought the curb of discipline,
And humor'd it. But to the sire he seem'd
Still as a child, and thus he treated him:
When eighteen summers threw a ripening tinge
O'er brow and cheek, the father, at some fault
Born more of carelessness than turpitude,
Struck him in wrath, and turn'd him from his door
With bitter words. The youth, who shared too deep
The fiery temper of his father's blood,
Vowed to return no more.

The mother wept

And wildly pray'd her husband to forgive;
And call him back. But he, with aspect stern,
Repell'd her suit, and harshly said, the boy
Was through her folly and indulgence spoil'd
Beyond redemption. So, she shuddering took
The tear and prayer into her silent soul,
And waited till the passion-storm should slack
And die away. Long was that night of woe,
Yet 'mid its anguish, she gave thanks to God,
When, after hours of tossing, blessed sleep
Stole o'er the moody man.

With quiet morn,

Relentings came, and that ill-smother'd pang
With which an unru'd spirit takes the lash
Of keen remorse. Awhile, with shame he strove,
And then, he bade the woman seek her son,
If so she will'd.

Alas! It was too late.

He was a listed soldier, for a land
Beyond the seas,—nor would their little all
Suffice to buy him back.

Twere sad to tell,
How pain, and loneliness, and sorrow took
Their Shylock-payment for that passion-gust,
Or how the father, when his hour had come

Said with a trembling lip, and hollow voice,
“Would that our boy was here!” or how the wife
In tender ministrations round his bed
And in her widow-mourning, echoed still
His dying words,—“Oh, that our boy was here!”

—

Years sped, and oft her soldier's letters came,
Replete with filial love, and penitence,
And promise of return. But then her soul
Was wrung by cruel tidings, that he lay
Wounded and sick, in foreign hospitals.
A line, traced faintly by his own lov'd hand,
Reliev'd the torture. He was order'd home,
Among the invalids.

Joy, long unknown,

Kindled her wither'd breast. To hear his voice,
To gaze into his eyes, to part the locks
On his pure forehead, to prepare his food,
And nurse his feebleness,—she ask'd no more.
Again, his childhood's long-forsaken couch
Put forth its snowy pillow, and with haste
She spread a curtain of flower'd muslin o'er
The pleasant casement, where he used to love
To sit and read. The cushion'd chair that cheer'd
The father's weary sickness, should be his,
And on the little table at his side,
The hour-glass, with its ever changeful sands
That pleas'd him when a boy.

The expected morn

Came slowly on. The cheerful coals were heap'd
In the small grate, and ere the coach arriv'd,
She, with her throbbing heart, stood eager there.
“Has Willie come?”

Each traveller intent

On his own purposes, gave no reply.
“Coachman! Is Willie there?”

“No! No!” in hurried tones,

Came the gruff answer.

“Know ye not he's dead,

Good woman? Dead, and buried on the coast,
Three days ago.”

But a kind stranger mark'd

How the strong surge of speechless agony
Swept o'er each feature, and in pity said,
“Perchance, he'll come to-morrow.”

Home she went,

Struck to the heart, and wept the live-long night,
Insensible to comfort, and to all
Who spake the usual words of sympathy
Making no answer.

But, when day return'd,

And the slight hammer of the cottage-clock
Announc'd the hour, at which her absent son
Had been expected,—suddenly she rose,
And dress'd herself, and threw her mantle on,
And ere the coachman check'd his foaming steeds,
Stood ready by his side. “Is Willie there?
My Willie?—say!”

While he, by pity school'd,

Answer'd “*to-morrow*.”

And though years have fled,

And still her limbs grow weaker, and the hairs

Whiter and thinner o'er her wrinkled brow,
 Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills
 Doth herald the approaching passenger,
 That poor, demented woman, hurries forth
 To speak her only question, and receive
 That one reply,—*to-morrow*.

And on that
 Fragment of hope deferr'd, doth her worn heart
 Feed, and survive. When wrecking Reason sank
 Neath the wild storm of grief, maternal Love,
 The last emotion that forsakes the soul,
 Caught at that empty sound and clasp'd it close,
 And grappled to it, like a broken oar,
 To breast the shoreless ocean of despair.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

GOVERNOR ENDICOTT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

March 19th, 1628, the Plymouth Company granted to Sir Henry Roswell, Sir John Young, Thomas Southcott, John Humphrey, John Endicott, Simon Whitcombe, and their heirs, assigns, and associates a portion of the territory of New England, extending three miles north of the Merrimack river, and three miles south of Charles river, and within these limits, from the Atlantic to the South Sea; reserving to the crown a fifth part of all the gold and silver ore discovered in it. Matthew Cradock was chosen Governor of this company, and Roger Ludlow, Deputy Governor. The company was composed partly of mercantile adventurers and partly of oppressed non-conformists. They chose Capt. John Endicott, who was connected by marriage with Ludlow, to superintend and manage their intended plantation in New England, till they could themselves conveniently remove.

The first planters of the colony of Massachusetts Bay were influenced by a variety of motives to engage in this enterprise. With some, the prevailing inducement was a painful experience of coercion in religion, and the hope of enjoying what they thought a purer worship; with some a desire to escape from the disastrous civil changes which they saw impending in their own country; with some, the hope of a more prosperous worldly lot, and the advantages of trade. In the most, these motives were doubtless mingled. Yet the strongest, and that which shaped the early policy of the colony, was the love of religious liberty. They were likewise humble members of a great political party, founded on liberal ideas of human rights. These ideas were not then recognised in the practical administration of the English government, and were even scouted as visionary and impracticable. There may have been in many of the adventurers a feeling, hardly known even to themselves, that the germs of that despised system might flourish better in a

foreign soil, and in the minds of some perhaps a prophet-like foresight of the greatness to which they have grown.

Of the early life of their agent, Endicott, we have hardly any information. He was born in Dorchester, Dorsetshire, England, in the year 1589. He was probably indebted for his religious opinions very much to the labors of the famous Rev. Mr. John White of that place. He had seen some service, probably in the Low Countries, in which he acquired the title of Captain, and habits of command. That he was true in heart to the principles of the Puritans, and attached to their cause, and of strength of character to make them respected, the selection of him by the company to fill so important an office at the outset of their enterprise, can leave no doubt, while every page of his subsequent history fully confirms it. The trust committed to him, required for the faithful execution of it, patient endurance of privation and fatigue, perpetual watchfulness and care, the discreetest prudence, and an unconquerable will. He had savages to conciliate, turbulent tempers in his own company to repress, jarring opinions to reconcile or expel, the safety and well being of the colony to provide for every hour.

Under the orders of the company, Capt. Endicott sailed in the ship *Abigail* for Naumkeag, (now Salem,) where he arrived Sept. 6th, 1628. He was accompanied by one hundred persons, and brought a quantity of goods with the purpose of trading with the natives, intending mainly to procure furs, beaver, otter, and the like. They found at Salem a small company, a few families who had left Plymouth and settled there. A settlement had been made at Plymouth, eight years before, and was now well established and flourishing. Weston had begun and abandoned a colony at Wessagusset, (now Weymouth.) Morton had established a rude and riotous settlement at Mount Wollaston, (now part of Quincy.) Blackstone was the solitary occupant of the peninsula of Shawmut, (now Boston.) Beside these, and a few scattered families, dotting the country at great intervals, at points favorable for fishing, the whole was a wilderness, in possession of its original inhabitants.

Soon after his arrival Mr. Endicott sent a part of his number under two brothers of the name of Sprague, to settle Mishawam, (now Charlestown.) Those who remained with him immediately began to build for their necessary shelter, and in such intervals as they could command, to plant, and trade with the natives. Mr. Endicott purchased for himself a fair two story house, which had been erected on the cape. The rest were fain to content themselves with humble accommodations. During the first season of their settlement, the colonists suffered much from want of suitable provisions and shelter, and many died of the scurvy and other diseases. To such extremity were they reduced

by sickness, that they were obliged to send to Plymouth for a physician, who abode with them several months, healing many of them. On his return, Mr. Endicott sent the following letter to Governor Bradford, which, as it throws much light on the character of the writer, is inserted entire.

*"Right Worshipful Sir—*It is a thing not usual, that servants to one Master, and of the same household, should be strangers; I assure you, I desire it not; nay, to speak more plainly, I cannot be so to you. God's people are all marked with one and the same mark, and sealed with one and the same seal, and have for the main one and the same heart, guided by one and the same spirit of truth; and where this is there can be no discord; nay, here must needs be a sweet harmony; and the same request with you, I make unto the Lord, that we may, as Christian brethren, be united by a heavenly and unfeigned love, bending all our hearts and forces in furthering a work beyond our strength, with reverence and fear, fastening our eyes always on Him, that is only able to direct and prosper all our ways. I acknowledge myself much bound to you for your kind love and care, in sending Mr. Fuller amongst us, and rejoice much that I am by him satisfied, touching your judgment of the outward form of God's worship; it is, as far as I can yet gather, no other than is warranted by the evidence of truth, and the same which I have professed and maintained ever since the Lord in mercy revealed himself unto me, being far from the common report that hath been spread of you, touching that particular; but God's children must not look for less here below; and it is a great mercy of God that He strengtheneth them to go through with it. I shall not need, at this time, to be tedious unto you, for (God willing) I purpose to see your face shortly; in the meantime, I humbly take my leave of you, committing you to the Lord's blessing and protection, and rest your assured friend,

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Neumkeck, May 11th, 1629.

Meanwhile the Company in England were preparing to send out a large reinforcement to their colony, and were arming themselves with larger powers. The grant made to them by the Plymouth Company gave them only a right to the soil: they also needed the right of jurisdiction over it. This they obtained by a charter from King Charles I., dated March 4th, 1629, which made them a body corporate, with power to enact laws and ordinances not repugnant to those of England. They were entitled, in it, the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England; and the seal given them represented, on one side, an Indian holding in one hand a bow and in the other an arrow, and the words "come over and help us" issuing from his mouth. The new company, consisting of about four hundred persons, with a large quantity of live stock, arrived at Salem, June 29th, 1629. They brought also letters and instructions*

* They are given at length in Hazard's Historical Collections, Vol. I.

to Mr. now Governor Endicott, from which, as they clearly express the views and feelings of the founders of the colony, and indicate the policy which was actually followed, we copy somewhat largely. Touching the religious character of the new settlement they say,—

"And for that the propagating of the Gosple is the Thing wee do profess above all to bee our Ayme in setting this Plantacon, wee have bin carefull to make plentyfull provision of Godly Ministers, by whose faithfull preachinge, Godly Conversacon, and Exemplary Lyfe, wee trust not only those of our owne Nation will be built up in the knowledge of God, but also the Indians may, in God's appointed tyme, bee reduced to the Obedyance of the Gosple of Christ."

These ministers were Mr. Skelton, Mr. Higginson, "a grave man, and of worthy commendacons," both settled at Salem, Mr. Bright afterwards of Charlestown, and Mr. Ralph Smith.

Their care was not limited to doctrinal instruction. They gave him special directions on matters of practical morals.

"And to the End, Saboth may bee celebrated in a religious Manner, we appoint that all that inhabit the Plantacon, both for the generall and the particuler Employments, may surcease their Labor every Satterday throughout the Year, at 3 of the clock in the Afternoon, and that they spend the Rest of that Day in catichising and Preparacon for the Saboth as the Ministers shall direct."

"And amongst other Sinns, wee pray you make some good Lawes for the punishing of Swearers, whereunto it is to bee feared too many are addicted that are Servants, sent over formerly and now."

Touching upon family order, they say—

"Our earnest desire is, that you take spetial care in settlinge these Families, that the Cheife in the Familie (at least some of them) bee grounded in Religion, whereby Morning and Evening Famylie Dutyes may bee duly performed, and a watchfull Eye held over all in each Familie, by one or more in each Familie to be appointed thereto, that soe Disorders may be prevented, and ill weeds nipt before they take too great a head."

In case any should prove refractory, they add:

"Care must be taken to punish the obstinate and disobedient, being as necessary as food and rayment."

The Company thought it expedient to restrain one branch of agriculture. They say,

"We espetially desire you to take care that noe tobacco be planted, unless it bee some small Quantitie for mere Necessitie and for Physick for Preservacon of their Healths, and the same be taken privately by auntient Men and none other."

The measures recommended by the Company, and pursued by the government of the colony, touching the natives, deserve a special notice. They earnestly recommended that "there might

be such a Union as might draw the Heathen by our good example to the embracing of Christ and his Gosple. * * * And above all, wee pray you bee careful that there be none in our Precincts permitted to doe any injurie (in the least kinde) to the Heathen people; and if any offend in that way, let them receive due correccion."

This order the Governor was required, by repeated directions, to enforce, and that all might be aware of their intentions, he was directed to fix up a proclamation to that effect, under the seal of the company, in some public conspicuous place.

"If any of the salvages," they continue, "pretend Right of Inheritance to all or any part of the Lands granted in our Patent, wee pray you endeavor to purchase their Tytle, that we may avoid the least scruple of Intrusion."

They urge him also, to "be careful to discover and find out all pretenders," to the soil, and "to make such reasonable composition, as may free us from any scruple of intrusion." In addition to their importunate desire that the Indians should be treated kindly and courteously, and that provision should be made for the instruction and Christian training of some of their youths, they particularly guard against one danger:

"We pray you endeavor, though there be much strong Waters sent for sale, yett soe to order it that the Salvages may not for our Lucre Sake be induced to the excessive use, or rather abuse of it;" charging also that if any one of the English became intoxicated he should receive exemplary punishment.

The new comers brought an ordinance of the company establishing a form of government for the colony.

"Having" say they, "taken into due consideration the Merritt, Worth, and good Desert of Capt. John Endicott, we have with full consent and authority of this Court, and by erection of hands, chosen and elected the said Captain John Endicott to the place of present Governour in our said Plantation."

The government was committed to him, aided by a council of thirteen assistants, seven of whom were chosen by the company in England, three chosen by these seven, and three by the former settlers. This election was made for one year, and these officers were empowered to "establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable Laws and Orders, so as the same be no way contrary to the Laws of the realm of England." The oaths of office were accordingly administered to the new Governor, and by him to the other officers. One of the first acts of the government, thus constituted, was a division of lands among the colonists. Each adventurer received lands at the rate of two hundred acres for every £50 embarked in the enterprise. Each received also fifty acres in his own person, and the same for every servant transported by him. Those who were not adventurers in the common

stock received fifty acres, each, for himself and family, or more at the discretion of the court, according to their "charge and quality." Deeds of the land thus assigned were given under the seal of the Company. Of the servants, who have been repeatedly mentioned, some were hired by the planters, and some hired or indented to the service of the company. Contracts were made with most of this latter sort, by which they received some share of the profits of their labors; and thus all were excited to industry, by their own interest, as well as by strict laws. That few of them remained idle may be inferred from the circumstance that, in September of this year, the colonists sent to England three ships freighted with the produce of their labor, consisting of beaver, fish, timber, &c.

The condition of the colony on the arrival of this new company, and during the summer of 1629, is fairly set forth in an account of the country, written at the time by Rev. Francis Higginson, and sent home to his friends in England.

"When we came first to Nehumkek, we found about half a score of houses; we found also abundance of corn planted by them very good and well liking. And we bro't with us about two hundred passengers and planters more, which by common consent of the old planters were combined together into one body politic, under the same Governor. There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about three hundred, whereof two hundred are settled at Nehumkek, now Salem. And the rest have planted themselves at Masathulets Bay, beginning to build a town there, which we do call Cherto or Charlestown. We that are settled at Salem make what haste we can to build houses; so that in a short time we shall have a fair town. We have great ordinance, wherewith we doubt not but we shall fortify ourselves in a short time to keep out a potent adversary. But that which is our greatest comfort, and means of defence above all others, is, that we have the true religion and holy ordinances of Almighty God taught among us. Thanks be to God, we have here plenty of preaching, and diligent catechising with strict and careful exercise, and good and commendable orders to bring our people into a Christian conversation."

Of the Indians he says,

"For their dealing with us, we neither fear them nor trust them, for forty of our musketeers will drive five hundred of them out of the field. We use them kindly; they will come into our houses, sometimes by half a dozen or half a score at a time, when we are at victuals, but will ask or take nothing but what we give them."

Of their means of shelter and sustenance he has left us some account.

"At this instant (1629) wee are setting a brick kiln on work to make bricks or tiles for the building of our houses."

They found the woods richly stored with game.

and the ocean with fish. Among the latter he mentions the turbot and the mullet, which species are not now found in those waters. For lights, however, they used their slips of pitch pine, which though a homely substitute for lamps, yet served them well.

In the midst of all their trials and labors in building up a new settlement, they did not forget that which was in their hearts a chief desire, and a solace under every privation. They were Christian men, exiled from home for their dislike of impositions which their consciences could not tolerate, and a prelacy whose hand had been, as they felt deeply, stretched out to oppress them. They had learned somewhat of the simpler worship, and severer discipline of Geneva, which they loved for its freedom, and approved as according to the model of the Scriptures. Their necks had been galled by the iron yoke of a strictly required conformity, and they would, in their slight forms, encroach as little as might be on liberty of conscience and of will. The individual man was in their esteem of higher worth than any system of polity. He, for whom nature was framed, and over whom watched an un-sleeping Providence, was not to be put in the scale with the orders and devices of man. They revered what is noble in man, and remembered the price of his redemption.

However unwilling some of the colonists may have been to bear the name of separatists, we believe they were so substantially in their theory; they have left no room for a doubt that they were so in practice. The letter of Endicott to Bradford, already quoted, proves how far he was from a wish to remain in the communion of the Church of England; and the first public and notable ecclesiastical act of the colony proves that a majority of the settlers went with him in the full length of his departure. It is thus narrated by an eye witness.*

"The 20th of July, it pleased God to move the heart of our Governor to set it apart for a solemn day of humiliation for the choice of a pastor and teacher: the former part of the day being spent in praise and teaching; the latter part was spent about the election, which was after this manner. The persons thought on were demanded concerning their callings. They acknowledged there was a two-fold calling, the one inward calling, when the Lord moved the heart of a man to take that calling upon him, and filled him with gifts for the same; the second was from the people, when a company of believers are joined together in covenant, to walk together in all the ways of God, every member is to have a free voice in the election of their officers. These two servants having cleared all things by their answers, we saw no reason but that we might freely give our voices for their election after this

trial. Their choice was after this manner,—every fit member wrote in a note his name whom the Lord moved him to think was fit for a pastor, and so likewise whom they would have for a teacher;—so the most voice was for Mr. Skelton to be pastor, and Mr. Higginson to be teacher; and they accepting the choice, Mr. Higginson with three or four more of the gravest members of the church, laid their hands on Mr. Skelton, using prayers therewith. This being done, then there was imposition of hands on Mr. Higginson. Then there was proceeding in election of elders and deacons."

This acceptance of the clerical office by a renewed imposition of hands, and especially of the hands of lay members of the church, was a virtual renouncing of their Episcopal ordination, by the two ministers, both of whom had been in orders in England. That it was approved by Mr. Endicott, cannot be doubted. He had received his strongest religious impressions under the preaching of Mr. Skelton, and did not hesitate to use his authority as Governor to suppress any deviation from the established order and what he doubtless deemed the scriptural polity.

His views on the subject were soon put to the test. The body of the colonists thought and felt with him; but two persons of character and influence, Messrs. John and Samuel Brown, one of whom was a member of his council, condemned the ecclesiastical proceedings, we have referred to, as irregular, separated themselves from the established public worship, and drew away others by their example. They met by themselves on the Sabbath and adhered to the service of the Church of England. They were called, by the Governor, to account, and defended themselves with some warmth, and the subject soon produced mutual reproaches and criminations. Both parties sent their charges and defence to the company in England; but before their orders in the case were received, Governor Endicott, exercising a power which he possessed in virtue of his general instructions, expelled the two principal offenders from the colony and sent them to England.

This act which might, indeed, with a slight degree of mutual toleration, have been avoided has been severely censured, and yet seems to have been natural enough to us in the position and with the opinions of Mr. Endicott. He felt that he had a right by his commission to banish the disorderly, and that it was his duty to preserve the colony pure from erroneous practices. The heat and disquiet which the controversy produced, left him hardly an alternative. Indeed, in his day, the distinction of Church and State was hardly known practically in New England. The same persons who were the one, were also the other. The interests of both were the same. An injury to the one was felt as an insult to the other; and the guardian of the one was also set to defend the other.

* Mr. Charles Gott, in a letter to Gov. Bradford of Plymouth.

The Governor soon had occasion to exercise his authority in another way. Some years earlier, in 1625, a settlement had been made at Mount Wollaston, since called Braintree. This proving unsuccessful, the principal undertakers in it became discouraged and removed to Virginia. A few of them remained, among whom was one Thomas Morton "having been a petty fogger at Furnival's Inn," who having a plausible tongue, persuaded the most of them who were with him to "thrust out" Lieutenant Filcher, the commander of the company, and having seized on the property, to live in idleness and ease. Having disposed of Filcher, "they fell," says Morton,* "to great licentiousness of life, in all profaneness, . . . and after they had got much gain by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly in quaffing both wine and strong liquors in great excess; as some have reported ten pounds worth in a morning, setting up a may-pole drinking and dancing about it, and frisking about it like so many fairies, or furies rather." These irregularities at Merry Mount, as they now called it, reported perhaps with some excess of statement by the worthy chronicler, vexed the soul of the austere puritans of Salem. Their dissolute manner of life was somewhat dangerous to the morals of the new colony, and their free trade in guns and powder with the natives put the safety if not the existence of all the neighboring settlements in great peril. These things aroused the indignation of Mr. Endicott, who forthwith proceeded to Merry Mount, "caused the May-pole to be cut down, and rebuked them for their profaneness, and admonished them to look to it that they walked better; so the name was again changed and called Mount Dagon."

Meanwhile a great change was going on in affairs at home. Several gentlemen of character and property proposed to the company in London July 28th, 1629, to remove with their families to New England, provided the charter and patent should be transferred to America. After much deliberation the company voted, in August, "that the government and patent should be settled in New England. The company had been disappointed in respect to the profitableness of the colony, and seeing no prospect of a speedy return of their outlay, were easily induced to give up their interest in a scheme which promised loss rather than gain. The privileges of the charter were accordingly transferred on the condition that the company in England should retain a share in the trading stock for seven years, and that at the expiration of that term the stock and profits, if any, should be divided, and the householders in England released from any further responsibility. These terms having been accepted, a new election of officers was made in October, when John Winthrop was chosen Governor with a Deputy Governor and

eighteen Assistants. Mr. Endicott was chosen into the number of assistants.

Preparations were made for the removal of the new emigrants, and in the course of the next year nineteen vessels reached New England. They brought more than 1,500 passengers. The *Arabella*, which brought out the newly elected Governor, arrived on the 12th of June at Salem, where the company went on shore, and were welcomed and courteously entertained by Mr. Endicott.

Though removed by the arrival of Governor Winthrop from the heaviest cares and responsibilities of government, Mr. Endicott retained an honorable share in the councils of the new administration. His judgment and experience were of too great value to the colony, to be set aside for slight cause. He was chosen into the body of Assistants to Governor Winthrop; and appointed by the court the Justice of the peace for Salem. To the office of Assistant he was many times reelected, and sat, of course, with the Magistrates when the General Court was made up of Magistrates and Deputies.

In August, 1630, Mr. Endicott was married a second time. While in business, in London, he had married a lady of fortune and of an influential family, by the name of Anna Gour, who died soon after her arrival in New England: by this lady, it is believed, he had no children. Some needlework wrought by her is still in existence in the museum of the Salem East India Marine Society. His second wife was Elizabeth Gibson, of Cambridge, who survived him, and by whom he had two sons, John and Zerubbabel.

The events of the next year furnish an instance of the irascible temper of Mr. Endicott, which, it seems, neither his office nor the rigid self-control which the Puritans so habitually practised, could always restrain. On the 18th of April the Court entertained a charge against him for "striking Goodman Dexter," and having found him guilty, fined him ten shillings. Mr. Endicott's account of this transaction is given in a letter to Governor Winthrop.

Right Worshipful:—I did expect to have beene with you in person at the Court, and to that end, I put to sea yesterday and was driven back again, the wind being stiffe against us. And there being noe canoe or boate at Sagust, I must have been constrained to goe to Mystie and thence about to Charlestown, which at that time I durst not be so bold, my bodie being at this present in an ill condition to wade or take cold, and therefore I desire you to pardon mee. Though otherwise I could much have desired it, by reason of many occasions and business. * * Sir, I desired the rather to have beene at Court, because I heare I am much complained on by Goodman Dexter for strikeing him. I acknowledge I was too rash in strikeing him, understanding since it is not lawfull for a justice of peace to strike. But if you had seene the manner of his carriage—with such daring of mee

* Morton's Memorial, Davis, ed., p. 137.

with his arms on kimbo, &c., it would have provoked a very patient man. But I will write noe more of it, but leave it till we speak before you face to face. Only thus farr further, that he hath given out, if I had a purse he would make mee empty it, and if he cannot have justice heere, he will doe wonders in England, and if he prevaile not then he will trie it out with mee heere at blowes. Sir, I desire that you will take all into consideration. If it were lawful to trie it at blowes, and he a fitt man for mee to deal with, you should not hear mee complaining but I hope the Lord hath brought me off from that course. I thought good further to write what my judgment is for the dismissing of the Court till corne be sett. It will hinder us that are far off exceedingly, and not further you there. Mens labour is precious here in corne setting time, the Plantations being yet so weak. I will be with you, the Lord assisting me, as soon as conveniently I can. In the meane while, I committ you to his protection and safeguard, that never fails his children, and rest

Your unfeigned loving friend to command,

JO. ENDICOTT.

Salem, the 12th of Aprill, 1631.

This act, though unbecoming a magistrate and a christian, seems to have been committed under great provocation, and though it demonstrated a warm temper and a hasty hand, his apology was deemed sufficient and his regret sincere. This somewhat passionate disposition, while it occasionally brought him under censure, did not alienate the regard or affection of his friends. A few months after Gov. Winthrop and Capt. Underhill, visited Salem, travelling in the simplicity of the times, on foot. Their errand was on public affairs, and chiefly to Mr. Endicott, by whom they were courteously entertained.

The famous Roger Williams came to Salem in 1631, and soon rendered himself popular by the mild attractiveness of his manners, and the ardor of his religious feelings. Mr. Endicott became his warm friend and firm supporter. How far he agreed with his peculiar and changeable theological opinions, we have no means of ascertaining, but we can have no doubt that he became largely identified with his policy, and felt as a personal wrong the injuries that were inflicted on that excellent man. He concurred with the church of Salem in calling Mr. Williams to the pastoral office among them, and may well be supposed to have had a principal influence in their decision. When the Governor and Assistants saw fit to interfere, and forbid his settlement, they wrote to Mr. Endicott, as to the one most deeply concerned in the case, and most censurable, if any deserved censure.

It was perhaps through the influence of this erratic divine, that Mr. Endicott was led to an action, which exposed him to severe reproof, and which we may not judge too harshly if we call it rash, disloyal, and superstitious—rash as tending to bring himself into difficulty and discredit,—disloyal, as carrying the appearance of disrespect to the

King—superstitious, as turning to a matter of offence of conscience, a symbol that was innocent if not most appropriate. It had been the custom for the military companies of the colony to carry in their colors the sign of the cross. This sign was retained in token of public deference to the royal orders, though it was regarded with a lurking disaffection and dislike, as a relic of Popish superstition. This feeling grew naturally out of the sentiments of the Puritans towards the Romish Church, which in England extended to all the emblems and appurtenances of it, and in New England where words uttered were not so near the royal ear, broke out into open expressions of discontent. Mr. Endicott, who shared largely in this general dissatisfaction, and whose decisions were always followed by bold and prompt action, openly cut out the obnoxious symbol from the colors in Salem. Mr. Williams had been loud and foremost in the opposition to “the anti-christian thing,” and from the debates on the subject in the General Court, we cannot doubt that they heartily approved the act of Mr. Endicott, though prudence compelled them to disavow it. The Court ordered the defaced colors to be brought before them, and submitted to the assembled ministers of the colony the question, half theological and half political, “Whether it were right to retain the cross in the colors?”—a question too, on which the clergy were unable to agree. When Mr. Endicott was called before the court, to answer for this breach of order, the court itself could not agree, whether to condemn him, and put off the case to the next session. (That a large party in the court was in his favor, is clear from the fact that he continued one of the commissioners for military affairs.) And such was the popular excitement on the subject, that an order was issued, that for the present no colors should be used, whether with or without the red cross. At the next session of the court, though, the case came up again, and Mr. Endicott was sentenced, “for his rashness, uncharitableness, and indiscretion, and exceeding the limits of his commission to be sadly admonished, and also disabled for bearing any office in the commonwealth for the space of a year next ensuing.” The real reason of his condemnation undoubtedly was to clear the colony from the charge of rebellion, into which this insult to the King’s colors had been construed; though among the reasons assigned for it in the court was his “uncharitableness,” in impliedly accusing the other magistrates of countenancing “idolatry.”*

Though Mr. Endicott lost his place as assistant in consequence of this sentence, he seems not at once to have learned to exercise the prudence, which perhaps became one so severely rebuked.

* In about eighteen months after, by order of the Military Commissioners, the cross was left out from all the colors, and the King’s arms put in those used in the harbor.

Perhaps a truer account would be that in every excited state of the community he was made foremost in attempting a redress of grievances, and was thus forced to bear the heaviest burden of punishment or censure, which ill-advised proceedings might bring upon the actors in them. A few weeks after the sentence referred to, the people of Salem petitioned the General Court for lands at Marblehead, to which they supposed themselves entitled. The court, however, refused to entertain the petition, as the inhabitants of Salem had disregarded the declared will of the court in respect to the settlement of Mr. Williams. The petitioners, being thus touched in their ecclesiastical independence, determined to proceed ecclesiastically in the premises; and the church of Salem, to which most of them belonged, sent letters to the other churches in the colony, requiring them to censure and admonish those of their number who had been members of the court, and had joined in refusing the claimed lands. In these proceedings of the church at Salem, Mr. Endicott was actively engaged. The General Court could not allow such a reflection upon it to pass without notice, and summoned Mr. E. to answer for the misdemeanor. He appeared and justified the course they had taken, as regular and according to ecclesiastical usage. The defence was construed, by the court, into a contempt, and they "voted by general erection of hands, that Mr. Endicott be committed for his contempt in protesting against the proceedings of the court." Their wrath was however appeased by some concessions which he thought it prudent to make. This occurrence, while it shows how ill defined were then the relations of the civil and the church power, shows also that the legislature were sensitively jealous of any encroachments, on their clear rights, from that quarter.

The people of Salem finally succeeded in obtaining from the court a confirmation of their title to Marblehead Neck. When the question of a division of it was debated in the town meeting, Mr. Endicott made a speech, from which it appears to have been his, and the general wish, to reserve a portion of it for the erection of a College. This was in 1636. So strong and prevailing a sense was there, even then, of the importance of the means of sound learning to the country. Mr. Endicott was a member early in 1642, if not in the first instance, of the corporation of Harvard College, being appointed to it by the General Court, with several of the magistrates, and "the teaching elders of the six next adjoining towns."

In the year 1636, the troops who were sent to the Pequod war, were put under the command of Capt. Endicott. The commission given him was to obtain of the Pequods by treaty the murderers of Oldham, or by fighting, force them to give them up. This Oldham had been barbarously murdered at Block Island by some Indians, who had after-

wards been sheltered by the Pequods. Captain Endicott's company consisted of about ninety men, with which he entered the Pequod country. He found it impossible to bring the Indians to a conference, as they always fled at the intimation of his message, or to any decisive engagement, though he met them in several skirmishes. Finding it therefore almost useless to proceed, and fearing that the approach of winter would render his position more difficult, he thought it best to withdraw his troops and return home. Mr. Endicott was severely censured at the time for the failure of the expedition, though he seems to have done all he could with his small force, and to have given up the enterprise only because it was really prudent to do so.

However severely he may have been censured by individuals, the general estimate of the value of his public services does not seem to have been abated. The court testified their sense of his worth to the state by various and large grants of land, several of which were made at this time, and which, in the whole, amounted to very nearly 2000 acres. It may not be amiss to refer to another grant made in 1660 to his son, by the Indians, who entertained a grateful sense of the many kindnesses they had received at the hands of the father. The General Court, on his petition, did not think it proper to confirm this grant, but in lieu of it they decreed "that considering the many kindnesses that were shown the Indians, by our honored Gov. Endicott, in the infancy of these plantations, tending to the common good of the first planters, in consideration whereof the Indians were moved to such gratuity to his son, do judge meet to give the petitioner four hundred acres of land."

Though so often in opposition to the court, and not seldom reproved in public and in private, Mr. Endicott was a man of too marked a character and of too useful talents to be left out of the public service. He was chosen Deputy Governor in the years 1642 and '43, having been continued in the body of assistants till this time. The next year, 1644, (May 29th,) he was elected Governor. We have several letters from Deputy Gov. Endicott addressed to Gov. Winthrop, during the year 1643, still preserved to us.* They relate to public affairs and the exercise of his magistracy. They show a deliberate and sober judgment, with a disposition for prompt action, and a temper fretted perhaps too easily by the faults of good men as well of the perverse. A single expression of one of them betrays a tinge of the intolerance with which the age was deeply stained. Speaking of La Tour and D'Aulney, both Roman Catholics, and both seeking aid from the colony against each other, he says, "I must needs say, that I fear we shall have little comfort in having anything to do with these idolatrous French."

* They may be found in Hutchinson's Original Papers, and in Hasard's His. Coll. Vol. I.

Few circumstances of much interest occurred during Gov. Endicott's administration in 1644. The contest, in the mother country, between parties was so nearly balanced, and the issue so doubtful, that it was difficult for the colony to decide which to adhere to, its policy being to attach itself to the strongest. The government adopted a prudent neutrality, to avoid offence on either side, or rather by public proclamation declared its attachment to both. Yet the sympathies of the colonists and of the government were clearly on the side of Parliament, as appears from the following incident. A vessel from London, commanded by Captain Stagg, sailing under the authority of Parliament, had captured in Boston harbor another vessel sailing under the King's orders, from Bristol, a port in favor of the King. By all laws, Boston harbor was neutral ground, and the capture unlawful. But when the question, whether Stagg should be allowed to retain his prize, was brought before the Magistrates and Elders, the greater part of them decided in his favor.

A law was passed this year touching the Anabaptists, in which, after affirming that from their "first arising," they had been "the Incendiaries of the Commonwealth and the Troublers of Churches in all places where they have been," that they "denied the Ordinance of Magistracy," &c.; they decreed that all persons convicted of uttering their sentiments should be banished from the commonwealth. The law was harsh, and unnecessary. It has happened very unfortunately for the reputation of Governor Endicott, that the severest laws aiming to suppress heresies in religion were passed, and the strictest execution of them took place, under his administration. That he approved the laws, and favored the rigorous execution of them, we cannot doubt; and as little that his policy, though a mistaken one, was honestly entered, and that in an age when intolerance was the universal creed, and men's better feelings were subdued and crushed by a stern fanaticism, an exemption from the common error were a proof of high virtue, rather than a yielding to it an evidence of singular depravity.

In the year 1645, Mr. Dudley was chosen Governor, and Mr. Endicott was chosen an Assistant, and the Sergeant Major General of Massachusetts. In both these offices he was continued by successive elections for several years. The means of defence possessed by the colony, though perhaps sufficient, were not very ample, so that this year the General Court ordered the lads under sixteen years to be trained with bows and arrows, as well as in the use of small arms. Mr. Endicott was of much service in his military capacity, especially in encouraging the organization of companies for learning the military art. Though tolerably well provided with muskets, the colonists had not wholly laid aside the defensive armor of the days of chivalry.

Tasses, gorgets, and corselets are not seldom mentioned in the narrative of the entire skirmishes with the Indians. The degree of attention given to military affairs varied of course with the danger apprehended from these subtle foes. The companies were required sometimes to train every week, and again only four times a year.

In 1649, Governor Winthrop having recently died, Mr. Endicott was chosen to succeed him, and as one of the earliest of his public acts, joined the magistrates, in proclaiming their detestation of *long hair*. The document is so curious a paper, that we give a copy.*

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Ruffians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of our nation until within this few years;—We, the magistrates who have subscribed this paper, (for the shewing of our own innocency in this behalf,) do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men doe deforme themselves, and offend sober and modest men, and doe corrupt good manners: We doe therefore earnestly entreat all elders of this jurisdiction (as often as they shall see cause) to manifest their zeale against it, in their publicke administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith, that so such as shall prove obstinate and will not reform themselves, may have God and man to witness against them."

This was signed by Governor Endicott, Deputy Governor Dudley, and seven Assistants. They evidently entertained conscientious scruples on the subject, however whimsical such scruples may appear to us.

As a fruit of perhaps the same spirit, guided by some political considerations, was the various sumptuary laws, passed in later administrations of Governor Endicott. In 1650, 1651, 1652, and 1653, he was re-elected Governor, and in 1654, Deputy Governor under Mr. Bellingham. In 1651, the Court decreed that "if any males, of less property than £200, wear gold or silver lace or buttons, or points at their knees, or walks in great boots, (because leather is scarce); and any females, not possessed of £200, wear silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs; they shall be prosecuted and fined." Several prosecutions and convictions took place under this act. "Three men and one woman, in Salem, were each fined 10s. and 2s. 6d. for wearing silver lace; a woman was fined the same for wearing broad bone lace; another for wearing tiffany, and another for wearing a silk hood. Alice Flint was presented for wearing a silk hood, but proving herself to be worth £200, was excused. Jonas Fairbanks was

* Hutchinson I., 142-3, note.

charged with wearing great boots, but was cleared, as the law did not strictly apply to his case.”*

The salary of the Governor, while not fixed by law, affords a measure by which we may first conjecture the general financial condition of any period, and the general prosperity of the country. That of Gov. Endicott for the year 1644 was £100, a small sum; and for 1651, one hundred marks, each probably worth 13s. 4d., a much smaller sum than before. This however was in accordance with the frugal spirit of the times. Two or three years later, by order of the Court, the Deputies took their meals in the “Court House Chamber,” and were “to be supplied with breakfast, dinner, and supper, with a cup of wine or beer at each of the two last meals, and fire and a bed, for three shillings a day; or with dinner, with wine or beer, at eighteen pence a day.”

In 1655 Mr. Endicott was chosen Governor, and by successive elections, was continued in that office till his death, a period of ten years. During this time he was officially so far identified with the public history of the colony, that a sketch of his life would be a sketch of that history. We shall only briefly touch on the more prominent events, and those which best show the character of the man, and the condition of the country. We can hardly doubt that many of the public measures of this period took their complexion very much from the temper of the chief magistrate.

Gov. Endicott was undoubtedly the finest specimen, to be found among our Governors, of the of the genuine Puritan character. That character, with its many virtues, which can hardly be too highly praised, or too closely imitated, had yet much that was austere, rugged and harsh. Firmness, which was a common virtue among them, degenerated in some cases into intractableness and decision became obstinacy. The same temper which had withstood the claims of the English hierarchy, became, when acting freely and without obstacle, fierce intolerance and a vindictive zeal for God.

Gov. Endicott was of a quick temper, which the habit of military command had not softened; of strong religious feelings moulded on the darker features of Calvinism, resolute to uphold with the sword what he had received as Gospel truth, never doubting the right to punish heretics, and fearing no enemy so much as a gainsaying spirit. Averse beyond most of his associates to the English Church and to all ceremonies and show in religion, and scrupulous of offending conscience in the slightest observances, the cross in the King's colors was an abomination which he could not away with. Unyielding in his preferences he adhered closely to Williams, through good and through evil report. Inferior to Winthrop in mildness and learning, in

clear comprehensiveness to Vane, in tolerance even to Dudley, he excelled them all in the eye keen to discern the occasion and fit moment for action, in the quick resolve to profit by them, and in the hand always ready to strike.

Like the severer Puritans of his age in the mother country, he seems to have had the common feelings of humanity in a more than ordinary subjection, and like those who “subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness,” to have encased himself in the armor, not of indifference or of fanaticism, but of a strong sense of duty. He felt himself identified with the cause of Christ in the plantation, and for the sake of that cause, he could afford to crush some flowers of sentiment, and lose some graces of character. The same influence which subdued his own passions, made him too regardless of the feelings and preferences of others. Not only the merry-making of rude and riotous men at Merry Mount was odious and intolerable to him, but the pardonable vanity of silks and laces. Of the influence of this colony on the future destinies, and especially on the religious destinies of the world, we may well suppose him to have formed a larger conception than was common among his contemporaries. He may have seemed to himself the ordained of Providence to realise in the new world the idea of a religious commonwealth.

We can hardly wonder, if it were to occur at all, that the persecution of the Quakers, the darkest spot on the early history of Massachusetts, should have occurred under the administration of one thus formed by temper, by habit, and by opinion.

The first notice of this sect in New England was in the setting apart a day, June 11, 1656, for humiliation, on account, among other reasons, of “Ranters and Quakers,” who were creating some noise and disturbance in England. They originated there under Charles I., and were perhaps a natural product of those unsettled times, when in the heat of religious feeling, men became fond of paradoxes, and eagerly followed after every novelty. Their founder, George Fox, held that the inward light was the sure guide of every man who would walk by it, a sentiment exceedingly liable to abuse, and opening the door to all sorts of fanaticism. He refused the oath of allegiance, counting it unlawful to swear at all. He reviled the clergy, and every where proclaimed that they had not the true knowledge of Christ. Clothed in leather breeches, and distinguished by his strange language, his boldness, and soon, by his suffering of insult and imprisonment, he speedily gained friends and adherents, and his followers multiplied with great rapidity.

Called by some supposed impulse of inspiration, Mary Fisher travelled alone across the continent, to open the new light to the Grand Turk. Wherever they went tumult and excitement followed. Our fathers saw that some of these flying clouds

* Felt's Annals of Salem.

would pass over them, and finding that already the leaven was beginning to work, the Court of Assistants, (in Oct. 1656,) ordered that a shipmaster bringing any of them into the colony, should be fined £100; that any one of the sect coming here should be put into a house of correction, whipped, kept at hard labor, not allowed to speak, &c.; that any who should introduce their books, or maintain their doctrines, should be fined. They further ordained that these laws be published in Boston by beat of drum.

This proving not sufficient to prevent the intrusion of that sect, the next year the court passed a law, that any one proved a Quaker, should, if a man, lose one ear, and on a second conviction, the other; if a woman, to be whipped each time, and on a third time, whether man or woman, to have their tongues bored through with a hot iron. As their numbers still increased, a law was made in Oct. 1658, punishing with death all who should return into this jurisdiction after banishment.

These laws were sanguinary and severe, yet they were enacted to suppress doctrines and practices, at least dangerous to the civil state, and were executed after long patience and great provocation. The Quakers who arrived in 1659, being summoned before the court, and questioned by what authority they came, gave "rude and contemptuous" answers. A few days after, the Governor passing the prison, where they had been put for their insolence, on his way home from church, was hailed by Mary Prince, one of them, with "Wo unto thee! thou art an oppressor!" She wrote a taunting letter to the magistrates, and reviled the clergy, calling them Baal's priests, the brood of Ishmael, &c. Similar to this in almost all instances was the conduct of those who were brought before magistrates, refusing them the ordinary tokens of respect, denying their authority, denouncing them as persecutors, and warning them of the judgments of God that were to come upon them. In private too, many of them were disorganising and seditious, affirming that "the Scriptures are not the word of God, that magistrates are naught, and that ministers are deceivers, preaching "the doctrines of devils." They entered the places of public worship, interrupted the officiating clergymen by loud outcries "We deny thy Christ! we deny thy God!" and alarmed the assemblies by denunciations of darkness and wrath. Some acted even more like madmen, affirming their own inward and perfect purity, while all around them was defilement and error. "At Boston, one George Wilson, and at Cambridge Elizabeth Horton went crying through the streets, that the Lord was coming with fire and sword to plead with them." Thomas Newhouse went into the meeting-house at Boston with a couple of glass bottles, and broke them before the congregation, and threatened "thus will the Lord break you in pieces." Another time, M.

Brewster came in with her face smeared and as black as a coal. Deborah Wilson went through the streets of Salem "naked as she came into the world," "to be a sign of the nakedness of others."

Proceedings of this sort, were of course not to be endured, and, as we have seen, laws were made of different degrees of severity, till the penalty became death for a return from banishment. Under these laws, many whippings were inflicted and there were many imprisonments, which we cannot relate in detail. It will suffice for us to refer to some of the severities of justice.

In the year 1659, William Robinson, a merchant of London, Marmaduke Stevenson, a countryman of Yorkshire, and Mary Dyar were banished, on pain of death. Robinson, as being a leader among them, was also condemned to be whipped. "Then Robinson* was brought into the street and there stript; and having his hand put through the holes of the carriage of a great gun, where the gaoler held him, the executioner gave him twenty stripes with a three-fold cord whip." Robinson and Stevenson, "not being free in mind," did not leave the colony, and were soon after arrested and imprisoned again, and Mary Dyar, having returned opened and boldly, was confined also. Being brought before the court, they were sentenced to death, according to the law. To which sentence, Stevenson replied, "Give ear ye magistrates, and all who are guilty! for this the Lord hath said concerning you, and will perform His word upon you; that the same day ye put his servants to death, shall the day of your visitation pass over your heads, and you shall be cursed forevermore." The day appointed for the execution was the 27th Oct. and they were led to the gallows by the Marshal, with a band of about 200 men, besides many horsemen. Glorious signs of heavenly joy and gladness were beheld in the countenances of these three persons, who walked hand in hand, Mary being middlemost, and now stricken in years. To a question of the Marshal she replied, 'No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can utter, no heart can understand the sweet incomes, and the refreshings of the Lord, which I now feel.' 'This' said Stevenson to the crowd, 'is the day of your visitation wherein the Lord hath visited you.' And so they went on, as going to an everlasting wedding feast." Stevenson and Robinson were at this time turned off, but Mary Dyar was reprieved at the intercession of her son. She was conveyed to Rhode Island, though she wrote a letter to the court, refusing to accept her life on their terms. The next spring, she returned, as she said, "in obedience to the will of God, to testify against their unrighteous law." The Court, finding that mild measures and pardon had no effect on her wilful purpose of martyrdom,

* Jewel's History of the Quakers, from which this account is taken, a curious work, and not implicitly to be trusted, being written with strong prejudices for that sect.

condemned her again to death. When she ascended the gallows some said to her, that 'if she would return, she might yet save her life,' but she replied, 'Nay in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in his will I abide faithful to the death.' She was executed on Boston Common, June 1st, 1660.

The course of these outrages and punishments continued till 1661, when the laws on the subject were repealed, and an order came from King Charles II. requiring the government to abstain from all corporeal punishment of them, and to send such as were guilty of misdemeanors to England, to be tried there. Little further trouble was experienced in the colony from them, and they became quiet citizens, being indulged in a few slight particulars.

It is not for us to vindicate either party in these sad transactions. The Quakers were evidently in many cases fitter subjects for the mad-house, than for the gallows or whipping post, acting under a frenzy, and supposing themselves controlled by an unseen power, which it would be sin for them to resist. Marmaduke Stevenson, in a statement presented to the court on his trial, said, "So after I had been some time on that island (Barbadoes) in the service of God, I heard that New England had made a law, to put the servants of the living God to death . . . and, as I considered the thing, immediately the word of the Lord came unto me, saying 'Thou knowest not but thou mayest go thither' . . . So after a little time that I had been there (Rhode Island) the word of the Lord came unto me, saying 'Go to Boston,' and at his command I was obedient, and gave myself up to do his will," &c. The laws made against them provoked them to come, and the severity of the law made their resolve more earnest and intense. The General Court state their own case, in Gov. Endicott's letter to the King.* After charging them with being "capital blasphemers," "open seducers from the blessed Trinity, from the Holy Scriptures as a rule of life, open enemies to the government itself," he says, "Such was their dangerous, and impetuous, and desperate turbulence both to religion and state, civil and ecclesiastical, as that how unwillingly soever (could it have been avoided) the magistrate at last, in conscience both to God and man, judged himself called upon for the defence of all, to keep the passage with the point of the sword, held towards them, this could do no harm to him that would be warned thereby, their wittingly rushing thereupon was their own act, we with humility conceive a crime bringing their blood upon their own head. The Quakers died, not because of their other crimes how capital soever, but upon their superadded presumptuous and incorrigible contempt of authority breaking in upon us . . . had they at last promised to depart the jurisdiction, and not

to return without leave from authority, we should have been glad of such an opportunity to have said they should not die." We may add, that if the Quakers deserve commiseration for their suffering, under their delusion, our Fathers likewise are entitled to a candid consideration for doing what they conceived themselves to have a full right to do, and which however they too may have been deluded, they merely thought they ought to do.*

It was a practice of these times, in which we see traces of the influence of Mr. Endicott, on every occasion of public concern and perplexity, to appoint a general fast. We find them appointed for "neglect of ordinances," for "the dissipation of youth," for "excess in apparel," for "the Agents in London," for "sickness and death," for "the prevalence of seducers," for "the prevalence of Antichrist abroad," as well as for threatening appearances in the state civil affairs in the colony or in the mother country.

In July, 1660, the news was received that Charles II. had ascended the throne of England. This caused some disquiet and alarm in the colony, where the fear was entertained of a change in their government, or of some restrictions on their religious freedom. They had not much to hope from the royal favor. The feelings of the people had been strongly in favor of Parliament and Cromwell in their contest with the King. The acts of the government of the colony had been cautiously neutral and undecided, or under the control of their preferences, had been in opposition to the King. They had acknowledged the authority of Cromwell, but they had never proclaimed his son. They now found it expedient to modify or conceal their former sentiments, and sent a "very loyal" address to the King and to the two houses of Parliament. The formal proclamation of the King, however, was deferred till August, 1661.

The address, which was voted on this occasion by the General Court to the King, (though we believe it was never sent) deserves notice as a specimen of despicable cringing and adulation, which could not have been expected from these sturdy insisters on their rights. It begins thus—

*"Illustrious Sir—*That majestie and benigntie both sate upon the throne whereunto your outcast made their former address, witness this seconde eucharistical approach unto the best of Kings, who to other titles of royaltie common to him with other gods amongst men, delighteth herein more peculiarly to conform himself to the God of gods, in that he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither hath he hid his face from him, but when he cried he heard."

* The right to punish heretics, and the duty of restraining them by the civil power if necessary, was maintained at this time in reference to the Quakers, by the Rev. Mr. Morton of Boston, in a book, entitled "The Heart of New England rent by the blasphemies of the present generation."

* Hutch, Coll. 327.

So much were they moved by his confirming to them his declarations of "liberty and moderation to tender consciences."

The policy of the Colonists was in part only successful. For they soon received a letter from his Majesty, in which, while he in substance confirmed their charter, he changed it in some material particulars, and those too which our fathers regarded as of high value as any of the rest. "Wee do hereby charge and require you," says he, "that freedom and liberty be duly admitted and allowed, so that they that desire to use the booke of common prayer, and perform their devotion in that manner that is established here be not denyed the exercise thereof, or undergone any prejudice or disadvantage thereby, and that all persons of good and honest lives and conversations be admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the said booke of common prayer, and their children to baptism." He further ordered, what was more offensive even, "that all the freeholders of competent estates, not vicious in conversations, orthodox in religion, (tho' of different persuasions concerning church government,) may have their vote in the election of all officers, civill and military." This last order changed most materially the frame of government of the colony. Heretofore the elections had been made, and the laws passed, by those only who were members of the church. The doors of the church were now thrown open to a large number, to whom they had before been shut, or the civil privileges of church members were made common to almost all, and the power of the colony was in danger of changing hands. The connexion of Church and State was thus effectually broken, and the rights of men, as men, placed more nearly on a footing of equality. The distribution of power may have become in some respects more equitable, it was certainly more democratic.

During all the great political struggles and changes which had been going on in the mother country, Mr. Endicott had been a member of the government in New England, and most of the time in the office of chief magistrate. In all the trying emergencies which thus arose, his prudence was no less conspicuous than his energy. His own opinions leaned strongly to republicanism, yet he avoided many natural expressions of it, lest the colony should incur the displeasure of the administration at home. With all the caution he could exercise, however, his inclination became well known to Charles I., to whom, of course, his principles were offensive. Accordingly, in 1664, Secretary Morrice wrote thus to the General Court—"And since his Majesty hath too much reason to suspect that Mr. Endicott, who hath during all the late revolutions continued the government there, is not a person well affected to his Majesties person, or his government, his Majestie will take it very

well if at the next election any other person of good reputation be chosen in the place, and that hee may noe longer exercise that charge." What the General Court might have done on this royal recommendation, we can not know, for before its influence could be ascertained, Mr. Endicott had been called to other services in another world.

When Mr. Endicott was chosen to the place of Governor in 1665, the Court requested that whoever should hold that office would reside in Boston, or within a few miles out of respect to strangers; and made a special request to Governor Endicott that he would regard this expression of their wish as far as his own necessary occasions would permit. He continued, however, to reside in Salem, the place of his first choice, in N. E., and, with all his public cares, to interest himself deeply in whatever concerned his chosen home. Yet as his official duties came to require frequent and long absences from home, and the growing infirmities of age made journeying an inconvenience, he decided to remove to Boston, where he had selected an eligible site; on the spot lately occupied by Gardiner Green, Esq., and now converted into Pemberton Square.

Hardly had he effected this change of his earthly home, when death summoned him to an everlasting dwelling-place. He died, March 15th, 1665, in his seventy-seventh year. His funeral was attended with every public demonstration of respect, and his mortal remains were laid in the chapel burying-ground. His tomb-stone was in good preservation till the commencement of the American Revolution, when it was demolished by the British soldiery, so that all traces of the location have been obliterated.

Among other tokens of regard for his memory, was the grant of an annuity of £30 made to his widow. From this we may infer that he had not grown rich in the public service.

The main points in the character of Governor Endicott, have been alluded to or described. We may add a single feature—his fondness for horticultural pursuits—which indicates both his prudent foresight of the interests of the colony, and his own good taste. Mr. Higginson, in a letter written in 1629, thus refers to it—"Our Gov. hath store of green pease growing in his garden, as good as ever I eat in England. Our Governor hath already planted a vineyard with great hope of increase. Also mulberries, plums, rasberries, currants, chesnuts, filberds, walnuts, hurtleberries and hawes of white thorn, neere as good as our cherries in England." Gov. Endicott added to his vineyard and pea garden, about 1633, the orchard of which one venerable survivor still bears the patriarchal honors of two centuries in green old age. "The Endicott Pear Tree," according to family tradition, was imported at the same time with the "Dial" now in possession of the East India Ma-

rine Society, and deposited in their museum, which bears the date 1630. According to tradition also, this tree, with many others, was brought over in a pot filled with earth; but probably was not placed in its present situation until 1632 or 1633.

There is an original portrait of Gov. Endicott yet extant, in a somewhat dilapidated condition, in which, however, the face is entire. From this we learn that his countenance was open, energetic and independent, and possessing withal much benevolence of expression. According to the custom of the age, he wore mustachios upon the upper lip, and a tuft of hair upon the chin.

SONNET.—TO INEZ.

BY ALTON.

The wild-flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart.—*Halleck.*

Sweet Inez! if with candor I should dare,
To whisper that which *flattery* might evade,
And say thou art not beautiful fair MAID,
Oh! would my words offend thy gentle ear?
Nay—for thy treasure is a *heart*, which e'er,
With kindness, feels for other hearts betrayed—
Ah, what is BEAUTY, which may quickly fade,
If for a friend it hath no generous tear!—
Oh! in thy kind blue liquid eye, there beams
A light of LOVE—far dearer to the soul
Than all the charms of which the Poet dreams,
Or hold the raptured Painter in control!
Then never sigh for beauty: man esteems
Far more a heart, which may in grief console!

Charleston, S. C.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

NO. I.

"Why, my dear fellow, try to pervert your own sense of right, by defending what is in itself indefensible," said Harry Livingston, in reply to his friend, Philip Seyton, with whom he was discussing Southern institutions, character and usages.

"You know nothing of what you are talking about, Harry, and it is a mere waste of words to discuss the subject farther. You know nothing of country life; your ideas are drawn from an artificial state of things. Except a year or two spent in college, your life has been spent in this good city of New York. Your notions are formed from theory and from misrepresented facts, and have about as much resemblance to the realities of things in Virginia, as that colored engraving of Niagara

has to the real torrent, rushing in all its living grandeur with its thousand ever-changing hues and aspects."

"Oh! how magnificent you Virginians always are," said Henry, smiling good humoredly. "My ideas compared to yours, are as a colored picture to the bona fide Niagara. But let that pass; for on some points, especially where State pride is concerned, a Virginian is absolutely incorrigible. You must at least admit, Philip, that there are certain immutable principles of right and wrong, which circumstances cannot alter; concede but this, and the defences you have been constructing with so much ingenuity for your Southern Institutions, which is the present mode of phrasing what cannot be called by its right name, without pronouncing its own condemnation, will fall like a house of cards at the first puff of wind."

A half sigh of impatience escaped from Philip, involuntarily, as he replied, "It is strange that you cannot, or will not, perceive, Livingston, that the strictness of mathematical deduction cannot be applied to moral subjects. If pure, eternal, immutable principles of right and wrong were to be applied without regard to existing circumstances to the affairs of this world, every army, every government, on the face of the globe would be swept from it, all the usages of society subverted, and chaos would return to cover the earth. Do you not see, as well from the sacred records, as from the pages of profane history, that men are educating to a knowledge of good and evil, that in order to obtain this knowledge they are placed in various circumstances, often surrounded by so much that is evil, that they can only choose in conduct the least evil, they can only steadily endeavor to approximate to what is good. The principles of each individual should be based on pure, eternal, immutable morality, as far as he is capable of understanding it; but in working out these principles, his conduct is so much controlled by the evil existing around him, which it is impossible for him to remove, that the utmost that can be done by the best man is often to draw all the possible good he can from the evil circumstances around him, whilst he endeavors to change and modify these circumstances as much as lies in his power."

"These generalities always carry with them a show of philosophy," said Henry; "let us come to specialities."

"Well then, for example, we all admit our penal code to be very imperfect, yet a good man must conform to the laws of his own country, because greater evils would arise from their violation, than from conformity to them. But let me entreat you to waive this discussion for the present, and instead of worrying ourselves with interminable disputes on this vexed question, just go home to Virginia with me, spend some months at my father's house, and then I will admit that you have a right

to form an opinion, and will talk to you of our enormities as long as you please."

"That is another Virginia characteristic," said Henry, laughing; "you have the most extraordinary tenacity of opinion, and do not think it worth while to bestow even a moment's attention upon the views of others."

"You forget, my dear Livingston, that I have listened to you at least a hundred times, with continually increased conviction that you were in the wrong. But a truce to all this. I admit that I possess the Virginia characteristic, if you choose to call it so, of loving my own way, and have already taken steps to effect my purpose. I threw out some hints last night to your father on the subject, and I think he would have no objection to your accompanying me home."

Henry looked pleased and surprised. "To say the truth, Philip, you could not make a more agreeable proposition, and I will not make a merit of agreeing to what is so pleasant to myself. But you know I have the misfortune to be an only child, and am consequently scarcely a free agent; my father of course would not interfere with my motions, but very skilful diplomacy will be necessary to obtain a willing acquiescence from my mother."

"Depend on me for conducting that negotiation successfully. I have only to allude to your severe illness two or three months ago, speak of the delicacy of your appearance, enlarge upon the necessity of change of air, amusing the mind, &c., &c., and Mrs. Livingston will certainly acquiesce. So you have nothing to do but put up your clothes, forget your theories, put your mind in the state of an impartial and enlightened traveller about to visit an unknown country, and be ready to set off at a moment's notice."

Philip was delighted to find that Mrs. Livingston lent a ready ear to his eloquence, entered into his plan quite willingly, and yet his pleasure scarcely equalled that of his friend. Mrs. Livingston, however, insisted on a few days delay, to make some necessary arrangements, she said, though in fact it was rather to accustom herself to the idea of Henry's departure, than for any other reason. Philip wrote a few hasty lines to his father to apprise him on what day Henry and himself would probably arrive, that he might send a carriage to meet them at the steamboat landing; and added a postscript to his sister Fanny, to beg that she would remember Livingston was the best friend he had ever had, and receive him with cordiality and kindness. He was aware, he said, that he had himself prejudiced her against his friend, though unintentionally, and he knew it was her weakness to betray her feelings involuntarily, by her manner. Philip had repeated on former occasions to his sister, many of Henry's speeches respecting Southern usages, as he did not then entertain the most

remote idea that they would ever meet; and had shown her a tale published by Henry in one of the Northern magazines, the scene of which was laid in Virginia, describing in the most glowing colors and pathetic language, a state of things which had no existence but in his own imagination. Fanny loved her native State with her whole heart, and was so sensitive as to all that regarded the honor of Virginia, that Philip was wont to amuse himself with the indignation, which any attack upon it excited in his sister, and had thus thoughtlessly created a strong prejudice against his friend in her mind.

Philip and Henry set out for Virginia; performed the journey in the usual uneventful manner of modern times, and arrived at the appointed day at a steamboat landing on the Potomac. Philip pointed out to his companion an old fashioned carriage, somewhat the worse for wear, which circumstance was more conspicuous from the beauty of the spirited young bays that were harnessed to it; a venerable looking negro was standing near them, on the lookout, with an air of pleased expectation too evident to be mistaken.

"There is old Cesar faithful to the minute," said Philip.

Nothing could less have resembled what Henry Livingston had imagined to be the demeanor of a slave, than the air of affectionate, yet respectful familiarity with which Cesar approached his young master, with whom he exchanged a cordial shake of the hand, saying, "I'm mons'ous glad, mas Phil, to see you looking so well." Then turning towards Henry, with the air of one evidently assuming his best manner, and bowing like a gentleman of the old school, he addressed him in the most courteous tone, saying, "We're happy, sir, to see you in old Virginny."

Henry returned his salutation with much surprise; a shock had already been given to many of his preconceived notions as to the necessary relation subsisting between master and slave, and his wonder increased as he continued to observe the manner of old Cesar and his friend towards each other and to listen to their conversation.

"How are they all at home, Cesar?"

"Thank God, mas Philip, we're all reasonable. We were all mons'ous afeard last week that old master was gwine to have a touch of the gout, but as good luck would have it, it went off again, and he looks as well as ever now."

I am afraid he will not keep well; he can never forget that he is no longer a young man. I suppose he still rides and walks in all weather?"

"Yes, just the same, though Miss Fanny and me both often begs him to take more care of himself, but he always says he wont make no old woman of himself, and he must see after his own consarns, and you know, mas Phil, overseers wont do without looking after, even the best of 'em, but now

you've come home, I hope every thing will go straight."

Philip was much amused at Henry's look of amazement, as he continued to draw the old man out, and went on—"Well how do you all like the new overseer; my father wrote me that he had turned off Mr. Wilson and engaged a new man. What is his name?"

"It is Mr. Thomas, sir, son of the old Thomas that your grandfather used to let live on one of his forest plantations. He is a right smart, stirring sort of a man, and seems to get on totable well yet awhile; but you know, mas Phil, a new broom sweeps clean, and I'm fraid master 'll soon spile him. You see master is a true gentleman of the real grit, and he don't understand the natur of overseers; he allows 'em too much; he lets 'em have their own swing too much."

"Don't my father still interfere in the management of the servants?"

"Oh, to be sure, sir, master would'nt allow no one to be too hard upon his servants; indeed, he wont let the overseer be strict enough, for you know the young ones must be whipped sometimes."

"I hope, Cesar, my horses are in good order; but I dare say, you have not been able to prevent the young men from riding them when they pleased, and I know George Scott is pretty hard upon horseflesh."

Cesar laughed triumphantly. "He has never got upon Tecumseh yet, though. Whenever any one sent to borrow him, master always said you had left Tecumseh in my care, and told me all that was to be done with him, and whenever mas George wanted him, I always had some excuse ready, until at last he found me out, and I had to tell him right down, I could'nt let nobody ride Tecumseh until you got back, as I was 'sponsible for him."

Philip laughed. "Well, but I had rather George should have ridden Tecumseh, than to have offended him."

"Oh, he did'nt stay mad, and he knowed it was my doings;—to be sure, he swore at me at first, and called me some hard names; but then he could'nt stay mad with me. Says I, mas George, you know I've most raised you, as I may say, ever since you were a little thing knee high, and you know I never make any difference between you and mas Phil; many a thing has I done to please you, and if mas Phil was at home now, I would'nt say a word agin your having Tecumseh. 'Tis hard to abuse an old nigger 'bout trying to do what is faithful and just, and mas Phil, you know puts all his dependence in me 'bout his horses. Mas George is a true gentleman; he held out his hand to me directly, and said, 'Well, Cesar, I dare say you mean to do what is right, though it is cursed obstinate and disagreeable, and I know as well how to use a horse as any man in Virginny.' Then he

put his hand in his pocket, and gave me a twist of tobacco, and said we must be friends again, and I'm sure he don't bear me no malice; for whenever he sees me, he is after joking with me 'bout Tecumseh."

Philip knowing this theme would be inexhaustible, gave another turn to the conversation, by saying—"What has been going on in the neighborhood; are any of the girls, or young men married, since I went away?"

"Oh, yes sir, two or three weddings has happened, Miss Emily Holmes had a mons'ous fine wedding 'bout two months ago; all the gentlefolks in the country was axed, and Miss Emily said she wished you had been there."

"Whom did she marry?"

"Some outlandish gentleman, or forennur; I don't rightly remember his name, but he was a dreadful poor match for such a lady as Miss Emily."

"Why, what sort of a man is he?"

"Well I never heard no harm about him, but he never was used to land and niggers, and he don't know what to do with 'em now, no more than a baby. Miss Emily's people are mightily discontented, they say the man a'nt bad to 'em, but then he's got such trifling, pertersome sort of ways."

Philip laughed outright as he looked at his friend and said,

"What sort of ways do you mean?"

"I hardly know how to tak you Mas Phil, one thing is making all the people eat upon plates, and such a fuss about keeping their houses clean, and so puttiklar, they say it most runs 'em mad, every thing must be in its place, and then he talk to them out of such a high dictionary, Miss Emily has to explain to the servants right reg'lar what he says to them, and she cant keep from laughing at him herself sometimes. But I cant remember half of his 'rangements as he calls 'em."

Cæsar seemed suddenly to recollect that it was not exactly accordant with the ideas of good breeding for Philip and himself to engross the conversation entirely, and turning towards his young master, with an instant change of voice and manner, he pointed to a lot of fine cotton and remarked—

"Maybe the young gentleman would like to see a crop of cotton, if it dont grow in his country."

Henry smiled kindly at Cæsar and replied,

"It is a new sight to me, and a very pretty one too. I begin to think," he added, with a side glance towards Philip, "I shall see and hear strange things in this country of yours. But what a rich, beautiful field of corn that is on our right hand."

"Yes, that is right pretty corn, sir, but you must look at our meadow corn if you want to see a raal fine crop. I b'lieve, sir, all the gentlemen in the country allows our meadow corn to be the best any where about."

Henry smiled again, to see how completely Cæsar identified himself with the family to whom he be-

longed, and before they reached Oak Grove, for this was the name of Mr. Seyton's residence, he had met with many facts quite irreconcilable with his theories.

As they approached the gate which led to the mansion, a group of negro children appeared, grinning with delight at Mas Philip's return, and eagerly contending for the honor of being the first to open the gate for him. Though generally ragged and dirty, the exuberant gayety of childhood, when left to enjoy uncontrolled, like the flower, or the weed, (an apter simile in this case,) the genial influences of air and sunshine, was so apparent in these little creatures, that it was impossible for Livingston not to contrast them with the sickly children of the destitute poor, that he often met in the streets of N. Y., and feel an emotion of pity for the latter. Their delight was increased to the highest pitch, when Philip put his head out of the carriage window, and exchanged greetings with them. "How goes it Joe?" "Why Sam you've grown so, I hardly knew you," and he ran thus through a catalogue of names, some of which he had evidently mistaken from the sly looks and smiles which the children exchanged with each other, but this was a trifling matter, as they all perceived that Mas Philip wished to bestow a due share of kindness on each.

Henry Livingston, though he was in a mood to view every thing favorably appertaining to Philip's paternal mansion, could not help recollecting various descriptions of Irish establishments he had met with in the course of his reading, as he looked at the dilapidated gate minus a latch, that opened upon grounds extensive enough to surround a castle, and this ample extent filled with grass unconscious of a scythe since its existence, and noble trees growing in all the wild luxuriance of nature. The approach to the house was a semi-circular sweep, and as they came more nearly, the effects of woman's taste and neatness became evident, yet all the improvements wore the air of natural and unstudied simplicity, and the diamonds, crosses, and stars of verbenas, petunias and gay flowers, glaring here and there on the grass lawn, appeared as if they had sprung up of their own sweet will.

"This Oak Grove is a fine old place, Philip. I do not wonder that you love it so much. If I had a home like this, I should feel about it as you do about yours."

"Yes, it is to me the finest of all places, and yet," said Philip, laughing, "I shall not blame you, Henry, if Castle Rackrent should often occur to you, during your sojourn at it. When I left home, for instance, there was some caution necessary in ascending the steps of the portico, one of them being so loose as to totter at every motion, and my father had intended to have it repaired, until he had forgotten the very intention."

Henry laughed, but there was no time for reply;

as he perceived Mr. Seyton advancing to meet and welcome them. His dress was so unfashionable, that Henry would have laughed at its oddity had he met him in the streets of New York, but when he recollected that he was a Virginia gentleman and Philip's father, he felt no sentiments but those of respectful interest, which were heightened by the impression produced by the intellect and benevolence beaming from Mr. Seyton's countenance, and his courteous yet cordial greeting.

But however pleasing the impression which Mr. Seyton's appearance and manner made upon Henry, it was soon almost effaced by one much more vivid. As they ascended the steps of the portico, a beautiful young girl, whom Henry knew at once to be Philip's sister Fanny, advanced to meet them. It was not her beauty however, which immediately fixed the attention, and excited the interest of Henry Livingston, for he had seen thousands of bright and beautiful faces, but it was the peculiar style of it, that attracted him so forcibly. There was a natural grace of movement about Fanny, a light that beamed from the full, dark hazel eye, which seemed to emanate from the true, beautiful and tender spirit enshrined in this fair casket, and a charming mixture of timidity and frankness in her greetings to her brother's friend, which enchanted Henry Livingston. He gazed with delight too, on the radiant expression of joy which shone in those glorious eyes as they rested upon Philip, and thought it was strange he had never heard his friend mention the surpassing beauty of his sister.

Meanwhile Fanny, totally unconscious of the favorable impression which she had made upon Henry Livingston, after the first ebullition of delight with which she had met her brother had subsided, began to run over in her mind the various deficiencies of furniture, plate, glass, &c., that she was sure must strike a person accustomed to a splendid establishment in New York, as very shabby, to say the least of it, and a passing thought too was bestowed on the extreme simplicity of her own attire, which was unpretending white, with no ornament but a blue ribbon around her neck, and white roses in her dark hair. Fanny did not, however, yield to the uneasiness which these petty disturbances occasioned her, but endeavored immediately to conquer it by chiding herself severely for feelings which Mr. Seyton had often told her originated in weakness and vanity, and she became gradually more cheerful, as she perceived there was not a shade of anxiety upon the brow either of her father or brother.

Three years had now elapsed since the death of Mrs. Seyton, and from that period all the various cares of a Virginia establishment had devolved upon Fanny, and most onerous indeed was the task for one so young, and possessing so much natural vivacity of temper. Fanny's strong affection for her father and sense of duty, together with the exi-

gencies of each day, which forced her into action without allowing time to ask counsel, even had there been any one at hand able to advise her in matters of domestic economy, had stimulated her to use extraordinary efforts to acquire the necessary knowledge, and habits requisite for the well ordering of such an establishment as Oak Grove. Her attention was so constantly directed to the promotion of her father's comfort and interest, for she knew he had embarrassments that often pressed upon him, to the performance of her own duties to more than a hundred servants, duties more minute and complicated, than it is possible for any one who has not been educated amongst slaves to imagine, and to fulfil the social obligations that devolved on her as mistress of Oak Grove, that she had seldom leisure to think of herself. The personal cares and anxieties, often so exclusively engrossing to young ladies of her age, occupied but a small portion of Fanny Seyton's thoughts, which imparted to her manner one of the most powerful of all charms—an evident forgetfulness of self.

Philip drew his chair close to his sister, and Fanny was soon so much interested in conversing with him, and admiring the improvement in his appearance and manner, that when she left the room to superintend some necessary household arrangements, had she been asked what she thought of Henry Livingston, she could only have said, that he had a pleasant voice, was a good looking young man, with a fashionable air, but was not half so handsome as her brother Philip.

Fanny was, however, not so much absorbed in Philip's conversation, interesting as it was, as to be forgetful of the importance that all things should be properly ordered at dinner, and she accordingly withdrew, foreboding the usual number of mishaps, which generally attended occasions on which a more than usual degree of attention and neatness was necessary. As soon as she entered the dining room, she cast a scrutinising glance around to see what was amiss; the first thing which attracted her attention, was a stain of port wine on the table cloth.

"John," said Fanny, addressing the old house servant, who was standing at the sideboard, "don't you see this cloth is stained; why didn't you ask Susan to give you one without a stain?"

"Why, Miss Fanny, this is one of the finest table clothes in the house, and I didn't think that little stain there mattered much, I reckon I can hide it with one of the dishes."

"Yes, but it does matter very much; go at once to Susan and get another table cloth; and pray make haste, you know papa will be in a hurry for dinner."

John went out, and stayed an interminable time as it appeared to Fanny. He said when he returned, that he had been waiting for Susan who had mis-

laid the key of the linen press; and he did not like to come back until she had found it."

"Then do, John, make haste, change the cloth, ring for Sam to help you to fix the plates and knives again on the table."

"No 'casion for Sam, Miss Fanny, I can do it myself in no time at all."

"But you would do it quicker with Sam's assistance; ring the bell at once John," said Fanny, in her usual gentle tone, but with an accent of authority.

"To tell the truth then, Miss Fanny, Sam has just gone to his mammy's to get clean clothes."

Now, as Sam's mammy lived half a mile off, Fanny gave the point up, and began to make demonstrations of assisting herself, but this appeared to mortify old John so much that she desisted, and looked on as composedly as she could.

"Now John," said Fanny, "you must get out the old China dishes, arrange the glass, and the dessert in the pantry, and I will direct you how it is all to be set out, that there may be no bustle and mistakes."

John looked perplexed and distressed—he stood silent for a minute, as if pondering how to impart intelligence almost too bad to communicate, and then said in a hesitating tone—

"Miss Fanny, a'nt you never missed one of them old China dishes?"

"No," said Fanny, in a dismayed tone, "I hope none of that old China is broken; you know how much papa values it, because it has been so long in the family, and it would be impossible now to match it. Who could have been so careless as to break it?"

"Ah, Miss Fanny, I've seen trouble enough about it; I know'd how much 'twould frustrate you and master. It all came of Sam's carelessness; he slipped down and broke the dish, and I would have given him a good whipping, but ever since that day you told me not to whip him, you know I a'nt had no control over him. Youngsters must be whipped, Miss Fanny, else they'll always be doing some mischief."

Fanny sighed, turned to the China press, and selected a dish which she thought might be substituted for the broken one.

The China difficulty being settled, Fanny then ordered John to get the glass dishes for the fruit to be used at the dessert; but to crown her vexations a large crack was discoverable in one of them, but as glass was by no means so abundant as China, there was nothing to be substituted.

"Susan put the dish in the water to wash it, before the water had got cool enough, and sure enough, it is a great pity and shame," said John, with a sympathising look, for he was really concerned at Fanny's discomfiture, "but I will put the fruit in it myself, and set it on so pettiklar, that it will do

just as well as ever. I'll take care that no one else touches it with their little finger."

John then lent an attentive ear to all Fanny's directions, as to how the dinner and dessert should be set out, and immediately commenced operations with a sort of sober despatch, which convinced Fanny that he would perform all the duties of his department to the best of his ability.

Fanny hurried to her own apartment, made a few hasty changes in her attire, without bestowing half the care or thought upon them she had given to her household arrangements, and descended to join the company before dinner, with a brow a little less serene than usual.

As Henry Livingston looked at Fanny, he thought "light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes," and wondered whether the lovely Fanny could have been scolding, but when he heard the very sweet and musical tones of her voice, he was convinced that if she had been engaged in that most unfeminine and unpleasant employment, she had only been giving some well merited and necessary reproof.

The much dreaded dinner hour at length arrived, and Fanny's good sense and dignity of character, enabled her to control an uncomfortable degree of trepidation as to how it would pass off. A hasty glance at the dinner table convinced her that John and the cook had topped their parts. The dinner was not more than ten times as much as would be possible for the company to consume,—a moderate disproportion for a Virginia dinner, got up for the entertainment of a strange guest—there were many dishes which are considered in cities as expensive delicacies, cooked so nicely, and seasoned in so savory a manner, as to be very appetising, though it was evident that not even a French cookery book had been called to the aid of the culinary department. John, and Sam by the assistance of various solemn nods and winks from John, got through the first and second courses quite successfully, and with little bustle, and as John placed the cracked glass dish, filled with beautiful fruit, before Miss Fanny, he gave the slightest possible hint to admonish her to be careful.

Fanny had by this time recovered her natural ease and vivacity, and as Philip and Henry Livingston carried on the conversation like some sparkling stream, gliding gracefully and rapidly from one subject to another, she became so much interested as almost to forget the various little sources of disturbance which had annoyed her before dinner. It was still as true as before, that the glass dish had a very observable crack, that two of the dishes did not match exactly, that there was very little plate, only two sorts of wine, and worst of all, no silver forks, which Mr. Livingston would doubtless consider as a barbarism, and yet Fanny's spirits had risen above all these untoward circumstances. It was very evident, that however

many and great were the *disagréments* of the dinner, Mr. Livingston was in a high state of enjoyment, while Philip's spirits were so exuberant, and Mr. Seyton so animated, that it was impossible for Fanny to avoid partaking in the general exhilaration of spirit, despite broken China, cracked glass, and the deficiency of plate.

Henry's first day at Oak Grove passed off like a pleasant dream, and he found himself at the close of it, both unwilling and unable to analyze and systematize his impressions, but resolved to wait for farther experience in Southern life, to enable him to reconcile facts to his theories. F*****

TO MARY F. F—.

Lines written in the Album of a young Lady in Tennessee, on a stormy day in April. She had just expressed her admiration of Burns' exquisite poem, "Man was made to mourn," and on looking out of the window exclaimed, "'tis a melancholy day!" Her pensive mood, her serious face, and the storm without, suggested the following thoughts.

When wintry winds are raging high,
And murky clouds obscure the sky,
The snow and rain descending fast,
Borne onwards by the fitful blast;
Sad thoughts upon our hearts return,
We sigh "That man was made to mourn."

And hast thou, maiden, learnt so soon,
To numbers sad thy harp to tune?
Life is not all an April day;
Tempests and clouds soon pass away;
Not long shall darkness o'er thee reign,
Nor clouds upon thy sky remain.

Thy face is fair; thy brow serene,
Let gladness in thy looks be seen;
With thee on Bigby's quiet stream,
What day should dark or dreary seem?
Let joyful hopes thy bosom cheer
And drive away each anxious fear.

Dark clouds may usher in the day,
And vivid lightnings round thee play;
And yet before the day's decline,
The sun with radiant beams may shine,
And slowly sinking in the west,
Leave not a sorrow in thy breast.

There's joy on earth. Great peace have they,
Who early walk in wisdom's way;
Who hear betimes the Saviour's voice,
And nobly make the better choice;
Joy is with them a constant guest,
No frightful dreams disturb their rest.

Be thine the lot, oh maiden fair,
Meekly life's heavy load to bear;
May gentle Love thy breast inspire,
With every noble, pure desire;
And when thy sun shall set at even,
Oh, may thy spirit rest in heaven.

CARLYLE AND MACAULAY.

If there be any two men who may be said to divide the honor of presiding over the Republic of Letters, beyond question they are Carlyle and Macaulay. Unlike in every feature of their literary characters, widely variant in their pursuits, presenting nothing to the mind but inevitable contrast, they harmonize only as they sit together on a common throne of intellectual grandeur, and sway an equal and undisputed sceptre over the minds of all who speak our English tongue. Authors and reviewers, they have passed beyond the sphere of mere authorship, and stand by acclamation *arbitres elegantium morumque censores*. They belong to the world. Scotland indeed derives the reflective honor of being their common mother: but not Scotland, nor even Great Britain may claim them as specially her own. In every hamlet in our western world, their names are pronounced as reverently, their words are as authoritative, as in Edinburgh or London. The peculiarities of their style, their distinctive modes of thought, the subjects of their writings are well known and conned, and each has his circle of ardent admirers as ready to battle in his service as though the Edinburgh or London Quarterly were the special property of those very circles.

It is not because of peculiar excellence in any one department of literature that Carlyle and Macaulay may be said to excel all the men of the present day. There are those who in any one of the branches of learning are vastly superior to them, but it is because of the universality of their attainments, the breadth of their knowledge, the comprehensive embrace of their thought, their power of profound originality, the capacity of passing through the alembics of their own minds the stream of other men's ideas, the records of other men's actions, and separating by impartial and vigorous criticism the true from the false, the good from the bad. It is perhaps the extent of the fields they cultivate, as well as, and perhaps more, than the manner of their tillage, which has extorted the admiration of the world. From the periods of hoar antiquity down to the fleeting present, in science or in art, in the dull labors of dusty lore, in the lighter pursuits of elegant literature, through the dubious page of history, or the profounder page of philosophy, winning their bread meanwhile, they range with a copiousness of knowledge and power of thought which leave the humbler aspirant amazed and confounded. No department of learning seems to have escaped their footsteps, and what the mind received remained an impenetrable trophy of their research. In their writings may be found palpable evidences of erudition the most thorough and profound, which defy the pre-

sumption of being gleaned for the occasion, while rare gems of classical beauty glisten every where among their pages, lighting up the darkness of the dullest topics as the radiant stars do the nightly heavens. From Greece to Scandinavia; from the days of Woden and Thor and the fiery prophet of the desert to the fierce Couthon and fiercer Marat; from the Lays of Ancient Rome to the acts of Lord Clive, "where the gorgeous East showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold"—they turn with a facility and pliancy only equalled by the stupendous power of insight and of thought which they shed upon these themes. From the interior recesses of German mysticism and æsthetic philosophy to the practical business of every-day life, from the shining pages of the Edinburgh Review to a debate in Parliament, or a Secretary's report, there is to them but one and an easy step. While an ordinary mind would be reposing from recent labor, or slowly adapting itself to the transition of new mental processes on new fields, before attempting a fresh adventure, or gaudily enjoying the lavish encomiums and more solid fruits of past toil,—with Carlyle and Macaulay it is already *un fait accompli*. With the materials ready at hand, the garnered stores of an incomprehensible industry, to resolve is well nigh to accomplish—to accomplish is to instruct by the tone, and amaze by the extent, of their knowledge. Of both it may be said *nullum tetigit quod non ornavit*. Equal perhaps in learning, equally laborious, authoritative and influential with their respective admirers, they sit isolated above the highest rank of literary men, and give the law of criticism to the ranks below. The resemblance between them ends here. They differ among themselves not less than from others. The admirers of Macaulay far outnumber those of Carlyle, for reasons which we trust to make obvious. The admirers of Carlyle may be rather called disciples; for he is either received and welcomed as a teacher and friend, or rejected as transcendental in thought and barbarous in style. As we said before, beyond the most general resemblance, there is between them nothing but contrast.

Carlyle is the quiet, laborious, unobtrusive teacher and expounder to the English mind of a philosophy so abstract as to be unintelligible to the mass, and doubtful and semi-opaque to the few. Thoroughly informed with the philosophy of Kant, illustrated and illuminated by the works of Goethe, he has imbued all his writings with a tinge of that philosophy. Earnest, serious, powerful, he must think and he must write; bold, rugged, independent, he must think for himself, he must think without reference to what others think or have thought. Discarding, as a resultant of his philosophy, all conventional forms of thought, he pushes boldly beyond the circumscribed regions of common belief or historic deduction, and seizing upon a subject,

resolves all its elements into primitive chaos that he may reconstruct for himself a creed of his own. A strenuous believer in the doctrine of the Esoteric, he erects as a standard by which all men and all things, past, present, and future, are to be tried, the triple motto of sincerity, truth and labor. Besides these, with him there is nothing that rises to the dignity of being worthy of record. The quiet life of the hind watching his browsing flocks; the tumultuous life of the warrior; the bright and luxurious life of the Prince; the secluded labors of the scholar—man under all circumstances every where is tried by the same stern, unchanging test—sincerity, truth, fortitude. Holding truth to be generically the sum and centre of all good, he looks upon life as a mighty field, wherein men are but workers—whereof Truth is the harvest. Men must think truth, feel truth, act truth, in all the ramified duties and incidents of life. Scorning the extrinsic under all circumstances, the whole catalogue of shifts, contrivances, expedients and mere conventionalities are given to the winds, and in their place are substituted candor, sincerity, courage. Looking upon every son of Adam as an immortal worker in the field of truth, he sees no inequality save such as God has made, or the conventionalities of society have created; and he smites with the hammer of Thor the fabric of society, and would crush every impediment which lies in the way of the onward progress of Humanity,—would snap every ligature which binds man in the thralldom of governmental or social oppression. Piercing with a glance of fire the hollow systems, dull formalities and cumbrous routine of the world, he has striven to arouse men by an electric shock from an observance of the mere “wrappages and bandages,” and point them to the “inner heart of things.” He has called them back from the chase after bubbles, to the plain realities of life. As Longfellow has expressed it, he exclaims—

“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
‘Dust thou art, to Dust returnest,’
Was not spoken of the soul.”

Carlyle has not so much attempted to teach anything new, as to impress upon the heart of mankind the reality of the truths they recognize, but do not receive, which they prate of, but neglect to practise.

With these doctrines in his mind, he does not hesitate to take his stand in the mid-current of popular belief and historic teaching, and propound opinions new and startling. To him Mahomet is no impostor, but an ardent enthusiast, self-deluded, but honest, preaching to his brethren of the desert all the truth he knows and vindicating his integrity and his claim to the good opinion of the world, by his sincerity and labor. Cromwell is not a crafty and presumptuous usurper, seizing power

from the love of it, but a stern, rugged, truth-loving vindicator of right, who boldly and sincerely stands up for principle, and justifies his claim to historic remembrance by honesty and toil.

It is perchance a bootless labor, this, of uttering to mankind truths infixed in his conscience at the creation, which were preached by Noah before the flood and were thundered from Sinai, which are exemplified in every-day life, which are the burden of history, and which yet make little or no impression upon the moral sensorium of the race. Such as our fathers were, so are we. We indulge a world of cant about virtue and candor, truth and sincerity, fraternity and charitableness; but woe betide the one who goes forth into the world, hoping to find any thing more than a conventional and cold acknowledgment of their claims, while the stern and heroic practice of them is looked upon as a mental obliquity, an unaccountable moral idiosyncrasy, a juvenile verdancy, which a better knowledge of the world only can remedy. Craft, expediency, success upon any terms, pretension, are the current coin of society. We do not say the world is any worse than it has been; we only say it is little or no better. Civilization and Religion have done something, but for the law of force, we have substituted the law of cunning; for the sincerity of the savage, we have adopted the covering of social duplicity, and fancy our vices to be less, because they are gilded with the elegancies and refinement of civilized life.

Man has lost faith in the cardinal virtues: they hang upon his lips, but they find no place in his heart. In the place of the living, throbbing heart, there is the dry and bloodless anatomical preparation of art and conventionality. Lest, however, we shall be thought too harsh, or at least morose, let us see what the pious and profound Foster has said: “There is no avoiding the ungracious perception in viewing the general character of the race, that after some allowance for what is called natural affection, the main strength of human feeling consists in the love of sensual gratification, of distinction, of power and of money. All the speculations and schemes of the sanguine projectors of all ages, have left the world still a prey to infinite legions of vices and miseries,—an immortal band which has trampled in scorn on the monuments, and the dust of the self-idolizing men, who dreamed each in his day, that they were born to chase these evils out of the earth. Collective man is Human Nature, and the conduct of this assemblage under the diversified experiment continually made upon it, expresses its true character and indicates what may be expected from it.”

It is to revivify the inanimate truths of life, to give soul and being to them, that Carlyle employs his powerful pen. He sees mankind devoting to the shadow what belongs to the substance, and consuming in heartless forms what was intended for real

ends, and he lifts up his voice with a new evangel calling on men to return to the simplicity of truth and the sincerity of nature.

To him the family of man is one great brotherhood, with mutual claims and common hopes—and his great heart yearns with an intense and earnest love for every creature of God.

It is not to be denied that his teachings are conveyed in a manner so abstract as to fail of impressing the heedless, and his style is so much aside from all established rules of writing, that it is an offence and a stumbling-block to the fastidious. It is greatly to be regretted, moreover, that both his doctrines and his style have found in this country a sect of silly imitators, who have exaggerated both, until they have passed the limits of reason and degenerated into broad caricaturists. Many who know nothing of the great garner of his grain, form their opinions from these few floating particles of chaff. This is neither just nor wise. So far as the question of style is concerned, it is enough to say that it is his own—and as much a part of himself as his thoughts are; and we incline to the belief, that upon inspection it will be found to conform to the natural mode of expression, more closely than is commonly supposed. The best style is that which best and most easily conveys the thought. The generally received idea, that every man's thoughts must be submitted to the Procrustean process of being forced into a style, is one of the feudalities of literature, and is a fetter on the free spread of opinion. Here, as every where else, Carlyle has abandoned the conventional and adopted the natural. He writes as he thinks, and, strictly speaking, cannot be said to have any style.

We have said that his works evince that he is a strong lover of his race: they evince a broad, deep sympathy with mankind. In the *Sartor Resartus* he compressed the leading views of man which run through all his other works. So far as we have been able to form an opinion, men do not reciprocate with him this feeling of sympathy.

"A certain amount of sympathy with the struggling millions of humanity, whose life is one continual toil, and whom hardship and sorrow perpetually encompass, is indispensable to the highest qualities of the scholar no less than to true genius. Without it none knows how to touch those common chords, whose vibration alone is universal fame, and by means of which, and not otherwise, the author gains a permanent abode in the hearts of mankind." The sympathy of Carlyle is too pure and too profound to strike a respondent chord in the hearts of mankind: nor is this an anomaly. The greatest lovers and the greatest benefactors of their species have outlived their generation, before they were comprehended, and "their good works lived after them." The reason of this is, that of the whole circle of a man's thoughts and feelings, we behold only here and there a small segment. What

is outwardly manifested we behold, but what goes on within is hidden from us: we are all concentric circles and we sympathize with each other only at the centre, or where our circles impinge upon each other. We feel alike and think alike only on those great topics which are common to the race: we catch glimpses of each other, often obscured and hazy by reason of passion, prejudice, or ignorance, or causes of an adventitious nature.

To doubt that the works of Carlyle have had an influence on the times and are still operating, is to shut our eyes to experience, and to doubt the power and success of Truth. To expect that doctrines which go so against the grain of human feeling, are to be rapidly adopted, or attain general prevalence, would be to have learned nothing from the experience of the past. But time is flying—changes are going on—new phases of the world's history are almost hourly presenting themselves: over the whole moral and physical creation there broods a spirit of change, of renovation. If time be measured by results, it flies swifter now than at any former period, and brings with it wonders which have ceased to startle, miracles which attract no surprise.

Truditur Dies die
Novæ que pergunt interire Lunæ.

Sympathy among men is beginning to be felt. The extremes of society are approximating each other—the zenith and the nadir of life are drawing together. The great democratic principle of equal political rights is compressing society to as near a level as nature will justify. Remote nations shake hands with one another. Conventional rights are giving place to natural rights. Government is simplifying—is reducing its weight to the smallest pressure; each integer of society is taking his place in the social circle. The government of Force, or Machiavellian fraud, is giving away to the government of popular will and sincere action. The writings of Carlyle have contributed no little to this result. Of those which bear this character, we instance that on "*Chartism*," written some ten years ago, when the disaffection towards government in England, known by that name, first began to manifest itself—beside the general tendency of all his works to lift up the eyes and cheer the hearts of the oppressed of Europe.

As one of the best specimens of Carlyle's descriptive style, we cite the following passage:

A Description of a City at Night.

"Ach mein Lieber!" said he once at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Böotes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over

the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into his lair of straw: in obscure cellars, Rouge-et-Noir languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she full of hope and fear, glides down to fly with him over the borders: the Thief still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crow-bars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes.

Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high swelling hearts; but in the Condemned Cells the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the Rabenstein?—their gallows must even now be o'building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

To comprehend or conceive of him, however, he must be read and that extensively. It is quite a common thing to hear Carlyle vehemently condemned, or contemptuously sneered at. There is nothing to remark upon the persons who do this, except that they usually display a profound ignorance of him beyond his patronymic and the titles of some few of his books. They take their cue from the Reviewers and content themselves with the reflection that they are at least on the popular side.

We have heard it often asserted that Carlyle, if not positively infidel, is at least setting up a system of morals designed as a substitute for the usu-

ally received doctrines of Christianity. We may content ourselves with simply saying that it is incumbent on those who make this charge to adduce something like proof in support of it. They are at least bound to show in his writings some repugnance to Christianity, or some effort to supplant its doctrines. We confidently assert that none such can be found. There is the most entire harmony and coincidence between his teachings and the doctrines of the Gospel: he quotes frequently from the Bible, and there is never any irreverent expression escaping him. On the contrary there is every where present the most profound and child-like reverence for the Deity and the mission and character of Jesus. Nor is it possible to discover the least bias of mind indicating Unitarian or Trinitarian, Armenian, Socinian, Calvinist or Swedenborgian. We think it likely that many have confounded Carlyle with *Carlisle*, now deceased, and who was an avowed and confident champion of Infidelity.

Of the other works of Carlyle, the *History of the French Revolution* and his "*Hero Worship*," are the most noticeable. The *History of the French Revolution* is the most peculiar specimen of his style. His great tendency to symbolize, is here fully exemplified. The power of generalizing is displayed to a wonderful degree, and the whole if not a good history, is a curiosity of literature.

There is in the character of Carlyle, as we judge from an attentive perusal of his works, the mingled goodness and gentleness of the Christian disciple, with the inflexible sternness of the stoic philosopher. There are evidences of an extensive acquaintance with the heart of mankind and alas! there are abundant traces of deep and enduring pain. Too plainly the world has not gone all smoothly with him. But with a trusting and brave heart he struggles on "*silently devouring his own griefs*," knowing that the end of the toilsome and dusty journey will come at last. We know of nothing better calculated to soothe and encourage a troubled soul than communion with this great mind. He does not pander to a depraved and morbid sensibility, or allow a listless apathy to the concerns of life. There is no sentimentality about him, but strong, healthful sentiment. The words which ring in the ears of the Wandering Jew, are ever on his lips—"March" on, on through the snows of winter and the solstitial heat, amid sorrow and woe, toil and regrets, "*March*," "*Life is a struggle, rest is at the end*. He conquers, who bravely meets and wrestles with the sorrows incident to life. He *will* conquer who puts his trust in God, and right. He must be vanquished, however sustained by adventitious and conventional aids who trusts not in these." Such are the noble sentiments of Carlyle. This is the vital spirit of his writings. Looking back at the past and forward to the future history of his race, casting his eyes

about him and surveying the wide-spread moral ruin, we fancy him saying with benevolent countenance and a heart full of tenderness, "The world is no longer Eden. The economy of life is changed. The parents of the human family were designed to be immortal on the earth: there was to be no increase beyond that first pair. There was to be one eternal, unbroken spring; perpetual flowers were to bloom and bud and deck the ever verdant earth. Spontaneous and untilled fruits were to cluster on branches that never should feel the steel of the pruning-knife, and harvests of golden grain were to wave over fields that never should know the sharp point of the plough: no winter demanded the skin of beasts, or the products of the busy loom to shield the soft flesh of man from its rude and chilling breath: nor did it claim the hoarded store of well garnered food to supply the needs of the body until returning harvest poured upon the lap of earth the products of a warmer sun. All was free, all was spontaneous, all was abundant, and simple untroubled existence was the whole duty and destiny of man. Man was in a relation of firm brotherhood and friendly companionship with all the creatures of God. There were no barriers required, no protection demanded against ravenous beasts; no glittering coat of mail; no threatening fortress was needed against the rapacity or vengeance of man. No houses sheltered from the bursting storm, but the mossy earth was bed and the starry firmament was roof to him. There was no need to dig into the bowels of the earth and laboriously bring forth the hidden minerals. There was no need to sail away upon wrathful seas in quest of merchandise, but food and raiment and shelter and protection were every where, and every where was home, with all its needful concomitants. In short the condition of man was such, that in every age of the world in civilized and in savage lands, the eyes of the race have been turned longingly back to it, and it has been celebrated with more or less of reason and consistency in record or tradition, song or roundelay, as the primeval state. No words have been found adequate to convey our conceptions with regard to it, and it is not to be doubted that we are not able to conceive of, much less to express, the unalloyed felicity of 'man's first estate.' Heathen poets have sung of it, and none with more sweetness than Ovid, in the lines,

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores,
Mox etiam fruges Tellus inarata ferebat:
Nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis
Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant
Flavaque de viridi stillabant illice mella.

A description of it demanded, as it received, the intellect of Milton; and the universal assent of all ages and all nations, that such a state existed, and

that it was supremely happy, prove how indelible an impression was left upon the posterity of those who enjoyed it. The lasting traces of that condition are ineradicable, and well it is so—for the strewn fragments of the past are made incentives and encouragements to look for and to labor after a return of that Paradise under other and more blessed auspices.

How great obligations and inducements surround us, urging to a firm, cheerful, trustful and happy performance of the duties we are called on to discharge. For this *now* is the great object of existence: we can no longer merely exist; stern labor, exhausting toil, moral and social warfare are the every day attendants of our present state. A final reward of our patient labor here or hereafter, is the only recompense we can expect for all these sufferings."

"Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."

(To be continued.)

RESIGNATION.

I.

If the flowers of life are fading,
One by one along thy way,
And the clouds of care are shading,
From thine eyes, the glad some ray;
Bring to mind the realms of beauty,
Whither tends thy pilgrim path,
Find thy pleasure in thy duty,
'Tis a grace the poorest hath.

II.

Doth thy Father send thee trouble?
Take it with a willing hand,
Strive to yield the talent double,
When in judgment thou shalt stand:
Wilt thou pine for earthly pleasure,
If thy Father wills it not?
Thine is his eternal treasure,
What matter, then, thy present lot!

C. C. L.

A poet in the reign of Charles II., in a prologue to *Othello*, introducing the *first actress* upon the British stage, thus ridicules the previous custom of men personating female characters:

For to speak truth men act that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen,
With brows so large, and nerve so uncompliant
When you call Desdemona—enter giant.

MY FIRST SERENADE.

My first Serenade ! How many joyous reminiscences,—how many bright and glowing pictures of by-gone days arise to my mind's eye, as, in fancy, I retrace my steps through life to my first Serenade. The shadows of past hopes and pleasures,—of hearts that loved me, and forms that I adored, flit by me in quick succession, and memory recalls only the cherished images and objects long laid up in the recesses of my heart. How calmly—sweetly, come these dreamy imaginings upon the soul,—stealing it away from the present, wandering with it through the thornless paths, and guided by the light, of other days, when all was bright around me ; when, with a guileless heart, filled with generous impulses, I knew but the sunny side of existence, unconscious that its shadows were to come. Like the weary traveler, who looks down from an eminence upon the path he has trod—and marks with reawakened joy its pleasures reaped and its dangers passed,—the soul leads us back through the devious ways of life and dwells with joy upon each cherished vision as it passes in review. He who lives but for the future, who looks not to the past—whose desert fancy has not one green and pleasant oasis for memory to rest upon;—knows indeed, but little of the joys I speak of. To him fancy brings not up her lost and cherished forms ; no silent contrition for past weakness,—no grateful pride for virtuous actions done ; no heart-felt gratitude to God for past protection through a thousand evils—crowd upon his soul ; he looks but for what is yet to come,—and feels that every step in the chequered path but leads him nearer to the tomb ! The ardent, impetuous youth may well fix his heart upon the future ;—but it is melancholy to hear the man of years declare he would not live his life over again. Who would exchange the memories of the past for all that the future has in store for him ! Who would not exclaim with the poet,—

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy.—
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.—
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.—

But I am losing sight of my first Serenade. In January, 183—, I was a hard Student at the Military Academy ; for during the previous twelve months ambitious hopes had been excited ; the predictions of kind friends had assigned me a distinguished stand in the Engineers ;—Midnight excursions to Benny Haven's were abandoned for regular communings with text books ;—La Place was the idol that received my daily homage ; my French, thanks

to my Creole origin, was all right ; and all things promised well for my graduating creditably at the approaching May examination. Such, however, was not to be my fate. A sudden summons from home aroused me from dreams of military glory ;—and in one month I had joined my guardian at Pensacola. He had fled from the fever of New Orleans, and was breathing the pure sea air,—and awaiting the return of frost to bring health and business to his home. The old gentleman and my sweet sister, whom I had not seen for years, received me with every demonstration of joy, and the gaieties of the place, so charmingly in unison with the exuberant spirits of youth, soon suspended every previous aspiration for a soldier's career. The good old town of Pensacola, like other real pleasures, must be known to be properly appreciated. The traveler may hasten through it,—and in after years its name will recall to his mind, its sultry weather, its unpaved, sandy streets, its dilapidated houses, and the quietude of Sleepy Hollow. But let him join its choice spirits at a pic-nic, a padgo,* or a quoit-club ; let him drive upon Santa Rosa or fish for trout in the bayou ; let him attend its frequent evening parties on the decks of our naval ships, and on shore, and gaze upon the most graceful women to be found in our country ; let him partake of its hospitalities, its oysters, and its pampino ; but above all, let him taste of its gumbo,—and he must be a stoic indeed if the sound of its name in after years produce not joy in his soul. Never shall I forget the frank invitation to attend a padgo, given in honor of the marriage of a Pensacola girl, delivered to me by Miss M., a charming Creole, who had, like myself, but just returned from her Northern school to the home of her childhood. The fête Champêtre was to be celebrated at a beautiful spot called the Oaks, a short distance from town ; and the rudely-carved chandelier, elevated upon a short pole, and borne by a negro servant, had made the circuit of the town, and returned from the hands of its beauty proudly and elaborately decked with ribbons, bows and streamers, in all the colors of the rainbow ; and bearing upon its head a gay parti-colored comb designed as the special reward of the successful marksman. Behold me then, on a bright spring morning on my way to the Oaks, mounted neither on a showy Andalusian nor a Southern thorough-bred ;—but securely stowed away in a cart, which, with the aid of a diminutive mule and a negro driver, dragged through the heavy sands at a snail's pace. I would not have exchanged that cart ride, however, for a seat upon a triumphal chariot ; for it brought me nearer to Miss M. whose spirit, vivacity, grace and talent, united with a charming sincerity of manner, would have reconciled me to a much more inglorious transportation. Passing the New Town, we soon arrived at the

* So pronounced.

Oaks; and found as gay an assemblage as ever graced a fête Champêtre. The padgo was already in position, elevated about forty feet on a pole, his gay streamers and ribbons fluttering in the breeze, and his crest temptingly inviting the skill of the marksmen, who were preparing their rifles for the contest. Tables, sprinkled about among the trees, were covered with every thing to delight the palate; while, upon a temporary floor, overshadowed and imbosomed by moss-covered live oaks, more venerable than the "oldest inhabitant," the graceful daughters of Pensacola, with that joyous abandonment of the spirit to the pleasures of the passing hour which women in sunny climes ever evince, were waltzing and dancing to the music of the naval band. Never shall I forget the enjoyments of that day. They are to me like a fair girl's memories of her first winter's success; dreamy and sad, yet ever dwelt on with pleasure. The firing at the padgo commenced at the distance of about thirty yards, and shot rapidly succeeded shot, and as each rent and flying ribbon gave evidence of a hit, the happy man was cheered by his competitors and smiled upon by the ladies; but still the comb, the gay and jaunty crest stood bravely and securely up, defying their combined skill, even after the wings and tail had been brought down. The firing now became more and more animated; the contest more interesting; for the conqueror of this was to be the ruler of the next padgo, with the regal power to choose from the assembled beauty a queen to preside over its destinies. With a cool and steady aim, showing his thorough training with his weapon, Judge R. of New York, had sent every bullet through the fluttering bird, and at length his skill was rewarded, and a shout of applause greeted the fall of the coveted mark of honor, with which my lovely Creole friend at once decorated him. The fête was over, the company, pedestrians, equestrians and *carterians*, left the ground at twilight in excellent humor, and separated with the understanding that a party at the hotel would terminate the day's amusements. At ten o'clock, I entered the ball room under the guidance of Miss M., who, after a general survey of the company, told me she wanted to introduce me to a young lady friend of hers, a distinguished belle then present; and in whose praise she said so many charming things, giving me a playful caution about my heart, that my curiosity was more than ordinarily awakened. But the name of the beautiful unknown had no charms for me, nor did it beget any flattering speculations. Men are more influenced by the sound of a name and tone of a voice than they are generally aware of; and "*Alegna Onerom*," so unlike any combination of letters I had ever heard applied to lovely woman, certainly awakened no very distinct visions of feminine loveliness. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," was said by one, whose immortal works evince the nicest

discrimination in the selection and assignment of names. How sweetly fall the sounds of Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Portia and Jessica upon the ear; bringing with them images of purity and beauty and devotion. It required not the great Bard of mankind to tell us that a "Catherine" must be shrewish;—a "Joan" masculine;—an "Elizabeth" imperious;—a "Goneril," or a "Regan," heartless, treacherous and cruel; the very sounds convey to the mind their distinctive characters. The great novelists of the age have been no less discriminating; and "*Vivian Grey*" prepares the mind for cultivated, dashing elegance; "*Clifford*" for perfect manliness; "*Fergus*," "*Roderick*" and "*Rob Roy*," for the determined, unyielding clansman; "*Ivanhoe*" for the high toned, devoted knight; "*Balfour of Burley*" for the stern, violent and bigoted partizan; and "*Meg Merrilies*" for the masculine and intractable termagant. I have a theory of my own upon this subject, of which the world shall yet have the advantage: it is enough at present however to say, that I had determined that *Alegna Onerom*, the cynosure of all hearts, whom I was so soon to encounter, was an amiable, medium sort of character, pretty and affectionate;—and that I would notice and patronise her on my fair friend's account;—and with this generous, self-sacrificing spirit I passed through the rooms. Quadrilles were being danced, but my attention was soon attracted by the tones of a piano in an adjoining room, where a bevy of attentive admirers was hanging in apparent raptures about a blonde beauty, who, with all the airs and graces of a *Tedesco*, was just commencing a piece from somebody's opera, which I concluded at the time was written in Seminole, as the only word which I distinctly heard was *en ca*. Her instrumental was as strange to me as her vocal performance; and as I gazed upon her movements in all ignorance of fashionable piano tactics, I came to the conclusion that she was hammering the instrument into some kind of order preparatory to a regular performance. At first her left hand gently rose and fell, with a spring-back motion of the wrist, resurrecting a low, wailing sound from the very depths of the instrument; while her right, whose flying fingers lightly kissed the keys, was leaping and cavorting like an untamed courser, in perfect freedom, producing sounds between the rattle of a snake and the scattering fire of retreating infantry. A scream, not unlike the Irish wail for the dead, now broke from her lips and indicated that the *music* was coming; and the admiring connoisseurs bent their listening ears with an air of wonderful interest and mutual intelligence to her screams and whispers, with variations and embellishments, fortissimo and pianissimo. Her hands approached each other in a sort of echelon movement, but suddenly retreated amid a volley of small notes; her voice then came to the aid of the right hand against the

left; and, amidst the convulsive clutchings and spasmodic poundings that the keys received from the left hand, and the erratic hop, skip and jump movement of the right, she closed her performance with such tones of voice, and such die-away appeals, as might have left no doubt in the minds of the uninitiated that she was in great distress of mind or body. She arose however wreathed in smiles, and amidst a shower of pretty things, prettily said, stood before me a finished specimen of a fashionable young lady, of the real boarding-school, theorem-painting, worsted-working, Italianised and Frenchified stamp, in tone, manner and address. Her face was full of animation and consciousness of power; and her heaving bosom, artistically concealed to the very best advantage, struggled through its gossamer covering like Ben Leddi's snowy hills through the mists of the morning; reminding one of Moore's exquisite "Oh! my Nora's gown for me," &c.

I delight to observe the varied powers of woman, and certainly her tactics were admirably adapted to the small set of small wits whose enthusiasm in her praise knew no bounds, and whose fancy seemed to owe its illumination to the grape of the Oaks,—like those rare and beautiful porcelain vases whose lovely images are only visible when wine is poured into them. Her retreat from this little circle was no less masterly, and, like the arrows of the flying Parthian, every glance of her eye as she withdrew was an unerring shaft to the heart of a victim. From my reflections upon the exhibition of such consummate art I was aroused by Miss M., and taking my arm she referred again to her friend Alegna, and spoke of her in such terms as a generous woman ever employs towards one she loves. We gradually approached a little semi-circle of gentlemen, held in evident admiration by a lady, seated in the midst of them, and whom I had scarcely time to scan, before the words—"My friend Mr. C., Alegna," brought upon me the loveliest eyes and the brightest and loveliest smile of welcome I had ever seen. I felt at once that my time had come; or, as a sportsman would say, that I "was done for." I had previously arranged in my own mind a pretty little speech for this express occasion. "Hope long deferred," "repaid by happiness now"—her "name associated with all that was charming in Pensacola"—"As familiar to my heart as household Gods," &c.—these were a few of the commonplaces I had meditated, never doubting that I should acquit myself with as much readiness as I had ever done before Alverd's black-board. But alas! the vanity, the weakness of verdant nineteen! I certainly said something during the momentary pause which my sudden introduction created; but what it was I have never been able to recall; and to this day my cheek burns, and my hands close convulsively whenever I reflect upon my first ridiculous position in her presence. I was somewhat restored by the first sounds of her voice, whose

flexible, musical tones fell upon my ear, ever alive to the concord of sweet sounds, with a charm that gave each word she uttered redoubled effect. Extending her hand to me, she said, with an air of charming frankness, that, although she "regarded me somewhat as an acquaintance from her conversation with my sweet sister, she had looked forward to this introduction with as much pleasure as curiosity." These few words, so gracefully said, I shall never forget, for her eyes, bent upon me during their utterance, burned them into my heart. That air of self-complacency and easy indifference with which I had sought her had fled; and in its place I had unconsciously assumed the steady and firm attitude and air which "*attention*" had for years daily thrown me into. Miss M. had observed the effect thus produced upon me from the first moment; and her expressive face evinced the gratification of a spirited woman who witnesses the humiliation of a proud heart by the gentle influences of her sex. She came to my aid however, and by directing the attention of Alegna for a moment, enabled me to regain somewhat of my habitual self-possession, and to survey my new acquaintance with apparent composure. Of that exact height which impresses every real lover with the belief that he could fold his mistress in his arms and carry her through fire or flood, her figure was richly formed and exquisitely developed; and the eye might forever follow its undulations without finding a fault whereon to rest a criticism. Her dark curling hair fell in the richest luxuriance about a brow intellectually beautiful—whereon innocence reposed as "pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow," and a cheek where the blood never slept. But in her eye, with its ever changeful expression, lay the chief charm of her bewitching face. The deep blue sea reflects not with more fidelity the summer clouds that pass over it than did her eyes the varying shadows of her mind; and thus they were ever in striking harmony with the expression of her beautiful mouth, around which, even in her gravest moments, young smiles seemed constantly struggling into being. Her voice was low and silvery; full of joy and gladness; and such was the impression this gifted creature produced upon me in the first hour of acquaintance, that, though years have rolled over me since,—though I have seen the world as it is called, and been familiarized with many of the varied scenes, the lights and shadows that make up the aggregate of man's existence;—though I have gazed upon the beauty of my country through every phase of its chequered society, from the halls of the wealthy, aristocratic and corrupted politician, to the humble cottage of the Western squatter, I have met with but one Alegna. I soon discovered that the gentlemen whom she was entertaining were as varied in their professions and hues of mind as were the States from which they came. And yet all listened to that sil-

very voice with equal pleasure. To him from the far West she spoke of the vast, the boundless prairies, its cloud capped-mountains and broad rivers; the romance of its border life and the wild, adventurous career of its hardy pioneers. To the Southerner she mentioned the sunny South and her generous soil, her beautiful daughters and her high toned, chivalric sons, as ardent as their clime and as changeful too. To the politician she dwelt upon the pleasures of a Washington winter, its collected wisdom and greatness,—its vast accumulation of beauty and talent, &c.—and thus did this singularly endowed creature, by an intuitive perception of the weakness and tastes of her auditors, admirably address herself to each,—and all seemed equally delighted. Each seemed pleased with himself, because, unconsciously, he was made to converse upon subjects upon which he could talk best, and which his tastes most approved. I had ever been accustomed to regard woman's intellectual inferiority as a matter established; and to regard her, as Lacon's sarcasm has it, as merely the reverse of her own mirror,—the one speaking without reflecting, and the other reflecting without speaking; but here was the annihilation of my error. She danced, and her movements so guided by unstudied grace, were to me, compared to those of many around her, the motions of a fairy contrasted with the fantastic cavortings of Tam O'Shanter's Cuttie Sark. During the course of the evening I ventured to request her to sing; when seating herself at the piano and without any of those pretty preludes about colds, want of music, &c., with which young ladies are apt to comply with such a request—she immediately gave us, to a lively French air, those beautiful words of Nourmahal,—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one Heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on Earth
It is this,—it is this!

This was a final evolution; and my poor heart, which had stood up manfully against every previous manœuvre of the day and evening, was carried by a coup de main. The party broke up, and I reached my quarters in a state of excitement truly painful. The events of the day were forgotten, and my soul was absorbed by the one being who, to this very hour, has ever been its idol; and between the contemplation of obstacles which my mind conjured up to blight my newly awakened hopes, and the impetuosity of my passion, I at once fancied myself the most wretched being upon earth.

On the following day it occurred to me that a serenade to Alegna would afford me a new plea-

sure, and operate somewhat as a safety valve for my secret and pent-up admiration, while it would, at the same time, afford me an opportunity to disclose it, and I resolved upon getting up one that very night. I immediately consulted a young gentleman, a sort of standing beau of Pensacola, who knew all about such things, and who, though possessing neither taste nor voice, always fancied his little tenor an indispensable adjunct to every serenade; and with his ready aid all necessary arrangements were soon completed. A young Lieutenant, whose passion for his guitar was only exceeded by his devotions to Bacchus, but who was a most gentlemanly and amiable man, was to be of the party; and "the wee short hour beyant the twal" was agreed upon as being the most auspicious. Never had I found time to hang so wearily upon my hands as those few hours before midnight; but at length the happy moment approached,—and my little "corps musical" assembled on the side walk in front of my lady love's residence. The cool night air, however, had begun to tell upon the Lieutenant—who had fortified himself for the occasion; and before a chord was struck we had to place and sustain him securely against the basement wall of the house. Drunk or sober, however, he was always a gentleman in thought and feeling; and his ideas were ever conceived with dignity and expressed with grace. Like a certain living tragedian, he was always, when in his cups, more or less erratic and wandering, a peculiarity which, in the course of this evening, occasioned me no little annoyance. A perfect master of his instrument, when he began to play, all ideas of the oddity of his appearance and position were at once merged in an admiration of his skill and taste. His fingers mechanically swept the strings; and there he stood, or rather leaned against the wall, his eyes half closed like those of a nodding Bacchus, hurrying on with a mastery that never forsook him, through a medley of airs as various as his own scattered thoughts. "Before Judy O'Callaghan's door, sitting upon the paling" was closely followed by "False one, I love thee still," relieved by snatches of the Spanish retreat, and "Mr. Brown was a nice young man." For a young gentleman, thoroughly engrossed by his first serenade to his first love, possessing a keen perception of the ridiculous, and withal, as sensitive as an aspen, no position more vexatious could well be imagined. The slats of the Venetian blinds above me were gently opened, and holding the half drawn curtain I perceived the shadowy outline of a beautiful arm, and heard the low, suppressed, but mirthful tones of feminine voices. Here then was the moment for pouring out my soul; for breathing in song, and under the shadow of night to the only woman I had ever loved, the passion that consumed me. Laying my hand upon the guitar strings, I besought my friend to accompany me with his instrument, in that most

beautiful of all Moore's recent songs, "I love but thee," and at once began, "If after all you still will doubt and fear me." Scarcely, however, had the last word of the line died upon my lips than it was taken up, prolonged, and swelled into a most unearthly yell, immediately behind us, starting us almost out of our boots; and we saw a cavalcade, whose extravagantly grotesque character defies all description, slowly file past and stop a few yards from us, beneath the windows of an old *widower*, who but a day or two before had married a *young maiden*. This unequal match, according to an ancient Creole custom, subjected the perpetrators to a *charavari*, which could only be escaped by a donation of money to the poor, the church, or to some object of charity or general utility. In times past, when the Creole was the controlling influence of Mobile, New Orleans and Pensacola, the *chararari* were common, and no old bridegroom could expect to escape the penalty, but by the commutation spoken of. On the present occasion, as I afterwards learned, the ancient lover had been duly and respectfully called upon, but he indignantly refused to make any compromise, and the result was a *chararari*, the magnificent hideousness and absurdity of whose features went beyond the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." Nothing could exceed my surprise upon the appearance of the cavalcade, whose leader mounted upon a diminutive mule, was elaborately decked out in parti-colored finery, with a nose upon his face about a half a yard long. He gave us a blast of a long tin stage horn, which was swelled and prolonged by the trumpets, drums and bells of his companions, until the window panes about us fairly rattled. Next came two pages leading two cows, upon which were placed figures made to resemble, as nearly as possible, the happy couple for whom these honors were intended, the gentleman sporting an enormous pair of cow's horns; and these figures were being constantly addressed by their proper names, congratulated upon their nuptials, and asked a thousand ridiculous questions, to all of which they replied in the assumed voices and styles of the parties. Some fifty or sixty equally grotesque and extravagant figures, each one of whom did his *prettiest* upon a tin pan, kettle drum, stage horn, or some other horrible instrument of discord, thus took up their station near us, and at once commenced their serenade. Such a performance by such a company must be seen and heard to be understood. Dogs, cats and pigs, securely done up in sacks, and held under the arm, were original substitutes for bag-pipes; and at a squeeze or pinch of the tail, sent forth terrible treble to the baser discords of trumpets and drums. My mortification and annoyance at his interruption were augmented by the absurd apprehensions of a sensitive mind that Alegna might misunderstand my intention—might think perhaps that I was a *particeps criminis* in this

informal performance. While this reflection was passing in my mind, the Lieutenant, who had been silently and intently gazing at the *chararari*, without comprehending in the slightest degree its character or object, addressed me with comical gravity, holding on to the piazza railing and involuntarily see-sawing his body backwards and forwards—"Had you done me the honor, Sir, to inform me of your extensive preparations to serenade Miss Alegna, you would not have had my poor services." Vainly did I endeavor to stop him, and he went on with a most ridiculous running commentary upon my position and fancied designs,—every word of which I knew was heard by my lady love, until, no longer able to withstand the mortification of my position in her presence, I fairly took to my heels, just as the half-suppressed tittering from the window above began to be audible;—and by the morning stage I was on my route to New Orleans. I never ventured into her presence afterwards. Her conquests and her fate form an interesting history of gifted woman's career, and they may yet be given to the world. Never have I forgotten the mortifications of that night, and to this hour my cheek burns and a groan escapes me whenever I think of my *first Serenade*.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Far away—far away,
 'Neath the light of changeful skies—
 Silver gleams, whose moony ray
 Melting into twilight gray,
 Deepen as they farther stray,—
 Deep and still a valley lies.
 Mortal eyes have ne'er beheld
 All the things that therein dwell,
 And the mystery that broods
 O'er th' enchanted solitudes,
 Mortal-tongue may never tell.
 For a realm of wondrous things,
 Shadows dark, and dazzling gleams,
 That bewilder human sense,
 Is that mystic Land of Dreams.

Times and seasons are there none
 In that far and wondrous land,
 And its dim and shadowy space
 By earthly airs are never fanned;
 None may pierce its cavern's depths,
 There may mete its heaven's height,
 For they stretch too far away
 For the ken of mortal sight;
 And a hazy light, and pale,
 Broods above the quiet vale,
 Veiling like a misty pall,
 The horizon's distant wall.

In that dim and solemn region
 Phantom-forms forever range,
 Pale and wan—a shadowy legion,
 Faces, motions, all things strange.

Some whose footsteps trod the earth
 Long ago—
 Others of whose mystic birth
 None may know ;
 Pale and wan and shadowy all,
 How their noiseless footsteps fall !
 And within their glassy eyes
 Deep a mystic meaning lies,
 Saying that around them dwell
 Secrets which they dare not tell.

When the shadows dim and dreary
 Gather round the path of life,
 And our spirits, worn and weary,
 Faint beneath their fever strife,—
 Comes an angel sweet and mild,
 Gently waves a viewless wand.
 Lulls us into calm repose,
 Leads us to that mystic land :
 Mid its pathless solitudes
 As our trembling spirits stray.
 Lo ! what strange and shadowy phantoms
 Glide about our haunted way !
 Forms of beauty glide before us
 Lonely as a poet's vision,
 Gentle hands and airy pinions
 Beacon us to fields Elysian :—
 Fields that in strange beauty lie
 Golden, 'neath a midnight sky ;
 And our airy footsteps glide
 By some glassy river's side
 Fair as fabled founts that rise
 In the vales of Paradise ;—
 But their waters rise and fall
 Soft and still and silent all—
 Not a ripple, not a splash,
 Where the phantom-waters dash ;—
 Not a whisper, not a sound,
 Thrills the breathless region round.

Phantoms of the long departed
 Rise before us as we roam ;
 The beloved, the gentle-hearted,
 That have left their earthly home :
 Some with meek and starry eyes
 Gazing downward from the skies,
 Others wearing beauty's bloom
 Clasp us in their cold embrace ;
 Some uprising from the tomb,—
 Oh how sad each altered face !
 Joys that in their angel-birth
 Fled afar, a shadowy band,
 Never more to visit earth,
 Greet us in that mystic land.
 Hopes in sunny brightness ranging,
 Dreaming ne'er of chill or changing ;
 Promises our paths illuming,
 Love in its own light consuming,
 Idols far too dearly cherished—
 Some in hope, and some in fear—
 From our stricken hearts that perished,
 All are here—all are here !
 Wearing still each beauty's trace
 Though amid a phantom race.

In the distance far away
 Lie the caverns of unrest,
 'Mid whose gloom forever wander
 Shapes of fear and forms unblest,
 That rise and flit and wander by

Suddenly and solemnly,
 With a thrill of dread and pain
 Frighting us to earth again !
 Oh how dreary seems it then,—
 Oh how lone earth's pleasant places—
 How our weary spirits yearn
 For the sweet familiar faces !
 For the visions of delight
 Lately gleaming on our sight,—
 For the glance of angel eyes,
 For the flowers and the streams—
 For all fair and lovely things
 In the mystic Land of Dreams !

SUSAN.

Richmond.

WHERE IS SHE?—A TALE.

BY A COHEE.

CHAPTER I.

A FAIR DAUGHTER MISSING.

"Come to breakfast," said Mrs. Steinbach, on New Year's morning, to her household, as they sat in the large stove-room.

They all rose and went into the kitchen, where the table was spread with an abundance of good things. When they had taken their places, one chair was observed to be empty.

"Where is Lizzy, that she don't come to breakfast?" inquired the good housewife.

"I don't know," said Mr. Steinbach, "I have not seen her this morning."

"Why, can it be that she is in bed yet? Jo, do you go up and tell your sister to come to breakfast."

Jo rose at his mother's bidding, and went up stairs to Lizzy's room, while the rest began to eat. In three or four minutes Jo returned and reported that Lizzy was not in her chamber.

"Why, where can she be?" asked the old lady, "Have none of you seen her this morning?"

All gave the negative answer. Jo, being the youngest, was sent a second time in search of his sister—he was told to look in all the rooms. He returned in six minutes, saying that she could not be in the house, for he had looked into every room.

"Well, this is strange," said the mother. "Did she return with you last night from Major Hollman's?" said she, turning to her elder son George, who had been keeping New Year's eve with his sister at the Major's.

"Yes," said George; "she came back with us

about mid-night, and said she would go straight to bed, as she felt rather unwell."

"She is perhaps at the barn, attending to the cows," said Mr. Steinbach.

"She is not there," said Molly Koontz, a hired girl: "I came in from milking there just before breakfast was ready, and I am sure she was not in the barn, except she hid herself in the haymow, and that can hardly be, I reckon."

"I reckon so too," said the now anxious mother; "Maybe you did not look well when you went to her room, Jo. Did you go to her bed?"

"Yes, mother, I went close to it; the bed had nobody in it, I am sure, for it was not tumbled; if she slept in it last night, she must have made it up this morning."

The old people, and indeed all the company, began to feel no little uneasiness about the missing member of the family. Hastily finishing their breakfast, they all rose and commenced a general search. Cellar, rooms, closets, garret, barn and other out-houses were thoroughly examined; but all in vain. Elizabeth, the flower of the family, in the bloom of youth and beauty—good, intelligent, and for a country girl unusually accomplished—was not to be found—not a trace of her could be discovered.

When it was suggested that she might have gone early to a neighbor's house—perhaps to Major Hollman's, a mile distant—the road and the grounds on every side were diligently searched, but no footstep of man or beast in the new-fallen snow indicated the possibility of her having left the house; and this examination was perfectly decisive of the question of her elopement: for when the young people returned from Major Hollman's at mid-night, a shower of snow had fallen and continued to fall for a quarter of an hour afterwards and then ceased; so that any track of man or horse leaving the house after their arrival would be infallibly visible in the morning. No tracks appeared but those made by the party returning home. The road fifty yards distant on the one side, and the river bank fifty yards distant on the other side, both above and below the house, were closely scrutinized; but the untrodden snow that lay four inches deep, gave no sign of a passenger having left the house since mid-night, except the milk-maid and the horse-boy, who had gone to the barn before breakfast and returned.

After the first examination was over, the anxious father said—

"George, do you and Jesse Ballentyne go, the one up the road and the other down, at least a quarter of a mile, and then strike off through the fields, keeping about the same distance from the house, until you meet at the Grove Spring—I and Sam Bolen will take horses and examine the river banks and the Horse-shore field, to see whether possibly she may have gone out that way. Meanwhile Jo and the women will give the house a tho-

rough overhauling. Then, if need be, we will search the out-houses completely. In some of these ways we *must* find what has become of her."

So said, so done, all performed their parts with the utmost diligence and care; and all was done that was proposed to be done—but all in vain. Not a trace of the lost Elizabeth was discovered. Not a place where it was thought possible that she could be hidden, escaped their search—even the clay oven in the yard—even the pig-sty. They found every thing but Elizabeth. Now they were dreadfully alarmed and at their wits' end.

Though it be impossible for a creature of flesh and blood to walk over snowy ground without making tracks, and about equally impossible for a human biped to fly through the air like a bird; yet not knowing what else to do, Mr. Steinbach and his men next went to their near neighbors, all around, to inquire for the lost one. Hearing nothing of her, he accepted the aid of several friends to renew and extend the search. The afternoon and evening were spent in a renewed rummage of the house and every hollow that it contained, and every hole and corner out and about, and in visiting every house within three miles of the place. When darkness came and another snow began to fall, they gave up the search in despair. They could almost as easily imagine her to have been melted into a vapor, as to conceive what could have become of her: for even the small river had been searched for two miles, especially the few deep holes in its channel: so that no specious conjecture could be made about her mysterious evanishment. In perplexity and despair, all sat down at last in the large stove-room; the father groaned, the mother wept, the brothers George and Jo both groaned and wept; the neighbors were sad, especially the young men, who all admired Lizzy as the belle of the country. Many were the expressions of sorrowful amazement which fell alternately from the lips of all at this unaccountable event. They sadly discussed the possibilities of the case; one making this supposition, another that, and others pointing out the apparent impossibilities of all the suppositions that were or could be made; until bed time approached. Then most of the neighbors went to their respective homes, promising to return the next day, and do what could be done to aid in solving the mystery.

The next day was spent by more than a hundred people, in searching both land and water, houses and grounds, and in spreading inquiries through the country; but another night came, with no other result but increased wonder and absolute despair from the absence of all traces of the lost Elizabeth. The only facts that come to light afforded no clue to any useful discovery. These facts were, that some of her winter clothes, and it was suspected some bed-clothes also, were missing. Yet such was the confusion in which things had been thrown during the

repeated rummagings, and such the doubtful character of several of the rummagers on this second day, and such too the vast quantities of clothing and bed furniture in this rich house of industry, that it was hard to tell what was or was not missing, and how or by whom anything may have been taken away.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMILY AND THE LOVERS.

We shall now give some account of the family in which this mysterious event happened.

Benjamin Steinbach was of a respectable family in Pennsylvania—German, as the name imports, and devoted to agriculture, like most of the Pennsylvanian Germans. When a young man, he visited some relations in Shenandoah county, Virginia, three or four years after the close of the revolutionary war. During this visit he fell in with, and fell in love with Rebecca Hollman, a young woman of much beauty and no small fortune. He married her, and settled on a part of her father's broad lands, where he cultivated the soil with success; built himself a large barn and a good house; and in a course of years, found himself with a family of five children, only three of whom were living at the date of our story. His wealth increased so much, that at this time he was able to do what most German American farmers esteem the highest object of their industry, that is, to give each of his children a good farm.

His daughter Elizabeth, next in age to George, before mentioned, grew up a grey-eyed beauty, with flaxen hair, a middle-sized, but well rounded person, and a vigorous mind. She had neither the advantage nor the disadvantage of a boarding-school education; but she had a turn for literature, and made the best use of a good English school, to which her father sent her as long as she could profit by it. Her mother—a true German mother she was—taught her all manner of household work. By the time she was fully grown, she thus came to be both intelligent and industrious—not a fine lady, by any means, but a fine girl, qualified to be both useful and agreeable. She could neither dance nor play on the piano; but she could cook a good dinner, and make good garments out of wool and flax, by regular processes of spinning and weaving, cutting and sewing: all which were signs of comfort and prosperity to her future husband.

But she had by accident fallen into one ill habit, when she was only fifteen years of age—and that was the ill habit of reading sentimental novels, and as a consequence, of idle reverie, low-spirits and love of solitude. Yet these came on her at intervals only; when in company she was cheerful—at times witty and mirthful—and always was, when she chose, fascinating in manners and conversation.

It was well for her that novels and magazine literature—I mean the light fashionable sort of these days—were then rare, especially in Shenandoah. All that she could get in a year, would scarcely keep a young lady of these days employed for a fortnight. Had she been crammed with the cheap literature of our times, the vigor of her mind and the usefulness of her life would have been ruined; as it was, they were only injured. But we need not dilate on her habits and character: our story turns not upon character, but upon a single mysterious event in her history—that is, her disappearance from the house on a winter night, without leaving a trace behind. In reference to this, it is sufficient to have said thus much of her person, her education, and her romantic turn of mind.

Her father being one of the wealthiest men of the country, and Elizabeth, if not the handsomest of all, yet upon the whole the finest and most charming girl of the neighborhood, she was of course an object of distinguished attention to all the young men around, who could aspire to the honor of her hand. But although she had offers from the wealthy, the handsome, and the well-educated, none of those who visited her father's house as wooers, succeeded in gaining her affections, though she had reached the age of twenty-one, and had been courted at least fifty times in the last five years.

The cause of her obduracy towards others, was an early attachment that she had formed immediately after she had first read a novel, for a handsome youth who lived as a hireling in her father's family. He was the Jesse Ballentyne whose name has been mentioned in the first chapter. He was two years older than she, and was not only tall and well-favored, but was in fact a young man of extraordinary merits, considering his origin and connections. He loved Elizabeth from his boyhood; and his love for her not only saved him from the vices into which others in his circumstances often fall, but inspired him with such a desire for self-improvement that he might be thought worthy of her, as made him at twenty years of age a favorite with the whole family, and a wonder to all who compared him with his kindred. He was now emboldened by the evident partiality of Elizabeth's parents to declare to them his love for her, and to ask their permission to marry her. When Mr. Steinbach found that the young people were mutually attached, he was sorely grieved. On the one hand, he esteemed Jesse Ballentyne as one of the most industrious, skilful, upright, intelligent and altogether excellent young men in the world. He believed in his heart that Jesse was intrinsically the most worthy suitor Elizabeth ever had; but then, on the other hand, Jesse was of a low and infamous family. Old Tom Ballentyne had been a tenant on a corner of his farm, where he brought up a family of seven sons and three daughters to idleness and vice, ex-

cept Jesse, the youngest, whose conduct, when a boy of twelve years old, showed such a contrast to the rest of the family, that Mr. Steinbach took him into his own house, sent him to school with his own children, and saw with pleasure the boy's growth into a young man of fine person and character. The rest of the family became such a pest to the farm and neighborhood, that he finally drove them away. They did not go many miles, however, but squatted in a nook of the neighboring mountains, where they grew worse and more infamous, as Jesse grew better and more respected.

Now supposing Mr. Steinbach indifferent to wealth in marrying his daughter, he could not be indifferent to the character of the family into which she married, especially when they were not only mean in station, but detestable in character, and a bye-word in the neighborhood for all that is wicked and contemptible. But Mr. Steinbach had another motive for objecting to the match. He was desirous of elevating the rank of his family, and had seen with pleasure that Elizabeth was admired by gentlemen of the town, doctors, lawyers and politicians; and he cherished hopes of seeing her married to one of these.

For these reasons he decidedly, though gently, refused to let Ballentyne marry his daughter. He hoped his refusal would induce the young people to give up their attachment. He pointed out to Elizabeth the imprudence of marrying a person of such low origin and connections, when she could by waiting awhile probably form an honorable match with one of the distinguished young men of the county.

Elizabeth was convinced but not persuaded. Her love for Ballentyne had grown up in her heart from year to year, and being coupled with a well-founded esteem for his character, was now too firmly rooted to be torn up by such reasons as her father presented, strong though they were. She felt too a romantic fancy for acting the heroine on this occasion, and sacrificing every thing for love.

Ballentyne was equally unable to give up his passion for Elizabeth. He admitted the reasonableness of Mr. Steinbach's refusal—knowing and feeling deeply, himself, the ill conduct of his family, and the disgrace of being connected with them. But of what avail is cold reason, when the heart is in a flame of love? He and Elizabeth agreed to suspend their scheme of marriage—love in secret—and wait for some favorable turn of affairs, that might ultimately realize their wishes.

As they now took pains to conceal their love, the old people began to hope that they had concluded to drop their matrimonial scheme, and to let their attachment die off by degrees. They continued to hope this of the young people for a whole year, when a new event brought on a discovery and a catastrophe.

Lawyer Blarney, of Woodstock, being rather un-

successful at the bar, for want of learning and talents, did as many a pettifogger has done since; he turned politician. He had a smooth and voluble tongue, an impudence which nothing could daunt, and a crafty spirit of lying and temporizing; all which fitted him to be a demagogue of no mean abilities. He knew how to take advantage of every prejudice and every jealousy and secret grudge, existing in town and country among rival families, different interests and opposing classes of society. By working upon these, he soon got a strong party in his favor. Many who secretly despised him, nevertheless sustained him, because he aided them in gratifying their resentments, or forwarding their schemes of self interest and self-promotion. After laboring two or three years in his political vocation, he succeeded in getting himself elected to the legislature, and was by many esteemed a great man and likely to rise to the highest honors.

In the course of his electioneering perambulations, Lawyer Blarney, being yet a bachelor, became acquainted with Elizabeth Steinbach, and forthwith began to make signs of becoming a suitor for her hand. True, he was making similar signs to twenty other daughters of influential families; but after due investigation and a year's delay, when he was now a legislator elect, and in need of a wealthy wife, the decision of his calculating mind was, that of all the girls in the county, Elizabeth would be to him the most productive wife—her fortune would be large and the influence of her family considerable. Therefore he made a declaration of love to Elizabeth, and without waiting for a favorable answer, he applied to the father for permission to make her an offer of marriage.

Mr. Steinbach was flattered by this application. Blarney was indeed rather dwarfish in stature, and sallow in complexion, and coxcombical in dress and manners—but then he was a rising politician, and considered by the majority a great patriot and a great man. Therefore Mr. Steinbach promptly smiled upon him, when he declared his passion for Elizabeth, and told him to go and prosper in his suit.

Now an accident happened, the very next day, which led to Jesse's banishment from Mr. Steinbach's house. It was Sunday, and the family attended church, some three miles upon the opposite side of the river. A heavy rain had swollen the river before they returned, and in fording the now rapid current, Elizabeth's horse tripped and threw her off. She was carried rapidly down into deep water, where she sank. Jesse, who was riding a few yards behind her, with great presence of mind drove his horse after her into deep water, and fortunately caught her as she rose to the surface. He drew her along at arm's length, as the horse made for the shore. She appeared to be lifeless; but by his skillful management she recovered, and by the next day she was quite well. All admitted

that she owed her preservation to Jesse. This inflamed their mutual love, and encouraged the young man to make a second attempt to obtain the father's consent to their marriage.

It was the season of hay-making; and all hands were busy in the meadow on Tuesday, when Jesse, seeing the old man coming alone from the house, about 11 o'clock, met him at a distance, and modestly renewed his application. But two circumstances made the application most unseasonable. The one was, that lawyer—or rather now, *Legislator*—Blarney had arrived an hour before to make his proposal of marriage to Elizabeth; and after an hour's conversation with him, Mr. Steinbach had left the house to give him a clear field for urging his suit. The other circumstance was, that Blarney had just told him of sundry lawless doings of the Ballentynes; for which several of the family were liable to confinement in the Penitentiary. Among other crimes, they had been detected in stealing horses; for which old Tom and young Dick had been committed to jail, and the Sheriff was in pursuit of two others. One of the daughters too had deserted her husband and eloped with a married man.

These things had embittered Mr. Steinbach's feelings against this wretched family, so that when he heard Jesse's application, he flew into a passion, reproached him for the crimes of his kindred, called him a presumptuous beggar, and ordered him to leave his house that day, and never to set foot in it again.

Jesse was astounded and mortified and insulted by this bitter and unfeeling reply. Never before had his friend and patron used such language to him. He staggered towards the house, stopping several times by the way, to recover himself and think on the scene which had just occurred, and his banishment from his hitherto pleasant home and his ever dear Elizabeth. As he entered the back door of the house, he saw Blarney leaving the front door to mount his horse at the gate. Elizabeth was sitting in the room, her face flushed with indignation; and when she saw Jesse, exclaimed,

"What do you think, Jesse; that vile Blarney has had the impudence to make me an offer of marriage, and to tell me that father is anxious for me to marry him. But, Jesse, what is the matter with you, that you look so miserable: has father refused you again?"

"Not only so, dear Elizabeth; he has insulted me and ordered me away from the house. It appears that my wretched kindred have been doing worse than ever, and I have to bear their iniquity."

When Lizzy heard these things she burst into tears, and said,

"Dear Jesse, though all the world should forsake you, I will not. If you must leave us, I hope that you will not go far away; and above all, that

you will not despair. Be sure of one thing, that you have my heart, and that no one else shall ever have my hand."

They sat and talked for half an hour, both being in the deepest distress. Then looking towards the meadow, they saw Mr. Steinbach coming to learn the result of Legislator Blarney's courtship. This worthy had gotten such a decided rebuff, that he gave up his suit at once, and resolved to try his luck elsewhere among his twenty sweet-hearts. When Jesse saw the old man approaching the house, he hastened up stairs to pack up his things for a move to some other quarters. He was at no loss for employment. So great was his reputation for industry, skill and honesty, notwithstanding the bad name of his kindred, that two or three rich farmers had offered him liberal wages, if he would enter their service. He determined now to go to Mr. Staufer, four miles off, who had applied to him a few days before to take the management of one of his farms. He shunned the sight of Mr. Steinbach, who soon returned from the meadow in quite an ill humor with his daughter, on learning how she had sent off Legislator Blarney with an empty basket. Half an hour afterwards, just as the hay-makers were coming to dinner, Jesse embraced his beloved, and trudged away with a bundle of clothes under his arm. The rest of his worldly goods he had packed up in his chest, intending to send for them when he should have found a new home.

CHAPTER III.

ABSENCE AND RECONCILIATION.

In order to wean his daughter from her attachment to Jesse, Mr. Steinbach soon sent her away on a long visit to her relations in Pennsylvania. Her brother George, who conducted her on the journey, returned in about a month, having left his sister to recover from the pangs of love in a strange land and among a people hitherto unknown to her.

Meanwhile Jesse had engaged himself as steward to Mr. Staufer, and applied himself diligently to his business, until the approach of Christmas gave him leisure to amuse himself. He then mounted a horse, with saddle-bags and all the habiliments of a traveller, and disappeared from the neighborhood. His course was eastward, but no one knew whither he went; nor, when he returned a month afterwards, did any learn where he had been. A month after his return Elizabeth returned home with two of her Pennsylvania cousins; but there was no evidence that Jesse had seen her in Pennsylvania.

Before this—we may add, long before this—Mr. Steinbach's anger against Jesse had subsided and his old esteem for him returned in full force. He also missed his valuable services, and was particu-

larly desirous to commit his farms to his able management, his own health being indifferent, and George being an unskillful manager. He therefore offered Jesse a most liberal salary, if he would return to his house and superintend his business. He presumed that long absence had cooled the passion which Lizzy and Jesse had entertained for each other; and all uneasiness on this score vanished, when Jesse and Lizzy both declared to him, on his asking them about it, that they would take no farther steps towards getting married, and would give him no future trouble on the subject. Lizzy made only this condition, to which the old man assented, that he should never ask her to marry any man, but let her take her own time to choose a husband for herself.

Thus was Jesse not only reinstated but promoted, to his own great satisfaction, as well as to that of all the family; and every thing went on smoothly and successfully, until the next New Year's Eve, when Lizzy so mysteriously disappeared. No premonitory symptoms of this event occurred to alarm the family; no tokens of love or resentment; no indications of conspiracy or plot; no secret meetings were detected; no unusual visitors came to the house; no change of behavior in any of the the family, nor signs of mental agitation; except that Elizabeth had for a month or two complained more frequently of being unwell, and occasionally seemed to be rather more moody and melancholy than she had wont to be. But all these things resolved themselves into the single fact, that her health was not as good as usual. Of course she would therefore be more thoughtful and sad. She had always been given to occasional fits of dreamy abstraction and despondency; so the family felt little concern at this not alarming aggravation of her usual symptoms.

As to the relations of Lizzy and Jesse, there was nothing to excite attention; they seemed to be very good friends, as they had always been; but no sign appeared of passionate attachment or of particular intimacy.

As to Legislator Blarney, he had in the spring been elected the second time by an increased majority; for his popularity increased as he became more practiced in the craft of demagogy. But he was less successful with the girls than with the sovereign voters of the county. He offered his dirty hand—morally dirty it was—to two other heiresses of influential families, within two months after Elizabeth had so bluntly discarded him—but in vain; female eyes saw nothing attractive in his person, and female perspicacity detected the unprincipled impostor and shallow coxcomb, under the brazen impudence that concealed them from many of the other sex.

Of late he had renewed his visits to Mr. Steinbach's, and his particular attentions to Elizabeth. He had come up from Richmond to spend the Christ-

mas holidays in Shenandoah, and on the very New Year's Eve on which Elizabeth disappeared, he had attended her on horseback from her father's to Major Hollman's; and had, it was believed, renewed his suit to her, and got another indignant refusal on the way—so at least the company thought from what they observed during the evening. They could perceive evident signs of contemptuous aversion on her part, and ill-concealed mortification on his. He was believed to be capable of revenging himself on her in any way that he might deem prudent, and would have been strongly suspected of having somehow or other made way with her, if it had not been known that she had arrived safely at home; and that he had gone to his lodging and had before day taken the stage on his return to Richmond.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE AND ITS APPURTENANCES.

For the better elucidation of our story, we must now describe Mr. Steinbach's house. The building was of stone, two stories high above the basement or cellar. The main building was oblong; a passage ran through the middle from front to rear, on the left were two rooms in the lower story, first the old people's bed-chamber; second, the spin-room for the women. Above these rooms were two others of the same size, used as bed-chambers for the unmarried females. A small private staircase led from the spin-room into them. In the passage was the main staircase, beginning near the door of the spin-room.

On the opposite side of the passage was the large family store-room, and a small store-room next the kitchen. The kitchen projected from the end of the main building like a wing, and communicated with the family room and store-room. In the second story at this end were two bed-rooms in the main building, and one over the kitchen for the hired men. At this time slaves were almost unknown in Shenandoah. Therefore the kitchen was clean, and often used as an eating-room. Under the roof was a rude garret extending the whole length of the house, and used only for stowing away lumber. Over the kitchen rooms was a smaller garret of the same kind, which could be entered only by a ladder through a trap-door, and this ladder was not kept in the house, but had to be brought from an outhouse when wanted.

The cellar or basement of the main house was divided like the stories above. The passage through the middle might be entered from the passage above by means of a stair-way under the main stairs, or by an out-side door on the lower side of the house next to the river, where by the slope of the ground the basement wall was all above ground.

Under the kitchen was a fine spring gushing out of the limestone rocks, with a shallow pool for

keeping milk and butter. Under the family room was the main cellar, where potatoes and other things were stored in the winter. Under the two chambers at the other end of the house were two rooms of the same size, which had been little used for some years. The one next the river had been intended for a wash room; but was disapproved upon trial, and a wash-house had been built outside by the spring branch. The other apartment under the spin-room and next the front of the house, being deeper under the ground, was fit for a cellar, but was little used.

When Jesse Ballentyne was made steward, he wanted a room for himself, and got Mr. Steinbach's consent to occupy the old wash-room in the basement. He took up the old floor and laid a new one with his own ingenious hands. To keep the floor sound and dry, he dug the ground deeper, and thus made an empty space between the sleepers and the ground. Having thus made himself a comfortable room, he put into it his bed, his table and his chest. He also built a closet of boards in one corner for keeping his smaller tools, his books, and a dozen other things.

Such were the arrangements of the house. You may judge, good reader, whether such a house was adapted to hide a person so effectually, that the closest search could not detect a trace of the lost one.

The out-houses were of the common sort, and afforded no extraordinary means of concealment. We need not describe them particularly; but it is proper to notice the principal features of the grounds near the house.

We have already remarked that the house had the high-road in front—about fifty yards distant—and the river—a branch of the Shenandoah—at the distance of fifty yards in the rear. The river after flowing past the house, struck against a rocky hill which crossed the line of its course, and was thereby turned off by a sudden curve in a direction away from the house. It had worn the limestone rocks of the hill into a cliff, eighty or a hundred feet high, and in full view to a person standing in the back-door of the house. The end of the house occupied by Jesse Ballentyne was near the foot of this hill, the ravine of the spring at the other end, opened a convenient way of access to the river, where it was shallow and easily forded—about fifty yards above the nearest part of the high cliff. The hill of the cliff was crowned with a wood; and the fields of the farm lay all around on both sides of the river. With the exception of this hill, the land was either gently undulating, or flat where the river had formed alluvial bottoms.

We have nothing farther to say in the way of local description, but to remark that the river, generally so shallow in dry weather, that a lamb could ford it, had worked out a hole fifty yards long and six or eight feet deep, where it struck the base of

the cliff and contended with the limestone rocks. Here was the best place on the farm for catching fish with hook and line.

CHAPTER V.

RUMORS AND APPARITIONS.

When all possible means had been used during two days, both by the family and the neighbors, to discover what had become of Elizabeth—and not a single sign or circumstance had appeared, that could justify even a conjecture on the subject—they all gave up in despair for the present, confessing that Divine Providence only could solve the mystery.

Not only did this strange event fly on the wings of rumor through all the country around, but it excited the highest curiosity and deepest perplexity, and various degrees of sympathy and sorrow, among the neighbors. It was for days and weeks the daily and nightly subject of remark and inquiry and conjecture. All that pretended to any skill or sagacity in human affairs, studied the subject and framed a theory; and the discussion of these twenty theories engrossed the conversation of many: whilst those who had brooding imaginations and superstitious fancies, saw visions and dreamed dreams about the lost Elizabeth. It was chiefly the wives and grandmothers who saw the visions—and the young men and maidens who dreamed the dreams. But this rule, though general, had its exceptions. A young fellow, named Abraham Fickler, was riding by a grave-yard in the dusk of the evening, and seeing a white calf browsing among some bushes, conceived it to be a ghost and of course Lizzy's ghost—a sure sign to him and others that she was dead, and had been murdered, but whether by her old sweetheart, Jesse Ballentyne, or her rejected lover, Blarney, was uncertain.

On the 4th of January, Mrs. Straus called upon her neighbor, Mrs. Clark, to tell and to hear things on the all-engrossing topic. The snow that had fallen between the old year and the new, still lay on the ground and a sharp North-Wester was blowing frostily. Mrs. Straus was scarcely within Mrs. Clark's room, before a huge fire in a huge fireplace, than she opened her mouth and said,

"Law me, how colt it is tis morning, Mrs. Clark, aint it now?"

"Yes, that it is," said Mrs. Clark; "come sit down by the fire."

While Mrs. Straus was spreading out her hands before the comfortable fire, and preparing to open the subject of her visit, Mrs. Clark anticipated her by asking,

"Have you hearn any thing about Lizzy Stoneback, Mrs. Straus?"

"Wy, yes, I was chist coin to tell you apout it: Straus saw her last night."

"You dont say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Clark, "do tell me all about it."

"Wy, he was coming home from Barner's still-house, wit a chuk of whiskey, a little before bet time, and chist as he cot to de place were te roat takes off to Hansberger's mill, he seet Lizzy, as plain as any ting, stanin in te forks of te roat, lookin straight at him: and she axt him wich was te way to Machor Hollman's. He was so sceart he could'nt speak, an he tinks he fainted away, for he could'nt see any ting for a minute, an wen he cot his eye sight akin, she was gone. Pore kal, she is murdered, I reckon, and her sperret is walkin apout in te night."

"Well," said Mrs. Clark, "that's strange, what you tell me. And dont you think that my Betsy here had a dream about her last night. She saw her in her sleep, looking as pale as a corpse, standing by her bedside; and she heard her sithe, and say in a complainin way, like, that she was dead, and that she died for true love. So, I reckon, she must be dead, or people would'nt be seeing her so."

Let this serve as a specimen of the rumors afloat concerning the lost Elizabeth. Another sort of rumor was, that she had been seen alive and well somewhere in a distant part of the country. At first Legislator Blarney was suspected to have carried her off or made way with her in some manner; but on investigation this proved to be nearly or quite impossible, as he slept, the night of Lizzy's disappearance, at a house four miles distant, and at 5 o'clock in the morning took the stage for Richmond.

Had Jesse Ballentyne disappeared at the same time, he would at once have been charged with her abduction; but when the party returned home on New Year's eve, he retired immediately to his room in the basement, as she did to hers in the upper story, and not only was he at breakfast the next morning, but he partook in the general and repeated searches after her, and appeared very much to sympathize with the family in their distress on her account. The only thing remarkable in his behaviour was that he did not seem to despair, like the rest, but endeavored to comfort the family with assurances that she must be aliye and would yet be found.

"If any fatal accident had befallen her (said he) some positive evidence of it must have been discovered. Though her disappearance is unaccountable; yet the fact that it is so, ought to convince us that the mystery will be cleared up some day to our satisfaction."

When asked how he thought it possible that she should be alive and yet no trace of her appear; he answered, "That is what I shall not undertake to explain; yet something within me whispers that God will unfold the mystery in due time, and we shall see her alive and well, though it is not for me to say how or when."

Just one week after Lizzy's disappearance, a

letter was found in the post-office, five miles from Mr. Steinbach's—not brought there by mail, but dropped into the letter-box by some person unknown—addressed to Mr. Steinbach. On being opened it was found to be anonymous, and written in a hand which none of the family recognized. It was in these words:

DEAR SIR,—I write for the purpose of comforting you and your family concerning your lost daughter. Be assured that she is safe, and will be restored to you in due time. Meanwhile she will be kindly treated; her honor, her safety and her comfort will be guarded with sedulous care. The cause and manner of her temporary absence, and her present situation, must remain a secret from you until the time comes for an explanation. Thus much only can I now reveal to you;—it is not an enemy that hath done this—nor was it done by violence. Rest satisfied with the assurance now given, until you hear more.

Your friend,

A. Z.

This was a surprising communication; and though it rather increased the mystery, and no one could conjecture by whom it was written, yet it had a consoling influence upon the feelings of the afflicted parents. Still it might have been intended to mislead them. If Elizabeth had been murdered or forcibly abducted, the guilty agent may have designed by this letter to avoid detection, rather than to relieve the parents from unnecessary distress.

One week later, another incident happened of a still more extraordinary nature.

The night was moonshiny and the ground was covered with fresh snow. Mr. and Mrs. Steinbach had gone to bed at ten o'clock and had soon fallen asleep. After a nap of two or three hours, Mrs. Steinbach awoke. The bright moon shone through the room and made every object visible. Happening to direct her eyes towards the door, she was surprised to see it half open and what seemed to be a female in night clothes, standing in the opening and looking steadfastly upon the bed. She thought that she distinguished the person and features of Elizabeth; but imagining that it must be her ghost, she was speechless with fear, and shut her eyes to avoid the horrifying sight. She then thought that she heard the light tripping of feet approaching the bed—and oh! horrible! she had a sensation, as if the spectre were by the bedside and breathed upon her. She uttered a groan—she almost screamed, like a sleeper under the night-mare. The awful visitant seemed startled, and tripped hastily out of the room, drawing the door to after her.

The groan and suppressed scream of his wife, awakened Mr. Steinbach. He started up to a sitting posture, just as the spectre vanished through the door.

He called out, "Who is there?"

Mrs. Steinbach now opened her eyes and exclaimed, "There it is,—there!"

"Where?"

"Why, there, by the clothes-press. Dont you see it?"

"See what?"

"Why, Lizzy's ghost."

"Tut! That is only your white apron hanging on the chair, and your neckerchief and cap on the top of it."

"So it is; I see plainly now what it is. Oh how glad I am that it was nothing else!"

"Yes, but it was something else."

"How? What! Did you see any thing else?"

"Yes, I saw some one pass out through the door, as I woke."

"Which? The passage-door?"

"Yes."

"Was she dressed in white?"

"Partly in white; but she had on a blue or grey petticoat."

"Oh me! Then I am afraid it was Lizzy."

"Afraid it was Lizzy, wife! Why should you be afraid of seeing poor Lizzy?"

"Oh dear, no; not afraid of her, but of her spirit!"

"Still it would be Lizzy, dear wife, but more likely it was Mary Baumgartner or Molly Koontz."

"No, no, husband, I saw her face, and I am dreadfully afraid it was Lizzy."

"Still afraid! Would you not like to see poor Lizzy again?"

"Yes, I should like to see herself above all things. But if it was her ghost, how dreadful that would be."

"It was no ghost, wife; depend upon it, it was no ghost. Slip up stairs, wife, and see if the girls are in their beds, and I will look into the passage."

"I cant go by myself, do you first look into the passage, and then go with me up the little stairs."

Mr. Steinbach rose and examined both the passage and the store-room; but seeing no one, he returned, and with his wife went through the door leading into the spin-room, and then up the private stairs to the bed-room of the hired girls, both of whom they found in bed and fast asleep.

The next morning they communicated the night's adventure to the household. The girls both declared that they had not left their room after they went to bed. Mrs. Steinbach insisted that she distinguished the features of Elizabeth in the mysterious visitant. She still believed firmly that it was her ghost, but in this neither Mr. Steinbach nor Jesse Ballentyne agreed with her. They expressed the opinion that if it was Elizabeth, she must be concealed somewhere in or near the house, and proposed another search. The shower of new snow, which had fallen before bed-time and was succeeded by fair weather, lay all unmarked by footsteps around the house, when the family rose

in the morning. One of two suppositions must therefore be true; it was not Elizabeth who had appeared, or she was then in the house. Jesse's proposal of a search was therefore adopted. The eleven persons composing the household began after breakfast to search the house from the garrets to the cellars. Every nook and corner was diligently examined: not a cuddy-hole, closet, chest, clothes-press, bed, clothes heap, lumber pile, barrel, hogshead, grain, or potatoe, hutch, escaped the general scrutiny. The walls were inspected to see if any secret door or crack indicated a hiding-place; especially in the cellars and basement rooms. When they came to Jesse's room, he left the others to manage the search, only suggesting (as if to remove all suspicion from himself) that they should examine the new floor which he had laid, to see that no trap-door led to a hiding-place beneath. They did so; they found the floor tightly nailed down. It sounded hollow when they struck upon it; but as all was tight and fast, this signified nothing to the purpose. When they came to the small closet, which he had built in the corner, they examined it minutely, both floor and walls, but observing nothing suspicious, they were perfectly satisfied that no hiding-place existed there. So after they had finished the search, the unanimous conclusion was, that Mrs. Steinbach was mistaken as to the person whom she had seen: she herself being only half-persuaded of her mistake. One circumstance, however seemed to confirm her first impression. Both she and the washer-girl affirmed, that some of Lizzy's wearing apparel and some bed-clothes had been taken away within a few days, and probably the last night; but as this circumstance was inconsistent with the result of the search, the general conclusion was that this also must be a mistake.

Five or six days after this, Mr. Steinbach received another letter from the Post-office, which astonished him more than the former letter, for it was in the name and hand-writing of his lost daughter, and bore every mark of authenticity. She assured her parents of her safety, and besought them to lay aside all uneasiness about her situation,—it being one that she had chosen for herself, for a reason that she could not now explain to them, but would at a future time. She expressed her deep regret that a paper, which she had left in her room when she disappeared, had not fallen into their hands; as it would have assured them of her safety, and have saved them from much of their distress on her account.

This letter was post-marked *Richmond*! A striking circumstance, because Legislator Blarney, her rejected and apparently hated lover, was there. What complicated and inconsistent and amazing circumstances did the whole case present!

It is hard to say whether the good old people were more comforted or distressed by this letter.

While in itself it gave evidence of their daughter's safety; it threw additional embarrassment in the way of all reasonable conjecture of her locality, her situation and the cause of her concealment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPECTRE SMOKE AND THE SPECTRE BOAT.

The first week in February, was the coldest week of the winter. The snow had fallen six inches deep, and the North-west wind felt as if it had come directly from the North-Pole. During the night of the 4th, it blew violently, making the snow fly in clouds from the high grounds, and heaping it up in the ravines and wherever a bank or a fence produced an eddy. By the morning of the 5th all was calm again, but the river was full of ice and every living thing sought a warm shelter.

Doctor Heilbrun was returning from a visit to a very sick patient and stopped on his return home, early in the morning, to warm himself. The family kept him till after breakfast, on Mrs. Steinbach's account, she having taken a violent cold with symptoms of sore throat.

When the doctor went out after breakfast to mount his horse, the clear sun was shining, and the weather gave signs of moderating. He was observed to stand at the gate, looking intently at the high cliff of rocks on the river side, below the house. George Steinbach went out to ask him what attracted his gaze so intently. The doctor pointed to a certain part of the cliff, and asked what made the smoke that issued from the face of the cliff there. At first George doubted whether it could be smoke, but on coming to the doctor's position, the reflection of the sunbeams showed plainly the blue color of the ascending wreath. It seemed to issue from an inaccessible point of the cliff, forty feet above the river and as many below the wood-crowned summit of the rocks. Next came Mr. Steinbach, and then Jo and Jesse Ballentyne, to see what they were looking at. All pronounced it to be smoke. But, then, how could smoke issue from a naked rock, rising perpendicularly from the river and in a place where no fuel could lie, and no man or beast could stand? To see it more plainly they went to the river bank behind the house, where from the top of a large rock not more than twenty rods from the cliff, they could see the spot from which the smoke issued, where the cliff was jagged and furrowed; but no fire was visible, and they could not imagine how the smoke originated. There was no way by which a man could get at the place, but by means of a rope let down from the brow of the cliff above. No ladder could reach it from below, because the river was eight feet deep at the foot of the cliff, and the force of the current had undermined the cliff, so as to leave no foothold at the water's edge.

The smoke continued to issue from this place for two or three days, until the weather grew mild, when it disappeared. The phenomenon excited much speculation; but no one could plausibly account for it. Some persons conjectured that it had some connection with Elizabeth's disappearance—but the only ground they could assign was that both happened at the same place, and both were unaccountable.

The same phenomenon appeared from time to time during six weeks. Several attempts were made to get some one to examine the place where the smoke issued. But the difficulty and danger appeared to be so great, that none were willing to undertake it; so that the mystery was left unexplained.

About the first of April, the mild spring weather began, and the labors of the farm thickened. Jesse Ballentyne was kept busy with his duties as superintendant; but it was observed that his health and spirits, for a month past, were not as good as usual. He seemed to be in a lethargic state; for not only did he go to bed soon after dark, but he was often observed to be drowsy through the day, and to nod whenever his duties allowed him to sit still.

The excitement in the family and neighborhood on account of Lizzy's disappearance, had almost ceased for want of fresh matter to keep it up; when two incidents renewed it: the one was the return of Legislator Blarney from Richmond; and the other was the spectre boat.

Elizabeth's letter from Richmond had turned attention upon the Legislator, as possibly connected with her disappearance. He was therefore watched after his return; but he betrayed no consciousness of any participation in the affair, neither while he was in Richmond nor after his return.

On a soft, cloudy April night, Jo Steinbach and one of the hired men went, after supper, to angle for fish in the deep water at the foot of the cliff. They seated themselves on a projecting rock at the base of the cliff, about twenty rods below the ford, and were silently and patiently waiting for the fish to bite. They had been sitting a full hour, when they concluded to change their position: they had hitherto sat on the extreme point of the flat rock, where it projected farthest into the river, and had cast their lines out towards the middle of the stream. Now they moved themselves to the side of the rock looking down the stream, where by its projection it made an eddy at the base of the cliff. A little way below, perhaps five yards, was the point where the current, especially in high water, struck perpendicularly against the face of the cliff, and had in the course of ages undermined it, so as to form a deep cavern, no one knew how deep, in which the waters whirled and rumbled at such a rate, when a little swollen especially, that no one had appeared willing to venture, either by swim-

ming or with a canoe, to see what sort of a place it was inside. Indeed, the entrance was so filled with the boiling and whirling water, that there was even in a dry season but little space between the surface of the water and the rock that covered the watery cavern. From six to twelve or fifteen inches was all the height of the impending rock above the water—at least on the outside where it was visible; and this low opening did not extend more than thirty feet along the base of the cliff. At present, the river was here a few, and only a few, inches above low water-mark.

Now the fishermen had just cast their lines into the eddy between the projecting rock and the stream that ran into the cavern five yards below, when they were surprised and frightened to see a dark-looking object come gliding with the current directly towards the mouth of the cavern, and before their frightened wits could make out distinctly what it was,—the night being cloudy and the half-filled moon able to give but a faint light,—the dark-looking object entered the cavern by the low opening about twenty feet below them. They did, though dimly, perceive that it was a sort of small flat boat, and that a man sat in it gently rowing with two short oars, which he held before him, so that he could look forward as he rowed. When this apparition got into the shadow of the cliff, it was so indistinctly visible, that they did not actually see it enter the cavern, but only inferred that it did so, from the fact of its having disappeared immediately after it approached the cliff.

Now Jo was a sensible boy of sixteen, but full of ghost stories that he had heard; and his companion was a clown full of superstitious notions engendered in his ignorance by the superstition of others. Both were so frightened by the sudden apparition, and equally sudden disappearance of the boat, under the cliff, in a place where troubled water and darkness made an exploratory visit horrible to the imagination—that they knew not what else to make of what they saw, but that some demon had taken up his abode there, and was now returned home from a visit in the neighborhood. They left the fearful place immediately and went to the house. The family had mostly gone to bed; they also went to theirs, and said nothing of their adventure until the next morning at breakfast, when they gave a very confused account of what they had seen. At first Mr. Steinbach disbelieved their story; but when he remembered the mysterious smoke near the same place, and had drawn from them all that they could tell of the matter—especially concerning the rower, his oars, and the manner in which he sat in the boat—he was inclined to believe that some man for some purpose had more than once entered a secret cavern in the cliff; and a suspicion crossed his mind that this affair had some connection with the disappearance of his daughter. He determined there-

fore to have this river-cave explored. But when he proposed the enterprise to his sons and his hired men, not one of them was found willing to undertake it. Jesse Ballentyne was not at home, he having gone the evening before up to Hansberger's mill to load a couple of wagons with flour for market. When he returned about ten o'clock and heard of the spectre boat, he proposed at once to explore the water cave, if any one would join him. As to the hired men, they would as soon have entered a volcano as that devil's den of a cave; but after some hesitation George consented to join in the adventure. It was near evening before they were prepared. For a boat they launched a hog-trough bolstered and steadied by a couple of fence rails attached to the outer sides. To secure the return of the boat he attached a rope by one end to the projecting rock on which the fishermen sat when the spectre-boat appeared, and fastened the other end to the trough-boat. Taking some fire and a pine torch in the bottom and a stout paddle in his hand he knelt down in the hinder end to steer, and George knelt in the fore end with the rope grasped in his hand, that he might let it out or draw it in as occasion should require. Launching into the stream from the extremity of the fishing-rock, Jesse with his paddle directed the boat to the low entrance of the cave. He and George had to lie almost flat when they entered. They found the roof of the cave gradually rise, after they passed the entrance, until, about ten feet within, a great dark cavern suddenly opened above their heads, and fifteen feet further, the current drove the boat against the face of a rock. The light from without was sufficient to show them a crevice in the rock; into this Jesse thrust his paddle and fastened the boat to it by means of the rope. Kindling his torch, he soon discovered by its light that the roof of the cavern was twenty-five or thirty feet high, that the rock against which they had struck rose perpendicularly at least twenty feet; and the visible length of the cavern up and down stream was about thirty feet. At the lower end the current which came in where they entered, turned and flowed out again. But near this end, there seemed to be low water-caverns in which the current was whirled about with a rumbling noise. It seemed dangerous if not impossible to explore any of these rumbling caverns, because they were so nearly filled with water that the boat could not enter them. There did seem to be, high up, near the roof, the dark mouth of a cavern running back into the hill; but its entrance was eighteen or twenty feet high, and to reach it they would have to set a ladder against the perpendicular wall that separated them from it.

Having made these observations, Jesse and George, by means of the rope and paddle, worked the boat out again to the fisherman's rock, and reported to Mr. Steinbach what they had seen.

Their discoveries left the mystery of the spectre-smoke and spectre-boat as dark as ever. The existence of so large a cavern would have shown the feasibility of these apparitions, if the cavern itself could have afforded accommodation or motive for any one to visit it for any purpose, however mysterious.

Jesse Ballentyne proposed to take in a ladder and examine the upper cavern, giving it as his opinion that some discovery of importance might be made; Mr. Steinbach thought otherwise, but consented to Jesse's proposal. It was some days before the requisite preparations could be made amidst the hurry of business on the farm. When all was ready, a rain was falling, and the river soon rose so as to make the cave inaccessible. Before it fell sufficiently, a new event turned the attention of the family elsewhere.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CORPSE AND THE INQUEST.

The annual election for members of the Legislature was approaching. There were many candidates in the field, and lawyer Blarney was opposed by a new competitor, who was likely to run him hard. The county sent two members; but old Colonel Stauffer was a sort of standing member—three-fourths of the people voting for him, as a matter of course; so that the only contest was for the second seat. Now about two years before, a certain lawyer Hardy had settled at Woodstock. He was a successful lawyer, and excited great admiration for his eloquence. He was a stout man, with a round fat face, and a voice like a trumpet. He could stun the ears of a thousand people. Then too he could crack excellent jokes; and what was more, he could make a plausible case out of slight circumstances, and assert ingenious falsehoods with the gravest face—and swear to them too, if occasion required. He hated Blarney as a rival in popular favor, and determined by all means to pull him down for his own advancement. He came out this spring as a candidate, and harangued the sovereign people at musters and on court days; and rode from house to house with great industry, shaking hands with the men, kissing the women, and fondling the children.

But Blarney, though inferior to him in some points, was superior in others. He had more sagacity in discovering the enmities, jealousies and ruling passions of men; and in taking sides with the strongest in all the strifes of the community. He was therefore in a fair way to gain his election the third time, when a surprising discovery enabled Hardy to get the advantage of him a few days before the election.

Three miles below Mr. Steinbach's the dead body of a woman was found in a deep hole of the

river, lodged against a rock at the foot of a high precipice, like that just below Mr. Steinbach's. It was so much swollen that the features could not be recognized. A jury of inquest was immediately summoned. Hardy was by his own contrivance one of them. As no woman was known to have been drowned lately in that neighborhood, and none was missing except Lizzy Steinbach, it was supposed by almost every one, that this was her corpse, and that now every thing about her was cleared up except the cause and the circumstances of her being drowned.

The jury made diligent examination, but could not identify the person. The corpse agreed in stature with Elizabeth, but differed in the color of the hair; this being of a much darker hue than hers. The teeth agreed in general, but differed in particulars; these being less sound and complete than hers. The half decayed linsey-woolsey gown agreed in stripe and coloring with one of hers that was missing, but was coarser and somewhat different in the fashion of its make. Other articles of dress gave no definite sign; but Elizabeth had long worn a gold ring on the third finger of the left hand; the corpse had one of pinchbeck on the same finger. These coincidences and differences perplexed the jurors generally, but not Mr. Hardy. He ingeniously reconciled every thing with the supposition of its being Elizabeth's corpse.

Then as to circumstances of time and place. The corpse was judged by some to have lain months in the water; Hardy and others argued that it might have been reduced to its present state by an immersion of four or five weeks in the mild season of spring. Five weeks had elapsed since Blarney returned from Richmond. The deep pool in which the body was found, lay a quarter of a mile below a bridge, by which the main road of the neighborhood leading to East Virginia crossed the river. This was the road by which Blarney went and came on his legislative mission, and by which he travelled forth and back between his residence in Woodstock and his farm lying near the place where the body was found. Blarney in the vanity of his heart and to the injury of his popularity, had, the last winter, bought himself a two-horse carriage in Richmond, and had two or three times travelled in it to and from his farm. He had laid it aside only during the three last weeks, since the electioneering campaign had become hot.

Jake Speck, a poor fellow that lived near the bridge, swore that on that night four weeks before, he was wakened out of his sleep at midnight by loud screams of a female about the river. In answer to a question by Hardy, he said that Blarney was that night at his farm. Another witness deposed that about the same time two emigrant families with their wagons had encamped near the bridge. These were all the circumstances appear-

ing in evidence, that seemed to furnish grounds for a judgment of the case. Though vague and doubtful, Hardy managed them so as to cast no slight suspicion upon Blarney.

The Steinbach family examined the corpse: the parents were doubtful—not because the appearances were satisfactory in favor of this being Elizabeth's body, but because here was a body not altogether unlike, unaccounted for,—and there was Elizabeth's mysterious absence wholly unaccounted for—and all in the same neighborhood. But Jesse Ballentyne pronounced positively that this could not be Elizabeth's body, because it differed in material particulars which could not be changed by lying weeks or months in the water.

Hardy made full use of the suspicious circumstances of this case. Three days before the election the county was full of rumors concerning new discoveries tending to prove Blarney's guilt. The consequence was that Blarney lost his election, and was Legislator Blarney no more.

On election day Mr. Steinbach found in the post office, at Woodstock, a letter with the New Market post mark, bearing evidence that Elizabeth was living. It was written in her name and hand writing, enclosed a lock of her hair, and the identical gold ring which she had long worn. Though a plain ring it was recognizable by the soldering with which it had been mended when broken only a week before her disappearance. In this letter she begged her parents to be patient a while longer and they should see her again.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this letter and its accompaniments Mr. Steinbach had a lingering suspicion that it was an ingenious forgery of Blarney as well as the former letter, and that he had really drowned her in revenge for her contemptuous refusal of his hand. In short his mind was so confused by the mysterious and contradictory circumstances of the case, that he did not know what to think.

Jesse's preparations for exploring the river cave had been finished before the election, but high water and other circumstances caused him to defer the enterprise until the last of April.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS CAVE.

On the morning of the 30th of April the river was sufficiently low to permit a shallow boat to enter the water cavern. Jesse had found a little flat boat at Dr. Heilbrun's, a mile above Mr. Steinbach's. He put this little boat upon a wagon and hauled it to Mr. Steinbach's. It was large enough to support a ladder that would reach the mouth of the upper cave proposed to be explored. Jesse had made a suitable ladder, prepared ropes, torches

and other requisites for the enterprise. George was with difficulty persuaded to join in it a second time. He feared to climb a ladder twenty feet high and resting on a small boat below. But he at last plucked up courage and promised to follow Jesse wheresoever he should go.

When they got the boat with the apparatus to the perpendicular rock to be ascended within the water cave, the one end was fastened as before to a stake thrust into the crevice of the rock. To keep it steady under the oblique pressure of the ladder, when set up against the wall, two poles of the proper length were fastened by one end to the outer side of the boat and set with the other end against the descending curtain of rock that hung over the entrance of the cave. Thus the boat could not be pushed out from the inner wall of rock by the pressure of the ladder. Having tied a cord to each side of the ladder at one end, they raised that end up against the wall and set the other end in the middle of the boat, where it was secured from slipping. Then the two cords that were tied to the upper end and hung down when the ladder was raised, were run through staples at the two ends of the boat and tied after being well stretched. These acted as stays to keep the ladder from slipping to either side.

Now Jesse took a lighted torch in his hand and mounted the ladder. In a minute he was at the top and standing upon a flat surface of rock where he could perceive that a cave opened before him towards the interior of the hill. He threw down the end of a cord that he had wound about his waist, and told George to fasten to it the basket containing sundries for the exploration and then mount. George did so and soon joined his companion above. Jesse now blew three blasts on a small tin trumpet, the concerted signal that they had discovered a cave within the cave as he predicted that they would.

Proceeding through a passage thirty feet long they came to a large and lofty room elegantly adorned with stalactites and stalagmites, and draperies around the walls white as snow and hanging in every imaginable variety of graceful folds. Here Jesse again sounded his trumpet; echo repeated the sound on every side. From several passages, leading divers ways from this room, sounds were returned so distinctly and so loud that they could hardly persuade themselves that other trumpets were not sounding in distant cavities of the hill. Entering the widest of these passages at the farther end of the room they found themselves gradually descending 'till they came to a streamlet of pellucid water flowing among stalagmites and flat incrustations resembling ice. This led them now gradually ascending into another spacious and beautiful room. At the farther end two openings presented themselves, one on either hand. They entered that on the left which conducted them under

the higher part of the hill. Pursuing this some twenty yards or more they entered a magnificent room fifty yards long, thirty wide, and twenty high, splendidly decorated with pillars, and draperies, and incrustated floors, all glittering in the torch-light and looking like enchantment.

After they had admired this wonderful sight awhile Jesse again blew his trumpet, and lo! the whole interior of the hill seemed to be alive with voices, first loud and terrible, then softened into tones that sounded musically. Presently all died away except one which soon changed into the melodious tones of a human songstress, softly reverberating through the vast hall, and seeming to play through every part of it. They walked forward, listening to detect the origin of these sweet notes, which were evidently not the softened echoes of the trumpet. As they advanced the sounds grew louder and more distinct, yet they could not conjecture whence they came. Their eyes soon lit upon a splendid show of drapery by the wall on the left, near the mid length of the hall. Immense sheets, folding over one another, and glittering white, hung from the ceiling to the floor. Here the music seemed to be most melodious. On approaching they imagined that these thin stony curtains formed the heavenly tones, for they seemed to quiver and be alive with them, and the notes sounded as if they issued from within and to be the combined product of a hundred folds of these delicate sounding boards.

George was alarmed and begged that they should retreat from this magic cave. But Jesse refused and told him that such sweet music could not proceed from an evil being. In a few minutes it ceased, and George plucked up courage enough to follow his conductor into a passage at the end of the hall. This was at first so low that they had to stoop, and so narrow that they could not go abreast. Presently it grew larger and became rather steeply ascending. It turned more to the left as it ascended, and finally contracted again to a narrow way as it entered a beautiful room, not adorned with stalactites like the others, but dry and snug.

Two things were remarkable in this room: first an opening like a window, admitting light through the side opposite to the entrance. And secondly, evident signs that the room had been occupied by a human being. There were marks of fire, stains of grease, and some chisselings about the window, to give it a more regular shape. But except some coals and scraps of things, of no value, there was nothing to indicate that any person had lately occupied the place, or was now occupying it. On looking out they saw that this was the hole in the cliff through which the smoke had been observed to issue during the cold weather of the last winter.

They soon left this room and retraced their steps to the large hall. In passing through it they per-

ceived a passage on the right near the farther end. Entering this Jesse again blew his trumpet. After the echoes died away, they heard a few sweet notes of the same music which they had heard before, and only a few. They soon entered another room with two passages leading from it. They took the one on the left which brought them directly to the first room which they had entered. Rejoicing at this they went forthwith to their ladder. Here three blasts of the trumpet notified their safe return to the watchers outside. Jesse used the cord which he had carried with him to fasten the head of the ladder securely to a large stalagmite that was near. Then descending they soon loosened the boat; and letting the ladder hang they emerged into the outer world three hours after they had launched their boat into the watery cavern.

Great was the astonishment of all at the narrative of their adventures; yet to the sorrow of all it did not solve the mystery.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.

That evening Dr. Heilbrun called and sat three hours with the family. After hearing the story of the cave, and expressing his admiration of its splendor, and his intention to explore it, and if possible to clear up the mystery of its music, he began a conversation which seemed to have been premeditated. He first informed Mr. and Mrs. Steinbach that the wicked relations of Jesse Ballery had left the country with the intention of going to the Missouri Territory. When they were tried for horse stealing the legal evidence was insufficient to convict them, though few doubted their guilt. About twenty of their neighbors then went to their dwelling in the mountain, and told them that if they would leave the State they should be supplied with funds to pay their travelling expenses; but that if they refused they might calculate on being punished by Lynch's law. Two of them had run away when the rest were apprehended for horse stealing, and had not returned. The rest had set off the preceding day for the far west.

Having given this welcome information, Dr. Heilbrun began to speak in praise of Jesse, whom he declared to be, in his opinion and in that of nearly all the country, one of the finest young men in Shenandoah, both morally and intellectually. "It is becoming the general opinion," said the Doctor, "that Lizzy's disappearance has been caused somehow by her attachment to Jesse. In fact, some begin to say openly, that you secretly sent her to Pennsylvania again, that she might be separated from Jesse, and they say that you are wrong in opposing the match, for that you will never find a son-in-law elsewhere equal to Jesse. Of course

they are wrong in their conjectures about your having sent her away; but if you would not be offended with an old friend for saying so, I would say that when Elizabeth reappears, as she soon will, you ought forthwith to declare your consent to her marriage with Jesse Ballentyne."

To make a long story short, Dr. Heilbrun, who was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Steinbach alone, easily persuaded them to promise that if Elizabeth reappeared she should marry Ballentyne, now that his relations were leaving the country. They began to suspect that the Doctor had some hand in the disappearance of Elizabeth, and that this mysterious affair had some relation to Jesse Ballentyne; but what motive could have actuated those concerned in it, or what end they could propose to effect by the proceeding was as mysterious as the mode and place of Elizabeth's concealment.

The next morning at breakfast, Ballentyne said with a smiling countenance to Mr. and Mrs. Steinbach, that he had had a strange dream: an angel had appeared to him and instructed him how he might guide them to Elizabeth's place of concealment. "If you will come to my room after breakfast (said he) I will conduct you to her; for I have full faith in my dream, and engage in two hours time to restore her to your arms safe and sound. But then you must accompany me to the land of dreams and visions: there we shall find her."

This speech made the old people stare. They feared that he had lost his wits. However, as he appeared to be in earnest, they promised to come to his room in an hour.

When they came he locked the door behind them. His window was closely curtained, and a candle was burning on the table. He unlocked his closet door, brought forth another candle and lit it. Holding one in each hand he asked them to look into the closet while he held the candles over their heads, that they might see every thing distinctly. "You see that there is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this closet," said he: "yet there is a great mystery in it. Stand back a little, if you please, good father and mother, until I unfold its mystery." They stood back seriously afraid that he was crazed. Setting the candlesticks on the floor, and taking a screw driver from his table drawer he applied it successfully to two large wood screws that fastened down the door-sill of the closet—the sill being only an oaken board an inch and a quarter thick. When he removed the loose sill, two rings appeared in the flooring plank. Taking hold of them he lifted up the fore side of a trap-door, which formed the floor of the little closet. All this occupied only two minutes.

"Now," said he, taking up the candles, "look again into the closet." They looked and saw a narrow flight of steps descending from the closet door. "Why how is this," said Mr. Steinbach, "there did not use to be a hole here."

"No," said Jesse, "I struck into it when I dug the cellar deeper to make my floor dry, and I found that it was the entrance to the land of shadows and visions, so I put steps to it for the convenience of descending and ascending. Here, my father," said he, "take this candle and follow me; mother will follow you. Do as I do."

So saying he began to descend, back foremost, on account of the steepness of their stair steps, which lapped over one another. They descended about six feet to a flat rock under the cellar walls, which rested on a rock above. Between was an opening three and a half feet high and fifteen inches wide, leading almost horizontally under the hill at the end of the house. About twenty feet from the foot of the steps the passage widened and rose over head to the dimensions of a small room. Here was a wooden chest, out of which Jesse took two oil cloths formed into hoods to cover the head and shoulders. These he put upon his companions, instead of hat and bonnet, which he deposited in the chest. Thence also he took two long pine torches, and having lit one of them by a candle, and then put the candle into a lantern as a resource if the torch should happen to be extinguished, he said, "now we are prepared for dreams and visions; you have your dream caps on, and I have the vision torch that is to reveal to you this glorious land of shades."

In a few yards they came to a streamlet, the same that George and Jesse had seen in yesterday's exploration.

"Here," said Jesse, "is the spring branch. It tried to get out by the way we came; but finding it uphill business, it squeezed through that crevice there and got out under the kitchen. See what a pretty basin it makes here. You would say it was only four inches deep: it is four times four at least. But let us follow up the stream, you can walk safely on this icy border."

Thus he led them by an easy way to the great hall where the mysterious music was heard the day before. Here he lit the other torch, to make more light. Whilst the old people gazed with wonder at the magnificent sight, and thought themselves in the land of visions indeed, Jesse began to sing. He had a rich voice, and was the distinguished singer of the neighborhood. He sang but one stanza, which he seems to have composed for the occasion.

Melodious Spirit, awake and sing,
Make these arches and curtain ring;
Charm our ears with your spirit-voice,
And make the hearts you love rejoice.

No sooner had the magical echoes of his voice gradually died away in the nooks and galleries around, then they heard the softest and sweetest notes in the world, floating around them, and dying away like angel-whispers. Then after a short pause, a voice clear and full chanted a response to Jesse's stanza, in these words:

To the land of the vision and dream have ye come,
But welcome, dear friends, to my secret home.
Here is peace when it storms above,
Here is a refuge for those who love.

When these lines were finished, the voice ceased and the sweet echoes gradually died away. It was impossible to conjecture whence the voice came. When all was silent again, Jesse led them on to the farther end of the hall, where the passage opened to the left. Here he stopped and sung the following couplet :

Daughter of music, awake again ;
Guide us to thee with another strain.

Immediately they heard the voice, apparently nigher than before, sing these lines :

Hither, ye loved ones, follow the sound,
Soon will she who was lost be found.

"This way," said Jesse, with eagerness ; " follow me."

They followed all in amazement and with palpitating hearts. They had all to stoop as they entered the low passage through which the sounds had evidently come. Presently the passage grew larger and higher. They clambered up a somewhat rough slope, at the upper end of which Jesse left his lantern. They saw passages open, one on the right, then another on the left; but they continued along the main one, until it contracted again and seemed to terminate. Jesse stopped and sang in a low voice :

Daughter of music, where dost thou dwell ?
Cleave us a way to thy secret cell.

The voice which now seemed very near, sounded softly, as if from the face of the rock before them, answering in these words :

Quench thy torch and the day will appear,
The lost will be found and the mystery clear.

He extinguished the torches, and they stood for a minute in pitch darkness and perfect silence ; then suddenly the rock at the end of the passage seemed to cleave open, and the bright sunlight flashed upon their eyes. Jesse requested Mrs. Steinbach to enter first the room before them through which the light shone. She was so frightened at what appeared to be the work of enchantment, that she drew back and said :

"No ! no ! I can't."

"Then look in, Mrs. Steinbach," said Jesse, "and I am sure you will go fast enough."

This was said in such a lively and cheerful tone, that she ventured to look in. Uttering a scream, half in fright and half in joy, at what she saw, she exclaimed—

"It is Lizzy !" and ran in and met her daughter's embrace—and both burst into tears of joy.

The father and Jesse followed, and they all

found themselves in the rock chamber with the window looking out over the river. The entrance to this chamber had been closed by a quilt doubled and hung before it as a blind. It was so much like the rock in color, that the passage seemed to have terminated here, until Elizabeth suddenly drew away the quilt and let the light flash upon the visitor's eye.

The reader may imagine the surprise and the curiosity excited in the minds of the parents at thus finding their daughter well and joyful, yet betraying no little embarrassment, from the consciousness that the explanations that were to follow might not be altogether satisfactory.

We shall wind up the story as briefly as possible by giving the amount in a few words which she and Jesse gave much more at large.

First, then, Elizabeth and Jesse, impelled by indomitable love, had been clandestinely married in Pennsylvania, when she was staying there with her relations, and Jesse had gone, no one knew where. By letter they agreed to meet one evening at the house of a certain magistrate, who for a double fee had agreed to marry them and keep their secret. Elizabeth showed her parents the marriage certificate.

They parted immediately after being married, and did not meet again until Jesse became Mr. Steinbach's steward. But soon it became necessary for Elizabeth to reveal her marriage. They feared as yet to do this, lest Mr. Steinbach should be implacably offended. The discovery of the secret cave by Jesse, suggested this as an effectual hiding place ; and Dr. Heilbrun, a warm friend of Jesse's approved of the plan.

Jesse in laying his new floor in the cellar, secretly contrived the trap door in the small closet. In due time he fitted up the broader part of the passage next that door as a chamber, by stretching blankets across it and laying down some planks for a floor. He furnished it with a small table, a chair, a couch, a large lamp, &c. Having, ever since he was grown, been accustomed to occupy a room by himself, and to shut himself up by night for the purpose of reading, he found no difficulty in making all his secret preparations unobserved.

On New Year's Eve, Elizabeth, instead of going to bed in her room, went into Jesse's after the family all retired, and the next morning early she took possession of her subterranean chamber. As Jesse always locked his room and closed his window curtain, when he went out, Lizzy sometimes occupied his room during a great part of the day. After awhile, the discovery of the dry and pleasant chamber with the window over the river, induced Jesse to fit it with a glazed sash and a small sheet-iron stove, and other needful furniture for his wife's occupancy. Here she could spend her days more comfortably, and be more retired and safe if she should need medical aid. This

need came speedily. The water cave had been discovered, a ladder and a boat provided, so that Dr. Heilbrun could be introduced with perfect secrecy in this way at night.

On the evening of March 10th, Jesse found his wife quite ill. He went out as fast as possible; saddled a horse and galloped to Dr. Heilbrun's—had him on horse-back in ten minutes—galloped back with him to a point on the river a hundred yards below the water-cave, where they tied their horses in a thicket, two hours after dark. Jesse had left the main cavern by the water cave, whence he had taken the boat, and landed it near the thicket. Thus they got unobserved into the cavern. They found poor Elizabeth in great pain and for a week her life was in jeopardy. The Doctor staid with her until the following night; Jesse having disposed of the horses, by turning the Doctor's loose to go home, and putting his own in the stable, before day. The day being Sunday, Jesse shut himself up in his room;—that is, he locked the door, and staid most of the day with his wife. The next night the Doctor returned home and brought his eldest daughter to attend on Elizabeth as nurse; his family consisting of two daughters, and a faithful negro man, being all in the secret. In a week poor Elizabeth began to recover; but she suffered awfully within that time, and was not fully recovered until the middle of April. From this time preparations were made for her re-appearance; and the romantic plan already described was adopted.

To explain somewhat those incidents in the great cave, which may yet seem obscure, it may suffice to say, that from the water cave where the boat was kept, there was a near way to Elizabeth's room that had the window, by means of a passage which led through a large room between the great hall and the river. In this room Elizabeth was with her furniture, when George and Jesse visited the cave, and when her father and mother heard her voice in the great hall. The sound of her voice was conducted to the great hall by a passage leading to the drapery that lined the great hall. This was the delicate manifold stone drapery, which had narrow openings between the folds not sufficient to admit a person to pass, or even see through, but giving passage to sounds, and sweetening them in passing by their delicate vibrations.

This great cave had rooms and passages which we have not described and cannot describe. Mr. Steinbach kept it henceforth closed against all visitors, except his own family and Dr. Heilbrun's. Other people heard only vague rumors of it. Most people believed after Elizabeth's re-appearance, that she had returned from a second visit to Pennsylvania.

For several months her marriage with Jesse was still kept secret, in order to let the memory of his vile relations fade away a little. But before

the summer was ended, it was found expedient to publish the fact, for a reason that may be conjectured.

We conclude by saying, that these young people did wrong in the matter of their clandestine marriage. Much trouble and suffering did it cost them. After all, the easiest and safest way is the way of duty. Whatever hardships it may cost, they come first, and the pleasure succeeds and endures. Not so the way of transgression, it is like some liquors, the first taste may be sweet; but then it turns to bitter and becomes bitterer to the end. These lovers would have suffered more, if their fault had not been extenuated by the circumstances.

OPHELIA.

—— O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—*Laertes.*

Fairest creation of the teeming mind,
And plastic hand of Avon's deathless Bard!
How freely gushes from the world's pierc'd heart,
The briny tide of Pity's deepest fount,
Drenching the page that chronicles thy griefs!—

We see thee in the morn of youth and joy,
With bosom bounding to the music vows
Of noble Hamlet; and thy trembling heart,
Woo'd by the summer of his genial smiles,
Opes the sweet blossoms of its earliest love,
Maugre the cold suspicions of thy sire.

But plot and counter-plot in thick'ning maze,
Pregnant with whisper'd hints of crime and blood,
Like sudden cloud, involv'd thy wond'ring mind;
Nor from its shrouded secresy, vouchsafed
One friendly *wherefore* to thy tortur'd thought
On father murder'd, and thy love estrang'd.
Alas! the agony of keen suspense,
And the soul-sick'ning pangs of hope deferr'd,
O'ertasking Nature, wrought a bitter cure!
More piteous 'tis, to hear thy crippled wit
Essay in scraps, the story of thy woes,
Than wholesome Reason, in his order'd speech.
O what a world of mangled sweets fell forth,
From the crush'd casket of thy virgin heart!—

There stands th' ungrateful willow that betray'd
Thy trusting footsteps to the death below;
Waving its weeping and repentant boughs,
But all too late;—there speeds the noisy brook,
As all regardless of the harm it did;
And in its babbling triumph, bearing off
The flow'ry trophies of the lovely slain.

But newly rescued from the flood, thy form,
In peace, reclines upon the grassy bank;
Whose velvet herbage with a pitying kiss
Greets the pale cheek; the freighted robe that strove
In vain, to save thee with its buoyant aid,
Now, in its weeping grief, with strict embrace
Claims the cold treasure of thy lifeless clay.
Like the drench'd streamers of the fated bark,
Hugging the mast, thy clinging locks entwine
With wild and humid wreaths, the marble neck.
The wave hath wash'd life's color from thy cheek,
But stamp'd the lily of repose, instead.

Calm now, the tumult of that troubled breast,
And quench'd the fever of thy hapless love.
If, from the placid brow, and look serene,
Our mortal meditations might divine
Thy gentle spirit's whereabouts,—it soothes
Heart-breaking sympathy, to trust thou art
"A ministering angel" in the courts of Love.

Death's icy arms may hold thee; but Decay
His minion, shall forever stand aloof;
Genius' embalming hand, hath o'er thee pass'd;—
Eyes, yet unopen'd in the future night,
Shall gaze upon thee, as thou liest enshrin'd,
Unmould'ring Beauty in th' embrace of Death.

Charlotte, Va.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

No. III.

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH, COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.

The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its Contents torn out
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms
Yet the work itself shall not be lost
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new
And beautiful edition
Corrected and amended
by
The Author.

FAVORITE VERSES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"The dews of Summer night did fall,
The moon sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby."—*Mickle.*

In Rome that vast caravansary all is foreign, even the
Romans seem to live there not like its possessors but
like pilgrims who repose among its ruins.

Madame de Staël.

We never live—we only hope to live.—*Pascal.*

Man never is—but always to be blessed.—*Pope.*

COLD IN CANADA.

The cold descends from the upper regions of the at-
mosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon
the head and shoulders from a jug.—*Sir Francis Bond Head.*

OF BURKE.

His imperial fancy laid all nature under tribute and col-
lected riches from every scene of the creation and every
walk of art.—*Robert Hall.*

THE VATICAN.

In those silent halls are assembled Gods and heroes,
while beauty in eternal sleep seems dreaming of herself.

Corinne.

With this my love doth come to you
My love it is both sure and true
And eke the same likewise also
Unto your household it doth go.

Rowland Hill.

Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip,
Sometimes behold we ship a sea,
Sometimes we see a ship.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

If you fix him at court he will never bend; if you send
him to the bar and his clients are rogues, he will throw up
his brief; if you enlist him under government and he think
you wrong he will oppose.—*De Vere.*

The most gifted men that I have known have been the
least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes.—*Sharp.*

CHATEAUBRIAND AT SPARTA.

Profound silence reigned around; determined to make
echo speak where the human voice is no longer heard, I
shouted with all my might, Leonidas! Leonidas! No voice
repeated the great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have
forgotten her hero.

The best governments are always subject to be like the
fairest crystal, wherein every icicle or grain is seen, which
in a fouler stone is never perceived.—*Lord Bacon.*

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder
rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from
the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou
lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more—whether
thy yellow hair flows on the Eastern clouds, or thou trem-
blest at the gates of the West.—*Ossian.*

There is no saying shocks me so much, as that which I
hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his
time.—*Cowley.*

I hope it is no infringement on better things, that my taste
for humor and a sort of sensible nonsense, is no whit di-
minished.—*Hannah More.*

The stag roused from his lair, shakes his dappled sides,
tosses his beamy head, and conscious of superior agility
seems to defy the gathering storm.—*Hervey.*

The time will come, when three words uttered with char-
ity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward,
than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharp-
ness of wit.—*Hooker.*

The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew;
Her eyes had a poetic glow—
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow,
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders symmetry.—*Campbell.*

Man may plough the earth and cut his way through mountains or contract rivers into canals, for the transport of his merchandise, but if his fleets for a moment furrow the Ocean, its waves as instantly efface this slight mark of servitude, and it again appears such as it was on the first day of its creation.—*Corinne*.

C. C.

CONNECTION BETWEEN THE QUALITIES OF A GREAT COMMANDER AND A GREAT STATESMAN.

It has often been made a question how far splendid military success indicates qualification for civil administration. To no people under the sun can this be a more interesting question than to ours. At all times, and in all countries, the populace has been more dazzled by a military reputation than any other, and even persons of the most cultivated intellect, of the coolest judgment, and most refined sensibility, have not been proof against its fascination. But in these United States, whose true policy is peace, there is an absolute and an increasing mania about military heroes. The war of the Revolution furnished one military President, (if he who was greater in peace than in war, can properly be called military,) two distinguished in the war of 1812 have filled the presidential chair, and how many Mexican heroes will rise to that eminence, it is now hard to foresee, but we may safely predict that there will be several.

The military tendency, therefore, "has increased" and "is increasing;" we propose to inquire whether it "ought to be diminished."

It is easy to account for the popularity of the hero, especially with the unthinking multitude. His achievements are not only more brilliant, but more palpable, and apparently more substantial than those of the orator, legislator, judge, or diplomatist. If he has distinguished himself in defensive warfare, his countrymen feel all the gratitude due to one who has preserved their rights, their property, and perhaps their lives. No reasoning nor persuasion can make them sensible of equal obligation to those who have done them equal or perhaps greater service, by calm legislative, diplomatic or executive wisdom, industry, and sagacity.

If his military genius has shone forth in a war of aggression, he will excite the admiration even of those who consider the war itself as unauthorized by any principle of justice or expediency. This has been strikingly exemplified in the war which has just closed; many have forgotten what they themselves regarded as its unjust commencement in its brilliant successes, and all have united in pœans to our victorious commanders.

But with writers of the modern peace school, who

have seen and lamented this propensity, the tendency has been exactly opposite, and, we suspect, has been carried to excess. Their objections to heroes are partly intellectual and partly moral. As Tacitus says: *Credunt militaribus ingeniis subtilitatem deesse, quia castrensis jurisdictio secunda et obtusior ac plura manu agens, calliditatem fori non exerceat*. The philosophic Burke, on the other hand, has remarked that an habitual exercise of this very *calliditas fori* disqualifies for liberal and comprehensive statesmanship. However that may be experience proves that there are few if any instances in which military genius of the highest order is combined with political incapacity. A great general may sometimes have lived so exclusively in camps as to be ignorant of the forms of political business. But while he may not understand, and may be inclined to despise technical minutiae, the same intuitive practical sagacity which has made him a great commander, will soon render him master of every thing essential to a successful administration.

He never refines, nor speculates, nor hesitates, but is always decided, energetic, and practical. His character must contain all the elements of administrative talent. He may be neither a Milton, a Bacon, nor a Demosthenes; but he must possess that wisdom of action far more important to a statesman than imagination, or philosophy or eloquence.

His acquirements and qualifications are not limited to the narrow sphere which some imagine. Tactics, fortification, gunnery and engineering may be acquired, and thoroughly acquired by men of limited intellect, utterly incapable of enlarged views either in war or peace. But these bear about the same proportion to all the accomplishments of a great leader which orthography and geography do to a complete education. It is not enough that he should know how "to set a squadron in the field" to plant or point a cannon, or throw up a fortification *secundum artem*. All these things he must do, but he must not leave others of far greater moment undone. He must not be a military pedant, who, like General Braddock, imagines that Indian savages must be encountered, as Marlborough met the French at Blenheim, or like the old Hungarian, who accused Bonaparte of gross ignorance, because he attacked in front, flank or rear, as circumstances and his own genius prompted. He must not only be perfectly acquainted with the resources and character of the nation to which he belongs as well as of the country in or against which he is warring, but capable of making that knowledge available in every emergency. He must study the finances, the agriculture, the commerce and manufactures of his enemies, their history, their relations with other nations, their peculiar genius, and the means by which, as the case may be, they can be inspired with terror, or soothed into submission or accommodation. He must not only possess ever ready information

on all these subjects, but, above all things, must thoroughly and instinctively understand individual men. It was Montecuculi, I believe, who discovered the death of his opponent Turenne, by the movements of his army after his fall, so completely had observation made him acquainted with that hero's style of manoeuvring. While a consummate general may sometimes be able to do this, it is essential that he should know how to choose his own subordinates and agents with the unerring sagacity of a Washington or Bonaparte. He must know what chord to touch in the bosom of his soldiers, whether it be his object to excite or sustain enthusiasm, or to rebuke insubordination or misconduct. No army can be made thoroughly efficient without addressing to it other motives beside fear of punishment. These motives may be very different, or greatly modified in the Russian serf, the Prussian automaton, the impulsive Frenchman or the free American.

These considerations show the great mistake of those who suppose that a commander has none but physical obstacles to overcome, none but physical force to resist. Moral influence must often be applied, and applied with a master hand to sway the minds of his own soldiers and citizens, as well as of his enemies. He may not be able to theorize about human nature; but what is far more important for all practical purposes, he will know how to sway and bend it to his will.

He will be a tyrant, but a tyrant like Queen Elizabeth, who knows how and when to yield, and when to be inflexible. In his character must be combined dignity, suavity, familiarity, and energy, securing at once the respect and affection of his soldiers. He will usually possess that plain and manly eloquence, which disdaining rounded periods and rhetorical ornaments, carries away the judgment and feelings by its soul-stirring power.

With all these qualities and attainments, he cannot fail to be an able negotiator. In modern times the diplomatic talents of Marlborough were no less celebrated than his military; and there can be little doubt that the blunt energy and far-reaching sagacity of Napoleon, had his mind been never intoxicated by success, would have been an overmatch for the finesse and insinuation of Talleyrand.

But high military genius may often be combined with all the patience and art of Talleyrand, as in the case of Philip of Macedon, who might well have afforded to despise the philippics of Demosthenes, while undermining the Athenian power not more by arms, than negotiation. Who can suppose that Cicero, with his high genius, and great knowledge and experience, was a match in negotiation for the unhesitating energy of the usurper Cæsar? Indeed the empire of Rome could never reached so vast an extent, had not its conquering generals been also skillful diplomatists.

It will be perceived that these remarks apply

only to a general of the first order; it is by no means contended that a good general of division like Ney, or a dashing cavalry officer like Murat must necessarily be an able politician or negotiator.

The moral objection to military men is far stronger and better grounded than the intellectual. Their faults stand side by side with their excellencies. Military experience, while it gives decision, is almost certain to impart an arbitrary tone to the character. Military statesmen will not only refused to be shackled by forms in cases of real emergency, but will often unnecessarily violate principles essential to true liberty. Delays are sometimes dangerous; but they are often, as has been truly said, the necessary price of freedom. One accustomed to the *secura jurisdictio* of a camp will strike a great blow for natural safety or reform more promptly and effectually, than a mere civilian; but on the other hand a wrong and dangerous blow is more to be dreaded from him.

The man who has been accustomed to justify summary measures on the plea of *salus exercitus*, will too often allege that of *salus populi*, when his own passions are excited, or his interests are at stake. He will also be prone to exaction, unreasonably expecting civil subordination to be as strict and complete, as military.

Familiarity with war has certainly a tendency to harden the heart; yet soldiers are not only brave and generous, but often distinguished for kindness and humanity: and even if it were otherwise, unrelenting harshness and severity are not the qualities to be dreaded in a statesman of this age and country.

Paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheless certain, that a military President will be less apt to involve us in war, than one who has been always devoted to civil affairs. A great change must take place in our customs, before the President can be expected to lead our armies in person. He must now consider an election to that office an end of active military service, and must in case of war, be contented with directing its operations. This will scarcely be an object of ambition to one who has shone on the battle-field, unless we can conceive Bonaparte satisfied with the station of Carnot, or General Jackson with the War Department.

Our national experience seems to coincide with this reasoning. Our only two wars, since our independence, have been commenced under the auspices of Presidents by no means distinguished for military prowess. Civilians, who have never witnessed the havoc and sufferings of war, will be far more apt to vapor above national honor and invincibility, and swallowing whole continents without indigestion, than the tried warrior who is reposing on his laurels. Such expedients are not unfrequently resorted to for the purpose of flattering

national vanity, and sustaining a sinking popularity.

But there is another aspect in which the election of a military President is exceedingly objectionable. It encourages the belief that military distinction is the surest passport to popular favor, and thereby stimulates the aspiring to promote war, as a means of winning those verdant laurels which so much delight the verdant multitude. This is a great, and we fear a pressing evil. The Anglo-Saxon love of land, stimulated into intensity, in the case of the officers, by the hope of fame and office on the return of peace, may convert us from a peace-loving nation, such as Washington desired us to be, into a horde of modern Romans. We may forget our wrong-doing in the idea that our sway is always beneficent and salutary; but when put in words, it is in the form of the old Jesuitical maxim, "the end justifies the means." Every thing which encourages this disgraceful, and we fear, fatal tendency is to be resisted as in the last degree pernicious.

There may indeed be exigencies in which the selection of a military chieftian is an alternative to be preferred to something worse. We have freely conceded that military genius of the highest order implies civil talent of no mean stamp, and that the practical sagacity and unhesitating energy of a soldier, may often cut the Gordian knot at which the trembling fingers of a politician have long been in vain fumbling. But a second or third rate general will have all the faults without the recommendations of a great commander, while both may usually be expected to be arbitrary and overbearing; and what is far worse, the glitter of a general's uniform will acquire additional brilliancy in the eyes of those who see that it is often converted into the robe of civil power.

The entire exclusion of military chieftians from high political office would be a narrow and illiberal principle. Yet it cannot be denied that their frequent or incautious elevation must prove highly dangerous.

A CIVILIAN.

TO PYRRA.

Hor. 1. 5.

O, Pyrrha, say, what slender boy
Of those whose locks sweet odours lave,
Embraces thee so fair and coy,
Amid the roses of a cave?
For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair
Flowing and free from jewels rare?

Alas! how often will he weep
Thy faithless love, thy broken gage
And trembling gaze upon the deep
Where waves roll high and tempests rage!

What simple youth enjoys thy charms
And clasps thee willing in his arms—

Who, ignorant of the changeful wind
That lashes the inconstant sea,
With fond reliance hopes to find
A heart forever true in thee?
Unhappy he whose eyes behold
Thy charming face, thy locks of gold.

Behold upon the sacred wall
My garments dripping from the wave,
A votive gift they speak to all,
Of safety from a watery grave,
Yet more than from the cruel sea
They tell of my escape from thee!

Eon, Nov. 12, 1847.

ADVENTURE AND SCENERY

IN THE

FAR SOUTHWEST.

Who does not love to hear the Hunter's tale
Of marvellous adventure? tho' oft repeated;
Yet with wonders new, and pleasing fantasy,
It strikes upon the ear, when idly seated 'round—
The camp fire's mellow light.—*Anon.*

In travelling over those lonely wilds,—denominated prairies,—which constitute a peculiar feature of the Western country, the tourist after many hours of weariness, where nought but sky and plain has greeted the vision, will find himself at last entering a flowery grove, which clothes the summit of an elevated mound, where the jessamine, the orange, and the myrtle pour forth the incense of nature. This oasis of the prairie, receives the name of Island, from the vast expanse of water which covers the low grounds in the rainy season, and adjacent thereto is usually to be found, some great sink or natural depression, forming a grand reservoir during the dry months, where the finny tribe sport in antic gambols, and the water fowl glide in great numbers.

It is to one of these spots, situated in the Lacasine prairie of Louisiana, that we would direct the attention of the reader. This spot, from its predominant natural growth, has been termed by the Creole population, *Isle Orange*, and surely if there is a place on earth entitled to the name, it is the verdant elevation to which we refer, covered with an immense grove of orange trees, intermingled with the wild grape. The sun was declining in the Western horizon, as our party, quitting the monotonous prairie route, began the ascent of that natural mound, so gradually tapering to its summit, as scarcely to be realized, until having attained its utmost height, a boundless view over that vast ex-

panse presented the day-god sinking to his nocturnal couch. At the base, on the Western side, lay a silvery sheet of water of considerable extent, so calm in its mirrored tranquillity, that not a ripple seemed to mar its surface, and in the crystal depths, myriads of fish could plainly be discerned in calm repose, mayhap, like some stealthy reptile of an every day world, quietly waiting beneath that covert of inaction to dart upon their unsuspecting prey. The gigantic magnolia, then in full bloom with its large lily white flowers, the knarled live oak, from which sprung pendant, the silvery moss, intermingled with the green mistletoe, and the fragrant orange tree, with its yellow blossom, and green and golden fruit in continuous bearing, formed a vast canopy over head. As the evening dew settled upon the flower, the perfume was oppressively sickening to the senses, compelling both man and beast, to seek the open space on a rocky headland, rising perpendicular from the lake, in which were reflected the glittering stars of the firmament. There is a simplicity and beauty in the development of nature's works, which the artistic power of man can never imitate, and we gaze upon the placid lake, surrounded by a luxuriant growth of vegetation, or the purling rivulet as it courses through some pleasant valley, with a feeling akin to reverence. Who can wonder at the wild vagaries of the superstitious Grecian, investing the glen and the grotto, the fountain and streamlet with fancied divinities, to whom in his simple religion of nature, adoration was paid; that the mountain nymph, the naiad, and the faun, found each an appropriate niche, in the mystical temple of his heathen mythology? The peculiar circumstances connected with our past condition as contrasted with the present, the legend associated with the spot, the autumnal season, and the grey-lit hour, all tended to induce a meditative spirit, bringing with it a train of fanciful creation. We had but recently escaped from imminent danger upon the prairie, owing to an influx of the waters from the Gulf of Mexico,—as described in a previous number,*—which threatened destruction by the careering element, and now, after passing through a sterile waste devoid of vegetation, we found ourselves transferred to a paradise of sweets, where the grazing dun deer invited the sportsman's rifle, and the placid lake abounding in fish of every variety, the skillful display of the angler's rod. Thus is human life! At one moment tossed upon the sea of adversity, where the tempest of passion, or the storm of penury throws its mad waves over its victim, and anon, the genius of fortune rescues the sinking wretch, with hopes confirmed, of brighter prospects in the future.

Following this train of reflection, fancy led the mind back to a not far distant period, when this

isolated spot had been the resort of one, whose adventurous career upon the Ocean struck terror to the mariner's heart, and sealed the fate of richly freighted argosies, and whose deeds of savage daring have formed the burden of sea romance. Here in years gone by, the bold buccaneer, Lafitte, found a temporary respite from the bustling scenes of maritime life, when throwing off the duties of command over a dissolute crew, to whom his word was law, who

No flag acknowledged, when unfurled his own;
The sea his empire, and the deck his throne,—

he sought amidst this quiet seclusion relief from worldly cares, and resigned himself to the arbitrary *abandon* of Love. Strange phase of humanity, where the extremes of passion reign predominant! At one moment, warring with his fellow man, thirsting after blood and treasure, upon the boundless deep; the next, we find him wrapt in the bond of servitude, where the kindest feelings of human nature are developed, and amidst this elysium, paying adoration to woman; like Byron's Corsair;

Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

The cottage which he had erected was still standing at the period of our visit, although in a very dilapidated state, beautifully situated in a grove of myrtle trees, around whose trunks the ivy and the sweet brier had clung in rich profusion. Some lofty sycamores, in leafless form, rose up towards the sky, like grim skeletons of the past, mourning over the scene of departed pleasure.

The only occupant of the Island was a Spaniard by the name of Cosito, who, with his Indian wife, had resided unmolested in that quiet seclusion for twenty years, cultivating a small patch of corn, the produce of which, together with the chase, supplied all their wants: presenting one of the most marked cases of life in a state of nature, that has ever fallen under the writer's notice. In the life of the savage, we frequently meet with a similar condition, but their association in clans from a community of interest, frequently leads to petty jealousies that mar domestic happiness. A constitutional desire for warlike sports, induces foray on neighboring tribes, and continual feuds with each other, while ambition in the chief, to rise superior to his fellow brave, naturally brings on disquietude of mind.

From early boyhood, Cosito had led an adventurous life upon the stormy main. Forced into servitude, he had remained under the Pirate Lafitte, until the closing scene of his operations in the Gulf of Mexico, when he rendered essential service with his leader to the American arms at the battle of New Orleans, for which they, together with other of their comrades, received from the President of the United States a full pardon for past offences.

* July, 1841.

From Cosito's statement, it would appear that at an early age he had been entrusted by his father, in his dying moments, to a messmate, who for some crime committed against the laws of his country, fled to the rendezvous at Berwick's bay, and joined the band of Lafitte, taking the boy Cosito with him. Here Cosito gradually rose from the capacity of a cabin servant to the post of clerk on board the vessel the piratical chieftian commanded. Once in that employ, his services could not be dispensed with, nor would it have been prudent for their own personal safety to permit his discharge, however willing he might have been to relinquish his position. Many were his attempts to escape from bondage, but without success. From long and intimate association with Lafitte, he had formed a much higher estimate of his character than has been generally received. Many instances of chivalrous daring and high toned humanity were related by Cosito to the writer, which, if correctly stated, would materially change the prevailing opinion with regard to that desperate adventurer. It would appear that in the onset of his career, revenge for a personal injury to one whom he deeply loved, by a fiend in human form, was the cause of his breaking the bonds of society, and prosecution by the government for the death of one high in power, induced him to organize a band for greater aggression. Once committed to that association, it seemed almost impossible for him to break the tie, although many efforts had been made on his part so to do, one of which, as given by Cosito, and treasured up in memory, we deem worthy of narration.

It was a dark foggy night, when, in the latitude of Cape St. Antonio, a distant cannonade was heard by the crew of the vessel which Lafitte commanded, and the bold Buccaneer, believing it to be in part from one of his own squadron, then on the track of a homeward bound merchantman, ordered all sail to be immediately set to join the rencounter. On approaching the combatants, he found his anticipations fully realized, and the deck of the merchantman filled with the men of the piratical cruiser. Lafitte soon stood amidst the scene of carnage. His presence caused a cessation of hostilities, and by the light of a battle lantern, the delicate form of a female was seen extended over the body of an aged man. The lady was soon transferred to the cabin of his own vessel, and by the application of proper restoratives, aroused from the swoon into which it appeared she had fallen, on the death of her father. When consciousness was entirely restored, and assurances from Lafitte in regard to her personal safety were confirmed, her history was soon related. She was the only child of a Spanish merchant, who had accumulated a large fortune in Mexico, and they were returning to their native land, when by the capture of the vessel she lost at once her venerable parent and all worldly possessions. It was stated to Cosito by the priest—whom, with

strange inconsistency, Lafitte always carried in his vessel—that the latter offered to land her at one of his numerous depots on the Gulf, and to ensure her a safe transport to her friends, at any point she might designate, with a sufficient amount of money to render her comfortable. But from one of those strange and mysterious incidents, connected with the bye plots of human existence, the proposition, greatly to the surprise of Lafitte, for reasons hereafter apparent, was instantly rejected.

It would seem that some months previous to the date of our story, Lafitte, in the disguise of a French nobleman, had visited Vera Cruz, for the purpose of ascertaining the period of departure from that port of homeward bound vessels, and the nature of their cargoes, as was his usual custom before an attempt at capture. While at a public ball in that city, his affable manners and pleasing exterior, won the regard of Senorita D—. This regard soon ripened into love, and the ardor of Castilian's affection, when once developed, need not be described; it is the soul of her existence.

His sudden departure prevented a second meeting, but the acquaintance of that night was not soon to be forgotten, and passion unrequited preyed so strongly on her mind, that a severe illness ensued, which hastened the departure of her father to a more genial climate, for the restoration of her health. Her emaciated form at the time of the capture was not recognised by Lafitte, but with her that noble mien, and the sparkling fire of the eye, could not be mistaken. Unconscious of the character of him who had preserved her from brutal outrage, and perhaps death, with that intensity of passion which had haunted her day dreams and night visions, through many a weary hour, she vowed never to leave him. On the arrival of Lafitte at Barataria, his principal rendezvous, with his vessel, it is said he was united to her in the bonds of wedlock by his chaplain, in the presence of a number of his principal officers. Be this as it may, they immediately proceeded in a well manned barge up one of those numerous bayous which indent the coast, and through the outlet of the lake we have described, entered its placid waters. On this Island a comfortable dwelling had been erected some years previous by the orders of Lafitte, where he had sought frequent relaxation from the bustle and turmoil of his arduous command, and here it was his intention to have spent the years of life's decline. But fate had willed it otherwise. He was destined for nobler deeds of action, in sustaining the cause of Liberty and a nation's rights.

Having resigned the command of his vessel, with the intention of making that resignation permanent, amid the peaceful shades of this rural retreat, months of unalloyed happiness went by, in the society of his fascinating Leonora. All communication with his vessel had been cut off, except through the agency of Cosito, in corres-

ponding with his principal officer, to whom alone the secret of his retreat was known. But murmurs and discontent arose among his crew at the protracted absence of their commander, and although repeatedly urged to return, the Rover showed no disposition to abandon the quietude of his Paradise, for the society of his companions. A melancholy circumstance alone determined his future course, in the loss of his beloved, after a brief period of their union—she dying of some grievous malady—and in her death all hopes of reformation being quenched by that bitter anguish which he thought could only be allayed amidst exciting scenes. Again we find him treading the deck of his vessel in quest of adventure, until the closing scenes of the last war with Great Britain presented the opportunity of serving the cause of the United States in preserving the Crescent City from ravage. Whether he again revisited that pleasant retreat, associated with so many fond recollections, is not positively known.

The rustic cottage was sinking beneath decay at the time Cosito revisited it, but with some little repair it was made habitable until another residence more simple and unadorned by art could be constructed as his future abode, for here, like his bolder comrade, he determined to seek that repose which an association with the world, having the brand of Cain upon his forehead, could never furnish. At the period of his return, a small band of the Lepun tribe of Indians had formed a settlement on the opposite side of the lake, which was entirely a prairie country, for the purpose of hunting and fishing. With these people he soon became intimate, and from them he selected a beautiful young girl for his wife, who ever remained faithful to him. Shortly after that event, the small pox appeared among the Lepuns, producing much mortality, and causing a dispersion of the tribe, although every year some portion of them revisit the lake, and at the period of our sojourn, were then on their annual camp fishery, to lay up stock for the coming winter. During our stay we were frequently visited by them. We were informed by Cosito, that they had become very dissolute since his first acquaintance with them, and it is probable that the extension of civilization in its westward march, engrafted all our vices upon them, without any of our virtues.

Within the entire range of rural scenery, either in Europe or our own country, a more lovely spot cannot be found than this residence of Cosito; but his previous wanderings having been confined to the vast expanse of ocean, without any association with his fellow-beings, either in the narrow streets of cities, or amidst the noisy din of manufactories, and with but a limited education, it was utterly impossible for him to appreciate its beauties. Like the forest inmate, he knew no other mode of existence, and when transferred from the bounding

wave, to the seclusion of his rustic home, one day succeeded another in wearisome monotony, until life had become a routine of never changing incidents. The event of our visit, however, formed a new era in his existence, and many were the tales of wild adventure which he narrated to us and in most of which he was the hero. Our tent had been extended upon the promontory overlooking the lake, the camp fires burned with glowing light, and the silent hour of midnight had long passed, before we could resign ourselves to rest.

We had journeyed far from the bounds of civilization, over a vast extent of prairie country, encountering innumerable dangers, and now having attained a resting place on that spot, which had been the object of our desire, our thoughts were still bent on further adventure. Expectation stood on the mount of promise for brighter prospects, and we longed to hail the coming morn, when the loud halloo would bound across the lake, and the woods resound to the echo of merry voices, rousing the deer from his velvet couch upon the green sward. An incident, that occurred after retiring to rest on the night in question, is fraught with such fearful remembrance, and conveys so practical a lesson, that it is thought worthy of narration. We had been advised by Cosito to keep our horses closely tethered, and to set a relief-guard over them, as straggling Indians were lurking around, watching an opportunity to commit some depredation; which precautions had been duly observed. Scarcely had we composed ourselves to sleep, when the sound of tramping horses, caused me to spring from the hammock, and, with rifle in hand, to sally forth that I might ascertain the cause of disturbance, at this unusual hour.

On proceeding through the grove of orange-trees, in the direction where our horses had been fastened, with the *lariat* to graze, a shrill whistle was heard, and in the faint light afforded by the rising moon, I saw the dim form of a man approaching towards me. Barely aroused from slumber, with the senses not entirely composed to rational reflection, and not supposing that one of our own company was on the same scout with myself, the thought immediately arose, that the advancing figure was a horse thief. Demanding his name, and receiving no answer, the gun was instantly raised to my shoulder, and with finger on the trigger, one moment more, would have found me the inconsolable homicide, but at that instant the peculiar laugh of P., my bosom friend, made him known to me, when only at the distance of ten feet.

Although years have rolled round since that event, yet that laugh still rings upon my ear and bids me remember how uncertain are the issues of our earthly existence, how slight the link between pleasure and sorrow, how narrow the gulf which divides life and death.

But to return from this digression. The servi-

ces of Cosito were called in requisition, and being an expert horseman, he soon brought back the animals from their rambling frolic across the Prairie, when the mystery attending that *stampede*, was fully explained. It seems that P., to whom reference has been made, after refreshing himself with a bath in the lake, before retiring to rest, proceeded to the grazing ground, that he might ascertain whether his servant, who had the first watch, was awake. Finding him asleep, P. had attached an ignited bunch of fire-crackers, to the skirt of his coat. The explosion immediately produced great consternation among the horses, causing them to loosen the pegs to which their respective ropes were attached, from the ground, but it is doubtful whether the alarm of the poor negro, on awaking, surrounded by fireworks, did not exceed that of the horses. With my own fright in the narrow escape from killing poor P., all visions of fancy had vanished, and like the condemned criminal the night previous to execution, a profound sleep overcame the senses, which was only disturbed by the sound of the horn, and baying of the dogs, as our party were proceeding on a deer hunt the next morning.

Thus terminated our first *bivouac*, on Isle Orange, a night fertile in events, which never can be fully eradicated from memory in the dark vista of time, and which forcibly impressed upon my mind the care of a benign Providence, and gave another assurance that

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

C. A. W.

Dallas County, Alabama.

LIFE OF WILLIAM RICHARDSON DAVIE,

GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA,

BY FORDYCE M. HUBBARD.

The above is the title of a work contained in the fifteenth volume of the new series of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks. As in social life, we form our first estimate of the character of an individual, by the standing of the one who introduces him, so in the literary world we frequently make up our first judgment of the merits of a work, from a consideration of those of the person under whose auspices it is presented to the public. In this particular, the Life of Davie has every advantage that could possibly be desired. For surely, no biography of any American citizen, could have a better recommendation than the sanction of Prof. Sparks, who is confessedly better acquainted with the history of the coun-

try than any other living man. Indeed, all his laurels have been acquired by his labors in this particular department. While Prescott and others have expended their genius upon foreign themes, and have thereby illustrated and adorned the annals of distant countries, he has been contented to look nearer home, to explore the rich and almost unappropriated fields of American story, thus conferring upon his country the benefit of his genius. It seems strange to us that this course is not more frequently adopted—nay, that it is ever deviated from, considering the many great original characters, and the many important events which are here presented to the pen of History. But that it is not adopted often is a fact which, though to be lamented, cannot be denied; and one, the pernicious consequences of which are felt more or less in every department of our literature, except, perhaps, the comparatively unimportant one of fiction. For not only must the historian tell you again for the thousandth time, that Brutus killed Cæsar, that the Moors were driven from Spain by Gonzalo, and that Cromwell was Protector of England; but the poet forgetting the soft azure of our own skies, the delicate beauty of our own fair daughters the majesty of our rivers, and the sublime grandeur of our mountains, must prate of Italian skies, of Spanish beauty, of Rhenish majesty, and of Alpine sublimity. This is certainly a great evil, and one which should be corrected. For until this can be done, until American genius can be persuaded to employ itself upon American themes, we must ever plead guilty to the charge of having no characteristic literature of our own. Had Scott sung of the Tiber and the Po, instead of the Tweed and the Yarrow; had Moore composed Italian instead of Irish melodies, they would neither of them have added any thing to their country's literature, nor would they, as they now do, have deserved its gratitude.

Prof. Sparks, we have said, is an exception to the general rule. He is an *American* writer, and as such has achieved for himself a very enviable reputation. As the result of his last effort, we are presented with a new series of biography, comprising fifteen volumes, and making twenty-five with ten volumes of the old series, formerly published under his direction. Of the latter it is scarcely necessary to speak, as it is already well known and established. The former, containing thirty-four lives, includes under the variety of its subjects, Statesmen, Warriors, Philosophers and Founders of States, and covers in its extent a very large portion of our colonial and revolutionary history. Several of these lives were written by Prof. Sparks himself, but the greater number were composed by different individuals, though, of course, subject to his supervision and final approval. One of the great merits of the work is, that the writers seem to have searched into all the sources of informa-

tion, which were accessible, and each life has, therefore, a separate authority of its own.

Independently of the literary pretensions of the work, the character of the persons whose lives are therein commemorated, is sufficient to excite the interest of all who desire to be familiar with the great men of our country. Among them may be noticed Robert Cavalier de la Salle, the first explorer of the Mississippi; Patrick Henry, the prime mover of the ball of the Revolution, and in Mr. Jefferson's opinion, the greatest orator that ever lived; James Oglethorpe, Roger Williams, and William Penn, founders respectively of the States of Georgia, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania—a class of men whom Sir Francis Bacon ranks among the greatest of the great; John Sullivan, Charles Lee, Nathaniel Greene, Benjamin Sinclair, and Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Major Generals of the Revolution, and therefore entitled to the attention of all true patriots; Count Pulaski, the celebrated partisan leader, famed for his heroic devotion to the cause of liberty; Stephen Decatur and Edward Preble, naval heroes, the former of whom “sans peur et sans reproche,” may be called the Chevalier Bayard of America: and William R. Davie, an officer of the Revolution and Governor of North Carolina, whose life is the subject of this sketch.

William Richardson Davie was born in England on the 20th of June, 1756. When but seven years old, he was brought by his father to this country, and was adopted soon after his arrival by an uncle, a Presbyterian divine, who resided in the Waxhaw Settlement, in the State of South Carolina. It may perhaps be necessary to observe here, that Davie himself never resided in the last-mentioned State, until the decline of his years, after he had retired from public service, and that he was not therefore, as some northern writer has styled him, a distinguished *South Carolinian*.

After having passed through the usual preparatory course at Charlotte, N. C., he entered Princeton College, at which institution he received the degree of A. B. When very young, Davie seems to have yielded to the promptings of a patriotic and martial spirit. For while yet a matriculate, we find him serving with the consent of Dr. Witherspoon, the President of the College, as a volunteer in the vicinity of New York, A. D. 1776.

After graduation, he returned to North Carolina and commenced the study of the Law at Salisbury. But very soon we find him again in the service as Lieutenant of a company of dragoons, which at his request was attached to Pulaski's legion. In this corps he rose to the rank of Major, and with it served until the action at Stono. In this action he participated and was wounded. An incident is here related, which almost savors of romance, and which is worthy of being recorded, as it shows that the life must even then have been

deemed valuable, which was so nobly saved by a stranger, at the imminent hazard of losing his own. We quote the language of the biographer:

“In the charge of cavalry which has been mentioned, Major Davie was wounded and fell from his horse. Disabled as he was, he retained his hold of the bridle. While his whole troop, not waiting to meet the enemy and dispirited by the fall of their leader, were in full retreat, a private of another company whose horse had been shot under him, and who was carrying off his saddle, saw the Major standing beside his horse, but unable to mount, his wound having deprived him of the use of his thigh; and though the enemy were within twenty yards, this man placed him on his horse, and deliberately led him from the field. Having brought him to a place of safety, his bold deliverer resumed his place in the ranks, and Major Davie saw no more of him and had no opportunity to evince his gratitude for years.

“At the siege of Ninety-six, some two years after, at which Davie was present as Commissary-General to the southern army, on the morning of the attack, a stranger came to his tent and introduced himself as the man at Stono. The hurry of preparation for the assault, allowed but a moment for recognition and thanks, and the soldier left him, promising, if he survived the dangers of the day, to visit him again. This was their last interview. The body of his humane benefactor was found among the dead, when the troops were called from their fruitless attempts to storm the fort.”

After having recovered from the effects of his wounds, Major Davie resumed his legal studies at Salisbury, and was soon admitted to practise in the county and superior courts of the State. “But,” in the language of the writer, “his military enthusiasm had not yet abated, and his country seemed to him to demand his services in the camp more than in the court room; and in the winter of that year he obtained authority from the Legislature of North Carolina to raise a troop of cavalry and two companies of mounted infantry. With this force, he protected the southwestern part of the State, from the predatory incursions of the British troops in South Carolina, and secured the well-affected from the dread of the loyalists, who were in great numbers in that region. In this service he was always on the enemy's lines, and the duties to which he was called were no less hazardous than important; and in the practice which they gave him, he rapidly developed those qualities, and acquired those habits, which soon made his name second to that of none of the famed partisan officers of the south.”

This last is an assertion, which, though true, will not perhaps be generally admitted. Why, it will be asked, have we heard so little of Davie hitherto? Why do the inhabitants of his own State, know so little of his history? These questions admit of an easy answer. It is because Carolinians have been untrue to themselves and their fathers. They seem to have forgotten that the actions of the gifted

and the noble should be commemorated in order to encourage an imitation of their example among future generations; or if they have remembered it, they have been too indolent to undertake the task. As they have neglected their own, others, as a matter of course, have imitated their example. And these remarks are not confined to North Carolina. They apply to all the south, except Virginia. When asked to point to our distinguished men who have figured in past times, we stammer hesitatingly forth a few names, which the querist receives with astonishment, and the remark that he never heard of them before. Ask a New Englander the same question, and he will overwhelm you with an all-but countless catalogue. Why is this? It is not because we have not had men of eminence, nor because the "genial and sunny South" is more unsuited to the development of our nobler faculties, than the cooler regions of the north. Our great men have lived, have died, and have been forgotten, because, forsooth, there was no one to tell their story. Well may their shades, contemplating the neglect of their memories upon earth, exclaim with Alexander, while viewing the tomb of Achilles, "Fortunate, fortunate Achilles, to have a Homer to write thy history!"

In the series now before us, of all the thirty-four biographies, only three, we believe, are of southern men; those of Patrick Henry, Nathaniel Bacon, and William R. Davie, for which last, North Carolina can claim no credit, as it was written by a stranger who has recently taken up his abode within her borders, and who has thus assumed the duty of teaching Carolina's sons the history of their fathers. We most earnestly hope that he will continue to perform this duty, and that he will always be as successful, as in the present instance.

To do North Carolina justice, however, we will state, that a historical society has been formed at the University, by many intelligent and patriotic citizens, of which, Hon. David L. Swain, the distinguished President of that institution, is the head. Old Rip is thus beginning to awake from his slumbers. After snoring for half a century, he opens his eyes and sees that his glory is gone and his laurels faded, and is trying to recall the one and to revive the other. So that we may fairly hope, the period is not far distant, when his sons, being asked for the account of his exploits, will not be compelled to make the shameful answer, "there is none."

But to return from this digression. We quoted a passage from the life of Davie, stating that he was second to none of the famed partisan leaders of the south. This cannot be better proved, than by recounting one or two of his deeds. After the conquest of South Carolina was completed, by the surrender of Charleston and the butchery of Buford's detachment by Colonel Tarleton, the British, in order to keep the people in a state of awe and

subjection, established military posts throughout the country. Among others, were those of Hanging Rock and Rocky Mount, near the confines of North Carolina, the former on the eastern, the latter on the western side of the river Wateree. These posts were near enough together to support each other, and as they were the cause of much mischief, by encouraging the loyalists to assemble in large numbers and commit depredations, it became important that they should be reduced. Colonel Sumpter marched to the attack of Rocky Mount, while Major Davie was ordered to make a diversion in his favor at Hanging Rock.

"Major Davie's detachment," says the writer, "consisted of forty mounted riflemen, and about the same number of dragoons. Considering himself obliged to alarm the enemy in their camp, at all events, the same day, he approached the Hanging Rock about ten o'clock; and fortunately, while he was reconnoitring their position to select the point of attack, he received information that three companies of their mounted infantry, returning from some excursion, had halted at a farmer's house, situated in full view of the camp. The house was placed in the point of a right angle, made by a lane of staked fence, the one end of which opened to the enemy's encampment, and the other terminated in the woods. The Major advanced toward the part next to the woods, and as the riflemen were not distinguishable from the loyalists, they were sent round to the other end of the lane, with orders, on gaining it, to rush forward and fire on the enemy. The dragoons were divided, so that one could occupy the lane, while the other half entered the field. This disposition was made with such promptitude and silence, as not to excite the attention or suspicion of the enemy. The rifle company, under Captain Flenchaw, passed the camp sentries without being challenged, dismounted in the lane and gave the enemy a well directed fire. The astonished loyalists instantly fled, and were charged by the dragoons at full gallop and driven back in great confusion. On meeting again the fire of the infantry, they all rushed impetuously against the angle of the fence, where, in a moment, they were surrounded by the dragoons who had entered the field, and were literally cut to pieces. All this was done under the eye of the whole British camp, so that no prisoners could be safely taken. This may account for, and possibly excuse, the slaughter that took place on this occasion, which attached to this party the appellation of the bloody corps. They took sixty valuable horses, with their furniture, and one hundred muskets and rifles. The whole camp beat to arms; but the business was done and the detachment was out of their reach, before they recovered from their consternation. Of course, any interruption, from this quarter, of Colonel Sumpter's operation at the Rocky Mount, was effectually prevented."

Brilliant and effective as was this exploit, it was but one of a number of such, and by no means equals another, recorded in a subsequent chapter, and which we think, in point of courage, coolness and skill, surpasses any thing of which we have

heard. After the defeat of Gates at Camden, the southern army became entirely scattered and dispersed, insomuch, that but very few, if any, remained in the vicinity of the enemy, who dared to make any show of resistance. In this state of things, Davie was appointed by Gov. Nash, Colonel Commandant of the cavalry, in the western district of North Carolina, with instructions to raise a regiment. Having collected but seventy men, he attacked and most signally routed a considerable body of tories, who had been committing excesses, in the neighborhood of Cornwallis's army, and who were under the protection of a regiment of British troops, and almost in its presence. This regiment came to their assistance just as Davie had finished his work, and his corps was retiring in good order beyond its reach. With his little band of patriots, he continued to hover around the enemy, skirmishing with its advanced guards, driving back its foraging parties, and surprising and cutting off such bands of tories as came near him, until, on the night of the 25th of September, at 12 o'clock, he took his station at Charlotte, a village seven miles from Cornwallis's encampment, and towards which that General was advancing. Davie's corps now amounted to a hundred and fifty men.

Our author writes—

“Early in the morning of the 26th, the Colonel's patrols were driven in by the enemy's light troops, and in a few minutes the legion and light infantry were seen advancing towards the turn, followed by the whole army. The village of Charlotte, situated on a rising ground, contained about twenty houses, built on two streets which crossed each other at right angles, and at the intersection of which stood the Court House. The left of the turn, as the enemy came up, was an open common; the right was covered with underwood, which reached up to the gardens. The Colonel was reinforced in the night by fourteen volunteers under Major Graham; and encouraged by so slight an addition to his force, and relying on the firmness of the militia, he was determined to give his Lordship an earnest of what he might expect in North Carolina. For this purpose he dismounted one company and stationed them under the Court House, where they were covered breast high by a stone wall. The two other companies, were advanced about eighty yards, and posted behind some houses and gardens on each side of the street.

“While this disposition was making, the legion was forming at the distance of three hundred yards, with a front to fill the street, and the light infantry on their flanks. On sounding the charge, the enemy's cavalry advanced in full gallop, and when they were within sixty yards of the Court House, the Americans received orders to fire. The fire was given with such effect, that they retreated with great precipitation. As the light infantry behaved with more resolution, and were pressing forward on the American right flank, notwithstanding a warm fire from the volunteers, who were too few to keep them in check, it became necessary to withdraw the two advanced companies, and they were formed in a line with those at the Court House. The

flanks were hotly engaged with the infantry, but the centre were directed to reserve their fire for the cavalry, who had rallied on their former ground, and were returning to the charge. They were again well received by the militia, and galloped off in the utmost confusion in the presence of the whole British army.

“The legion infantry were now beginning to turn the Colonel's right flank, and the companies were drawn off in good order, successively covering each other, and formed in a single line at the end of the street, about one hundred yards from the Court House, under a galling fire, all the while, from the British light infantry, who advanced under the cover of the houses and gardens. Their cavalry soon appeared again, charging in column by the Court House; but on receiving the fire reserved for them by a part of the militia, they wheeled off behind the houses. Lord Cornwallis, vexed to see his troops thus kept at bay, ordered up a reinforcement; and the legion infantry thus strengthened, pressed forward rapidly on both the American flanks; and the ground being no longer tenable by this handful of brave men, a retreat was ordered by the Salisbury road. The enemy followed with great caution and respect for some miles, when they at length ventured to charge the rear-guard. The guard were of course put to flight; but on receiving a fire from a single company, the cavalry again retreated. The loss of the Americans consisted of Lieutenant Lock and four privates killed; Major Graham and five privates wounded. The British stated their loss at twelve non-commissioned officers killed and wounded; Major Hanger and Captains Campbell and McDonald wounded, with about thirty privates.

“This action, though it subjects Colonel Davie to the charge of temerity, and can be excused only by the event, and by its exhibition of that zeal which we are always ready to applaud, furnishes a very striking instance of the bravery and the importance of the American militia. Few examples can be shown of any troops, who, in one action, changed their position twice, in good order, although pressed by a much superior body of infantry, and charged three times by thrice their number of cavalry, unsupported, and in the presence of the enemy's whole army, and finally retreating in perfect order. The British chagrined at this spirited resistance and repeated repulse by a detachment of militia, loudly reproached the legion with pusillanimity; and they excused themselves by saying, that the confidence with which the Americans acted, induced them to apprehend an ambuscade, though surely no manœuvre of that kind could have been seriously expected in an open village and in open day.”

This is the last of Davie's exploits in the field. For soon after he was appointed, at the instance of Major General Greene, Commissary General to the southern army, and to the State of North Carolina. Though this office was very reluctantly accepted by him, and only through the earnest solicitations of Greene, yet did he discharge its duties with his accustomed zeal, energy, and patriotism. For surely it must have required a remarkable development of these qualities to have provided for all the exigencies of an army, then quite nu-

merous, in a State whose finances were not only mismanaged but nearly exhausted, whose territories had been laid waste by the ravages of war, and which was filled, not only with foreign but domestic enemies. The difficulties of this office were greater than we, who live in this age of peace, prosperity, and plenty, can well imagine. Often, in spite of the most unwearied efforts on his part, he was unable to procure the necessary quantity of provisions for the troops, and in one instance at least, an evidence of the poor reward which the richest merit often meets with, he was accused of detaining them improperly. This accusation was coolly repelled by him, and is such as all will now acknowledge to be cruel and unjust. When the whole commissary system was finally abolished by the legislature, he invited that body to an investigation of his accounts, which, having been made, proved entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned.

We next find Colonel Davie engaged in the practice of the Law, a profession eminently congenial with his tastes, and well suited to his powers of mind. Adopting a wide range of studies, and pursuing them with the same untiring zeal and energy which he had exhibited in his country's service, it is no wonder that he soon rose to great distinction. But few years elapsed before his fame, as an advocate, spread throughout all Carolina. Such was the character of his eloquence, and such the confidence which was universally reposed in his success and skill, that, it is said, there was not a criminal case throughout the State, during a period of fifteen years, in which he was not retained as counsel. Judge Murphy, himself a distinguished man, whose opinion is of the highest value, says that "when the subject suited his genius;" as in criminal cases it always did, "he poured forth a torrent of eloquence, that astonished and enraptured his audience. They looked upon him with delight, listened to his long harmonious periods, caught his emotions, and indulged that ecstasy of feeling which fine speaking and powerful eloquence alone can produce. He is certainly to be ranked among the first orators whom the American nation has produced." It is very much to be regretted, that no fair specimen of his eloquence has come down to us, and that his fame in this respect, like that of Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia, depends principally, if not entirely, upon tradition. One of the most prominent marks of the high estimate which his fellow-citizens entertained of his ability and integrity was his election, by the legislature, as a delegate to the convention which met in Philadelphia, A. D. 1787, for the purpose of amending the old Confederation. And, if he did not play as prominent a part in that body as might have been expected, it was because modesty bade him yield to those whose years and experience were greater. He was not, however, a perfectly silent spectator of its proceedings, but addressed it

on several occasions; once, upon a resolution to give the States an equal vote in the Senate, which produced this effect at least, that it caused him to be placed upon the committee to which that subject was finally referred. Having remained in Philadelphia until the adoption of the new Constitution became certain, he returned to Carolina, where the duties of his profession demanded his attention. Although, for this reason, his name was not appended to the Constitution, yet he heartily sanctioned its principal provisions and was always one of its most strenuous advocates. He was a member of the stormy convention which met at Hillsborough, to determine the question of its adoption by his own State, and there acted a conspicuous part. But as the proceedings of that body are not generally known, are in themselves interesting and cannot be better described than they have been by the author, we will give them in his own words.

"The Convention met in the Presbyterian Church at Hillsborough, July 21st, 1788, and consisted of two hundred and eighty members. Among them were the leading politicians of the State, and many men whose learning, eloquence, integrity, and political sagacity, would have won them a high consideration in any deliberative assembly. It became evident, at an early stage of their proceedings, that the enemies of the Constitution were already confident of their majority, and had resolved on their system of tactics. Their policy was to assure the doubtful members of their own party and seduce the wavering ones of their opponents, not so much by a frank discussion of the Constitution which they endeavored to prevent altogether as by the statement of plausible objections. As skilful fencers they avoided every exposure of themselves and left hardly any art of captious disputation untried which might throw its defenders off their guard and put them at a disadvantage.

Accordingly it appears throughout the session that the opponents of the Constitution contented themselves chiefly with questions, often teasing and always *ad captandum*, while almost the whole debate came from its defenders. And their part was nobly performed. Foremost in their number, and the leading spirit in the whole body was the late Judge Iredell, conspicuous for his graceful elocution, for the apt application of his varied learning, his intimate knowledge of the working of schemes of government, and his manly and generous temper. He was supported by a band of able debaters, and able men who were satisfied to follow such a leader, and whom he could fully confide in; Governor Samuel Johnson, always calm, lucid and convincing, and who, though the president of the Convention, shared in its debates also, as they were most of the time in committee of the whole; Colonel Davis, too impetuous to be politic, but adding a peculiar familiarity with the subjects of discussion to his always bold and commanding eloquence; Spaight who had also been a member of the Federal Convention; Archibald McLane, of Wilmington, sensible, pointed and vigorous; and by no means the least among them, General John Steele, of Salisbury, laborious, clear-sighted, and, though

not a prominent speaker, not less serviceable to his friends by his knowledge of men and skilful marshalling of their forces.

"On the other side, as has been intimated, there was much less debate. Yet able men were not wanting there, sagacious in discerning distant evils, and honest and determined in their resistance. There was David Caldwell, a Presbyterian divine from Guilford, shrewd, persevering, and impracticable, as a man of the closet and of theories might well be; Timothy Bloodworth, of New Hanover, resolute almost to fierceness, and almost radical in his democracy; Samuel Spencer, of Anson, candid, temperate, and by far superior to his associate in discussion; and Willie Jones, of Halifax, beyond comparison the most adroit tactician in the convention, and the most influential politician in the state, and who directed the movements of his party with no less skill than success.

"In this body Colonel Davie found ample scope for the exercise of his abilities. He was put on the committee of rules and orders, and that of elections and privileges, the only ones the convention formed. After a resolution to take the question without debate had been refused, and the discussion of the constitution was fairly opened, the first movement of the opposition was made through Mr. Caldwell, who demanded to know how the Federal Convention had dared to style themselves, 'We the people.' The implication, which was designed to be the effective part of the query, was that the convention had exceeded their powers, and, though irrelevant to the merits of the system, was an attack by no means to be despised. It was also a grave charge on the members of that assembly, which Mr. Davie, as one of them, was bound to repel. This he did in a speech of great clearness and precision, as well as force, setting forth the events which led to the proposed confederation of the States, the defects of the old system, and the necessary action of the delegates under the authority which had been given them. It was a discussion in outline of the whole subject before them, and a complete vindication of those who had framed the constitution. With the usual policy, more manly perhaps than discreet, of those with whom he acted, he forebore to take any formal notice of the implication, which his argument effectually crushed.

"No sooner had he taken his seat than the reverend objector, clinging to the advantage which an ungenerous insinuation gave his party, repeated yet more loudly, 'I wish to know, why the gentlemen who were delegated by the States styled themselves, 'We the people?'' He was answered directly, more than once, and still continued his demand, till his own friends, ashamed to hear so often what themselves had so often said, put him down.

"The policy of Jones and of the party on his side was to avoid debate, and often, when the sections were read, which had been most loudly complained of through the State, they would pass them without remark, as if fearing to have the objections, which had answered their purpose out of doors, refuted on the floor of the house. This course compelled the advocates of the convention to suffer it to be rejected without defence, or to take the ludicrous and provoking attitude of replying to alleged faults of the system, which yet had not been objected to in debate. This induced Jones once

to remark derisively, that 'he could put the friends of the constitution in a way of discussing it. Let one of them make objections, and another answer them.' And when they sometimes felt reluctant to reject an instrument of union, with which they seemed unable or unwilling openly to find fault, it is difficult to decide of some of the objections that were made, whether they proceeded from an affected simplicity or a real ignorance. Many of them were doubtless designed merely to annoy and occupy their opponents. If there was craft on one side, there was irritation on the other, and finally bitterness on both.

"Mr. Davie did not address the convention so frequently, or at such length, as many others; but the effects of his eloquence were evidently much dreaded by the other side of the house. He came among them with a high reputation for forensic skill. 'I expect,' said Mr. Porter, 'that very learned arguments and powerful oratory will be displayed on this occasion. I expect that the great cannon from Halifax, (Mr. Davie,) will discharge fireballs among us.' Mr. Davie seems, however, to have felt that they had met for graver purposes than the indulgence of a desire to shine, and to have restrained the natural sallies of his eloquence to an earnest and business-like attempt to secure the great interest then at hazard. His own feelings, too, were irritated by the 'gloomy silence' of his adversaries; and his forebodings of defeat in a cause which he had so much at heart were enough to repress all promptings of vanity.

"Mr. Davie, as one of the framers of the constitution, was of course expected to present and vindicate the views they entertained, and the reasons which induced them to offer to the country the system which was now to be discussed, while others, not members of that body, applied to it the general rules of interpretation, and declared what would be the operation of its principles. His interest in the adoption of the constitution would not allow him to leave any method of persuasion untried; and while he appealed with little success to the spirit of concession, which finally ruled in the counsels of the Federal Convention, he offered to the people of his own state explanations of that instrument, and arguments in its defence, which were worthy of a longer experience, and indicated a high degree of political foresight.

"It is observable that much weight was given, in both the general and state conventions, to considerations touching the future form of government that were purely local or temporary, the mere accidents of the scheme, and that the greater part of those who decided this great question were slightly influenced by what time has shown to be its true merits. The convention of North Carolina was certainly no exception. The want of theoretical perfectness in it determined the judgment of some; and the sense of a partial evil, magnified by jealous fears, swayed the action of many more. The advocates of its adoption, as they had the debate mainly to themselves, had also the best of the argument. The other side, with few exceptions, offered only insinuations and surmises, and taunting questions, and silence. Yet reserve and doubt outweighed logic and eloquence, and when the question was finally taken, the friends of the constitution, the Federalists, as they were called, were outnumbered by one hundred votes."

Davie, for a series of years, was elected to the popular branch of the state legislature by the voters of Halifax, where he resided. In that body he stood without a rival, and his eloquence there, upon all questions of moment, is said to have been irresistible. Many traces of his wisdom as a legislator are to be seen in the statute book, the most prominent of which is the act drawn up by him, for the establishment of the University. Strange to say, this act was strenuously, nay, almost bitterly opposed, by many of the members, and it required the fullest exertion of all his "tact, logic, satire and eloquence," to pass it through. Almost a zealot in the cause of education, and thinking it the duty of all true patriots to promote the dissemination of knowledge among the people, it is no wonder that he put forth his most splendid efforts here. "I was present in the house of commons," says Judge Murphy, "when Davie addressed that body, upon the bill granting a loan of money to the trustees, for erecting the buildings of the University; and though more than thirty years have since elapsed, I have the most vivid recollections of the greatness of his manner and the powers of his eloquence, upon that occasion."

Davie was appointed by President Adams, Brigadier-General of the provisional army, which Congress, in 1798, ordered to be levied in view of the likelihood of a war with France. Soon after, he was elected Governor of North Carolina, by the legislature, but resigned this office before the expiration of the term, having been appointed by Mr. Adams, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to France, in conjunction with Mr. Murray and Chief Justice Ellsworth. His commission was issued June 1st, 1799. It is unnecessary to speak here of the questions which were to be decided by these commissioners, as they are matters of general history. Neither is it important to detail their proceedings, after they met those appointed to treat with them. Suffice it to say, that after many difficulties, articles were finally agreed on, and "mutually signed, under the title of a convention," on the 30th of September, 1800. This event was celebrated with great eclat at Morfontaine, the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, one of the commissioners, on which occasion the First Consul was present, with a numerous and brilliant party.

"General Davie," says the biographer, "found his brief sojourn in Paris very agreeable. His beauty of person and graceful manners, rendered more attractive, perhaps, by a slight degree of *hauteur* which was natural to him, as well as the high rank in which he came, gained him a ready access to the most polished circles of that gay capital, and he soon became a favorite with those whose favor he most highly valued. 'A man of his imposing appearance and dignified deportment,' writes one who was then constantly with him, 'could not fail to attract especial notice and respect, wherever he

went. I could not but remark, that Bonaparte, in addressing the American legation at his levees, seemed for the time to forget that Governor Davie was *second* in the commission, his attention being more particularly directed to him.'"

Soon after his return from France, he retired from public life, and in 1805, removed to his estate in the Waxhaw Settlement, South Carolina, where he spent the remainder of his days.

"In the peaceful duties and enjoyments of this retirement," says the writer, "varied only by the exercise of an elegant hospitality, in which none indulged more generously, and by occasional visits to the scenes of his former activity, when crowds of friends and admirers were always ready to greet his coming, he passed his later years. And when the end came, he met it with the firmness of a soldier, and the composure which comes from the recollection of a life filled with brave, honorable, and useful actions. He died in December, 1820, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. A remembrance of more than ordinary affection is retained of him by those who knew him, and the many monuments of his wise devotion to the public service, will long endear his memory to the State, whose interests and honor he guarded so faithfully and so well."

Thus ended the career of Davie, a man, who, possessing many remarkable qualities, and eminent for his devotion to the cause of virtue, liberty and learning, did not deserve to be neglected so long. This neglect is now compensated, however, by the volume before us, where his various exploits are graphically recorded, and the traits of his character lucidly unfolded, in a style, simple, chaste, classic, and oft-times powerful. All the shifting scenes of an eventful life, are vividly presented to the imagination, insomuch that we cannot help thinking, were we master of the pencil, we could easily commit them to the canvass. The hero moves through them, with the utmost ease and dignity, passing naturally from one to the other, and showing the greatness of his character in all, until at length when he takes his final departure, we feel as if we were separated from one with whom we had been intimately associated, and who had excited our warmest admiration and elicited our most ardent friendship.

We have spoken highly of Gov. Davie, but certainly there are many more whom North Carolina may boast of, and memoirs of whom would make her own name more illustrious. We may mention Richard Caswell, of whom the elder Adams said, that "in the darkest hours of the Revolution, the whig leaders in Congress looked always with hope and reliance to Caswell,"—Gov. Thomas Burke, whose history has some touches of romance,—Gov. Samuel Johnston, a strong-minded, inflexible, honest man,—James Iredell, a justice of the U. States Supreme Court, than whom this country has seen few men, more learned in the law, of more commanding eloquence, or more gentleman-like accom-

plishments and Cornelius Haynett, "the Samuel Adams of the South." These are a few only of the noble spirits who have adorned her annals;—and when we speak of later times, what State might not be proud to number among her sons, Ravenscroft and Gaston?

Notices of New Works.

THE DIPLOMATIC AND OFFICIAL PAPERS OF DANIEL WEBSTER, While Secretary of State. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff street. 1848.

For more than thirty-seven years Daniel Webster has devoted the service of his mind to this Union. For a longer period of time, in the retirement of private life, have his studies been the genius,—the institutions,—the destiny of our country. His has not been the career of the mere politician, who, like the little ephemera on the banks of the river Hypanis, comes to life in the morning, fulfils all the ends of its creation, and dies before night. Far otherwise. He sprang from the loins of a hero, "who through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country,"—who impressed on the minds of his children a deep sense of the invaluable blessings of our form of government, and who dying left them the injunction, (their only heritage besides his good name and his more than Roman—his American virtues,) that they should do all that in them lay to perpetuate the institutions which he had aided in securing. How well Daniel Webster has acted in accordance with that injunction let history record. We propose not, however, to enter upon a sketch of his eventful life. We shall not revert to 1782 to see the New Hampshire boy lying in a rude hut "amid the snow-drifts of that State at a period so early, as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada." We shall not revive the reminiscences of his collegiate course, nor recur to the studious hours then given up to law and literature, which have since repaid with so good an interest the assiduous labor bestowed upon them. We shall not go with him to the bar and hear his respectable master divine the omens of his first appearance with so just a divination. Thanks to a kind Heaven, it is not our province to view the course of Daniel Webster historically,—to point out to the ingenuous youth of America, animated by noble ambition, the virtues that adorn and the faults that disfigure his character. These are the immunities which the grave alone confers. Far, very far distant be the day when any man can claim them.

Still less do we propose to trace his political career, brilliant and successful as it has been. It is no part of our business to introduce party topics, or to discuss party measures, within the pages of the Messenger. We shall say nothing, therefore, of his services in the Senate and the Cabinet, or of the Treaty of Washington, that treaty, which "did something for the suppression of crime, for the true exposition of the principles of public law and security of commerce on the ocean and for the peace of the world." Within the sacred precincts of Literature, the spirit of partizan warfare dares not enter. And when any unlicensed intruder, with strife upon his lips, shall

—wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,

we shall be among the first to thrust him from the place and to cry out against all such, *Procul! O procul este profani!*

In our literary jurisdiction alone, therefore, we shall speak of the *author* of the volume before us.

It has been well remarked that Mr. Webster has done what no poet—no professional writer in this country as yet has been able to do: he has identified himself with localities, consecrated as the places where great events have transpired. No educated man can stand on that rock, which first kissed the foot of the tempest-tossed Pilgrim, filled as his mind must be with the story of their trials, their heroism and their extraordinary character, without connecting the genius of the Puritan's son with all the deeds of the Puritan fathers; nor can he look upon that simple shaft, which rises over the field of Bunker Hill, and revert to the struggle which it commemorates, without recalling, amid the din of contending hosts, the tones of the orator who illustrated its commencement and its completion.

The most prominent characteristic of Mr. Webster's style is the American feeling which pervades it. He is indeed heart and mind wholly American. We do not use this word in the signification given to it by those, who think

There is no world without Verona's walls,
who would make roughness, jealousy, pride of opinion the principal traits of the American character. Mr. Webster, fortunately for our country—for our race, is not such an American as this. Like Halleck's Yankee,

He loves the land because it is his own,
And scorns to give aught other reason why,

but he can, none the less on this account, admire the great country, which, with all its faults, has given us the Habeas Corpus, the Trial by Jury, Equal Laws and free expression of Opinion. And in doing this, Mr. Webster does no wrong to his birth-place. He can revere talent wherever it may be found. He can scorn no good thing, no matter what clime may have produced it. It is in this broad comprehensive sense that Mr. Webster is altogether American.

Another marked feature of Mr. Webster's style, as displayed in his Diplomatic papers, is its massive solidity. And let it be observed that this quality in no degree detracts from its rhetorical beauty. No writer with whom we are acquainted presents so rare a combination of strength and elegance. In the great intellect of Mr. Calhoun we see the most astonishing power of condensation. But in his disdain of the mere fripperies of ornament, he becomes rigid, (to use the simile of the poet,) the shaft is seen lifting its head towards heaven, but no leaves of the acanthus cluster around the capital. In what Mr. Webster writes, we not only feel the force of his logic, but we are charmed by the elegance of his magnificent periods. While ranking with the statesmen of past ages, with the Walpoles and Pitts, as "the pilot that weathered the storm," he must be classed with Bacon and Burke as possessing a perfect mastery over the English language.

We trust the present volume will find a large circulation and will be carefully studied. Its contents are of the highest possible interest—the case of McLeod, the affair of the Creole, the Right of Search, the great boundary difficulty,—all questions once threatening disastrous war, which the genius of Mr. Webster helped to avert. The very handsome style in which the Harpers have brought out the work will commend it to popular favor. It is embellished with a well-engraved portrait of the great statesman.

Messrs Drinker & Morris have it for sale.

A FUNERAL ORATION, Occasioned by the Death of Thomas Cole, Delivered before the National Academy of Design, New York, May 4, 1848. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

A chaplet of roses cast upon the grave of genius.

In the death of Thomas Cole, American Art has indeed sustained a grievous loss. Not long has it been since the Academy of Design were called upon to mourn the departure of one whose brush has transferred to the canvass the features of the greatest men of our age. A little while, and the great landscape painter follows his brother artist to the spirit-land. But although their mortal remains have been consigned to the tomb, the fame of Inman and Cole shall not soon pass away.

Most proper was it that Bryant should be the eulogist of Cole. Though their vocations were different, the poet in his closet and the painter at his easel were kindred in feeling and sentiment. They felt the divinity of a kindred inspiration; and when the pen and the pencil were laid aside they went forth to look upon nature with the same reverent eye. Thus Cole has painted poems and Bryant has written landscapes. It has been the province of both to soothe and to instruct by their efforts,—to carry us to the Beautiful Gate and open to our view prospects of surpassing loveliness, and to endow us with an ennobling sense of having been wrapt in the contemplation of higher and better objects. We have seen one of Cole's pictures representing an autumnal sunset,—in which the depth of atmosphere and glow of tint reminded us of those fine lines "To a Waterfowl,"

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Of Cole's latest works, the "Voyage of Life" is perhaps the most remarkable. It consists of a series of four pictures, which are now in the gallery of the Art Union of New York City, and will be included in the lottery of prizes in the distribution in December next. Bryant thus describes these pictures;

"The conception of the series is a perfect poem. The child, under the care of its guardian angel, in a boat heaped with buds and flowers, floating down a stream which issues from the shadowy cavern of the past and flows between banks bright with flowers and the beams of the rising sun; the youth with hope in his gesture and aspect, taking command of the helm, while his winged guardian watches him anxiously from the shore; the mature man, hurried onward by the perilous rapids and eddies of the river; the aged navigator, who has reached, in his frail and now idle bark, the mouth of the stream, and is just entering the great ocean which lies before him in mysterious shadow, set before us the different stages of human life under images of which every beholder admits the beauty and deep significance. The second of this series, with the rich luxuriance of its foreground, its pleasant declivities in the distance, and its gorgeous but shadowy structures in the piled clouds is one of the most popular of Cole's compositions."

We could profitably make larger extracts from this Oration, but have only room for the touching reflection with which it closes;

"It is when I contemplate the death of such a man as Cole under such circumstances as attended his, that I feel most certain of the spirit's immortality. In his case the painful problem of old age was not presented, in which the mind sometimes seems to expire before the body and often to wither with the same decline. He left us in the mid-strength of his intellect, and his great soul, unharmed and

unweakened by the disease which brought low his frame, amidst the bitter anguish of the loved ones who stood around him, when the hour of its divorce from the material organs had come, calmly retired behind the veil which hides us from the world of disembodied spirits."

HAROLD; The Last of the Saxon Kings. By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A large space in our magazine has been recently devoted to a consideration of the corrupt tendencies of the *Lucretia* of Bulwer. We have shown that this gifted writer, with all his rare and brilliant powers, in the composition of that work, has wandered from the legitimate paths of fictitious narrative. We have shown that, in excluding from us all the lovelier and brighter images of humanity, and dwelling only upon crimes the most revolting in the dark catalogue of guilt, he has pandered to a morbid excitement and fallen upon the vulgar error of mistaking the horrible for the sublime. Terror as a means of moral influence has long since been discarded by the philosopher and the dramatist, and the parricide of *Œdipus* and the murder of the infant princes in the Tower interest us only as they are associated with the genius of Sophocles and of Shakspeare.

We rejoice to see, in the present work, an evidence that Bulwer has left the details of murder for a better theme and a loftier tragedy. The story of the Norman Conquest is one worthy indeed of his great dramatic power, his striking delineations of character and the charm of his enchanting diction. As he has treated it, the age with all its incidents seems brought nearer to our view, the grotesque figures, unlike any created thing, that dance about with such comical grimaces in the Bayeux Tapestry, become at once life-like and familiar. Nay, more, we incline to the opinion, that dramatically considered, *Harold* is the best novel Bulwer has ever written. The Norman Duke and the Saxon King more closely resemble men, than any of the frigid and fastidious dandies of his former productions.

With regard to the style of *Harold*, it may be objected by some that Bulwer has been too prodigal in the use of figurative language. But it should be recollected that the work is conceived in the spirit of the past. In the library of his friend, Mr. D'Eyncourt, (to which, in the Dedication, he acknowledges himself greatly indebted,) the author became as it were, absorbed in the literature of the Saxons. He visited, in imagination at least, their rude temples and communed with the Scald, as beneath the dark fir-trees he struck the harp to the songs of Valhalla. The grim Vikings in their pirate-ships passed before his vision and he heard the clang of the hoofs of Odin's frightened steed. It is natural enough, therefore, that his style should conform to the spirit and catch the imagery of that old minstrelsy of the North, in which the grave is called the Green Gate of Heaven and the sword the Brother of the Lightning. We say this is natural, and we like the novel all the better for it.

After what we have said in commendation of *Harold*, we are compelled to aver, that, as a story, it is a very wearisome affair. It is just the right sort of book for after-dinner reading, to put one very composedly to sleep. Its entire want of continuing interest is due perhaps to the intimate knowledge, all, who have read English history, possess of the incidents of the Saxon Fall. We know every thing by anticipation. From the first chapter we are certain that *Harold* must yield to the Conqueror and as the plot is developed, we find we have read of the circumstances before. A romance of the same people and period, purely

imaginative in design, would doubtless be a far more agreeable work.

To be obtained of Drinker & Morris.

CIRCULAR OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT of *Hampden Sidney College* in Richmond, for 1848, and Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates of the Institution. Richmond: Printed by Shepherd & Colin. 1848.

We embrace with pleasure the opportunity afforded us by the publication of this pamphlet of saying a word to the public with regard to the Medical College of our city. Not that this institution, already so favorably known to the country, needs at our hands any recommendation, but that we have always felt a lively interest in its success, from a long acquaintance with its enlightened founders and its excellent Faculty. As some changes have occurred of late years in the corps of instruction, we take occasion to insert here the names of the present Professors, with the chairs they respectively fill:

JOHN CULLEN, M. D.

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

R. L. BOHANNAN, M. D.

Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

L. W. CHAMBERLAYNE, M. D.

Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

SOCRATES MAUPIN, M. D.

Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.

CHARLES BELL GIBSON, M. D.

Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy.

CARTER P. JOHNSON, M. D.

Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.

BENJAMIN F. LOCKETT, M. D.

Demonstrator of Anatomy.

SOCRATES MAUPIN, M. D.

Dean of the Faculty.

In these names, the public have a sufficient assurance of the thorough system of medical study pursued in the institution. We might go on to speak of its prospects for the approaching session, but we prefer to quote in this behalf the language of the circular:

"The next regular course of Lectures in the Medical Department of *Hampden Sidney College* will commence on Monday the 23rd day of October, 1848, and continue until the 19th of the ensuing March.

"Professor WYMAN having been appointed to the Chair of Comparative Anatomy in *Harvard University*, resigned at the close of the last session, the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology, which for a series of years he had filled with great ability in this Institution. The friends of the Institution deem it a subject of congratulation that the vacancy thus occasioned, has been filled by the appointment of an *Alumnus* distinguished not less for high attainments in general science, than for eminent professional qualifications.

"The Faculty impressed with a just sense of the importance of the interests committed to their charge, have devoted their best energies to rear upon an enduring foundation a Medical College in the Metropolis of Virginia. They have spared no expense in rendering as complete as possible all the means for imparting a thorough Medical

Education; at the same time, they have steadily endeavored to maintain an elevated standard of acquirements for the Doctorate, believing that the permanent interests of the Institution, of the Profession, and of the public, required it at their hands. Under these circumstances, the Institution has passed through an auspicious infancy, and has taken a rank among similar Institutions highly gratifying to its friends. Its numerical success has been progressive, and such as to inspire the Faculty with incentives to renewed efforts to maintain and strengthen the public confidence in the Institution as a well regulated seat of Medical Science."

After enumerating the advantages of the school, the Circular proceeds to some statistical facts, with regard to the very large number of students who resort annually to Northern Institutions. In 1847-8 it appears that 184 students, from Virginia alone, attended the *Jefferson Medical School* and the *University of Pennsylvania* at Philadelphia. The enormous sum thus withdrawn from the economical interests of our own State would hardly be credited. Not less astonishing is it, that with the facilities afforded at home by the excellent school of our own University, the school at Winchester, and the Metropolitan school, with all its clinical and anatomical advantages, so many young men should go abroad for their medical education. The Circular in this connection, puts forth these just and noble sentiments:

"But the pecuniary interests are not the highest interests involved. The intelligence and science of a State are its wealth and true glory. Medical Science has been cultivated with eminent success in those countries only in which Medical Schools have been established and liberally sustained. They are Medical centres in which the spirit of scientific enquiry is kept alive by the association of men of learning, by the nature of the duties upon which they are engaged, and by the union of their efforts in a common purpose. As the light is kept burning at these centres, it kindles at a distance kindred spirits. Collaborers spring up in the ranks of the profession, and not only are the interests of Medicine advanced, but at the same time the allied interests of general science.

"No State can maintain rank among enlightened nations,—no State can be great or free, without making due provision for the educational wants of its people. *Jefferson* gave his impressive sanction to this truth, by devoting the evening of his days to the cause of education; and the author of the Declaration of Independence, after a long life of illustrious services, preferred no higher claim to the grateful remembrance of his native State than to have founded the *University of Virginia*. But we are to look upon this great legacy not as leaving nothing more to be desired, but rather as an evidence of the parental solicitude of its author on a subject of momentous interest to the State, and as an initiatory offering to a great scheme for diffusing the blessings of science, refinement and virtue among our people."

We feel an abiding confidence that considerations such as these will not be without their proper effect, in increasing the influence and usefulness of our home institution.

EULOGY ON JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Delivered May 11th, 1848. At the School-House of the Sixth Ward. Pittsburgh. By H. M. Brackenridge. Pittsburgh: Johnston and Stockton. 1848.

One of the most graceful and finished addresses which the death of Mr. Adams has called forth. It embodies a very succinct and accurate history of the times in which Mr. Adams lived and the author's reflections are, for the

most part, just and well-expressed. We quote his excellent appeal in behalf of the Union.

"They know little of the value of this confederacy, who can talk of calculating its cost. It is every thing to America; without it, she would be a bundle of discords. Let any one look back and see what internal conflicts, dissensions, perhaps wars, the States have escaped among themselves, and what foreign wars have been avoided by the same means! The subject would form a noble theme. All other evils, although viewed through a magnifying glass, are but dust in the balance, compared to the destruction of the Union; and the first step towards it, is the destruction of its harmony. That Union is the brightest hope of the world at the present moment. It may be to struggling Europe, as it has been to us, (in the language of the elegant Hooker,) 'the mother of peace and joy.'"

* * * *

"Let us then resolve, as lovers of our country, studiously to avoid every thing which can possibly lessen, directly or indirectly, the value of our glorious Confederacy of States. Let us practice mutual forbearance, and recollect that in all family quarrels there are faults on both sides. Let us prove by our acts, that we are not behind other nations in the just appreciation of the blessings which it confers. Let all perish in one common ruin, rather than a single star be blotted out from the American flag!"

THE PLANETARY AND STELLAR WORLDS: A Popular Exposition of the great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy. In a series of ten Lectures. *By O. M. Mitchel, A. M.,* Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

The Lectures comprised in this neat publication were delivered in most of the Northern Cities, we believe, during last winter. The very large audiences which attended them in New York, attested the popularity of Mr. Mitchel as an eloquent and forcible lecturer. Their presentation to the public in the present volume we regard as highly judicious and will tend to diffuse a more general knowledge of the abstruse and sublime science of Astronomy. Not the least interesting and acceptable part of the work, in our judgment, is the history, which the author gives, in the preface, of the Observatory over which he presides. We heartily commend Mr. Mitchel's book to public favor.

It may be found at the store of Messrs. J. W. Randolph and Co.

WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA; being the Journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the years 1846-7. *By EDWIN BRYANT,* late Alcalde of St. Francisco. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

There is an air of sincerity about this book, which commends it to our especial regard. In this age of literary exaggeration, it is refreshing to meet with an author who really tells the truth and sets down only "what he saw." Books of travel there are without number, which describe countries so that the reader on visiting them would never recognize the picture, raising up green spots which vanish, on the approach, like the mirage of the desert. Mr. Bryant, who had very favorable opportunities of becoming acquainted with the resources of California, has no doubt made a truthful representation of his adventures.

The style of the author, although somewhat diffuse and inelegant, is very pleasing, while the good taste of the Ap-

pletons has been strikingly displayed in the handsome appearance of the volume.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

THE ALPS AND RHINE. A Series of Sketches. *By J. T. Headley.* New and revised edition. In one volume. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1848.

We are glad to see these agreeable sketches republished, and we thank Messrs. Baker and Scribner for the creditable manner in which the volume is "gotten up." They gave Mr. Headley an extended popularity at the time of their first appearance, a popularity which has been greatly diminished by certain rose-coloured histories and extravagant memoirs, which he has since published. When Mr. Headley, in an evil hour, undertook to write of tossing plumes and feathers and gold lace, he committed a very great blunder. We think the present book much the best performance he has ever accomplished, and we predict that it will meet with a large sale in its new form.

THE WESTERN LITERARY EMPORIUM. J. R. Barnes, Editor and Proprietor. Multum in Parvo. Cincinnati.

We took up the August number of this periodical in the hope of finding something fresh and agreeable in the way of Western Literature. We proceeded to read several articles in prose and verse, which struck us as old acquaintances, when *mirabile dictu*, our eye fell upon an article, figuring in all the dignity of an original appearance, which was published in our magazine for December last! Yes, there was the admirable paper on "Popular Eloquence," by E. L. Magoon, which we set before the public, printed *verbatim et punctuatum*, and on referring to the list of contents we found Mr. Magoon's name among the contributors. We can assure the Editor of the Emporium that he may be very glad to enlist Mr. Magoon as a contributor, but we would thank him when he next appropriates an article from our magazine, either from the pen of that elegant writer or of any one else, to give us credit for it. He is welcome to the selection, but we have no patience with the literary freebooter, let him sail under what colours he may.

We have the consolation to know, however, in this matter, that the name of our contributor was in good company. We find there Thomas Dick, L.L. D., "Amelia," and the Hon. Mrs. Norton (!),—these two sweet poetesses contributing the oldest and most familiar of their exquisite verses, Pulpit Eloquence and "Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow." We apprehend that by appropriating the best articles of our home magazines and going abroad into the fields of foreign literature, it would not be difficult to publish a very interesting "Emporium." Perhaps, too, the names of Tom Moore and Leigh Hunt, or Mr. John Milton and R. B. Sheridan (*redivivi*) on the cover, might greatly assist its sale. But how far this course would be consistent with propriety, we must leave to nicer casuists than ourselves to determine.

Messrs. LEA & BLANCHARD have just published, among other novelties, the first two numbers of Louis Blanc's "History of the Revolution of 1789," and "Mirabeau, a Life-History." The very great sensation which has been excited in this country by the recent stormy events of the French Capital will lend to these works an absorbing interest, as connected with the modern history of France. Their intrinsic merits, however, are quite sufficient to give them a large share of attention. "Mirabeau a Life History," seems to have made a decided impression in England.

The July number of the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences," has been issued from the same house.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE:

WITH A PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THE RISE AND
PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Great difficulties attend the work of classifying and tracing the remote history of the several languages of Modern Europe. So numerous and diverse were the emigrations and the admixtures of the original European nations; so many causes, the operation of which cannot now be traced or measured, contributed to modify their speech; changes of climate and of customs and of pursuits introduced continually so many alterations into languages which otherwise might, without much difficulty, have been traced to their parent stocks; and especially, the attempts of philologists to discover the affinities and the origin of the European Tongues are of so late an age, that any other than a very general theory of their rise and progress can hardly be framed without being indebted in a large degree to fanciful conjecture.

Enough, however, may be done, to make out a very satisfactory idea of the original source of the parent branches and some of the most important changes of language, to which we owe the various dialects at present spoken in Europe.

It is well ascertained and agreed that the original emigration by which the parents of European languages arrived upon the continent, now occupied by their posterity, was from the East—from some parts of the regions at present known as Persia, Tartary and India. The Eastern language, known by the name of the Sanscrit, is considered as the parent of all the Indian tongues of the East.

There are so many points of affinity between the Sanscrit and the Persian, as to render it evident that they were once the same language.

And between the Persian and Sanscrit, on the one side, and the Greek, as well as other languages of Europe, there are many indications of original connection, which, associated with the traditional accounts of emigrations from the East, leave but little room to question that the Sanscrit either immediately or through some of its branches, was the primitive stock whence were derived those elementary dialects to which we trace all her varieties of speech at the present day. The deductions of philology are altogether in confirma-

tion of the account given in Holy Scripture of the original settlement of such of the human race as survived the deluge, in the plains of Chaldea, and their dispersion thence, after the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, into the East and West. It is quite well agreed that the country afterwards called Persia, which adjoins Chaldea on the East, or its immediate vicinity, was that in which the Sanscrit was *native*; that thence it was carried by emigrations to the South East, and became the parent of the several dialects of India; to the North and gave language to Media. The tribes which migrated into Europe, probably came from Media and brought the Sanscrit, after it had already undergone considerable changes in consequence of its removal from the land of its nativity. In all probability, the first emigrations into Europe were of one race and language.

But as they are not reached by the investigations of philologists, till after they had separated into many nations and dialects, it is customary to consider the present nations of Europe as descended, with the exception of some inconsiderable tribes, from five particular races of men.

These have long since ceased to acknowledge affinity. In the forests of the West, the Celts and Goths, the immediate ancestors of the Modern Europeans soon effaced their moral and physical resemblance to their Eastern kindred from whom they were forever divided by immense tracts of sea and land, intervening enemies and the more powerful obstacles of new institutions. Each tribe at the call of want, ambition or danger disappeared in the vast wilderness whose boundless plains and woods, destitute of human cultivation, were fitted to remove from the mind all former impressions and to produce in it only the sensations, and consequently the rude habits of savage life. In these solitudes, each horde soon multiplied into various nations, regulated by similar customs and loosely connected by language. This, the only monument of their origin, which men must in some form or other, indelibly preserve, is insensibly changed till in a few ages, whatever is mutable in its composition, establishes a perpetual difference among those who use it.

The primary tribes of Europe are 1st, the Celts, ancestors of the *Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Cornish, and Armoricans*. 2nd, the Teutons or Goths, ancestors of the *Scandinavians, Saxons, Dutch, and all the German nations*. 3rd, the *Sauromatians* or *Sarmatians*, or *Scavi*, whose descendants are the *Russians, Poles, Bohemians and Croatsians*.

4th, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose posterity still possess the South of Europe. 5th, the *Finns*, ancestors of the Laplanders and a variety of small nations in the North; the Hungarians have sometimes been classed in this division.

Languages are divided into *Original* or *parent* tongues, and *Secondary*, or *derivative*. The reason of these names is obvious. Strictly speaking, there was but one parent tongue to Europe; but it is usual to affix the title to the several general classes under which the dialects which have proceeded from that one origin, are commonly arranged. Of these we may reckon four—the Sarmatian, or Slavonic; the Finnish; the Teutonic, and the Celtic. As the first two have no connection with our language, a few words as to their history will suffice.

1st, The *Slavi* were known in ancient history by the name of *Sauromatians* or *Sarmatians*. The *Sarmatians* were the original inhabitants of the country comprehended between the limits of the territories at present known as *Poland*, *Russia* and *Tartary*. They were emigrants from *Media* and issued thence either by the Eastern passage of the mountains of *Caucasus*, or by coasting the *Caspian Sea*. They reached, in time, the banks of the *Tanais*, and after centuries, got possession of all the countries on the Northern shore of the *Euxine*. Driven by succeeding emigrants, they lost the plains and fled into the *Carpathian Mountains*, between which and the *Baltic*, they wandered over immense tracts of woody and marshy ground too rude to be coveted by their enemies.

The original language of all that region is usually called the *Sarmatian*. Among the tribes speaking dialects of that tongue, the principal were the *Roxolani* or *Russians*, and the *Slavi* or *Slavi*. The latter dwelt at first on the banks of the *Bo-rysthenes*, now called *Dnieper*; but by gradual extension to the Southwest, were at last found the occupants of the country lying between the rivers *Drave* and *Save*, branches of the *Danube*, a country still called after its primitive population *Slavonia*. The dialect of the *Slavi* was the same, as to all matters of importance, with the *Roxolani* or *Russians*, so that the language at present vernacular in *Russia* is called *Slavonic*, though divided into an immense variety of dialects. The *Poles* are considered as the genuine descendants of the ancient *Sarmatians* and speak a dialect of their language, though it is much mingled with *Latin* words. The *Silerians* and *Bohemians* have also a branch of the same original stock corrupted in the same way.

It is customary to consider the ancient *Slavonic* as a new dialect of the old *Sarmatian*, and the modern *Russian* as the most genuine relic of the *Slavonic*.

The latter has extended its branches more widely than any other of the primitive tongues of Eu-

rope. It has even carried its ramifications far into *Asia*. It is spoken in *Poland*, *Russia* and *Epirus*, part of *Macedonia*, *Bornea*, *Servia*, *Bulgaria*, part of *Thrace*, *Dalmatia*, *Croatia*, and *Mingrelia* in *Asia*. Many of the chief men of *Turkey* frequently use it, and it is the vulgar tongue of the greater part of the *Janizaries*.

The language of a vast portion of the human race is too little known to the literati of Europe; and the uses to which it may be applied, in philological and historical discussions, have been hitherto almost unperceived, or entirely neglected.

In the North of the *Russian Empire*, on the shores of the frozen *Ocean*, exists the progeny of a race, which though now inconsiderable, once peopled the countries in the vicinity of *Caucasus*, inhabited the banks of the *Volga* and established itself, under a certain degree of civilized and regular government, in the recesses of the *Arctic* forests. This race, which the *Roman Tacitus* describes nearly as modern and better information would approve, was, 2d, the *Finns*, the ancestors of the *Laplanders* and *Findlanders* and of several savage tribes on the shores of the Northern *Ocean*.

These people were the original inhabitants of *Sweden*, *Denmark* and *Norway*, but being driven thence by *Teutonic* tribes, they emigrated to those arctic regions in which their posterity is still found. The language spoken by the *Finnish* descendants has not been attentively surveyed. It appears, however, to be distantly related to those tongues, the dialects of which are throughout the greatest part of Europe. It even seems to have some affinity to the *Turkish*. "It may excite surprise, (says a learned philologist,) "that the inhabitant of the *Finnish* marshes, knows the sky by no other name than one imported from the distant regions of *India*."

3rd, Having thus briefly spoken of the two parent languages on the extreme North and on the Northeast and East of Europe, we take up that which was next in order as to the time of its introduction and with which we are more intimately concerned. The *Celtic* was the language of the ancient *Britons*. The *Celts*, or the people speaking the *Celtic* tongue, are supposed to have emigrated at a very early period from *Asia*. They were called at the earliest period of European history *Celto-Sythæ*, or *Celtic Scythians*. They are supposed to have passed along the coast of the *Black Sea* westward and to have settled colonies in *Thrace* and other regions to the North of *Greece*, from which emigrations subsequently took place to the southward and gave rise to the people and the dialects of *Greece*. The main body of the *Celtic* emigrants, having struck upon the *Danube*, are supposed to have ascended that river to its sources, thence to have crossed the *Rhine*, and from the *Rhine* spread to the *Alps* and *Pyrenees*. That portion of them which took possession of the coun-

try now called France, but formerly Gaul, are known in ancient history by the name of Gauls. These becoming numerous, some of them migrated from Gaul and crossing the Alps, settled in the Northern parts of Italy. As these increased in numbers, they gradually extended themselves southward till they met and mingled with some settlements of the descendants of those whom we have already stated to have migrated into Greece.

These two streams proceeded, as we have seen, from the same main channel of emigration.

But as many years must have elapsed between the period when the Grecian branch diverged from the grand current of the Celtic horde, and the period when one of its ramifications was thus met in Italy by a branch from Gaul, (during which interval of time, both the Greek and the Gothic branches must have undergone very considerable changes so as to have become different languages in reality,) the two colonies in Italy must now have encountered each other as entire strangers, ignorant of their descent from the same Celtic parent. They are supposed to have met in about the middle region of Italy, called *Latium*, and mingling their manners and speech, to have formed the nation and the language of the Latins.

It is no just objection to this theory that the Latin language contains so little to indicate a Celto-Grecian origin, because it is well known that long after the supposed union of the emigrations from Gaul and Greece, the language of the Latins and the language of Greece were unwritten and consequently liable to continual and great changes, so that their condition at the time of Grecian and Latin refinement, can hardly afford any very accurate idea of what they were, or how the latter was composed, at the period of which we are speaking. So remarkable was the fluctuation in the language of the Latins even during a very short period, that Polybius, who flourished about 150 years before the Christian era, speaking of a treaty concluded between the Carthaginians and Romans, but 358 years before the time at which he wrote, declares that the language used in it was so different from the Latin spoken in his time, that the most learned Romans could not explain its text.*

Having thus followed the Celtic race till we have seen the languages of Greece and Rome, produced by its branches, we return to Gaul where we last departed from the main emigration.

Besides the colony that departed thence into Italy, another crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, while a third crossed into Britain and peopled England, Scotland and Ireland.

It is supposed that the Gauls or Celts who remained in Gaul must have preserved the Celtic till the conquest of that country by the Romans, without any very considerable corruption; as they were

a people living within themselves and having scarcely any intercourse with any other nation.

At the time of the conquest of Gaul, by the army of Cæsar, the Celtic was spoken in all that country, as well as in Spain, Northern Italy, Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and probably some of the districts between what is now *France* and *Germany* proper. It is supposed by some to have been at one time the most general language of Europe.

The learned speak of tracing a considerable affinity between the etymology of such specimens of the Ancient Celtic as still remain, and that of the Greek and of the Sanscrit.

4th, Having thus spoken of the primitive language of the Islands of Great Britain, we now proceed to the last on the list of the mother tongues of Europe, and that which to us is of peculiar interest, because by expelling the Celtic from its British territory, it usurped its dominion and became the parent of the language which we at present speak.

This is the Teutonic also called *Gothic*. The era of the settlement of the *Teutons*, or Goths, (as we shall hereafter call them,) in Germany, where they were dwelling at the dawn of their history, cannot be established. Long before the Romans had subdued their own country of Italy, the German hordes had approached the Rhine and sought a residence in the vicinity of the Alps. It is supposed that they drove out the Finns from Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The Scandinavians settled in those regions about the third or fourth century before the Christian era. Neither the Goths nor the Celts had any distinct and probable traditions as to their origin. Some learned men have made the ancient inhabitants of Gaul and Britain but one people and have therefore considered the Celtic and Gothic as but one language.

But this, though the opinion of the generality of the French philologists, and of *Mallet* especially, in his *Northern Antiquities*, has been successfully opposed by Dr. Percy. The Celts were distinct in their *origin* from those people inhabiting ancient Germany, Belgium, Saxony and Scandinavia. While this distinguished writer is in agreement with many other learned men as to the real difference between the Celts and Goths, he is considered as going much too far when he denies them to have had a common origin. That they came from one parent race and language, though they were afterwards found in a state of separation as to language so wide, that they were in reality distinct people, is the opinion of much the larger number of writers upon this subject.*

Dr. Murray, formerly Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh, in his history of European Languages, gives the opinion, that the Goths possessed the original language of the East, *Sanscrit*, the parent of European as well

* See Dunlop's Hist. of Roman Lit, vol. 1, p. 12, &c. Ib. p. 43.

* See Murray's Hist. of Language.

as of Indian tongues, in a state of much greater purity than the other emigrations.

He says that the Gothic or Teutonic districts, at the time when they first became known to those capable of examining them, exhibited far less appearance of mixture and of variation from the original character, than the Celtic or Slavonic. Hence he concludes that they came from a different part of the East—the neighborhood of the sea of Chal or of the Uralian mountains; that they took a more northern track into Europe, and instead of coming, as the other emigrations did, along the coast of the Black Sea, passed directly West through the Russian and Polish forests. In these forests they probably maintained themselves unconnected with any other people, till the period when they made their descent upon the coasts of the Baltic and expelled the Finns from Scandinavia.

The Goths were originally called *Getii*, and by the Greeks, Scythians. By the Germans, the ancients are supposed to have meant all the population extending from the *Rhine* and *German* Ocean on the West, to the *Danube* and *Niemen* on the East. And by the Scandinavians, were meant the population of *Denmark*, *Sweden* and *Norway*. All these people had different dialects of the Gothic.

It is believed that the several tribes of Germany and Scandinavia were so intimately related as to language, that an embassy from the *Manomani* on the borders of Hungary might have been delivered in the dialect peculiar to that tribe, on the banks of the *Elbe* or *Oder*, without the necessity of interpretation.

The languages of the present day, which are regarded as the posterity of the Gothic, are distinguished into two classes, the *Upper* and *Lower*.

The *Upper* has two principal dialects; the one Danish, under which are included the languages of *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Norway* and *Iceland*; the other, *Saxon*, under which are ranged the languages of the *English* and the people of the *Elbe*.

That general class called the Lower embraces the dialects of the *Low Dutch*, the *Flemings* and the population of the *Netherlands*.

Having now attended, as much as space will permit, to the four principal sources of the modern languages of Europe, we proceed now directly to the history of our own tongue. We have already seen, that the *Celtic*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Gaelic*, was the original tongue of the Britons as well as Gauls. The first change, of a marked character, in the language of the Britons, was in consequence of the arrival of the *Saxons* among them, about the year 450, A. D. But it is not improbable that some considerable changes occurred before that time, in consequence of the Roman invasion and the mingling of the Britons with those speaking the Latin tongue. It is well known that as the conquest of Julius Cæsar, Claudius and Domitian extended westward, their language accom-

panied them. All the public edicts were in Latin. But it is certain, that the speech of the Romans, though it doubtless introduced a good many of its words among those of the conquered Britons, never prevailed in Britain as it did in other countries subdued by the arms of the Romans,—Lombardy, Spain and Gaul,—partly on account of the great distance of the Islands of Britain from Rome, and consequently the limited resort of Romans thither, and partly because the Island was not reduced till the period of the rapid decline of the Roman power at home, when, all the force of the empire being wanted for domestic purposes, an evacuation of Britain was necessary.

About the year 450, A. D., the Romans having withdrawn from the Island and left the Britons entirely defenceless against their Northern neighbors, who had often molested them and had been for some time kept at bay, only by the fear of the Roman legions; those restless tribes came down from Scotland and committed such depredations upon the helpless and already ravaged Britons as compelled them to entreat the assistance of the powerful tribes inhabiting the coast of Gutland and Norway. With the power of these they had become acquainted, in consequence of their piratical descents, upon the coast of Britain.

Their request having been acceded to, a body of Goths, under the command of Hengist and Horsa, came over to their aid. The force, under Hengist and Horsa was composed of detachments from three or more of the tribes in the neighborhood of the German Sea. The two principal of these were called *Saxons* and *Angles*.

From the union of these two tribes, the allies of the Britons have ever since been called *Anglo-Saxons*.

The tribe of the *Angles* came from about the centre of what is now the Kingdom of Denmark, while that of the Saxons was from the country about the mouth of the *Elbe*, and which still retains the name of its primitive population. A part of Britain in which the tribe of the Angles more especially settled was called *Anglia* and as that tribe was more numerous and powerful than the other, its name and dialect were appropriated finally to the whole of that country which we will now begin to call England instead of Britain. After the Anglo-Saxons had relieved the country from the Picts and Scots, they were tempted by the appearance of improvement exhibited in the land, beyond any which they had been accustomed to see, to make it their own.

This was easily affected, on account of the anarchical state in which they found the Britons.

In the conquest of England a change took place in the language and manners of the conquered entirely different from what occurred in all the other conquests of the Goths. Every where else they soon conformed to the religion, and intermingled

with the inhabitants of the conquered provinces ; so that a mixed speech presently grew up, retaining more traces of the language of the vanquished than of the victors. But the Roman tongue and idolatry, with such advances as christianity had made among the Britons, together with the whole language of the native population, were at once swept away from the largest and fairest portion of Britain, in which the conquerors fixed themselves, and where they established their own superstitions and language without compromise or commixture. Some little mingling of races there must have been ; but it was too little to produce any marked effect upon the speech or manners of the invaders. The vanquished Britons did not, however, adopt the language or superstition of the Anglo-Saxons ; but retiring to Wales, Scotland and other places of refuge carried their religion and language with them.

Before proceeding with the history of the language thus introduced in place of the old Celtic, we will follow the latter to its retreats and see what became of it after the Anglo-Saxon conquest.

A part of the Britons fled from the sword of their Teutonic enemies into Scotland—already peopled by a race of a kindred dialect.

All Scotland continued for many years afterwards entirely Celtic. But in process of time, the inhabitants of that region, extending themselves southward to the vicinity of the Anglo-Saxon borders, their Kings and many of their Chieftains embraced the Saxon language and manners, leaving the ancient Celtic to be preserved by those independent tribes in the north, who, disdaining their Teutonic neighbors and the apostacy of their own kindred, maintained themselves unconquered and uncorrupted among the Highlands and isles of their native country. Among them the Celtic is still preserved.

The Scottish Highlanders are considered as the genuine descendants of the exiled Britons and their language as the most genuine Celtic in existence. It has, till recently, been an unwritten tongue—a translation of the Scriptures having been recently made into it. This language as now spoken in Scotland is often called the *Gaelic*, more frequently the *Erse*.

Besides those of the Britons who fled to Scotland, colonies were planted by the same people in Wales, Cornwall, and Armonia, or Brittany, a district of country on the coast of France, lying between the *Seine*, the *Loire* and the Atlantic.

Those who went to that part of England, forming its most Southwestern point, and called Cornwall, long remained in a state of independence, having in union with the other colonies, their own governors, laws and language. Cornwall has been often called, on account of the similarity of its inhabitants to those of Wales, *West-Wales*. Some persons speaking the ancient language were found

in Cornwall as late as the last century ; they could understand the language of the Scotch Highlanders without much difficulty. The Cornish dialect, however, is now lost, though some partial remains of it may still perhaps be found among the mines of Cornwall.

The language of Wales is supposed to have been, before its present corruptions, a better dialect of the Celtic than that of Cornwall. As the Welsh have had much less communication with other people than their Cornish neighbors, they still preserve their ancient tongue, though now a good deal altered by words of Latin and English growth.

The people of Armonia were a colony from Wales. This name was given to the country to which they migrated by the Romans. The name was afterwards changed for that of Brittany. They preserved communication for a long time with their kinsmen of Wales and Cornwall, and spoke a dialect which, though not exactly the same as theirs, was perfectly intelligible among all.

It is but lately that relics of this ancient language have been discovered in a few individuals in some part of France and even among the Alps.

It is supposed that the present *Irish* is a genuine descendant of the Celtic, not by emigration from Britain, but by the settlement of a colony of Celts which emigrated at considerable distance of time from that at which the Celts of Gaul and Britain left their parent race.

It is supposed that this interval of time occasioned whatever difference is found between the real Irish and the true Celtic of Britain.

The language of the Isle of Man is considered also as a descendant of the Celtic. In its present state it is called the Manx language.

With this brief notice of the several colonies of the subjugated Britons, we take up again our account of the Anglo-Saxon invaders.

The language of the conquerors, which we have stated to have been a dialect of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic, became the sole language of all England with the exception of those districts to which the scattered Britons fled.

It is well known that the Anglo-Saxons established in England a number of petty sovereignties, called the Saxon Heptarchy, the intestine wars of which so prostrated the strength of the country as to expose it to the ravages of any barbarians who chose to descend upon its coasts.

It was about the year 850, or 400 years after the Anglo-Saxon invasion, that the Danes commenced their piratical descents upon the shores of England. Under the name of *Danes* the old English historians included the people of Sweden and Norway, as well as of Zealand and Jutland. They were consequently of the same origin as the Anglo-Saxons.

The base of their language was the same and its whole character possessed much similarity with

that of the people whom they found in the occupancy of England; though in the language and manners of the latter, a material change must have taken place during the 4 or 500 years since their separation from the kindred tribes on the coasts of the German Sea.

The country of the Danes, at the time of their aggressions upon England, was divided into numberless petty kingdoms; the population was confined to the coasts and rivers; the habits of the people were wholly piratical and their institutions were founded upon a system of piracy.

After many years of aggressions and of alternate successes and defeats on the coasts, they at length, in 981, in the reign of Ethelred, and under the command of the Kings of Denmark and Norway, made themselves masters of a large part of England.

But their conquest was not complete till Canute, partly by war and partly by treaty, ascended the throne of all England in the year 1017. The throne continued in the hands of the Danes under Canute and his successors, Harold and Hardicanute, in all 23 years.

At the death of the last, the English revolted and gave the crown to Edward the Confessor, who at his death bequeathed it to William, Duke of Normandy. From this brief account of the Danish invasion, we may form some idea of the probable extent of the change produced by it in the Anglo-Saxon, then prevailing in England. The Danes having retained the throne but 23 years, and during that period never being free from Anglo-Saxon disturbance, could have had but little opportunity of spreading their destructive dialect beyond the precincts of their court. Some change was undoubtedly introduced into the language of those parts most completely under their sway. But this must have been very partial, and consisted not in the *substitution* of Danish words, but only in the blending of such words with those of the Anglo-Saxon.

The dialect thus produced was principally spoken in Northumberland in the Northern part of the Island, in which the Danes were the most numerous. What contributed, probably, very much to prevent an important change of language under the Danes, was the fact, that the Anglo-Saxon for a long time previous to their invasion, had from the labors of Christian Missionaries, been made a written language and possessed translations of Christian writings widely circulated among the people.

Just before the Danish conquest, Alfred had given every encouragement to men of letters. He invited to reside in his dominions the learned men on the continent; he established schools and is reputed to have been the founder of the University of Oxford. He himself being a very considerable scholar, considering the age in which he lived,

composed several works in the language of his own country.

Among other works of his translating, were the histories by the *Venerable Bede*: by Orosius and a work by Boethius on the consolations of Philosophy.

He also composed a body of laws, which form the basis of the Common Law of England.

From these facts, the Anglo-Saxon appears to have been too well fixed, to have suffered much from the short-lived dominion of the Danes.

We proceed to the next influence by which the English language was modified.

We have said that Edward the Confessor bequeathed the crown to William, Duke of Normandy. The throne being usurped by Harold, immediately after the death of Edward, William, aided by many Princes and much of the Nobility of the Continent, landed an army of 60,000 men on the coast of Sussex; and, after defeating the English army at the battle of Hastings, took possession of the throne in the year 1066.

A very considerable change was introduced into the English language by the efforts of William, surnamed the "Conqueror." He did not consider his conquest as complete, while the vanquished English retained their native speech. It was therefore ordered that all the edicts, laws, records, and proceedings of the courts should be written in the language of the Normans.

This was also the Courtier's tongue.

William was not successful in accomplishing the complete change at which he aimed, for the body of Normans was so inconsiderable compared with the English, that their language after the time of William, was soon, either forgotten as a separate tongue, or was so incorporated with that of the nation, as not to be readily distinguished. Still, however, an abundance of words, brought over by the invaders, did certainly gain a place in the English language, and obtain an influence which to this day continues.

The Norman conquerors were from that part of France lying on the North-West coast, which till a late period of French history, was always called Normandy. We have said that the original language of all that country was Celtic.

After the invasion of Gaul, by the Romans, the latter having obtained complete possession of the country and remained in possession a long time, the language of the people became a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of *Romansh*.

This was the language of Gaul or France, till the invasion of the Franks and Normans about the year 912. These were Teutonic tribes, from the neighborhood of the Baltic. The Franks were from its southern and western shore.

The Normans or *Northmen*, as they were originally called, were from Norway. As in their inva-

sion of Gaul, these two tribes did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the natives, they soon united with them and formed one nation. Thus the ancient Celtic of Gaul, with its leaven of Latin, was corrupted by a considerable accession of peculiarities from the speech of the new population.

The compound language thus formed, was called—*Lingua-Franca*, sometimes *Franci*.

Thus we perceive the nature of the dialect brought by William into England. Upon the English, in its base and general composition, *Saxon*, but mingled a little with *Danish*, was ingrafted a mixture of Celtic, Latin and Norman, so that it appears that the base and general character of our own tongue is original Teutonic, while it has a large number of words for which it is indebted to a corrupt mixture of the speech of the Romans, the Celts and the Goths.

From this account is perceived the principal reason for the large intermingling of Latin in the present language of Gaul or France; as also for the similarity between many of our words and those of the French.

No remarkable changes as to the words of our language, have taken place since the time of the Norman conquest.

A gradual increase of Latin words and terminations has occurred in consequence of the wide diffusion of Roman literature throughout Europe. French words have also made inroads and been too often naturalized, principally by means of translations, the most dangerous source of corruption to which a language can possibly be exposed. It is probable that French words were much more numerous formerly than at present. In the reign of Henry II., a considerable territory in France was owned by the English crown, and visits thither were frequently made in that reign and for a long time after, as long as the territory remained in connection with England, and thus the whole English court, with immense retinues, was carried and quartered from time to time, within the direct influence of French manners and language.

So late as the reign of Edward III., in the year 1327, Latin and French were taught together in the schools. It was then usual to make the scholars construe their Latin lessons into French—a practice which must greatly have retarded the refinement of the native tongue. Some check, indeed, was given in the reign of Edward III. to the influence of the Norman French. But the proceedings in parliament and the statutes continued to be published in that language for a long time after. In consequence of the long continued use of the Norman-French, as the language of the court and government, it is difficult to fix the precise period at which the English may be considered as having become the fashionable as well as vulgar tongue of the country. Some fix it towards the close of the 13th century; others in the 14th cen-

tury, while some have deferred it till the time of Henry VIII., in the 16th century,—the *reformation* in that century, being considered as having exterminated the Norman dialect and introduced the common English not only into the religious services of the church, but also into the literature of the country. The age of the poet, Chaucer, about the year 1380, is considered as that in which our language attained a small portion of refinement. This ancient English Poet is celebrated as the father of English literature.

The age of Spenser, about 1580, was one of important improvement; Shakspeare, Ben Jonson and Lord Bacon, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., carried improvement still further. From them the language came into the hands of Milton, Cowley, Waller, Tillotson, Dryden, &c.—from whom it has been received in its present state of excellence and refinement. Dr. Johnson, in his preface to his Dictionary, speaks of the writers just before the Restoration in 1689, as the wells of English undefiled, and says, “that on account of our tendency to the Gallic structure and phraseology, we should make our ancient volumes the ground-work of style, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporated easily with our native idioms.” From the authors of the reign of Elizabeth (he says) a speech might be formed, adequate to all the purposes of use and eloquence. Taking the language of Theology from Hooker, and the translation of the Bible: that of natural science from Bacon: that of politics, war and navigation from Raleigh: that of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney, and that of common-life from Shakspeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words in which they might be expressed.

The English language cannot be considered as so fixed at present, as not to be continually exposed to silent and gradual changes in its words and idioms.

That stability of character which no other language ever attained, cannot be expected in ours. A few centuries made the greatest changes in the Latin while a living tongue. The Greek has almost entirely changed since the removal of the seat of Government of the Western Empire to Constantinople. The French, notwithstanding all the efforts of their Academy, has undergone a visible change under its very inspiration.

The Italian, since Machiavel, is perceptibly altered and the same causes under which all these changes have occurred, are more numerous and industriously at work upon the English tongue. Among these, the principal are foreign intercourse; the changes and enlargements in the several sciences; the vicissitudes of fashion; the figurative language of poetry, the partial influence of illite-

rate writers and vulgar pronunciation; the progress of politeness, whether spurious or genuine; but especially the study of the learned and of foreign languages, as an essential part of accomplished education and the frequency of translations from foreign literature to our own. Before concluding this article, we will furnish our readers with a brief outline of reading by which, according to opportunity and inclination, they may hereafter pursue the subject of language.

There are two heads under which the several subordinate parts of this subject may be arranged.

Language may be studied *Philosophically* and *Historically*. The study of language *philosophically* embraces the two departments of *universal* and *particular* grammar.

Under the former, the following are some of the principal questions to be attended to. Is language altogether of human origin or invention? or must it be ascribed in any degree to Divine suggestion. If of human origin, by what steps may we suppose the mind to have proceeded in its formation; then what are the essential parts of language, and into how many distinct elements speech may be divided; how far the peculiarities of different languages may be considered as indications of the peculiar character of those who speak them; how far the study of language may be of service in studying the philosophy of the human mind, and what conclusions are actually furnished by different languages illustrative of the human mind.

In this study a good deal was written among the Greek and Romans. Many works upon the philosophy of language, were published in modern Europe, which, as Latin was then the language of the learned, are found in that tongue.

The French have, of late, written much upon the same subject.

The *Abby Condillac* was the author of an essay on the *origin of human knowledge*, which has been extensively read. There is a work of some repute on the mechanical formation of Languages, "by the president De Brosses." A work by the *Abby Girard*, on Grammar, is well known.

English writers have not done much in this department. Among those works which have entered upon it, we would select for special attention, Harris's *Hermes*, which Dr. South pronounced "the most beautiful example of analysis since the days of Aristotle." After this, the "*Diversions of Purley*," by Horne Tooke—an irregular, original, very ingenious, though fanciful work. Next an anonymous treatise on the *origin and progress of language*, in three volumes. Smith's *Dissertation on the origin and formation of languages*. Much may be found on the same subject in Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric* and in Blair's *Lectures*.

Under the head of a *Practical Grammar*, we need

not speak of any but the Grammar of our own language.

But few of the many excellent works on this branch can be mentioned. There is a Grammar, by Ben Jonson, called by Horne Tooke "the first and the best." Dr. South published "a short Introduction to English Grammar, with critical notes," a small book, but pronounced by Blair to be "the grammatical performance of the highest authority that has appeared in our times."

Priestley's *Rudiments of English Grammar*, is in good repute. In addition to these, Nare's *Elements of Orthoepey*; Walker on *Elocution*, together with his *Introduction to his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary*; Sheridan on *Elocution*; Crabbe's *English Synonyms*, and the preface to Johnson's *Dictionary*, are all worthy of our attention. So much for the study of language *philosophically* considered. Considered *historically*, it embraces the earliest history of mankind; views particularly the separation of the family and posterity of Noah soon after the deluge, and traces, as far as possible, the migrations and mixtures of those several barbarous nations from which the present inhabitants of Europe have descended.

A correct knowledge of the changes of language will require a particular acquaintance with general history. The study of antiquities is necessary to this branch of the subject. Whether the original primitive language of the human race is extant; whether all the European tongues are from the same parent; how far they now resemble each other in their etymology and structure, are the most interesting subjects of inquiry in this department. Connected with this is the history of the progress of Grammatical and Philological science from the earliest period of history to the present time. For an account of the Greek and Latin Grammarians, see Rollin's *History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients*.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

The sun is sinking o'er the hills,

The nightingale pours forth his song—

No breath of sound disturbs the strain

As on the wind it floats along,

It comes upon the murmuring breeze,

Which scarcely stirs the orange trees;

The hour is near, the twilight hour,

My love awaits me in her bower.

I see her gentle dreamy face,

Her parted lips and half-closed eyes

Which, through the dark fringe softly shine,

As deeply blue as southern skies;

A blossom nestles in her hair,

As if it loved to linger there!

The hour is come, the twilight hour,
My love awaits me in her bower.

The air is still, the pale moon bathes
In silvery light the orange bloom,
And every plant and greenwood flower
Gives out its rich perfume.
The bird has hushed his caroling,
And flown away on silent wing,
The sun has sunk beneath the hill,
His light is dying, all is still.

INCIDENTS OF THE FLORIDA WAR.

BY A LOOKER ON.

About the beginning of February, 1838, a detachment of the Tennessee mounted brigade, under that gallant old man, Lauderdale, had been sent by General Jessup to the banks of New River, South Florida, to operate against the Indians in the Everglades; and here, on the day of its arrival, it was joined by a small artillery force under a distinguished officer of that corps, who, to other soldierly qualities, united as nice a discrimination as to the merits of good wine and turtle, as could be boasted of by any man in the army. These troops occupied the left bank of the river, where they at once threw up a small block house: and immediately opposite on the right bank, was encamped the command of Lieutenant, (now Commander,) Powell, of the Navy, consisting of naval seamen and officers, and our company of artillery, a total of about eighty effective men. Powell had marched from the head of Key Biscayne Bay, and after a most laborious examination of the country, following trails by day and fires by night, and destroying some half-dozen Indian huts, had reached the right bank of New River without having seen an enemy.

General Jessup, (for whose able conduct Florida should ever feel grateful,) had driven a large body of Indians, headed by Tus-ke-gee and Hal-lick-ha-jo, step by step, through hammock and swamp, from the Locha Hatchee, near the head-waters of the St. Johns, to Jupiter Bay; where, on the 7th of February, 1838, they were found strongly posted in dense cypress, every approach to which was covered by water waist deep. Here, in view of the great sacrifice of life, as well as of the uncertainty of beneficial results, which must follow an attack upon them, he began his truce system; and in the course of a few days the white flag had accomplished more than twenty victories could have done, and the Indians, some to prepare in good faith for emigration,—others, and by far the greatest number, to enjoy the pleasures and profusion of

the camp, pick up information and escape,—made their tents within the General's lines, where many of them were afterwards seized and sent off to the West.

Our gallant little army in Florida on numerous occasions, indeed, in every open encounter with the enemy, demonstrated its thorough superiority. No doubt of success ever crossed a commanding officer's mind; the only difficulty was to find the Indian's trail, ferret him out of his gloomy cypress, or unexplored morass, and bring him to a stand. In this inglorious and almost hopeless pursuit, the time of our troops and hundreds of valuable lives were, year after year, expended; until the Florida war, the mention of which brought a pang to a thousand widowed hearts, and reminiscences of disappointment, disease and vexation to most of our military men, began to be looked upon as an interminable contest entailed upon the army. The Government, the troops and the people were alike wearied with the unhappy strife. The limited number of Indians, their roving character and independent chiefs and bands, their peculiar mode of warfare, their cunning, treachery and relentless hatred of the whites, together with their unknown and inaccessible haunts, all combined not only to preclude the hope of its speedy termination, but to justify the belief that hostilities would never cease so long as an Indian trod the soil of Florida. Reports had at various times reached Head-Quarters and been circulated by the papers, that "the war had closed;" and so often had editors been thus misled, that one of the leading Northern journals, disclaiming all confidence in such announcements from Florida, proposed to publish alternate daily accounts, that "the war had closed," and "the war had *not* closed." The official reports of those engaged, subordinates commanding detachments, and officers commanding regiments, proved that our greatest successes were positive disasters. The climate, face of the country, and habits of the enemy created obstacles difficult to overcome, and called for steady, plodding industry, rather than the more brilliant characteristics of the soldier;—and though no troops ever labored with truer hearts, or better faith, the results of almost every military effort, however happy in conception, or thorough in execution, were ludicrously disproportioned to its magnitude and the soldier's anticipations. The weakness of the foe was his greatest strength. His movements could only be guessed at by the desolation left upon his path; and the smoking ruins of a squatter's cabin covering the mangled forms of his wife and children,—the mutilated corpse of an express rider, or the massacre of straggling soldiers, were the general tell-tales of his presence and progress.

In his own figurative language, his "path was not white; the pale face tracked the red man by the blood of his people." Days and weeks were

frequently exhausted in hunting up the haunts of a few marauders, and the toil rarely resulted in any success having the remotest bearing upon the general subjection of the Indians; and the reports of scouts and minor military movements, as a general rule, after accurate details of hardship and privation endured, unheard of swamps, big and little cypresses explored,—Chiefs with unpronounceable names, Tus-tee-huggee Had-jos and Ho-tal-coo-chees, *almost* seen, usually concluded with the capture of a squaw, a child, or an old negro.

The slightest prospect of getting at the enemy never failed to infuse alacrity and vigor into the movements of the troops; and it is needless to say, that when it was known in the camp at New River that a large body of the Indians had escaped from General Jessup and was in our immediate neighborhood seeking shelter in the Islands of the Everglades, all were on the *qui vive*. On the very evening of the day on which this news was received, the presence of the enemy was felt. The engineer of a Government Steamer, with the master of a small sloop, against the admonition and advice of the officers, went on the river to fish, taking with them a boy belonging to Col. English; and had hardly progressed three hundred yards from camp before they were fired upon by a party of Indians concealed near them. The two whites fell from the boat dead, but Joe was untouched. Two of them then ran to the bank and told him to land, but with a few strokes of his sculling oar the boat flew to the opposite bank, a distance of but a few yards, and he sprang to the shore. Before his feet touched the ground the enemy fired, and he fell to the ground with two balls in his body. Gathering strength from his terror, he fled, bleeding at every bound, and closely followed by a warrior, who, with his knife between his teeth, had swam the narrow stream when Joe's attempt at escape was observed, and who did not relinquish the chase until within sight of the camp's sentinels. Then brandishing his knife aloft, he gave the well known scalp whoop, which came up through the piny woods upon the gentle evening breeze, a clear and sonorous announcement of the savage warrior's success. Joe's statement left no doubt that this was the work of a small war party scouting for the advance of the larger body under Sam Jones; and in one hour scouts were sent out in all directions. The mutilated bodies of the murdered men were found drifting in the river; but so skilfully had the Indians approached and left the camp, by following the beds of small running streams and ponds, that not the slightest clue to their movements could be discovered after a search of twenty-four hours. Powell had in his command, several volunteers, whose knowledge of the country, gained in hunting and fishing through it, was of great service. Three days after the event above recited occurred, he came over the river just before

sunset and informed us that he had just discovered the main trail of the Indians, and that they passed that morning within two miles of us. The Commanding officer at once issued his orders; men were seen cleaning their guns and filling their haversacks, and the camp presented a scene of the utmost activity and good humor. Powell's boats, managed by expert paddlers, and with all the well men of his command, started in the advance at about 10 o'clock at night, and moved up the smooth and silent river under the shadows of the overhanging oaks and cypresses, stealthily and noiselessly, like so many dark and deathly river gods upon a midnight foray. Not a sound escaped them; the paddles were dipped into the water with a long, regular, and skilful stroke, without contact with the boats, and nothing but the low ripple of the gentle current against their stems told of their progress. A part of the force on the left bank, about two hundred men, marched about the same hour through the open pine barren along the course of the stream; catching occasional glimpses of its placid surface reflecting the beautiful tracery of the forest, the tall pine, melancholy cypress, and moss-crowned oak. Their gray uniform and unburnished arms rendered them visible but at a short distance; and they moved silently and rapidly, in open order by the right flanks of companies, with a few Tennessee horsemen thrown out as flankers, the firmness of the earth and the cool bracing air of a starlight night enabling them to move at a quick pace. Not a word was spoken; every change of direction was indicated by a motion of the guides and taken up by the leading officers; and nothing broke upon the stillness of night but that mournful music of the wind in the leaves of the tall pines, so perceptible and agreeable to a novice, but which the southern woodsman never notes. In this manner they approached the point designated as the rendezvous of the boats, and never shall I forget that midnight introduction to the Everglades of Florida. The pine trees had begun to decrease in number and size, and we entered upon a damp, spongy soil, covered by a growth of scattered cypress, and followed a tongue of land jutting well out into them; and thus suddenly emerged upon a wet, grassy plain, when a boundless view of the Glades was at once presented on three sides. Their first appearance, as they lay spread out before us in the still starlight, was that of an immense wheat-field ripe for the sickle, flooded, and studded with countless green Islands of every extent, from one to ten thousand acres, and intersected by a thousand devious creeks and channels. In reaching the boats, through a dense border of cocoplums, eustard apples, and dwarf cypress, that fringed them near us, myriads of birds, whose homes we thus rudely invaded, were frightened from their coverts; and flocks of the stately flamingo, the beautiful white ibis, the cormorant, crane and cur-

lew, were circling and screaming over us. This seemed to be a well-understood signal; for in an instant the deathlike stillness of the forest, so perfect that the rippling waters as they flowed gently among the opposing cypress trunks could be distinctly heard, was broken by the strangest combination of unearthly sounds that ever fell upon the ear. The shrill cries of the screech owls, whose varied volume and discords indicated performers of every age and sex, were mingled with the cackling and screaming of Indian pullets, water turkeys and cranes; and the free open shout of the large laughing owl, so abundant in South Florida, whose unearthly midnight merriment is calculated at all times to inspire terror, fell upon the ear at short intervals like the wild and savage defiance of some nocturnal guardian of the forest, and was taken up and prolonged by a thousand echoes; the croaking of acres of frogs—of countless varieties, from the innocent little yellow legs, that hop about the damp cypress picking up truant flies, to the lethargic and aldermanic patriarch of the Glades,—chimed in to swell the general alarm; and when I add that the opposition roar of contending alligators came, far and near, over the tremulous waters, as over a sounding board, some idea of this strange feature of the Everglades of Florida may be entertained. Some of the new recruits were more alarmed than they could ever be under the enemy's fire; and so strange and remarkable was the scene, that the entire command halted for a moment to observe it.*

The great Pi-a-o-kee, or Grassy Water, was spread out before us; its deep ponds, rivulets, lakes, and basins, reflecting sweetly the twinkling stars, and set round with a dense forest of dark green cypress and venerable oaks, whose giant limbs and mossy drapery were distinctly sleeping in shadow upon its glassy bosom. As far as the eye could reach to the south and west, the fires of the enemy, kindled in his fancied security as signals to scattered warriors, were faintly visible; and our embarkation upon his dark and unknown lake seemed to be heralded and forbidden by guardian birds of evil omen. In less than twenty minutes the horses of the Tennesseans were secured and the entire command entered the canoes, which began to thread the narrow channels leading to the open waters. Noiselessly they crept along, in single

* This is no fiction. Indeed, so far is it from conveying an adequate idea of what I have vainly essayed to sketch, that I venture to say that he must possess extraordinary perceptive and descriptive powers, whose tongue or pen can truly describe it. Just before Indian hostilities commenced, the gallant Dade, then at Key West, was ordered to the Peninsula to hold a talk with the Indians. He ascended the river in a barge with ten men and a guide, and reached the head waters of New River late that night, and he pronounced it the strangest scene he had ever passed through.

file, forming a line of a mile long, until daylight, when a halt was made and a reconnoitring party was sent out on the nearest Islands. They ascended trees and soon returned with information that we were within about ten miles of the enemy, but that a dense field of saw grass, with but few channels or passages for the boats had to be crossed to reach him. This infused new vigor into all hearts; we at once sprang out to lighten the boats; and, holding on to their sides, and floating and dragging them, we put them boldly into the tall grass, every blade of which is armed, and cuts like a miniature saw. After one hour's strenuous exertions, sometimes plunging them into deep water-holes and at others hauling them over the slippery mud, we struck the trail of the enemy, which at once revealed his strength and character. The tracks of his tub-like, cowhide boats, the easy stages of his trail, and his numerous stopping places, showed that he was encumbered by his women and children,—and gave us assurance, as a Tennessean observed, of a "first rate fight." We never deviated from the trail, but followed on as truly as a pointer warming with the scent. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were within half-a-mile of Sam Jones' Island; and here the old chief, (called by the Indians Ap-pi-ac-kee,) then sixty-eight years old, had at length fixed himself permanently, as he conceived, beyond the utmost efforts of the white man. The saw grass was at least four feet above the heads of the men seated in the boats; but by standing up on the thwarts, the dense green hammocks near us and the distinct and separate curls of smoke from each little Indian encampment struggling up through it,—were visible. This sight reanimated the whole command, for a struggle with the enemy and his capture seemed inevitable. The men were cautious and active, expressing their gratification, by significant gestures to each other, that they were going to "pitch right into them Indians." Unusual and joyous animation beamed in every face. Every man examined and reprimed his arms; the Tennesseans patted their fives and brought their knives a little more to the front; and Powell's sailors had the happy "devil-may-care" air of seamen going ashore on liberty. We were evidently undiscovered, and were rapidly gaining a position which would cut off the enemy's retreat and ensure his destruction. Mutual congratulations were whispered among the Tennesseans, as they reminded each other of some poor comrade whose blood had been shed. Powell's own boat, under his immediate command, led the advance, in the confident belief, that he was about to return the compliment which the Indians had paid him a short time before at Jupiter. He was about entering a clear reach of water which would have carried him to the most favorable position for cutting off their escape, when an order from the commanding officer was passed along the lines that

he designed to try the efficacy of a white flag, and not a shot was to be fired. This, as was subsequently understood, was enjoined by the commanding General; but be that as it may, it is certain that no military order was ever more ill-timed, or ever fell upon the ear more unpleasantly, or created in subordinates more hearty and thorough disgust; a disgust of which the sailors and Tennesseans made no concealment; and at this distant day with much additional light before me, I am forced to believe that a more injudicious order was not issued during the whole Florida war,—and this is saying much. A halt was at once made by the advance, and an active messenger waded back to learn distinctly if it was forbidden to attack the enemy; when the order was returned that not a gun should be fired, or a hostile movement made before the flag had been sent. We then slowly advanced, and when skirting within a hundred fifty yards of the Island, the leading boat, suddenly turning a grassy knoll, came upon two young warriors, clad in loose calico shirts belted about the waists, their right feet advanced and leaning well over the turbid stream, sustaining themselves by their hold upon the reedy grass. They stood for an instant with distended eyes gazing upon us, enchained by astonishment; and their position and whole appearance were in keeping with the wild and desolate features of the "*Grassy Water*." A dozen rifles were at once levelled at them, but as soon lowered, as the men were reminded of the white flag; and leaping back through the mud and grass, they were soon lost to sight, when their clear and sonorous war whoop went up as a warning to their fellows that the foe was upon them; and in an instant it was answered by a hundred shouts from the Island. He who has not heard the Seminole war-whoop from the throats of a war party in all its savage ferocity, the enthusiasm of its grim and painted horrors, can gather but a faint idea from mere description. It rarely fails to depress, if it does not intimidate, when heard for the first time; but it had no terror* for the gallant men in whose ears it now rung familiarly;—and they answered it with a cheer such as never before swept over that waste of waters. We had completely surprised them; and, embarrassed as they were by the presence of their women and children, the probabilities were that they would have surrendered at once rather than expose their loved ones to capture. But we were now discovered; concealment was no longer possible; and the halt being ordered, and a white flag sent in, carried by a young West Pointer at the head of thirty men, the soldiers crowded upon the boats' thwarts and every little muddy knoll to view the enemy. A low open pine Island, three miles long, terminated abruptly in a rich live oak hammock of about 100 acres; and here, within 150 yards of us, the Indians lay. The limbs of the branching oaks overhanging the water were covered by them;

and the flag had hardly advanced fifty steps, which it required at least half an hour to do, through mud nearly waist deep, before they opened a brisk fire on the bearer and the command generally. The officers ordered all the men to lie down and the balls passed harmlessly over them; and the flag gave away and returned with one man wounded. Their firing continued unremittingly for about three quarters of an hour, during which time they were getting their women and children off the other end of the Island towards the main land. Lieutenant, now Captain John —, of the artillery, whose tall and graceful person, white jacket and shining cap, made him rather a conspicuous mark, attracted the attention of a negro who took four or five deliberate shots at him with a musket, or shot gun, even wading out into the glades to obtain a nearer view. After enduring these compliments until he was sufficiently amused, he threw a cover off the bow of his boat and pointed a small gun at the enemy. He was promptly reminded of the order not to fire, but declaring that he must have one crack at all hazards, he waited for the reappearance of his black friend and made a capital shot, the ball tearing up the mud immediately beside him. The order was now given to charge;—but it is needless to say that it could only be done by literally dragging one foot after another in heavy mud and water three feet deep, and that the enemy did not wait our coming. Groups of men were seen here and there lending their aid to extricate some poor fellow in danger of being lost in an alligator's hole, or swallowed up in the oozy mud. The hammock was reached and charged in the dusk of the evening. Twenty-four cowhide boats, or tubs, together with the enemy's entire camp equipage, consisting of game, supper in process of being cooked, a half-a-dozen gourds, skins, moccasins, blankets and old clothes, were the spoils of the victors. Great was the mortification and chagrin at this absurd conclusion of one of the best conducted affairs of the war. The enemy, however, was beyond our reach, and every man turned his attention to making a comfortable bivouac for the night. With the aid of a few seamen I squatted upon the most comfortable looking Indian camp, to which every man of my party soon brought his plunder, among which were some twenty dry hides for beds and several pots of game; and in a few minutes our ears and noses were regaled with the grateful simmering and odor of tempting stews. Four immense live oaks, about fifteen or twenty feet apart, formed the landmarks of my domain, to which I notified all intruders that I had a pre-emption right. Large fires in every direction for a hundred yards around us, at which groups of men were drying their clothes, cleaning their arms and eating the first food they had tasted for twenty hours, now illuminated the hammock; and as the blaze began to burn more and more brightly, opos-

sums, raccoons, wild cats, turkeys and squirrels, the spoils of the Indian hunters, were revealed, hanging about the camps, about six feet from the ground, beyond the reach of their dogs. The fire soon communicated with the saw grass, and instantly the glades were on fire. The wind rose as the fire increased and in less than an hour a flood of flame had swept far to the southward and consumed in its desolating path every blade above the water. The burning was accompanied by the sharp cracking of the reedy stalks, resembling the random firing of a thousand rifles. The song, the jest, the loud bursts of laughter or applause at some merry story of men thus grouped, began to awaken the echoes of the woods; and as they flitted about among the different little camp fires, or lay stretched before them upon the Indian pallets in a strange variety of costume, position and humor, I thought that bivouac in Sam Jones' Island the wildest I had ever seen. Clothes were dried, arms were cleaned and supper was consumed; and the extraordinary fatigues of the scout disposed the command generally to slumber. The noisy clamor of the bivouac had subsided to a low murmur and after a glorious supper, stretched upon a dry luxurious cow hide before the fire, I was enjoying my "*otium cum dignitate*," my thoughts wandering to the one bright particular star that ruled my destiny, and reflecting that her coldness was plunging me deeper and deeper into adventure and excitement, when I heard the commanding officer bitterly lamenting the loss of a certain favorite flask, and declaring that he felt extremely ill.

"Mr. —," said he, addressing one of his aids, "do me the favor to look around among the gentlemen;—surely some of them *must* have brought *something*. I feel that this march, these wet clothes and damp ground will be the death of me. I'll have the scoundrel that lost that flask punished."

The young officer inquired at several camp-fires, but he soon returned expressing his belief that there was not a drop of any thing to drink in the whole command. A deep groan followed from his afflicted superior, who predicted a thousand evil consequences to result from the loss of that flask. I recollected at once that I had brought with me a metal quart flask filled with whiskey, a little of which I was accustomed to put into my boots before lying down with wet feet; and slinging it around my neck and approaching the unhappy inquirer, I said, "my flask is at your service, Col., it contains either vinegar or whiskey; but I am not entirely certain which." With an expressive glance of surprise and pleasure, he said, "My dear sir, I am infinitely obliged to you:—good heavens, sir, how could you let such a question remain in doubt." Then unscrewing the top and applying his nose to the flask, he exclaimed in tones of unfeigned happiness,—"*Whiskey*, sir,—most *excellent* whiskey; why sir, you have raised me

from the dead! Come, sir, you must take the first sip of it," handing me the filled cup which formed the top of the flask. I excused myself, saying that I did not drink it, but merely brought it to put into my boots. "Put it into your boots, sir! What! put this whiskey into your boots; why"—the last sounds were drowned as with his head slightly thrown back he slowly enjoyed the draught. My flask then went the rounds. It is needless to say that a quart of whiskey afforded but a thimble full to each of the numerous partakers, after the commanding officer had been served; but still it was enough to infuse amiability and merriment into the party; and I remember indistinctly that between sleeping and waking I heard Lieut. L——, of the artillery, "lining off" certain verses on the Florida war, in the style of the hundredth Psalm. The command returned next day to New River and soon engaged in another scout, which will be found on another page of my note book.

NOONTIDE.

I.

On the skirt of the wood,
Beside the shimm'ring stream,
It doth my spirit good,
To stand and idly dream,
Of what I will.

Blue are the heavens above,
Green is the earth and fair,
And like a wearied dove,
Flutters the soft-winged air,
Is it so still?

II.

O close thine eyes and hear,
What music Nature makes,
Be thou a while all ear,
And catch each sound that breaks,
From her vast choir.

The gush of yon glad waves
Drowns not the madrigal,
Of tinkling rill that laves,
The pebbles round and small,
Its simple lyre.

III.

The leaves that hung aloft
Greet the winds as they pass,
Drown not the rustle soft,
Of the tall meadow grass,
So dimly heard.

Glad insects, far and near,
On murmuring winglets float,

And now and then so clear,
Is heard the sudden note,
Of unseen bird.

IV.

The zephyr's passionate wail
Hath more of joy than woe,
As some old harper's tale,
That makes the tear-drops flow,
Yet endeth well.

Here no harsh discords fall,
To mar the melody;
But blended voices all
In full wild harmony
Together swell.

C. C. L.

Staunton, Va.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES OGILVIE,

EARL OF FINLATER.

BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

I cannot remember the precise period when I entered Ogilvie's Academy; but I remained there from two to three scholastic years,—during which time the celebrated drama of Aaron Burr's trial, with its scenery and decorations and its various interesting incidents, more thrilling by far than the drama of fiction, was acted before a Richmond audience. When play-time, or recess came, many of the students, who in years ranged from boyhood to twenty,—hurried down to the Capitol with the keen curiosity of youth, to gaze upon the several *dramatis personæ* who figured in that representation. Of course the hero of the scene with his low stature, piercing black eye and easy address, was generally the first object of attraction. The next was that plain, simple and unostentatious great man who sat on the bench, but whose form was so familiar and so well known that most of the spectators regarded him pretty much as Partridge looked upon Garrick in the play; he was so *natural*, it was impossible that he could be any thing uncommon. Then came the distinguished counsel on both sides, whose persons made a great impression, at least upon my mind, even at that early age. Wickham, the Ajax, as well as Chesterfield of the bar, was then in the meridian of his genius and accomplishments. For the first time, I was startled and delighted by the magical voice of Wirt, and I remember I was present at the delivery of that pathetic passage in one of his speeches in which he introduced Blennerhassett's almost enchanted island, and described the serpent winding his way into Paradise, and the sad wife mingling her midnight tears with the freezing Ohio. I remember, too, the famous Luther Martin, who although coarse and uncouth in his manners, was considered a very lexicon of jurispru-

dence. The distinguished prosecutor of the government, George Hay—and the no less distinguished Benjamin Botts—are both in my “minds eye;” the former stern and unbending, but courtly and noble—and the latter cold in exterior, but in fact, as I afterwards learned, the possessor of a radiant and profound intellect. There were others in that bright galaxy of talent, whom I cannot now enumerate, either from indistinct memory or want of materials.

Ogilvie's Academy building was the same veritable and venerable wooden structure which now stands at the junction of Sixth and Grace streets; and is owned and occupied by one of our most enterprising merchants. The centre and right wing, (*left* as you view it from the street) was the part dedicated to learning; the other wing was privately tenanted. I was about my fifteenth year when I belonged to that school, and although time has been since busy with its revolutions, and the period of youth is always full of illusion, I have a very distinct remembrance of many things that occurred not only then, but before and afterwards. The grove of fine foliage and shrubbery which now shades the foreground of Mr. G—'s dwelling, contrasts quite strangely with the down-trodden and blighted green-sward of 1807,—and the building itself, though in point of fact forty years older than it was then, looks decidedly that much younger with the aid of paint, and as I presume constant care and superintendence. This now beautiful spot, notwithstanding its former denuded aspect, is hallowed in my memory; and I suppose there are many besides, even in this generation of pelf, who revisit with a sort of mournful pleasure the scenes of their school-boy days, where they passed so many sportive hours,—formed so many early friendships, and where so many germs of thought first sprung into existence. I doubt whether one in a hundred, perhaps one in five hundred of those who daily pass this place, knows that less than forty years ago it was the residence of James Ogilvie, a Scotchman of noble birth, a teacher by profession, and a man of singular endowments; and whatever may be said of his faults and eccentricities,—one who unquestionably exercised an important influence over many of the young men of that day in Virginia. Some of the most distinguished of those whom the old Commonwealth ever sent into the battlefield or to the federal and state councils, were enrolled among his pupils, and were moulded in a greater or less degree by the plastic hand of the teacher. Whatever may be the true estimate placed upon his real merits or the precise amount of his acquirements, it is certain that he managed with consummate skill to fashion the minds of those over whose feelings and faith he once obtained the ascendant. On this point I speak with something like personal experience. Humble as I know my pretensions to be, I remember that before I enter-

ed the Academy I was an idle, listless boy, fonder of every thing by far than mental labor—and although to a certain extent ambitious, it was a dreamy and thoughtless ambition, without object and without energy. Ogilvie inspired me with new desires. He touched some sympathetic chord which instantly responded, and from that moment I felt that there was a divine spark in the human mind, at least in mine, which might be fanned into a flame and which was infinitely of more value and of more true enjoyment, than the mere pleasures of sense. The distinguishing faculty of the man was the power of rousing the mind from its torpor and lending it wings, but whether he could always control its flight afterwards, or skilfully direct its good and evil impulses, was matter of doubt with those whose opportunities were ample for observing and studying his character. I believe that the chief agency by which he exercised his influence was his somewhat peculiar mode of imparting instruction by lecture. The regular branches of learning, as taught in most seminaries, were confided to assistants (among whom was John Wood, of mathematical celebrity)—but the lecturer's chair, or chair of elocution, in which Ogilvie took such especial pride, he reserved for himself. To me, at least, his power in that department seemed almost irresistible, and if it be permitted to judge of others by results, I should say there were few who escaped the sympathetic influence of the orator. I am aware that intelligent, and I presume, unprejudiced men have formed a different estimate of his powers. It was principally objected that his manner was pompous, inflated,—and by no means natural, and probably in the judgment of mature years, there is reason in the objection. The hey-day blood of youth, however, was more easily taken captive. I remember how thrillingly from the reciter's lips the first sounds of Parnell's *Hermit* and Collins' *Ode to the Passions* fell upon my ear and heart. These and many other examples of English verse I enjoyed for the first time. They produced wild and strange emotions, and made impressions which have never been forgotten. Collins' *Ode to the Passions* was one of Ogilvie's favorite compositions. After he had made his class familiar with it as a whole, he divided the ode into its several appropriate parts, and assigned the personation of each particular passion to some selected pupil.

Having passed through the customary labors of rehearsal,—the actors were prepared for a finished representation of the poem, and so well did the experiment succeed in the school, that the same was repeated in the State Capitol before a brilliant and admiring audience. I have often wondered why the managers of education and purveyors to literary taste, consulting their own pecuniary advantage if nothing else, should neglect this simple and harmless mode of giving reputation to a school,—of delighting the public with the performance and of

stirring up the young performers themselves to emulation. I have never heard but one satisfactory answer to the enquiry,—and that is,—that so few conductors of schools are themselves masters of elocution. If this be true, why is it not acquired and practised as a distinct profession? Why is the art itself permitted to hold adverse possession of the stage from which so large a part of the community is necessarily excluded? Say what we may of the grave and solid studies, or of the importance of mastering the physical and moral sciences, it is gladness of heart which can alone lighten intellectual toil, and the heart's emotions are most readily reached through the medium of eloquence. It is said that knowledge is power, and, if poets are to be believed, so is eloquence.

Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence!

That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence

Of men's affections more than all their swords!

But Poets are not the only authority for this opinion. All history,—all ages and nations agree, that from Cicero down to the “forest-born Demosthenes” of our own land, there is a magic on the lips of some, which captivates the soul and imposes willing slavery on its victims.

But how is this wonderful art to be studied and acquired? I am aware that many think the pulpit, the forum or legislative hall, is the best and most efficient school. It is obvious, however, that the student who confines himself to the study of such models must learn chiefly by imitation and be almost entirely without the benefit of previous instruction. If there are occasionally master spirits and prodigies of genius who rise to eminence with few extrinsic aids, they are only exceptions to the general rule, that methodized labor is necessary to intellectual distinction. If Henry, at the bar, and in the legislative hall, and Devereux Jarratt, (the Whitefield of Virginia,) in the pulpit, were rare examples of extraordinary endowment, without preliminary training,—there are innumerable examples to the contrary.

Ogilvie valued the eloquence of the lecture only as a means and not as an end. He applied it to useful elementary knowledge,—to geography,—history, and the philosophy of grammar, as well as to that greater art of exploring the fountain of human sympathies. In the exercise of this art, he was certainly in a high degree successful, except with those who from cold temperament or other cause resisted and repelled such influence. To a Virginian ear, his elocution was complained of because of its Scottish accent, but if that were a defect, it was sufficiently compensated by great fervor of feeling,—fullness and power of voice,—intellectual expression of countenance and grace, if not majesty, of gesture. There was something I doubt not a little theatrical in his tragic stride, which would

not have been approved by mature criticism, but the young heart did not stop to reason about proprieties and refinements; it yielded to the "soft impeachment" of what it felt to be dramatic and effective, without ever consulting the schools on the subject.

Of Ogilvie's conversational powers, I have no sufficient means of judging,—having only met with him twice or thrice after the completion of my scholastic period. I remember his finding me out at an obscure town where I first resided as a young practitioner of law, and we spent two or three hours together of joyous hilarity,—in which he manifested his characteristic partiality for his pupils. He spoke familiarly about the past, and the projected future, and I think he was then upon one of his itinerant expeditions, in which having sunk the more humble profession of preceptor, he had aspired to the doubtful arena of display as a public rhetorician. It was nearly a year afterwards, that circumstances carried me to the State of Kentucky, where I spent the winter in the hospitable mansion of D——, one of Ogilvie's former pupils,—a gentleman, whose capacious heart and head afterwards exalted him to high stations under the federal government. I remember on a dark rainy night as the family encircled the fireside in social converse, the outer door was opened to the admission of a colored servant, with dripping overcoat and benumbed fingers, who proved to be a messenger from Ogilvie, then residing in the mountain wilderness of that State. He brought a letter highly descriptive of the writer's condition, plans, and prospects. The orator had rented a retired room in a spacious cabin for the purpose of composing lectures for future delivery in public, and had carefully stipulated with his landlady against the slightest intrusion upon his solitary labors. His schemes however had been more comprehensive than his means. He needed that indispensable requisite to human comfort a circulating medium, and the main object of his message, despatched through tempestuous skies, was to borrow from his old pupil. The money was sent,—the lectures were composed,—and the next time that I met with James Ogilvie, was in the metropolis of Virginia, where I heard with real pleasure one of those brilliant creations of a Kentucky log cabin, which were so much admired by thousands on the Atlantic seaboard. I well remember an interesting fact connected with this lecture, the discovery of which was gratifying to many of the former pupils and friends of the orator. When first an emigrant from Scotland, he was young, ardent and strongly imbued with the infidel philosophy of that day. Godwin's Political Justice, and works of a kindred character were the themes of his unreserved eulogy,—but it was impossible for a mind like his to resist the steady and constant light which beamed from so many intellectual sources and dissipated the flimsy sophistries

of skepticism. On that very occasion to which I refer,—at night,—in the Capitol of Virginia,—Ogilvie renounced and repudiated his previous false opinions and without hesitation confessed his faith in the great truths and doctrines of christianity. This solemn declaration he repeated in several succeeding lectures.

Whether or not he retained and practised these freshly embraced sentiments and doctrines up to the time of his departure from Virginia for Scotland, I cannot decide. I fear from subsequent events, that Christianity with him was, as it is with thousands, a mere theory,—a beautiful abstraction,—having its dwelling-place in the visions of fancy, rather than in the citadel of the heart.

His career after this time, is only known to me by report and partly through the medium of transatlantic publications. Ogilvie was the heir and descendant of a long line of distinguished Scottish ancestors. (See Douglas' Peerage.) By the death of the last nobleman of the House of Finlater and Airly,—the title and estates devolved upon him, and notwithstanding his early republican sentiments he did not hesitate to accept the new honors and advantages offered in his native land. He embarked for London on his way to Scotland and sojourned for a time in that great emporium. During his stay, whether from some eclat acquired as an American Orator, or from some aristocratic attraction to the new Scottish Lord, he was invited to deliver a lecture to the Surrey Institution, said at that time to be a place of elegant resort and sustained by the wealth and talent of the British metropolis. His acceptance of that honor was undoubtedly the occasion of a severe trial to a frame constitutionally nervous and rendered more so by the habitual use of opiates and narcotics. The gaze of a London audience, combining the gravity of wisdom with the dazzling splendor of youth and beauty overpowered the lecturer. His effort was feeble and abortive. He retired in silence from the lighted hall, overwhelmed with confusion! It was a sad incident in a career, which in some respects at least had been brilliant, and acting upon a mind peculiarly sensitive, it was probably the fatal cause of a more melancholy catastrophe. He reached his Scottish estate,—worn out in body and spirit,—disappointed in hope and crushed in ambition. *He perished by his own hand!*

I have often felt strangely sad in contemplating this mournful end of my early preceptor. With all his shining qualities, he was not exempt from the weaknesses and frailties of humanity. His generous impulses were doubtless often counteracted by a spirit of misanthropy, and perhaps of bitterness, and with all that there was in the path of life to cheer him, it was his fitful nature to experience at times—

————— that dreary void
The leafless desert of the mind.

But peace forever to his ashes !—Who can fathom
the mysterious struggles and trials of the human
heart ?

In the language of a favorite bard, whose words
I have often heard repeated from the eloquent lips
of Ogilvie himself,

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his father and his God.

H. OF RICHMOND.

NOTE.—It is stated in the text, that many distinguished Virginians, both in Council and the field, and of professional eminence, were indebted to Ogilvie for much of their early education. Without enumerating the honored dead, I will refer to living instances,—with the remark that if I had been at liberty to consult my own pleasure, and circumstances had allowed it, I should have applied to these gentlemen, (most of them personally known to me,) for their own recollections of the subject of this hasty sketch, before I had undertaken it. By so doing I should doubtless have been enabled to correct some errors into which I may have fallen ; but as my object was not an accurate biographical notice, but a mere transcript from individual memory, the omission referred to will be readily excused. Of those who were among the first pupils of Ogilvie in Virginia, and are now living—may be mentioned the great American Captain, the conqueror of Mexico, and Brigadier General George Brooke. The two Jones's, General Roger Jones and Commodore Catesby Jones,—the Hon. Wm. S. Archer, late U. S. Senator ; Judge John Robertson, late M. C.,—John S. Barbour, of Culpeper, late M. C.,—and Doctor Henry Curtis, of Hanover, a distinguished physician, were all students at the Richmond Academy. I must not forget my excellent friend, Governor Duval of Florida, formerly of Kentucky, and referred to in the foregoing sketch, who was also a student in Richmond, somewhat before my time ; and perhaps it is also proper to state that the venerable editor of the Washington Union was Ogilvie's assistant in the early part of the latter's career as Instructor. Whether Mr. Ritchie was previously a pupil, I am not informed. There are doubtless several now living whose names I have not mentioned and cannot now recall.

LINES

Addressed impromptu to Mrs. S., upon hearing her sing the
song of "*Marble Halls*," from the opera of the Bohemian
Girl.

Oh, breathe once again,
That soul-touching strain !
It lifts me from Earth to the Skies !
'Tis the Cherubim's note,
From thy mocking-bird throat,
And it melts like the ray from thine eyes.

W. W.

THE GREGORIES OF HACKWOOD.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

An old stone house, of great dimensions, stands on a slight elevation in the midst of a champaign country. A stream with a musical Indian name, which our Virginia country folk have not benefited in the pronunciation, bends aside from its course, to sweep the circular base of the unusual hill. Miles Gregory, at the date of my story, lived in this house, which he called Hackwood, and was the owner of many thousand acres of the lands around it : a great estate, but deplorably neglected, and reduced to the appearance of a barren.

It was near twilight of a summer evening. The walls of Hackwood were growing dusky and sombre. The grim high-peaked gables, darkening into deep cornices, had lost the glare of day, and were not yet yellow in the light of the harvest moon, which trembled on the line of the eastern landscape, tipping the dewy tops of the ash, dogwood, and redbud coverts which extended far away in an unbroken wilderness. These peaked gables were none the less gloomy for the desolate din of the martins and barn-swallows which swarmed about them. At several hundred yards from the house, was a burial ground. It seemed to be very old. The wall about it was sinking into ruin. The stones had, in many places, fallen out, leaving their coping of plank to span wide gaps. A few locust trees, overrun with wild vines, grew amongst broken tombstones and sunken graves. As twilight drew on, one might have seen a horseman approach this burial ground, dismount, fasten his horse outside, leap the broken wall, and seat himself upon a tombstone. He was a tall, well proportioned man of about five and twenty, with long dark hair, a ready and graceful carriage, and wore the dress of a gentleman. He sat until the moon began to give a more distinct light, and then left his seat and looked toward Hackwood. As he did so, two female figures advanced from the shadows of the house, and approached him. One, a slender girl with a light step, came swiftly before the other. The last comer, a taller and statelier person, advanced at a more sedate pace. As they came near, the gentleman leaped the wall, and, with a few earnest words of welcome, caught the hands of the slender girl and kissed her lips. He then saluted, more moderately, her companion, who loitered behind. These persons were Henry Grant, of Statton, a gentleman of honour and intelligence, who had inherited from a spendthrift father a great estate burthened with a perfect confusion of debts, and Joan and Anne, the two daughters of Miles Gregory, of Hackwood. Joan, the tall and sedate lady, walked away at a slow step, making a circuit

of the burial-ground. Henry Grant and Anne Gregory, sitting side by side, conversed in low tones. They were lovers. After the conversation had continued for some time, the gentleman said—

"It is very annoying, dear Anne, to be driven to this questionable mode of meeting you. We are equals, we love each other, there is no good reason why we should not be man and wife"—here he pressed the girl's hand, and his tone became most serious and gentle—"and yet you compel me to lurk about your father's house and steal this sweet intercourse. Why should I not ride to Hackwood at noon-day, and meet you as equals meet?"

"Master Henry," replied the girl, with a sweet smile, "it is Joan that prevents your coming to Hackwood, and she must tell you why she does so."

As Anne spoke, the dark figure of her sister, with a black mantle drooping from the inclined head, became visible; her circuit of the graveyard had brought her near the speakers. She joined them, and said, as Anne ended—

"Yes, I have prevented your coming to Hackwood."

"There surely must be a good cause for it," said Henry Grant. "Your firm and just nature does not give wanton pain."

"Perhaps," said Joan, "my reasons will appear to you to be bad or insufficient; they are conclusive to me." The girl turned her thoughtful face to the moon, and was silent for a few moments. At last she spoke with a sad energy—

"It is our father's condition that has made me shut the doors of our house against you. Ah! he is a most miserable man. The evening of life which should bring with it calm affections, an equal mind, cheerfulness and contentment, has brought him nothing but wretchedness. It has increased a passion, which he once ruled, into a madness which now rules him. But surely you know what I would say."

"That your poor father, Miles Gregory—once an accomplished gentleman—is cursed in his old age with the insanity of avarice. I know it."

"But, master Henry," said Anne Gregory, greatly distressed, "Joan always sees things on their dark sides. Our father is kind and gentle."

"Gentle to you Anne—sometimes; not kind to any one," Joan answered. A sob moved her white throat, but controlling it, she continued resolutely, "None but his daughters know to what extreme wretchedness he has sunk; and only I of his daughters fully—for I have stood between Anne and the bitter knowledge of all—of details which could but have made her light heart as heavy as my own. I must speak even now in merely general terms. In the midst of wealth, he lives in a state of want. I have indeed, more than once, saved him from— from starvation. He has dismantled his house, driv-

en out servant after servant, until but two or three feeble old creatures, who refuse to be driven away, remain. He wanders about his empty rooms half clothed. Ride at noon-day to Hackwood, and you will find a poor sad girl, clad like a nun in black serge, hiding from the cruel eyes of the world, even from her lighter-hearted sister, a miserable old man, wasted for want of food, and who, instead of greeting you as an honorable suitor for his daughter's hand, will insult you with wretched suspicions that you come to force yourself on his hospitality. From such a house, and such miseries, shame has made me exclude you."

At these words, uttered by Joan resolutely and with little apparent emotion—for the tides of the proud girl's nature were deep—Anne wept as if her heart would break. Henry Grant succeeded, after a time, in quieting her grief, and then said to Joan—

"You draw a dreary picture. Why not permit me to remove Anne as my wife, and yourself as her good and kind sister, to a condition of comfort and happiness?"

"Happiness!" said Joan Gregory. "How could I be happy under your roof, with the dreams of Hackwood haunting me? No: I must remain steadfast. I cannot leave my poor father. And it would be a fatal blow if Anne left him. She is the only one on earth whom he seems to love."

"We can unite to watch over him," said Henry Grant. "He can live in greater comfort with us at Statton."

"It cannot be so," Joan answered. "If I have shrunk from admitting even you to our dismal home, because it would fill me with shame to have you look upon my father's weakness, how could I lead him to your great house—to be stared at—to be laughed at by your very servants? But this is not Anne's answer. If drawn by love, she answers otherwise, I cannot blame her."

"Ah! let us talk of these things at another time," said Anne Gregory, with a sort of sorrowful naïveté. "Must we never have a good, dear talk? Joan is always unhappy; and you, master Henry, are always arguing about coming to decisions, and saying the time has come for this thing or that thing."

Henry Grant looked tenderly upon the beautiful girl and answered:

"I will not press you to a decision to-night; we will find a time when we are all more buoyant and hopeful. Your sister takes, as you say, dark views, and has depressed us a little."

As he spoke, he turned to Joan. Her face was pale; her lips were quivering; her large hazel eyes wore an expression of intense grief.

"You have some peculiar grief," he said kindly; "something beyond the common sorrows of your life, of which you have spoken, to disturb you to-night."

"Yes, a peculiar grief," Joan answered.

"Conceal nothing from me. Anne's love gives me a title to your confidence."

"I will confide everything to you," said Joan slowly, and confirming herself into the fixed calmness with which she had hitherto spoken. "The friendship that listens to grief lessens it. The condition of Lewis Gregory, our brother, is just now a source of infinite distress to me. How much or how little of his struggle with life do you know?"

"Speak as if I knew nothing," said Henry Grant.

Anne pressed close to her lover's side, and Joan told her brother's story.

"Lewis grew to manhood," she began, "full of rare promise. He came to his father and mine, and said—'it is not suitable that the son of a gentleman should sink from his position, and I have chosen an honorable calling; give me the means of beginning life, and I will take care of the rest.' Our poor father refused this just demand. Lewis became a schoolmaster; devoted such time as he could to the study of the law; finally came to the bar. He succeeded at once, and bade fair to become a distinguished man. He married a sweet and excellent woman. The world was full of good promise to him; but a change came. Two years ago, with many little children looking up to him for bread, and a sick wife to be nursed and cheered, he suddenly found himself involved in debt. Perhaps the debts of others had fallen upon him—for his nature is kindly and generous; perhaps his own want of worldly prudence brought the misery upon him. But so it was. He found his condition almost hopeless. He applied to his father. He was again repulsed. Then he betook himself sternly to the labors of his profession. For one year he bore his burthen hopefully; it grew lighter as he toiled on. In the beginning of the second year a terrible and fatal calamity overtook him. He became blind. The race was run. Now he sits a gentle, proud, but most helpless man, and sorrows are crowding in upon him. His wife is sick, sheriffs are taking his property, his children are without protection. It is for this reason that I am so sad to-night. Is it strange that I should be so?"

Joan turned her eyes upon her companions, as she ended, and smiled so wretchedly, that weeping would have been more cheerful. Henry Grant, deeply moved, said:

"Your brother shall not go down alone. I will save him, or be ruined with him. You know well my own condition. When I became master of Statton, I found the fortunes of our house in great danger. Since then I have been fighting, yard arm to yard arm, with creditors, and am beginning to hope for success. Energy will accomplish everything. But your blind brother is now to be a care of mine. I will place half of such a shield as I have before him."

"You are a true-hearted and brave man," said Joan with flashing eyes. "It is Anne's rare good fortune that she has attached so excellent a nature to her own. I know you well. But this burthen must not be added to the load you already bear. There is a resource to be once more tried. I have determined to make a final appeal to my poor father. Lewis shall be brought to Hackwood, to join me in it.—I think we shall find words which must bring relief; and if we succeed, it will be a double relief. For it will be the removal from my father's heart of a portion of the terrible infirmity which now destroys it. It will be a triumph of right feeling over his insane love of riches. We will see. I have some hope."

"And I hope," said Anne Gregory calmly, "that succeeding in these just purposes, we may soon have a happier meeting than this has been."

The moon had climbed high before the sisters left the scene of this interview and returned to the house. Henry Grant, reining his horse, saw them, as he sat in his saddle, disappear in the shade of its walls, and turning, rode away at a slow pace.

CHAPTER II.

In a large room of Hackwood, with a most desolate look, for it possessed scarcely any furniture, rambled an old man. His appearance was singular. His body was thin and much stooped. His face had no flesh about it, and was peaked and sharp in the features. His eyes were keen and restless, with a blending of suspicion and alarm about them. His hair straggled in a thin line of white around his head, leaving the top bald and shining. His costume was antiquated, mean, and patched. I introduce him to the reader the day after the night scene between Henry Grant and the sisters.

"Jenkin," said the old man, in a peevish, sharp tone—"Jenkin."

A feeble old negro, scarcely in better physical condition than his master, came to the call. He stood leaning on a stick, but said nothing. Miles Gregory, the miser, who had called him, seemed to be seized with the same dearth of speech. At last, however, he said:

"When they come, Jenkin, don't leave me alone with them—do you hear?—don't leave me alone with them."

"Who are coming, master?" said Jenkin.

"Don't you know," said the miser, fixing his sharp eyes on the negro; "don't you know? Then they have not bought you over. Lewis is coming with the old story about want of money; and Joan will be pestering me. They want to ruin me, Jenkin, but the old man can take care of his own. They will find him sharp, Jenkin, sharp and careful."

Jenkin groaned, and fastened a look of extreme pity upon his master. Then a door opened, and Joan Gregory entered. Her cheeks were bloodless and her lips compressed. In spite of her noble person, and the extraordinary beauty of her melancholy face, there was something in the firmer moods of this high-spirited girl, to excite fear rather than love.

"Father," she said abruptly, "Lewis has come, and the time for action has come. He and his dear family—his wife and the little ones, your grandchildren, will be cast upon the world if you do not aid him. Father, break this miserable spell that destroys you—that destroys us all—and save him."

"The old cry—the old cry," said the miser. "I am to pay money because Lewis is a fool." And he tightened his grasp of the frayed skirt of his threadbare coat, which he had fidgetted into his hands, as if, in tightening the grasp, he held his money safe.

"Lewis is most unhappy—not a fool. He is a blind man, beset by poverty and debt, which you can remove in a moment—hear me father—remove in a moment. Ah! that you should refuse to save your own son—so worthy a son—when his salvation would be so easy. I, father, would die to save him. As I hope for God's mercy, I think that I would be resolute enough to do so."

"What can I do?" said the old man querulously.

"What can you do? I will tell you father, not only what you can do to save Lewis, but what you can do to gain happiness for yourself. Throw open your doors—cultivate your lands—live like a gentleman, the descendant of gentlemen—fill this desolate old house with the merry noises of children—your grandchildren. The wealth which you love will be trebled after every charge upon your love and duty as a parent. Is not this so?"

"Money ventured, money lost," muttered the old man.

"Well, suppose it were lost," said Joan Gregory, with tears rising to fill her eyes, "suppose that the aid to Lewis were but the casting of your riches into a gulf; if you save him by the sacrifice, do you not achieve the one thing for which wealth is alone to be greatly desired? You raise up the fallen, you make the unhappy happy. Father how will you sleep when this day has passed, and you have sealed the fate of Lewis and his little children?"

The miser trembled. Dreams are the whips which scar the hearts of such men. Without farther words, Joan Gregory left the room. In a few moments she returned, leading Lewis, the blind man, gently by the hand. He came with the step of doubt which marks the blind; but his colourless face, dim for want of the bright fires of the eye, was yet very tranquil; a calm majesty ennobled the appearance of this unfortunate man. The miser looked upon his son at first with a sharp and reso-

lute eye; presently a singular change came over his features. An expression of gentleness, wonderful in such a countenance, was plainly to be seen upon them. The old man almost sobbed.

"Jenkin, give the boy the chair." There was but one in the room, and whilst Lewis Gregory was led to this, his father rambled about from windows to doors, and from doors to windows, turning his eyes always away from him.

"Father," said the blind man.

"Not now—not now," said the miser.

In a few minutes he came to his son's side and took his hands into his own.

"Father," said Lewis Gregory, "this is a sad meeting, after so many years of separation. Your hands are thin with age, but they have more labor in them than mine. I am blind—utterly blind." And he turned his sightless eyes up to his father's face.

The old man, with the singular gentleness becoming more and more distinct upon his countenance, made no reply, but continued to hold his son's hands.

"Joan has spoken to you of my condition," said Lewis Gregory. "And, indeed, it has come to this extreme point, that unless you aid me, my wife and children will be beggars. I cannot bring my stubborn spirit to entreat you; God forgive my human pride; aid me, or deny me; the work, for safety, or for hopeless ruin, must be your own."

Here there was an interruption. A blue-eyed urchin, a noble looking little fellow, dashed a door open, which the recent entrances had left ajar, and entered the room. As he did so, a light step hurried after him, and Anne Gregory became visible at the door. We have not before seen her by daylight, and she is well worth looking at. She has a very young fresh face—too pale just now—large innocent eyes, and waving hair of so light and glossy a brown that you can scarcely distinguish its colour for its glitter. Her figure is lithe, but womanly and perfect. She is scarcely eighteen—four or five years younger than her taller, equally beautiful perhaps, but sadder sister. Her pursuit of the child ended at the door, in which she stood undecided, looking from one to another. Joan did not seem to regard her as an available ally, notwithstanding the old man's love for this youngest and most cherished of his children. In fact, the resolute sister undervalued the soft and habitually yielding one, and misinterpreted a child-like gayety and simplicity into feebleness—a mistake very often made. "Anne might do much," Joan had mused, in preparing for the interview with her father, "if she used her influence; but she has no firmness, and would only weep like a child." And perhaps Anne would have done so, for she had never learned under the dominating vigor of her sister, to use the strength of her own nature. As she stood in the door-way, she caught a signal from

Joan and slowly retired, leaving the child whom she had pursued.

The boy advanced towards the group in the centre of the room, saying, "Aunt Joan, I don't like this house."

Joan took him into her arms. "This, father, is little Miles, your namesake," she said. "Look well at the beautiful boy, who, so soon, will want bread." There was a great deal of bitterness in the girl's tone as she said this; and she looked almost haughtily at her father.

"The child will never want bread," answered the old man; "we must see to that—we must see to that. A very little is enough for reasonable wants. Eh! Jenkin! Take the child away."

"Father," said Joan Gregory, who still retained her little nephew, his pretty head with its light curls pressed against the oval of her proud, earnest face, "father, I hoped just now that you were relenting. You were moved, I saw, by looking again upon your son, whom you cast off long years ago. But the gentle look has left your face. You have shrunk back. You will do nothing. Now father listen to me. You *must* aid your son, my brother. Do you hear?—you *must* aid him." The countenance of the girl was full of boldness, almost anger; her brows were drawn into sharp straight lines, and a red spot flushed out on each cheek.

"Be gentle, Joan," said Lewis Gregory. "It is our father to whom you speak."

"I think of that," replied Joan. "But there are things which we cannot endure from any hands. God knows, my own suffering—if it brought me to death—ah! how welcome death becomes to the miserable!—would never wring a word of anger or reproof from me. But it is you, and your little ones, and your poor wife. I am in despair. I will speak. I will control. The thing must, and shall be done. Father, if you were dying, and a medicine of sure virtues, which would at once restore you, were locked away near at hand, would I not use force to reach it, to procure it, to save you? Well, my brother and his dear ones are in deadly peril; the means of saving them lie yonder; you look alarmed—there is cause for it. I tell you, father that your hordes of money must be opened, aye emptied, if that is necessary, for this great purpose. You are destroying yourself—pinning your body—and laying away stores of remorse to kill your very soul. Perhaps I should have been resolute, instead of sad, in my struggle to save you in past times. But now, surely, when the poison which destroys you is to destroy all, and our house is to be ruined—even to the little ones—even to the child here in my arms—I say my tears shall scorch their sources before I shed one of them; my hands shall act. Father, I will *rob you*—do you hear?—*rob you*."

Lewis Gregory seemed infinitely shocked. The

dove was showing the talons of the falcon. The old man became a picture of terror.

"Rob me—rob me of my money?" he half muttered, half gasped; "what money have I? The little would do no good. What would you have?"

"Many thousands of dollars: how many brother?" replied his daughter, her firm tone becoming yet firmer, her eyes fixed, the red spots upon her cheeks blazing.

"Joan," said Lewis Gregory, "this is dreadful. You carry your love for me too far. Lead me away; and then subdue your feelings. Be gentle, as you have always been, to our poor father."

"As surely as I live, and wish to die"—Joan Gregory answered, "I will take this money. If I am dragged away to prison for the deed, I will declare my motive and receive my punishment. I will say that I did the deed to save others—even the father whom I robbed; that I shuddered at the deed, and scorned to benefit by it; that I did my duty as I understood it."

"God help us," groaned Lewis Gregory. "Sorrows crowd upon us. Joan, your mind wanders."

"Wanders?" replied the excited girl, who had spoken, and still spoke, in tones all the more impressive for their unnatural calmness; "it does not wander. It clings to its purpose. I will do this thing which the world calls utterly vile. I will do it with a high intention, and pure hands."

"Jenkin," said Miles Gregory, the miser, in a husky whisper, "what shall we do?" But Jenkin was beyond giving counsel. He had been weeping, sighing, or groaning, continuously, since the arrival of his young master; and now, turning his shrivelled face from one to another, looked entreatingly, but said nothing.

"I have no money—none to speak of," said the miser at last, eagerly, as if he had caught a spar in the whirl of the sea of misery—"but there is a bond of Jephtha Smooth, and John Stanton—a great bond—a bond for nine thousand dollars."

Joan had become the principal director of the business of the interview. Looking doubtfully into the crafty eyes of her father, she said:

"These were the great speculators who are now ruined; is it not so?"

"Yes," said her brother, musing, "but the bond might be collected, in whole or in part. I know of certain funds left from the wreck of these men. If, sir, you place this bond at my disposal, it may give me much relief."

The miser groaned. The bond might, after all, be collected; but as he hesitated, a vision of possible results—a failure in the attempt to collect, with lawyers, clerks, sheriffs, turning and fastening like leeches upon his substance, came to the rescue. Then, too, the glowing eyes of his daughter were upon him, and she had shaken him with a terrible fear. How far, parental love, which surely *was* in his heart, for from no heart can it be extir-

pated, and it had been visible in his old, unhappy face upon the entrance of his son, had to do with the questionable sacrifice he was about to make, I fear to conjecture. He promised to give up the bond to his son, but took no step to get it. His eyes wandered from a part of the room, in which nothing was visible, to its occupants.

"He fears to betray the hiding-place of his riches to his children; poor—poor father!" muttered Joan Gregory, upon whom softer influences were beginning to work. "Come brother; I will return for this bond." And Joan left the room, bearing the child, and leading the blind man. Jenkin hobbled after her. Left alone, Miles Gregory locked the doors of the great room, and presently put a key to a part of the wainscotting, which extended, in panels, as high as the chair-board. He unlocked a hidden door, which, opening, disclosed a spacious recess in the wall. Into this he thrust his hands, and presently drew them out with a parcel of papers in them. He hurriedly took one from the rest, put the others back, reclosed the door, locked it, slipped the key into his pocket, and, glancing about him, became quite a placid and kindly old gentleman to look upon.

Joan Gregory, on returning to her father's room found the door unlocked. She entered, passed swiftly to where the old man had seated himself in the wicker chair, received the paper from his hands, and, bending over him, burst into tears.

"Father," she said, "forgive me. I was most wretched. It was only a terrible necessity that made me speak such words to you. Forgive me, Father." The old man put an arm about his daughter's neck, and a tear ran down each cheek, slowly, and as if the eyes, fully open, and with no expression whatever, were unconscious of their escape.

"This is good," he said. "Now we will be quiet. Love me Nanny."

The girl seemed shocked. "Have I shaken your mind?" she said anxiously. "It is Joan, not Anne."

"I am not out of my mind," replied the old man, a crooked suspicion stealing in amongst his better emotions, and driving off the momentary torpor into which his mind had fallen. "I can look after my own without your helping me. You'll want some one—eh?—shortly, to take care of the old man's money."

Joan turned, with a sigh, and left the room. Again left alone, Miles Gregory looked long at the part of the wall in which his treasures were concealed. Doubt and distrust were evidently returning in undivided force upon him. Then he seemed to become peevish, and crushed, with the point of his stick, a large gray spider that came out upon the floor, and approached him with the confidence of a long established friendship.

CHAPTER III.

A day or two had elapsed. Joan Gregory had gone to the house of her brother, in Casselton—a little neighbouring town. Lewis Gregory sat in the shade of a tree, which almost roofed, with its spreading boughs, the grassy enclosure before his cottage. An expression of hopefulness blended with the quiet resignation, which extreme pallor, and sightless eyes, usually gave such winning effect to, in his fine face. A great present danger would be met and overcome, by the means which his father had placed in his hands. His wife, indeed, lay upon a bed of sickness, from which she had not risen for a long time; but her malady was stealthy and gradual, cheating the fears of love by its very slowness, and especially by occasional bright reactions into apparent health. The good success, with which the appeal to Miles Gregory had met, had been a restorative to the sick woman; and as her blind husband sat hopefully, under the summer tree, she called her children about her, and with flushed cheeks, and bright eyes, enjoyed their merriment, and caresses. Joan Gregory, enjoyed this scene, yet stole from it, and joined her brother.

"We have a glimpse of happiness, to-day," said the girl, "and I think, brother, that happiness is a great medicine. But the work is far from complete. We must, gradually, get rid of all debts, and secure some provision for the future. I think that the least costly mode of doing so, will be to restore your sight. You could then labour, and achieve every thing."

"Restore my sight?" said Lewis Gregory, turning his dim eyes to his sister. "I despair of so great, so unspeakable a blessing. No—no—all that is beautiful in the outward world is forever lost to me, except in the visions which my memory supplies to me. Blindness is a terrible curse, my dear. It is captivity in a deep dungeon; and this, always terrible, becomes killing to the heart, when the bondman knows that, around him, beyond his prison-house, those dearest to him, his wife, his little innocent children, are calling upon him to help and sustain them. Wild beasts will contend with their bars, and crash their strong jaws against the iron, to escape to the aid of their young. The iron bars are not more impassable than the walls of darkness which press around, and shut me in, whilst my children—like little Anselm and Gaddo—call from beyond, upon me, for bread."

"The more terrible the calamity," said Joan, "the more we should strive to remove it. There are famous oculists in the world. Money will buy their skill. Money we must have for this great work. Let but the blessed sunshine gleam in through these shut gates, and you are free, safe, and happy. You liken yourself to a man in prison. If you were so in fact, I would tear my way

through stone-walls, with bleeding hands, if there were no other means of restoring you to freedom. With the same devotion, I will extricate you from this dungeon of blindness, if God permits me to do so. Human obstacles shall not turn me aside. A portion of our father's misused wealth must be devoted to this good purpose. In saving you, and yours, it will make even himself happier. Brother, this present aid, which gives you so much relief, has already had its humanizing effect upon him. Tears were in his eyes, as I spoke with him. Tears are rain to the desert of such a poor old man's heart. And then, too, something must be done for dear Grace, who is quite happy now that her husband is relieved. The soft airs of some distant countries are healing, and saving, to such invalids. Our father's misused wealth must place this cure within her reach. I will not bend or yield until these great works are accomplished."

"You speak," said Lewis Gregory, "too hopefully. If we can vanquish the infirmity of our poor father, so far as to gain a payment of my remaining debts, and a safe provision for my family, it will be more than I dare now even to hope for; an unspeakable blessing—one to fill my heart with gratitude to God, who has won me nearer to him by this affliction."

As the blind man spoke, a horseman approached. The horseman was Henry Grant, of Statton. He dismounted, and joined Joan Gregory and her brother, on the grass in the shade of the tree. He came to make a direct offer of pecuniary aid to Lewis Gregory; a moderate present aid, to be increased in the future. Joan and her brother, aware of this generous man's struggles against the very evil of debt, which he was seeking to alleviate in another, heard his offer with much feeling, and told him of the successful application to Miles Gregory, which rendered his aid no longer necessary.

"The bond of Jephtha Smooth, and John Stanton, can be collected," said Lewis Gregory. "It will be taken in present discharge of executions against me. I have made an arrangement to this effect, and am to transfer it this evening. I have no pressing debts which this will not discharge."

"This is certainly a great success," said Henry Grant. "All will end well. Give us but time."

"Yes," said Joan Gregory—"time, and the blessing of God. We possess, already, resolute hearts. Do you know that this present success has made me very hopeful, and quite happy?"

"Who is it that rides so fast?" said Lewis Gregory, bending his head, and listening. "Some one comes, at a gallop, on the Hackwood road. He is now on the sounding flat, just over the hill."

In a minute, an old, strangely dressed man, mounted upon a grotesque old horse, passed the comb of a near hill, at a gallop which seemed a paroxysm of the rickets.

A cry escaped from the lips of Joan Gregory.

"Who is it that comes riding so?" asked Lewis Gregory.

"Listen," answered the girl with a white face.

As she spoke, some boys, who ran upon the sidewalks, imitating the spasmodic motions of the galloping horse, shouted:

"Old Miles—Old Miles—hurrah for the miser!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE RETURN OF SONG.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE.

I thought my love of song had fled,
Like other loves before;
I thought my harp had lost its string,
And could resound no more.

But when the Spring with odorous breath,
Came smiling o'er the lawn,
And evening with her fairy lights
Rivalled the fairy dawn,

The fresh and bright enamelled turf—
The dews that on it lay—
The shadow of the young green leaves,
The first sweet bud of May,—

All—all these beauteous things combined,
And through the senses made
A glowing spring-time for the mind,
With flowers and sun and shade.

And then my harp with trembling string,
Gave forth a gentle tone,
A soft and pleasant melody
That only seemed its own,

For Powers of whom I cannot tell,
Or what, or whence they be,
Like winds through an Æolian harp,
Whispered their thoughts to me.

Madison, Indiana.

THE CRIMINAL CODE OF VIRGINIA.

The new Criminal Code, framed by the last Legislature, is now published—occupying just 72 pages. We discover still some obscurities, and some adherences to old verbosity; but taking it all in all, Virginia never before saw such a sample of terse, clear, sensible and well arranged legislation. It makes punishable, we believe, a considerably greater number of offences than former laws did; yet fills not a fifth, perhaps not a tenth, of the space which those laws filled. And it contains hardly a hundredth part of the matter for doubt, for utter

perplexity to the reader or judge, that they contained.

There is a great improvement, in the more rational graduation of punishments to offences. We are glad to see that offenders may now again be confined in the penitentiary for one year only, when the transgression is light enough to justify so short a term: annulling a rule established by the mistaken wisdom of a former law, which made three years the shortest time.

It is a pity that solitary confinement for part of the term is not also restored. Despite the sentimental whining of Mr. Dickens in his "American Notes," over the sorrows of a solitary convict in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, we believe that feature in the system to be worth all the rest together, for reforming offenders, and inspiring a salutary horror of crime. Against Mr. Dickens, and against the sickly sensibility of our own legislature, backed even by the opinions of our Penitentiary physician,—we place, triumphantly, the statistics of the penitentiaries in Pennsylvania, and divers other states, shewing a vast superiority to our own in health, reformation, and all the other ends of punishment. Whatever failure there was in our former experiment, must have resulted from some defect in carrying out the plan. Were the solitary cells properly aired, lighted and cleansed? Were they furnished with plenty of clean water, for washing? Was the convict made to wash himself all over, every day? Was plenty of clean clothing regularly brought to him, and did frequent inspections prove that he put it on? Was work allowed him, to exercise his limbs and relieve the dreariness of solitude? Was there a small court open to the sky, near his cell, where he might walk twice or thrice a day, attended by a keeper? If all these precautions for health were taken, and others which might be mentioned, then it might be doubted whether solitary confinement is compatible with health. If the solar light, the light of day, was at all excluded, this alone was cause enough for disease.

The Code has definitions prefixed, declaring the senses in which certain words shall be taken; and calculated to prevent the many tiresome and ungraceful repetitions that puff out ordinary statutes. There are not enough of such definitions, however: and their application is unhappily restricted to *this code of 72 pages*. They ought to have been made applicable to all enactments of the Virginia Legislature, criminal and civil; to all indictments, declarations and pleadings; nay, and rules of construction like them should be declared lawful in all deeds, wills, and other instruments of writing whatsoever. To show the need of such a condenser and simplifier as those definitions would be, let any one read an act of the late session to provide for draining lands, when adjoining proprietors will not let their lands be entered for that purpose. We

quote a small part of it, *italicizing* the redundant words; and only remarking, that the phraseology not thus pointed out is often far more circuitous than is necessary:

"*Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That where any person or persons within this Commonwealth shall be desirous of draining his, her or their lands, and it shall be necessary for such purpose to conduct the water through the lands of another person or persons adjoining, by means of a canal, ditch or drain, to be cut or made for that purpose, and cannot obtain permission from such adjoining proprietor or proprietors by consent or agreement, it shall be lawful for such person or persons so desiring,*" &c., &c., &c.

This intolerable rigmarole certainly was penned by some *sub-clerk* of a committee—not by the clerk proper, to whom it is said that the drafting of bills is often left, far less by any member, unless he were a pettifogger. The members who so ably second Messrs. Patton and Robinson in their work of shortening the penal code, should not have let such stuff proceed from the body to which they belonged. To keep such quackery out of our laws, surely the Revisors will prefix to the **WHOLE** Code a set of definitions, by which the language of all our legislation may be squared. One of these definitions should say that the singular shall be held to include the plural; and the masculine, the feminine. Another, that a general term shall include all things fairly embraced within it. And so on.*

To specify a few of the new provisions in the Criminal Code—

Called Courts, for the examination or trial of criminals, are abolished; and the regular terms of the county court substituted for them.

The jury-law in criminal cases, which was passed two sessions ago, and was remarkable for its clumsy complication, is modified into more rational shape; retaining all its best features—*e. g.* the summoning of jurors remote from the scene of the crime,—calling them from an adjoining county when competent ones cannot be gotten from the proper county,—paying those so summoned,—reducing the number of challenges, though not sufficiently,—&c.

The venue may be changed, on motion of the commonwealth's attorney, as well as of the prisoner.

Robbery, by one armed with a dangerous weapon, is punished by five or ten years in the State prison; if not so armed, by *three* or ten years. The former law punished only robbery *in or near a highway*. All reference to a highway is now omitted.

The *attempt* to commit any crime is punished, with a severity apportioned to the crime attempted. Till now, (strange to say,) no mere attempt

* See the article on "Wordiness in Legislation," in the March No. of the Messenger.

at crime by a white person was punishable at all !

To take away or secrete another's child, *from any person having lawful charge of its person*, is punished by confinement in the penitentiary. [We question if the words in italics are wisely put in.]

A stage-driver, or rail-way conductor, boat-captain, or other public carrier, willingly or negligently injuring any person, is punished as for a misdemeanor—i. e. by fine and imprisonment.

"Benefit of clergy" is entirely abolished.

A felony is declared not to merge or stay the civil remedy of any person injured.

Bail in a criminal case is allowed to surrender his principal, as in civil cases.

We would gladly extend this mention of changes in the law ; but time and space fail us. The newspapers would do the public a great service, and interest their readers more than any ordinary speech could do, by publishing copious selections from this new code. Constantly, through more than twenty years of close attendance upon courts, and of frequent converse with all sorts of people, we have been freshly surprised by their ignorance of the laws that bind them. Did we edit a newspaper, this is one point on which we would make the light of the Press shine. There are few points about which light is more important.

Indeed the Legislature ought to adopt some means for effectually diffusing a knowledge of the laws among the people. But how can that body be relied upon for any such thing ? Even more than half the magistrates are not furnished with a Revised Code, or a Justice's Guide-Book.

M.

SONNET.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

O woman, in thy modest meekness hold,
When first I saw thy sad averted face,
I missed the winning air, the conscious grace,
That so enchant in sculptured marbles old ;
But soon, in thy calm mien, despondent, cold,
With growing sympathy, I saw the trace
Of the deep woe that still could not debase,
And all thy tale of suffering was told.
Lost now is Nature's lovely wish to please,
And faultless though each limb, each feature fair,
Abides the nameless charm no longer there,
Baffled are they who would thy beauties seize,
Turned into stone, thou standest cold and pure,
Clothed in thy modesty, steadfast to endure.

C. C. L.

Staunton, Va., 1848.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

NO. IV.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology.—*Gay in letter to Swift.*

BY ROBERT BRUCE.

Ah ! freedom is a noble thing,
Freedom makes men to have liking,
To man all solace freedom gives,
He lives at ease who freely lives,
And he that aye hath lived free,
May not know well the misery,
The wrath, the hate, the spite, and all
That's compassed in the name of thrall.

We make laws, but we follow customs.

Lady Montague.

Boswell asked Burke what he thought of some imitators of Dr. Johnson. "Sir," answered Burke, "they have all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength, all the writhing contortions of the sybil, without her inspiration."

An idle moment furnishes at all times a nidus for temptation.—*Legh Richmond.*

To most men experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—*Coleridge.*

There is no place like London to take conceit out of a man.—*Lord Byron.*

Extract from a letter by Pope on occasion of a visit to Oxford. "I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind the learned pay to their species, who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay and the ambitious are in your world."

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning trembles too.

A young lady being told that St. Paul said that "they who married did well, but they who did not marry did better," replied, that "she did not want to do better than well."

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink,
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by—
Or any other reason *why*.

Words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools.—*Hobbes*.

How much pain have those evils cost us that have never happened.—*Jefferson*.

One day at the table of the Dean of Ely, just as the cloth was about to be removed, the discourse happened to turn on the recent extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace:—"For *this* and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised."

GENERAL WOLFE.

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold Grenadiers,
And what was more miraculous, nay very particular,
He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular.

An alderman making a present of a hare to a gentleman of Caius College, sent with it, the following note: "Sir, have sent you a small present, who humbly hope, you may prove worthy acceptance, which is a hare, who is your humble servant."

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring,
Ah why has happiness no second spring?

Robert Hall remarked of a miserly rich man:—"Yes, yes, he would listen and incline his head. He may lend a distant ear to the murmurings from the vale beneath, but he remains like a mountain covered with perpetual snow."

I would not exchange my love of study for all the wealth of the Indies.—*Gibbon*.

The Universe is an infinite sphere, whose centre is every where, and whose circumference is nowhere.—*Pascal*.

I hear it said that I look better than ever I did

in my life, which is one of those lies one is always glad to hear.—*Lady Montague*.

London is the best place in winter, and in summer there is no living out of it.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

A French Lady remarked, "I don't know how it happens,—but I am the only person of my acquaintance that is *always* in the right."

Three degrees of latitude upset all the principles of jurisprudence; a meridian determines what is truth or a few years of settled authority.—*Pascal*.

Sir Henry Saville was asked by my lord of Essex, his opinion touching poets? He answered my lord, that "he thought them the best writers *next* to them that writ prose."

C. C.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

There is a wild, mysterious feeling,
That ever broods within this breast,
Athwart my brow its shadow stealing,
Doth say, I am the sad Unrest—
Declares, he is the dark Unrest.

He ever comes with tears and sighs,
And drives away with frowns and sadness,
The merry light that filled mine eyes,
And kindles there the gleam of madness—
The wild and baleful glare of madness.

He shuns the pavement's crowded throng,
And hates the gleesome laugh and smile,
But when he hears a boyhood song,
Ah! bitterly he weeps the while—
He sadly, madly weeps the while.

He loves the dewy, rank green sod,
In still and lonely church-yard ground,
And loves to see the heaped-up clod,
And tomb-stones standing thick around—
The pale stones gleaming all around.

He loves to urge me to the spot,
Where waters flow, so calm and deep,
Where willows droop, and steps come not,
And sings the stream a chant to sleep—
A low sweet chant, "forever sleep!"

M. P.

Bethany, Virginia.

THE DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

Unfettered by the trammels of party, the Messenger is devoted to the high callings of Literature, of Science, and of whatever tends to ennoble the mind, or to advance the prosperity and happiness, the honor and the glory of this great Republic.

The Navy always has been and we hope ever will be, above the reach of party. It gallantly fought itself into being: a few fir-built frigates, with a "bit of striped bunting" at the mast-head, enacted deeds which won the admiration of a gallant people; and since the war of 1812, the Navy has been the pride and boast of every true-hearted American, of whatever political faith.

In former times, Navy matters and Navy measures have occupied prominent places on the pages of this journal. Discussions of such subjects here have always been free from party. They have ever been so conducted as to leave the Navy as far beyond the reach of the political battles of the day as they found it; and for this we have been encouraged with the loud halloo of many a gallant yeoman in the land.

We have taken up this Expedition with a double aim: first to snatch it away from party and the politician where it does not belong, and then to place it where it does belong—viz: on that page whereon are recorded those deeds by which the country has most been honored by its Navy.

What is the Navy for, and what are the duties of its officers? The Navy is for protection and safety both in peace and in war, and among the duties of its officers is legibly written the obligation to cultivate those branches of science and to undertake those researches, upon the results of which the art of navigation is founded and the safe conduct of vessels from one part of the globe to another depends.

Pirates infest the sea; the commissioned vessels in the Navy wait for no special law of Congress to go and chase them away. A man-of-war, while cruising on her station the other side of the world, discovers a danger to navigation: she does not wait even for the formality of an order from home, but proceeds forthwith to survey, examine and report upon it, as a matter of recognized duty.

Nay more: squadrons of American ships are sent abroad to make war, or maintain peace; and the officers do not hesitate, when the nature of the service admits, to survey ports and harbors, and even to make charts of entire foreign coasts.

Commodore Perry while blockading the ports of Mexico in the Gulf and waging war, occupied himself also with the survey of long lines of foreign coast, as well as of foreign ports and harbors; and there has been no one so captious as to say he

had no right to do such a thing, because Congress had never directed it to be done. Among other places, that officer caused the bar and mouth of the Coatzacoalcas to be accurately surveyed, but because that river happened to be connected with the projected canal of Tehuantepec, no one ever dreamed of holding up Commodore Perry as an offender against the Constitution or the law for doing it. He did it without any special authority or instruction whatever; he did it in consequence of the duties and responsibilities which attach to him merely in virtue of his commission as an officer in the American Navy. Nay, had the youngest midshipman in the Navy, the merest stripling in the service, been sent into that river in an open boat, and while there, had he of his own head found it practicable to run lines and take soundings without interfering with the special duties which called him there, not only would his right to do it have been acknowledged, but he would have felt it his duty to do it; for the regulations of the Navy themselves make it the duty of every officer to survey and map every foreign place visited by them, provided the survey can be made without interfering with other duties. These surveys are honorable to Commodore Perry and his officers, creditable to the country and useful to the world.

We should grieve to see the energies of officers damped, and the usefulness of the Navy crippled, by any attempt to bring them and their surveys into disrepute, for mere party purposes, or for the sake of connecting naval operations abroad with the questions of internal improvement at home, which so much vex the rulers and lawgivers of the land.

A ship cannot pursue her path across the ocean without running her lines of soundings and conducting a series of observations of high interest to science and of the first importance to the safety of the vessel and the encouragement of navigation. Among those observations the pressure and the temperature of the atmosphere, the force of the wind and the set of currents, the depth of the sea, its temperature and the character of its bottom, the height of mountains, the depression of valleys, the co-ordinates of place on the globe, all that relates to the perfection of Hydrography, or tends to the improvement of geography, with a host of other matters near of kin to the science of navigation—come within the sphere and scope of Navy duty without special act of legislation. It exists *ex necessitate rei*. The mere law that established the Navy, the appropriation bill which annually passes Congress for the support of the Naval service, give the executive the power and make it the duty of officers to try currents, sound the ocean, measure altitudes and to do all those things which are necessary and convenient for the safety of navigation and the successful issue of present, as well as for the benefit of future voyages.

From these views and considerations it will readily be perceived that the power which rests with the Navy of making surveys in the Mediterranean—which has been exercised since the Tripolitan war, we might have said since the foundation of the government, and which has never been called in question before,—is derived from a source altogether different from that whence flows the power to pull up snags and improve the navigation of our own rivers and “inland seas.”

The power to do the one is incidental. The mere act to maintain and support a Navy draws after it this power; it follows the Navy in all parts of the world. Its exercise is necessary to the safety of vessel and crew; for without charts, without the results of science, without the power and the right to conduct a series of scientific observations, the Navy could not be maintained. Without the lights and guides of science, a vessel of war could not be conducted from place to place—seas would be as impassable as an ocean of flame, by vessels of war.

The survey of a shoal, or the removal of a wreck from a dangerous place in a distant sea, tends to improve navigation. So also does the clearing out of snags from the western rivers, or the deepening of their channels. But the power to do the one and the other does not arise in the same way. The former is incidental to a greater power, viz: to that of maintaining a navy; the latter is special and is to be derived only from the constitution and by special legislation.

The Cumberland dam may have a great deal to do with commerce, but no one will pretend that the shoals of that river have any thing to do with the maintenance of the Navy, and curious indeed must be the constitution of that mind which can recognize in an order from the Executive to a Navy officer to survey a sheet of water up the Mediterranean, any principles applicable to improving the navigation of the Ohio.

Suppose that by some convulsion of nature the present channel from the Navy Yard at Norfolk to the sea should be filled up and a new one opened. Would any one doubt the right of the Executive forthwith and of his own accord to order the Navy to survey and buoy it out, in order that the men-of-war which might be there, and which it is his duty to keep afloat, might get to sea? Suppose the same convulsion should alter the channel, or change the course of the Mississippi river, would it not require a special act of Congress to enable him to expend even so much as a dollar in finding out a new channel there?

Special powers may become incidental and the reverse, and officers of the government may to-day have incidental powers to do certain things, which Congress itself by special act, has no right to give. Thus Congress votes supplies for an army in Mexico: the commanding officer of that army has the right to bridge streams, destroy pri-

vate property, build forts, and do many other things which the public good requires, even in a foreign territory, which, to-morrow, after the return of peace, no power under the sun has the right to do—such is the character of some of the incidental powers which the bills for the support of armies and navies draw after them.

It remains now to show how the Dead Sea Expedition is connected with the well-being of the navy or the interests of navigation, in order to take away from party purposes and party abuse, this enterprise with its enlightened and patriotic projectors.

There are many phenomena presented in the Mediterranean and on its borders of exceeding interest to navigation. Among these may be mentioned the saltness of the water, and the presence of a current which runs out through the Straits of Gibraltar. Notwithstanding the well known fact that the rivers and visible sources of supply to that sea, do not afford water enough to supply evaporation from it, there is a current which runs with great violence from it into the Atlantic. For years the source of this current has perplexed navigators and puzzled philosophers. What effect might a conjectured difference of level between that sea and the Dead, have upon this current, and other phenomena?

An expedition there would improve geography, and therefore Navigation; for by giving the height of the mountains along the coast, you afford the navigator the means to determine his distance from them and to fix the place of his ship at sea, when the lights of heaven themselves may fail him in his straights.

He who elicits a fact from nature, often makes a discovery, says Humboldt, of more value than he who discovers an island in the sea. Here was presented a bundle of facts the importance and value of which, like the bearings of every new fact gathered from nature, it is impossible to foresee. This expedition could be accomplished without any, the least inconvenience to the public service, and at a cost so trifling that the sum expended upon the pole which was stuck up on the top of the Capitol, to be taken down again as a nuisance, would defray the expenses of twenty such expeditions. The spot to be explored was a mysterious one; those who had visited it before, had died, and by their fate invested it with deeper interest and shrouded it in darker mystery. From infancy up, associations of terror and awful vengeance, were, in the minds of millions, associated with the name of that spot, and throughout the entire length and breadth of Christendom, there was an eager, not an idle, curiosity with regard to it; to explore it would redound to the glory of the navy and the honor of the nation. Expeditions from other countries had been attempted and had failed. The American navy never fails; and one of its most accomplished officers, willing to risk his

life and reputation upon success, appeared entreating for leave to go. His request came before an officer of the government, a brother statesman, as high-minded, as generous and as true-hearted as himself. It was therefore entertained with respect.

Lieutenant Lynch has redeemed his pledge: he has surveyed the Dead Sea, returned in safety, he and his party, to their ship, and may ere long be expected to arrive in the United States with the rich fruits of their labor.

Lynch, who planned this expedition, is a Virginian; Mason who authorized it, is a Virginian, and could we envy the patriot any of the fruits of his labor, we should most of all covet the honors which Mason deserves for the "Dead Sea Expedition."

We have some notes which we have treasured up for the benefit of our readers, and of all who look with longing eyes and eager minds for the results of this interesting and honorable service. We offer a few of them now, perhaps we will give more of them at another time.

In the spring of 1847, Lieut. Lynch first addressed the Secretary upon the subject. "In the hopes," said that officer, "that it may receive your sanction, I respectfully submit a proposition to circumnavigate and explore lake Asphaltites or Dead Sea, and its entire coast.

"The expense will be trifling and the object easy of attainment.

"Our ships frequently touch at Acre in Syria.

"That place is forty miles distant from the foot of Lake Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee. Through and from the last, the river Jordan runs and debouches into the first named sea.

"The frame of a boat with its crew and their provisions, can be transported on camels from Acre to Tiberias. At the latter place, the boat can be put together, and the crew embark and accomplish the desired work in fifteen days.

"Arms and a tent, a few mathematical instruments, provisions and water are all that will be required. The tent can be made on board ship, temporarily used, and the canvass afterwards applied to other purposes on board ship. The arms from the ship, and the ordinary rations will suffice; and the boat itself can be safely returned.

"The Dead Sea has been circumnavigated but by one traveller, Mr. Costigan. He very nearly accomplished it in eight days. Unfortunately he undertook it at a most insalubrious season of the year and died at the termination of the voyage, without leaving a journal or notes behind.

"This proposition pertains to a subject maritime in its nature, and therefore peculiarly appropriate to your office; and it is involved in mystery, the solution of which will advance the cause of science and gratify the whole Christian world."

The proposition came at a time when the Secretary was collecting all the available forces of the Navy for the combined attack upon Vera Cruz.

He promised to consider the matter as soon as a favorable opportunity should occur. And an opportunity did occur which made the expedition most apropos: The Spanish government had withdrawn the privilege hitherto allowed us of having at Port Mahon a depot of stores for our squadron in the Mediterranean. It was therefore found necessary to send out a store-ship to that sea, and to keep her there with provisions, &c. on board, to supply the wants of the squadron as they arose.

The store-ship "Supply" was fitting out at New York for this purpose. After delivering to the squadron enough to satisfy for the time, a large portion of her stores would still be left on board, and she would have to remain in port for several months, waiting for the first delivery to be consumed. If she continued in port her officers and crew would continue with her of course, dragging out a profitless and tedious time, if not contracting idle habits from the mere want of occupation.

Lieut. Lynch was a most accomplished seaman. Officers were scarce, for most of them had been sent down to the Gulf, and the cargo of the "Supply" was a valuable one. It therefore occurred to the practical and business mind of the Secretary, to send Lieut. Lynch in command of the "Supply," with his party as a part of her crew to the Mediterranean—to let her report to the Commodore, meet the wants of the squadron, and then, instead of lying idle in port, doing nothing but wait for the men-of-war to eat up what she had given them, to allow her to proceed with Lieut. Lynch up the Levant, and land him and his party, taking care that after landing them, men enough should be left on board to manage the ship.

Instead therefore of idleness, here was active, useful and creditable occupation for a part of her crew, while the remainder could, as well as a thousand men, take care of the ship in port, or in her short and pleasant trips of a few days from place to place. The arrangement was admirable. Lynch was in the very nick of time with his proposition, and the opportunity presented was a glorious one.

While, therefore, the preliminary arrangements are in progress here, let us take a glance at what was transpiring in another quarter of the globe, with regard to the same subject.

At the very time that Lieut. Lynch was engaged with his preparations in New York, Lieut. Molyneux, a gallant officer of the British Navy, was actually engaged in transporting on the backs of camels and from the very point suggested by Lieut. Lynch, a boat for the survey of the Dead Sea.

The plans of these two officers for approaching and exploring that sheet of water were remarkably similar. Neither knew that the thoughts of the other were in that direction at all. But, that two Navy officers of different services, and in parts of the world far remote, should each without the knowledge of the other, be engaged with the same

original idea, is one of those curious coincidences of mental sympathy which is sometimes observed to take place among men of science. The coincidence is as striking as the case of Le Verrier and Adams with the new planet.

On the 20th of August 1847, Lieut. Molyneux of H. M. S. *Spartan*, was landed at Acre with a few seamen. Hiring guides, camels and horses, he started early the next morning with the ship's dingey—a very small boat—for the sea of Galilee, and on the 23rd he was embarked on its blue waters.

The natives manifested great reluctance to his descending the Jordan. But by a show of arms with threats to shoot the Sheiks who annoyed him on the way, he made good his descent, though it was in part accomplished by land.

The 3rd of September found him fairly embarked on the Dead Sea. The greatest depth which he found is said to be 1350 feet. At noon on the 5th the party returned to their tent, on the shore, completely done up. Every thing and body in the tent was covered with an offensive, shiny substance from the water. The iron was corroded and looked as if covered with coal tar.

Having disembarked, the dingey was again mounted on the backs of camels, and the party proceeded with it to Jerusalem. Lieut. Molyneux returned to his ship by way of Jaffa, and died soon after getting on board.

The news of his melancholy fate could not, when it reached them, fail to excite painful emotions in the minds of Lieut. Lynch and his party. But in happy ignorance of the event, he and they were in America, busy with their preparations. The "*Supply*" was fitting at New York as a store-ship for the Mediterranean squadron. Lieut. Lynch was designated to command her, and she was to be provided with two metallic boats instead of the usual boats of wood, one of which was made of iron and painted, the other of copper.

The stores being on board and the ship reported ready for sea, the necessary orders were issued. "The object with which I have yielded to your request," said the Secretary of the Navy in his admirably drawn letter of instructions, "is to promote the cause of science and advance the character of the Naval service."

All things being considered—we can scarcely imagine a more legitimate subject, an object more praiseworthy, or a more glorious opportunity for elevating the character of the Navy through its officers. The question was, should the sojourn of these officers in the Mediterranean be one of idleness on board a store-ship at her anchors, or should it be with them a labor of love and of usefulness in the cause of science? The Navy glories in useful occupation.

Provided with their simple outfits and the two boats aforesaid—the copper one, named "*Fanny*

Mason," the iron, "*Fanny Skinner*," the party all in high spirits, set sail from New York about the middle of November, 1847.

It was, however, by no means certain that the object which these officers and men had so much at heart, could be accomplished, for the permission given was only conditional. It all now depended upon the Grand Turk. Unless he would give a firman with leave for Lieut. Lynch and party to visit and explore the Dead Sea, the expedition was to be considered at an end.

Lieut. Lynch, with his companion, Lieut. Dale, had therefore to proceed to Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining the requisite authority from the Turkish government. Business of a public nature called the *Supply* there. The Sultan treated them with marked consideration. He gave Lieut. Lynch a private audience, readily granted the firman addressed to the Governors of Jerusalem and Saida, requiring these functionaries to give that officer all needful aid and friendly assistance.

The Sultan was so much pleased with the interview, that the next day he sent for the Grand Vizier and expressed a wish to make the American officer a present "such as became a sovereign." This of course was declined, and the party were permitted to depart in peace. Every thing now bid fair, and "with a will to spare no exertion," wrote Lieut. Lynch to Judge Mason, "I trust in God for ability to deserve your good opinion."

On the last of March, the *Supply* landed the party at Kaiffa under Mount Carmel, and proceeded to execute her orders in the Mediterranean. Two American travellers, viz: Henry Bellow and Dr. H. J. Anderson, joined the party about this time.

All hands were now set to work in making the necessary arrangements for their departure into the interior. They met difficulties at every turn; at last they found out that they all proceeded from the rapacious and unprincipled Seid Bey, the Governor, who was endeavoring, by creating difficulties, to extort money. As soon as this discovery was made, Lieut. Lynch refused to have any thing more to do with him, and proceeded in his own way.

Seemingly insurmountable difficulties presented themselves. The boats had to be transported to the sea of Galilee over mountain gorges and heights which nothing larger than the sure-footed horses of the country had ever passed before. But the sailor resources of the party, supported by zeal in the noble enterprise, were sufficient to overcome them all. About noon of the third day, the party halted nine miles from Tiberias. Their tent was pitched on a mountain side, with Nazareth on the right, Cana to the north, Mount Tabor to the southeast; spread beneath them was the plain, on which

the bloody battle between the French and the English was fought, and three hours in advance was the sea of Galilee with its beautiful blue waters dancing in the sunbeams. Emblematic of its Master, it alone of all things around them, remained the same. Just as the Apostles saw it when our Saviour said to it, "Peace, be still," this little band of rovers now beheld it.

So far not an accident had occurred, nor a mishap of any kind, save that "Fanny Skinner" had got her paint rubbed a little.

After having surmounted incredible difficulties, still greater ones awaited them in this nine miles of distance. The boats had to be left in the mountains, while the exhausted party struggled forward to get water and to refresh themselves. The next day all hands returned to the boats. They had to be lowered down precipices with ropes. But at this work Jack Tar was perfectly *au fait*. Finally at 2 P. M., Saturday, of April the 8th, Lieut. Lynch had the satisfaction of reopening his despatch to announce the pleasing intelligence: "The 'Two Fannies,' each with the American ensign flying, are now afloat upon the sea of Galilee."

We can now, in imagination, hear, reverberating among the mountains, the soul-stirring cheers with which that flag was greeted, as the gallant leader of that gallant little band flung the star-spangled banner to the breeze for the first time upon the waters of that ancient and venerable sea.

The natives took the bright copper of the "Fanny Mason" to be gold, and looked upon her as an exponent of the greatness and wealth of the United States. They were friendly and offered the party no interruption in their progress.

Here Lieut. Lynch purchased for twenty-one dollars and a quarter the only boat on the lake, to assist in the transportation down the Jordan. That lake abounds now, as it did of old, with excellent fish and wild fowl. But that at this day there should be only one boat on that sea, and that used not for fishing, but for bringing wood across, and valued no higher than at \$21 1-4, may be taken as a sign that no "fishers of men" are to be found there now.

With this little wooden boat, the "Two Fannies" and the river Jordan for the rest of the way, it was thought the difficulties of the route were at an end. But to the consternation of the party it was found that the difficulties were but just commencing. The course of the Jordan was found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. But the party to a man felt now that their own honor, the reputation of the Navy, and the credit of their country were all at stake upon their efforts. To a man they gave their energetic leader the most hearty coöperation. "Sometimes placing our sole trust in Providence, we had," says he, "to plunge with headlong velocity down appalling descents." So great were the difficulties, that in two days they accomplished but twelve miles.

On the third day they were compelled from her shattered condition to abandon the Galilee boat, and to trust entirely to the "two Fannies."

May the 18th the party arrived at Masaraa, a place on the river consecrated by tradition for the passage of the Israelites and the baptism of the Redeemer; it is nine miles from Jericho, where the pilgrims cross. The passage is dangerous, and Lieut. Lynch tarried here for the purpose of lending them assistance should accident befall and assistance be required. The two graceful little "Fannies," with colors flying, were anchored on the other side, ready to succor and to help. Early in the morning the pilgrims began to arrive, and by 5 o'clock there were several thousand already on the bank.

The great secret of the depression between Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea, is solved in the opinions of Lieut. Lynch, by the tortuous course of the Jordan. In a distance of about sixty miles that river winds along through a course of about two hundred miles. Within that distance he and his party plunged down no less than twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides many others, of less descent.

The difference of level between the sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea has been stated at over a thousand feet. But it has been urged by some that this could not be so, else the Jordan in its run of 60 miles would be a continuous cataract. The Mohawk, it was thought, was among the rivers of the greatest fall in the world, and it averages only four or five feet to the mile. But it is now known that the Sacramento of California has a fall of 2000 feet in 20 miles, on an average of 100 feet to the mile. With Lieut. Lynch's discovery and explanation as to the length of the Jordan, it is necessary to give it an average fall of only about 6 feet in each mile to account for the difference of level between its source and mouth.

"A few weeks earlier or later," says he, "and the passage would have been impracticable. We are the first who have accomplished the entire descent. The small English boat last year, (Lieut. Molyneux's *dingey*,) was taken partly on a camel, and the officer made the journey by land. His notes were unfortunately taken in cipher, and by his death, are, I am told, lost to the world."

Leaving Masaraa, Lieut. Lynch took the lead in the "Fanny Mason," followed by passed midshipman Aulick in the "Fanny Skinner," while Lieut. Dale with his friendly Bedouins, and a few others, accompanied the baggage and stores by land, for it was necessary to carry provisions along. After separating in the morning, the two parties saw no more of each other until they met at night.

With an hour's pull the two boats stopped to fill their gum elastic water breakers. This accomplished, the party resumed their oars, and were soon led to expect the close proximity of the Dead

Sea, from a fœtid odor—but this was traced to two streamlets strongly impregnated with sulphur. The Dead Sea, however, soon burst upon their view, into which the little boats bounded with a north-west gale.

The water of the river was sweet to within a few hundred yards of its mouth. The waters of the sea were devoid of smell, but they were bitter, salt, and nauseous.

"As we rounded to the westward," writes Lieut. Lynch, "the agitated sea presented a sheet of foaming brine. The spray, separating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our faces and clothes, and while it caused a pricking sensation wherever it touched the skin, was above all exceedingly painful to the eyes.

"The boats heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first, but when the wind freshened to a gale, it seemed as if the bows, so dense was the water, were encountering the sledge hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea.

"At the expiration of an hour and a half, we were driven far to leeward, and I was compelled to bear away for the shore. When we were near to it, and while I was weighing the practicability of landing the boats through the surf, the wind suddenly ceased and with it the sea rapidly fell—the ponderous quality of the water causing it to settle as soon as the agitating power had ceased to act. Within five minutes there was a perfect calm, and the sea was unmoved even by undulation. At 8 P. M., weary and exhausted, we reached a place of rendezvous upon the northwest shore."

The three succeeding days were devoted to sound-
ing.

Resting over Easter Sunday, the party resumed operations the next day, making topographical sketches as they went, and touching at a copious stream issuing from hot springs, and the mouth of the river Amon of antiquity. They proceeded thence by degrees to the southern extremity of the sea, where the most wonderful sight that they had yet seen awaited them.

"In passing the mountain of Uzdom, (Sodom,) we unexpectedly and much to our astonishment," continues our adventurous explorer, "saw a large, rounded, turret-shaped column facing towards S. E. which proved to be of solid rock salt, capped with carbonate of lime; one mass of chrystalization. Mr. Dale took a sketch of it, and Dr. Anderson and I with great difficulty landed and procured specimens from it."

The sea soon proved so shallow that they could proceed no further. Half a mile from the southern shore they found but six inches water, and beyond, an extensive marsh too yielding for a foothold.

Near the eastern shore they encountered a sirocco, which came sweeping from the southeast

across the desert of Arabia with a stifling heat. At 8 P. M. their thermometer, which before had ranged from 88° to 97°, stood at 106°. "We could not take our tents with us," says the interesting letter from which we are quoting, "nor did we need them, as we found it more agreeable sleeping in the open air upon the beach."

Having circumnavigated the Lake and returning to their place of departure, they found the sad intelligence of Mr. Adams' death awaiting their arrival. Their colors were lowered at half mast, and there out upon the dark waters of this mysterious sea, this little band of true-hearted Americans paid a tribute to the memory of the patriot and statesman, with 21 minute guns fired from their frail vessels. The echoes from the cavernous recesses of the lofty and barren mountains which surrounded them, startled the Arabs, and reverberated loudly and strangely upon the ears of the mourners.

The letters of Lieut. Lynch giving an account, *currente calamo*, of his proceedings, are of great value and exceeding interest. We hope soon to have the pleasure of announcing his return to the United States and of welcoming him and his companions back to country, home and friends.

"We have," says he, "elicited several facts of interest to the man of science and the Christian.

"The bottom of the northern half of this sea is almost *an entire plain*. Its meridional lines at a short distance from the shore scarce vary in depth. The deepest soundings thus far 188 fathoms, (1128 feet.) Near the shore, the bottom is generally an incrustation of salt, but the intermediate one is soft mud with many rectangular chrystals—mostly cubes—of pure salt. At one time Stellwagen's lead brought up nothing but chrystals.

"The southern half of the sea is as shallow as the northern one is deep, and for about one-fourth of its entire length the depth does not exceed three fathoms—(18 feet.) Its southern bed has presented no chrystals, but the shores are lined with incrustations of salt, and when we landed at Uzdom, in the space of an hour, our footprints were coated with chrystalization.

"The opposite shores of the peninsula and the west coast present evident marks of disruption.

"There are unquestionably birds and insects upon the shores and ducks are sometimes upon the sea, for we have seen them—but cannot detect any living thing within it; although the salt streams flowing into it, contain small fish. My hopes have been strengthened into conviction, and I feel sure that the results of this survey will fully sustain the scriptural account of the cities of the plain.

"With one exception we are all well, save to that one, not a dose of medicine has been administered—and his disease is neither caused nor affected by the climate. Although we are up early and out long, living on two meals a day, save when we are restricted to one, there is no complaining,—

all seem to be actuated by a high sense of duty. The preserved meats have proved almost worthless, few being able to eat them, and sometimes our only food is rice. Oranges and lemons, luxuries in our happy country, are here, from the want of vegetables, absolute necessities. Still, as there are cavillers at home, I have once sent to Jerusalem and purchased them for the men at my own expense.

"The expense of guards to our baggage while we are absent, I am obliged to incur, as also for their transportation from place to place, for the boats can carry no more than the officers and men; the arms, instruments, food and water. The whole cost from Beirout to this place, including purchases, transportation of boats, camels, horses, guards and guides amounted to about \$700. I strive to be economical.

"With the Arabs we are on the most friendly terms. In accordance with the tenor of my orders, I have agreed to pay them fairly for all the services they may render and provisions they may bring—but for nothing more. Thus far, two false alarms excepted, we have been undisturbed in our progress and operations. I scarce know what we should have done without the Arabs. They bring us food when nearly famished, and water when parched with thirst. They act as guides and messengers, and in our absence faithfully guard our tents, bedding and clothes. A decided course, tempered with courtesy, wins at once their respect and good will. Although they are an impetuous race, not an angry word has thus far passed between us. With the blessing of God, I hope to preserve the existence of harmony to the last.

"The Jordan, although rapid and impetuous, is graceful in its windings and fringed with luxuriance, while its waters are sweet, clear, cool and refreshing.

"Even if my letter were more brief, this is not a proper place to dwell upon the wonders of this sea, for wondrous it is, in every sense of the word, so sudden are the changes of the weather and so different the aspects it presents, as at times to seem as if we were in a world of enchantments. We are alternately beside and upon the brink and the surface of a huge and sometimes seething cauldron."

The greatest depth obtained was 218 fathoms, (1308 feet.) Having completed the survey of the sea, the party proceeded to determine the height of mountains on its shores, and to run a level thence via. Jerusalem to the Mediterranean. They found the summit of the precipitous ridge which forms the west bank of the Dead Sea, to be more than a thousand feet above its surface, and very nearly on a level with the Mediterranean.

It is a curious fact, that the distance from the top to the bottom of the Dead Sea, should measure the height of its banks, the elevation of the Mediterranean, and the difference of level between the

bottom of the two seas, and that the depth of the Dead Sea should be also an exact multiple of the height of Jerusalem above it.

Another not less singular fact, in the opinion of Lieut. Lynch, "is that the bottom of the Dead Sea forms two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one. The first, its southern part, of slimy mud covered by a shallow bay; the last, its northern and largest portion, of mud and incrustations and rectangular crystals of salt—at a great depth with a narrow ravine running through it, corresponding with the bed of the river Jordan at one extremity and the Wady 'el Jeib,' or wady within a wady at the other."

The *slimy* ooze upon that plain at the bottom of the Dead Sea will not fail to remind the sacred historian of the "slime pits" in the vale, where were joined in battle "four kings with five."

June the 9th, the whole party after an absence of a little over two months, had returned to St. Jean d'Acre on the Mediterranean. They brought back their boats in as complete order as they received them on board at New York. The party were in fine health. Save a flesh wound to one man from the accidental discharge of his piece, not an accident or mishap had occurred to any one. The Arabs would point to them and say, "God is with them."

Lieut. Lynch has endeared himself to his countrymen; his Christian brethren look upon him with pride, and the whole Christian world with eager interest await his return and the forthcoming of his final Report.

By this expedition problems, great and important in the eyes of Christendom, have been solved by the American government, and that too at a cost too trifling to be named in such connexion.

Seven hundred dollars for a scientific exploration of the Dead Sea! There is not a village church in the land, where if the matter had been proposed, such a sum could not have been raised at once for the work. Still, there be "cavillers at home," and as of old, so now, there be those who can "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." But the enlightened and patriotic minds which planned, set on foot, and consummated this undertaking, have also their reward: the *mens conscia*, the sense of having so used their high privileges of place as to advance the honor of their country and the glory of God; the approving "well-done" of a Christian people, and the grateful acknowledgment of wise and good men every where, are only a part of the great rewards which they deserve, and which we hope they may long live to enjoy.

Alluding to the devotion of an ancient sculptor to his labors, Madame de Staël has finely said, "The history of his life was the history of his statue."

ENNERSLIE.

PART FIRST.

A hoary tower, grim and high,
 All beneath a summer sky,
 Where the river glideth by,
 Sullenly—sullenly;
 Across the wave in sluggish gloom,
 Heavy and black the shadows loom,
 But the water-lilies brightly bloom,
 Round about grim Ennerslie.

All upon the bank below
 Alders green and willows grow,
 That ever sway them to and fro
 Mournfully—mournfully;
 Never a boat doth pass that way,
 Never is heard a carol gay,
 Nor doth a weary pilgrim stray
 Down by haunted Ennerslie.

Yet in that tower is a room,
 From whose oaken-fretted dome,
 Weird faces peer athwart the gloom
 Mockingly—mockingly;
 And there beside the taper's gleam
 That maketh darkness darker seem,
 Like one that waketh in a dream,
 Sits the Lord of Ennerslie:

Sitteth in his carved chair—
 From his forehead pale and fair
 Falleth down the raven hair
 Heavily—heavily;
 There is no color on his cheek,
 His lip is pale—he doth not speak,
 And rarely doth his footstep break
 The stillness of grim Ennerslie.

From the casement, mantled o'er
 With ivy-boughs and lichens hoar,
 The shadows creep along the floor
 Stealthily—stealthily;
 They glide along, a spectral train,
 And rest upon the crimson stain,
 Where of old a corpse was lain,—
 Murdered at grim Ennerslie.

In a niche within the wall,
 Where the shadows deepest fall,—
 Like a coffin and a pall—
 Gloomily—gloomily,
 Sits an owlet, huge and gray,
 That there hath sat for many a day,
 And like a ghost, doth gaze alway
 Upon the Lord of Ennerslie:

Gazeth with its mystic eyes
 Ever in a weird surprise,
 Like some demon in disguise,
 Ceaselessly—ceaselessly;
 And close beside that haunted nook,
 Bendeth o'er an open book,
 With a strange and dreamy look,
 The pale young Lord of Ennerslie.

With a measured step, and slow,
 At times he paces to and fro,

Muttering in whispers low,
 Fitfully—fitfully;
 Or resting in his ancient chair,
 Gazing on the vacant air—
 Sure some phantom sees he there,
 The haunted Lord of Ennerslie!

There is a picture on the wall,
 A statue on a pedestal—
 Standing where the sunbeams fall
 Goldenly—goldenly;—
 And in either form and face,
 The self-same beauty you may trace—
 Imaged with a wondrous grace,
 That angel-form at Ennerslie!

Once, 'tis said, upon a time,
 Ere his manhood's golden prime,
 Wandering in a southern clime
 Restlessly—restlessly,
 There passed him by a lady fair,
 With violet eyes and golden hair—
 It is her form that gleameth there,
 That angel form at Ennerslie.

When the stars are in the west,
 And the water-lilies rest,
 Rocking on the river's breast
 Sleepily—sleepily,—
 When the curfew, far remote,
 Blendeth with the night-bird's note,
 Down the river glides a boat
 From the shades of Ennerslie.

Glideth on by Ellesmaire,
 Where doth dwell a lady fair,
 With violet eyes and golden hair,
 Lonesomely—lonesomely;
 At the window's height alway
 She weaves a scarf of colors gay,
 And in the distance far away
 She seeth haunted Ennerslie.

Sitting in her lonely room,
 Ere the twilight's purple gloom,
 Weaving at her fairy loom
 Wearily—wearily;—
 She heareth music sweet and low—
 It is a song she well doth know—
 She used to sing it long ago—
 It cometh up from Ennerslie.

Back she threw the casement wide—
 She saw the river onward glide,
 The lilies nodding on the tide
 Sleepily—sleepily;
 She saw a boat with snowy sail,
 Bearing onward with the gale—
 She saw the silken streamer pale—
 She saw the Lord of Ennerslie.

PART SECOND.

Fading are the summer leaves—
 The fields are rich with golden sheaves;
 Her silken web the lady weaves
 Wearily—wearily;
 Her cheek has lost its summer bloom,
 Her lovely eyes are full of gloom,

She weaveth at her fairy loom
And looketh down to Ennerslie.

She doth not smile—she doth not sigh—
Above her is the cold gray sky;
Below, the river moaneth by
Drearly—dearlierly;
She sees the withered leaflets ride
Like fairy barks adown the tide,
She saith “right merrily they glide,
For they go down to Ennerslie.”

Beside her on the hearth of stone,
There sits a bent and withered crone,
Who doth forever rock and moan
Drowsily—drowsily;
She crooneth songs of mystic rhyme,
And legends of the olden time—
She telleth tales of death and crime—
She tells of haunted Ennerslie.

She telleth how, as she hath heard,
How dwelleth there a demon weird
In seeming of an owsel-bird,
Ceaselessly—ceaselessly,—
And how that fiend must linger still,
And work the master woe and ill,
Till one shall dare with fearless will
Go down to haunted Ennerslie.

She telleth how—that ancient crone—
He loved a lady years ago,
The fairest that the earth has known—
Secretly—secretly—
But dare not woo her for his bride,
Because that death will sure betide
The first that in her beauty's pride
Shall go to haunted Ennerslie.

She listened—but she nothing said;
Like a lily drooped her head
Her white hand wound the silken thread
Carelessly—carelessly;
She rove the scarf from out the loom,
She slowly paced across the room,
And gleaming through the midnight gloom
She saw the light at Ennerslie.

The nurse she slumbered in her chair—
Then up arose that lady fair
And crept adown the winding stair
Silently—silently;
A boat was by the river-side,
The silken web as sail she tied,
And lovely in her beauty's pride,
Went sailing down to Ennerslie.

Back upon the sighing gale
Her tresses floated like a veil;
Her brow was cold, her cheek was pale,
Fearfully—fearfully;
She heard strange whispers in her ear,
She saw a shadow hover near,—
Her very life-blood chilled with fear,
As down she went to Ennerslie.

As upward her blue eyes she cast,
A shadowy form there flitted past,
And settled on the quivering mast
Silently—silently;
The lady gazed, yet spake no word—
She knew it was the evil bird,

The wicked demon, grim and weird,
That dwelt at haunted Ennerslie.

Fainter from the tower's height
Seems to her the beacon-light,
Gleaming on her darkening sight
Fitfully—fitfully;
The river's voice is faint and low—
An icy calm is on her brow—
She saith, “the curse is on me now,
But he is free at Ennerslie!”

Within that tower's solitude
He sitteth in a musing mood,
And gazeth down upon the flood
Dreamily—dreamily;
When lo! he sees a fairy bark,
Gliding amid the shadows dark,
And there a lady still and stark—
A wondrous sight at Ennerslie.

He hurried to the bank below,
Upon the strand he drew the prow—
He drew it in the moonlight's glow,
Eagerly—eagerly;
He parted back the golden hair
That veiled the cheek and forehead fair;
He started at her beauty rare,—
The pale young Lord of Ennerslie.

He called her name—she nothing said;
Upon his bosom drooped her head—
The color from his wan cheek fled
Utterly—utterly;
Slowly rolled the sluggish tide—
The breeze amid the willows sighed—
“This is too deep a curse,” he cried,—
The stricken Lord of Ennerslie.

SUSAN.

Richmond.

THE THEORY OF THE TOILET.

We are disposed to think that the world is more divided in opinion upon the subject of dress, than any other of the ordinary and pressing duties of life. Mankind agree with “remarkable unanimity” on the æsthetics of the kitchen,—as least as far as this, that we may lawfully eat the best and most savory dishes that gastronomic skill can set before us. With the single exception of that misguided and melancholy class, found in the Northern cities, under the title of Grahamites, who look upon man as altogether an herbivorous animal, we believe a good dinner is considered orthodox by all sects and parties and divisions of the human family. But with regard to dress, the most dissimilar notions prevail. There are many, who view the wearing of gay apparel almost as an unpardonable offence. These persons frequently affect a most ridiculous simplicity, which demands a larger share of their time and attention than the worst foppery of the tailors. We have seen men who had a horror of buttons and who

thought of the last fashion as Mr. Stiggins thought of gin and water in the Fleet, with this difference, that the reverend gentleman indulged even in what he denounced as a "wanity," while they would as soon put on the shirt of Nessus as a good looking garment. There are others who seem to consider dress as one of the evils of life, about which it were well to think as little as possible, and in accordance with this conviction they take no concern for their bodies, as to "what they shall put on." They slouch through life, mere "things of shreds and patches," with an unfinished-business sort of air, as if they were miserable and didn't know exactly why. They are deterred by no economical considerations from a decent appearance, but dress shabbily because they can't help it. Some of them, indeed, spend large sums in dress, but their garments are always *mal-assortis* and always out of place. They would go to a funeral in all the colors of the rainbow and to a wedding in "customary suits of solemn black." There is still another class, on the other extreme, who, without the least modicum of taste to restrain their extravagances, do the "ruffianly" style of dress. They are indeed "flowers of all hues," flaring in gaudy scarfs and illustrated linen and rejoicing in all manner of startling and violent contrasts. We need not pursue the description of this class farther. As "gents," or "cits," they are well known everywhere. A very different person is the true *artiste*. We mean not the man, who makes his wardrobe the serious business of his life, nor yet the recognized model of the fashionable world; he is but a pretender, and patent-leather can never raise him above his proper sphere. But there are some gifted individuals, who come into the world with a nice sense of the harmony of colors and the proprieties of the toilet, who first evince a just perception of the true and becoming in dress by the jackets of their boyhood, and who ever afterwards remain faultless in appearance. One such there was who cast a lustre on our college days. Very fair in the eye of memory, oh! worthy Dr. —, is thy pleasant face, with its delicate fringe of whisker and its benignant smile! We well recollect the mingled feelings of envy and admiration with which we were wont to regard his exceeding propriety in every movement and under all circumstances, whether attired in white cravat and lemon-colored kids for an evening, or diffused upon the grass, in gown and slippers, with a fragrant Havana, or preparing the first of the vernal julaps, or making the lawn vocal with his midnight guitar! Once have we seen him since that halcyon period, but good living and a quiet conscience, while they had sweetened his temper, had spoiled his shape, and though the tailor, (not our college snip, Lucas, whom we used to call "*lucus a non lucendo*,") still displayed his genius as of old, Adonis had grown into an alderman, and being no longer what he was

—Callida juvena
Consule Planco,

seemed rather in the condition of Colman's lodger,

"—like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

But these reminiscences are carrying us off from our subject, to which we now return.

We have set out with adverting to the variance of opinion, which exists with regard to the subject in general. Perhaps in the wide diversity of taste among men, the classification might be pursued indefinitely. And yet it seems to us all would agree that in dress, as in all things else, there is a certain right path,—a *juste milieu*,—a truth lying in the middle, which ought to be pursued. "Nothing," says the author of the Spectator, in one of those dicta which have become axiomatic, "is more laudable than an enquiry after truth," and it is with the view of arriving at this, as far as it may be ascertained in the premises, that we propose to enter upon an exposition of THE THEORY OF THE TOILET.

There can be little doubt that *originally* dress was considered simply with reference to its *utility*, and that the only difference in its form and texture arose from the extremes of climate. Men sought only protection from the winter's cold and covering from the summer's heat, and thus their garments differed with the seasons and with latitude. The skins of wild beasts sufficed the "gentleman from Norway," who dwelt always *sub Jove frigido*, while the population of the tropics walked about, like the statues of the heathen gods or the *figurantes* of the opera, in as little drapery as circumstances would permit. Now in process of time, as the arts progressed, that besetting sin, which from the days of Mother Eve down to the publication of the last number of *Les Modes de Paris* has never ceased to inspire her children,—the inordinate desire of admiration—began to be shown in the fashion and shape of clothing, and gradually colors were studied and arranged with an eye to the picturesque in appearance. Without recurring to the Reports of the Fashions B. C., it may be said that all nations soon learned to consult the graceful in costume, and even the ruder barbarians of the North sought to decorate their persons with gay apparel. We are told upon dramatic authority, that

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,

(although the subsequent statement, we must confess, perplexes us,)

Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won."

The progress which taste has made, however, has been always subject to the modifications of climate, and we shall find that the garments of the present day are loose and flowing, or tightly drawn, just as

the wearer lives in a warm or cold region. With regard to our own country, it is spread over so large an extent of surface, that all possible styles of dress prevail. The hyperborean differs not more widely in outward semblance from the native of the burning desert than the good daughters of New England from those fair *Senoritas*, whom the Mexican War has recently brought within the pale of citizenship. On the Lakes, and in the Far West, there is constant demand for furs and fire wood, while in Georgia, a summer "uniform" is said to be worn of the lightest possible description. Mr. Wordsworth may not be considered good authority on the subject, but he informs us of a "Georgia Major," who won the affections of his beautiful Ruth, who was very lightly clad indeed :

"There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest ;
He brought them from the Cherokees ;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest."

But Mr. Wordsworth goes on to compliment him as a fine fellow, and a real Ben Brace for fun :

"He was a lovely youth ! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was half so fair as he ;
And when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea."

Notwithstanding the remarkable contrasts in dress, which we have pointed out among ourselves, the hierarchy of fashion in its potent ministrations still preserves a sufficient uniformity in the large cities to set us apart as one people. Though the elegant of Boston derives his mode from Regent Street and he of New Orleans from the Boulevards, still there is a marked similarity in their garments, and but little change is made on account of the difference of latitude. Snow rarely falls on the dome of the St. Charles, while Washington Street is blockaded with it four months in the year, and yet fashion prescribes nearly the same dress for the two places. It seems to raise its votaries above the fluctuations of the thermometer and to give them an equable temperament every where. We recollect having read a good story, (it is told by Captain Jesse in his *Life of Brummell*.) of an old garde-du-corps of Charles X., which illustrates very forcibly this feeling, although the *nil admirari* in his case proceeded from altogether a different cause. "He had only his half-pay, seven hundred and fifty francs a year, and his wardrobe, as might naturally be expected, was rather deficient on such an income. Fortunately his affluent friends of the same political opinions sometimes assisted him with a coat, and occasionally with a pair of inexpressibles, or a dinner ; but never did their friendly donations extend to a cloak or a great-coat, and in the most

bitter weather, no matter whether it was sleeting or snowing, he was never seen in the street in any thing of the kind. One keen winter afternoon, an Englishman, who was making his way to his dinner at the hotel as rapidly as he could, to his infinite amazement, met Monsieur de Z—— with his surtout open, and looking the very emblem of the season. Boldly erect, however, with his hat on one side, he appeared to defy the elements, and stalked towards him as magnanimously *insouciant* as if he had been clad in sables. The Englishman, with his cloak thrown up to his very eyes, like a true Hidalgo, struck with the transparent appearance of the garde-du-corps, asked him, in a really compassionate tone, if he did not feel the cold ? 'Froid, Monsieur,' said the haughty Carlisle, 'un homme comme-il-faut n'a jamais froid !'"

Apropos of this, it is certain that of all nations, the French exert the most unlimited sway in the world of fashion. From the French Capital as a centre, fashion radiates her light, and all the rest of mankind look to it for the divine ray. How impotent, indeed, is any other nation in comparison ! Lord John Russell and his compeers may regulate tariffs and adjust treaties—may even prevent her Majesty from visiting a portion of her own dominions*—but can they change the cut of a coat ? Can they subject Christendom to a prescribed mode with the authority of an army regulation ? No. This belongs alone to the Gauls. It is their province to order, it is ours to obey. French taste has extended its supremacy everywhere. "Following the sun and keeping company with the hours," it has filled the earth with French cooks and French tailors. The genius of fashion, as she sits enthroned with all the immunities of sovereignty, in the Palais Royal, may indeed look around her and inquire "Where is not my influence felt ?

Quis jam locus—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

No geographical divisions can stop the progress of her tenets, "there are no longer Pyrenees" to oppose the extension of her empire, but it reaches to the farther end of every continent : to Rio, to Hong Kong, to the Southern Archipelago, to the hundred gates of Thebes ! It has been well said that French fashion has done more to preserve the peace of Europe, during the last twenty-five years, than all other causes put together. What power would wage war against the people, who can alone supply us with new garments ! Consider for a moment the effects of an act of non-intercourse with France ! Where should we look for ribbons or gloves or comfits ? The recent sanguinary conflicts in Paris, growing out of the establishment of the Provisional Government, while as friends of humanity they have

* The English papers, by the last steamer, inform us that the ministry had at last determined *not to permit the Queen to visit Ireland*, as she had intended.

filled us with painful regrets and sympathies, have not failed at the same time to excite very serious apprehensions with regard to the fate of the fashions. Shall we not soon be compelled to wear blue blouses and *l'habits des artisans* and all sorts of misshapen and uncomfortable vestments? For deliverance from such perils, we look to Lamartine, who is said to be the best dressed man of the metropolis. Like all truly great Frenchmen, he understands the theory of the toilet. For no quality was the greatest of Frenchmen more remarkable than his intuitive good taste in such matters. A very entertaining work published in Paris in 1832, under the title of "*Code Civil, Manuel Complet de la Politesse, du Ton, des Manières, de la bonne Compagnie, &c.*," relates a characteristic anecdote on this point. On the morning of Napoleon's interview with Alexander of Russia on the Niemen, Murat and General Dorsenne rode up together to take their places in his train; Murat as usual tricked out with feathers and embroidery and stars—Dorsenne in that simple and elegant dress which rendered him the model of the army. Napoleon greeted Dorsenne with a smile of singular courtesy, then turning abruptly round upon Murat, he said, "Go and put on your marshal's uniform; you have the air of Franconi's."

But we are again wandering. And as we fear that what we have written so far is likely to be of little practical value, we shall proceed at once to some useful hints with reference to certain particular articles of dress. Here we beg to go along with an esteemed old author, who discussed the same subject long ago:

"To begin firste with their hattes. Sometymes thei use them sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spere or shafte of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades; some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstant mindes. Othersome be flat and broad in the croune, like the battlements of a house."

Now the hat is a very important matter. How much may depend upon it, no one can tell. It is the first object on which the eye rests in regarding the appearance of a stranger; and this, perhaps, may be the reason that we are so much swayed in our prepossessions by its condition. If we meet a man, for instance, who wears a "shocking bad hat," we at once set him down as a person of no consideration, while a new castor never fails to impart a certain pleasing air to the features which it surmounts. It is worthy of remark, too, that if we would describe a person, the description commences invariably with the hat. The messenger of Hotspur, when he would announce the coming of Prince Hal, glittering in golden coat, begins very naturally,

"I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on."

Indeed the hat may be regarded as the type of its wearer. We believe that in a majority of cases we could define the individual with no other data than his hat. *Given* the hat,—to find the profession, the opinions and the habits of the man would be a problem capable, we think, of easy solution. Suppose the persons unknown to pass by us, behind a screen just high enough to conceal them, but to allow a sight of their hats, we should say, that under the low slouched hat, which moves onward with a jerk, there is a money-lender of the Mosaic brotherhood; the smart, pert, shining hat, set jauntily on one side, is worn by a dandy clerk; the humble, unresisting chapeau covers a clergyman of low church principles; the misshapen, careless hat of rough nap bespeaks the husband, while beneath the highly respectable, well-brushed hat there may be seen a "Cœlebs in search of a wife," of whom we would be willing to swear, like Claudio in the play, "If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: *he brushes his hat o'mornings*: what should that bode?"

We are persuaded that the fashionable hat of our time is the most ungraceful head-dress that was ever devised. No hat of a past age, since gentlemen have discarded steel and iron from their wardrobe, was so ill-adapted to its purposes or so little becoming to the person. Nor can we find so bad an article anywhere at the present day. There is the turban, which is worn by unbelievers, which never gives one the head-ache—quite a model head-dress in comparison. The peaked hat of the Spanish *contrabandista*,—such as is worn by Fra Diavolo in the third act,—is far more picturesque. Even the queer looking thing which we see on the head of Mephistopheles in the German etchings, though somewhat unpleasantly associated with the qualities of that unamiable individual, is a prettier attire. Recent events have brought into vogue a hat, which is capable of being managed in good hands very effectively, but which may be greatly abused,—the Mexican *sombrero*. But the hat, the most to our fancy, that we have ever seen, (and we have seen this only on paper,) is the one which the engravers represent as having contained within its ample dimensions "as much *wisdom* as could live" in the head of Sir Francis Bacon. It is comely, sober, and comfortable.

As we cannot hope to regulate the style, however, and bring out such a hat as we should most desire, it becomes us to make the best of the prevailing mode. And we shall take the liberty here of offering some good hints to the reader as to the selection of his hat. 1st. Get a new one every three months or at least semi-annually. 2nd. Never be in advance of the fashion, but be content to keep up with it. 3rd. Never wear a white hat, unless for plantation purposes, and then get a broad brim. But above all, never put a black string around it. Leave that to the stable boys. 4th. Do not rely too

much on your own whims, but select a good shop for your purchases and leave the fitting to the dealer.

Reader, if you can give us four better maxims than these, you may take—our hat.

The next article in our synthesis of dress, (for we are proceeding synthetically,) is the cravat, of which a French writer has said “*L’art de mettre sa cravate est à l’homme du monde ce que l’art de donner à diner est à l’homme d’état.*” We should say that it is not to the man of the world alone that the art of tying the cravat is important, and that diplomacy has never suffered so much from bad dinners as mankind from vicious and erroneous views on this subject. When we consider that it encircles the region of the epiglottis and deeply affects the respiration of the wearer, it will be seen at once how important it is to have it rightly adjusted. We propose not to enter upon a historical treatise of the cravat, or we might easily demonstrate that it had its origin in the effeminacy of the later days of Rome and was not introduced among our immediate ancestors, until the early part of the 17th century. The impetus given to the manufacture of English silks by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, brought cravats into general use, and it may now be safely assumed that the human neck will never regain its former freedom.

The best material for the cravat is satin or silk of an uniform color. Glaring colors should be avoided and stripes and spots are most objectionable. It should be folded in the simplest manner and tied in a common knot, so loosely as to allow the neck the “largest liberty” that can be attained.

With regard to the white cravat, for purposes of full dress, although sanctioned by general usage, we have our doubts. Few persons are improved in appearance by it, and those of dark complexion are rendered positively frightful from the contrast. Fair skins and blue eyes—genuine Saxon characteristics—consort very well with the white cravat, and it always imparts to such persons an air of repose, that is quite taking. On the whole, we should regard it as an article that could not be too cautiously adopted. There is said to be danger in it, too. We have seen an ingenious hypothesis, which assumed that the bronchial affections, so prevalent among the clergy, resulted altogether from their white cravats. There is some plausibility at least in this conjecture. We have a friend, remarkable for his energy and his eloquence in the pulpit, who enjoys excellent health, which we have been in the habit of attributing to the fact that he never wears white cravats. It may be mentioned too, as a curious coincidence, that on the fatal day of Waterloo, Napoleon appeared for the first time in the field in a white cravat. The sun of Austerlitz had seen him in black silk, and never had his

eagles been successful under any other neck-cloth. How far the *cravate blanc* influenced the fortunes of his last battle, we leave to our readers to explain.

Closely connected with the cravat is the shirt collar; and a consideration of this will at once involve us in the *vexata quæstio*, whether they should be worn standing. The inventive genius of Lord Byron, as is well known, was exhibited in the introduction of a new style of collar, which has ever since been called by his name, and is of universal adoption among ourselves. We consider this style as altogether the most natural and as affording a closer approximation than any other to the primitive freedom of the neck. Latterly, we have been called upon to adopt the standing style and made to pass *sub iugo*, under the yoke, and we cannot help fancying that to the eye of a foreigner, we must look, under this unaccustomed restraint, very much like the dandies that Biddy Fudge saw in Paris;

“Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt collars,
That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,
To twirl when the creatures may wish to look round them.”

After all, the whole question is perhaps a physical one and resolves itself into this—whether the neck to be enveloped is handsome or otherwise. Dr. Holmes, in his poem of *Urania*, discusses it very satisfactorily, arriving at the conclusion that the standing style is to be preferred.

“Our freeborn race, averse to every check,
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its neck;
From the green prairie, to the sea-girt town,
The whole wide nation turns its collars down.

“The stately neck is manhood’s manliest part;
It takes the life-blood freshest from the heart;
With short, curled ringlets close around it spread,
How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head!
Thine, fair Erectheus of Minerva’s wall;
Or thine, young Athlete of the Louvre’s hall,
Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun
That filled the arena where thy wreaths were won,—
Firm as the band that clasps the antlered spoil
Strained in the winding anaconda’s coil!

I spare the contrast: it were only kind
To be a little, nay, intensely blind:
Choose for yourself: I know it cuts your ear;
I know the points will sometimes interfere;
I know that often, like the filial John,
Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,
You show your features to the astonished town
With one side standing and the other down;
But O my friend! my favorite fellow man!
If nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!”

Proceed we to the coat—the *toga virilis*—the

garment of the man. But hold,—the limits we have assigned ourselves will not admit a full discussion of this most voluminous subject; already the pile of MS. at our side admonishes us, (as the facetious imitator of Dr. Johnson has expressed it,) that “all things that have an end must be brought to a conclusion,” and as we have something to say on other matters, we must dismiss the coat with a single remark. It is that subdued colors should always be preferred, and only the best tailor should be permitted to construct the garment.

A few more suggestions will suffice on the Theory of the Toilet. And these we think may be best given by farther quotations from Dr. Holmes:

“Wear seemly gloves; not black nor yet too light,
And least of all the pair that once was white;
Let the dead party where you told your loves
Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves;
Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent,—don’t neglect your kids.

* * * *

Be shy of breastpins; plain, well-ironed white,
With small pearl buttons,—two of them in sight,—
Is always genuine, while your gems may pass
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.
But spurn those paltry cis-Atlantic lies,
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties;
Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow things
The indignant laundress blushes when she brings.”

In our remarks on the interesting subject before us, the attentive reader cannot have failed to notice that as yet we have said nothing of the gentler sex, without a large reference to whom any treatise on the toilet must of necessity be quite incomplete. We beg leave therefore to address ourselves to them for a brief space, and we trust to be received with the consideration due to a zealous apologist of their weaknesses and a devoted admirer of their charms. We place our hand upon our heart and proceed.

You will not deny, most respected and adorable of created beings, that your little heads are always full of devices for decorating your little persons. Else why is it that so much assiduity is bestowed upon your dresses,—why do you look with so much interest for the monthly visitation of that anonymous beauty of the fashion-plates, who flourishes in eternal youth and eternal pink ribbon? Why do you return from church on Sunday, so little benefitted by the Rev. Dr. Blowmup’s sermon of fifty-five minutes on the vanity of earthly distinctions, that you can only talk of Miss “Timmin’s frightful *visite*,” or “that horrid new bonnet of Miss Frump?” Nay, start not! We impute this not to you as a grievous fault. It is perhaps but a prompting of your inward nature. That man, ugly as he is in his angular shape, without one of those curves which we are taught to consider the elements of beauty, should seek the aid of externals, may not be defensible on general principles. But

woman seems to have been made fair for the very purpose of being the object of our expenditures, and as we set a gem of purest water in the costliest casket, it appears only proper that she should be the recipient of the finest wardrobes that our pockets can furnish. Paying the piper, however, generally gives one the privilege of directing the music, and it is clear that in the changes of their fashions, we may fairly claim to have our own tastes consulted. The right also attaches of speaking out freely with regard to the whole system.

The great fault of womankind at the present day, we think is, that of *overdressing*. There is a too-muchness in their attire, which offends the critical eye. Now we might be justified in attacking this on economical grounds. But we scorn this advantage. We object to it only as violating the rules of propriety. We do not like to see a lovely form concealed beneath a profusion of tawdry ornaments, or burdened with an infinity of fineries. This extravagance is bad enough any where, but it is not to be tolerated on the street. And yet it is almost universal. With the return of the autumnal glories of the shops, we shall expect to see large numbers of our charming friends, on their morning walks, so outrageously attired, that we may almost say of them, like the heroine of the *Samson Agonistes*,

“But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck’d, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled and streamers waving.”

Ladies, we beg of you, reform it altogether.

There is another sad error of the sex, in arraying themselves with over-stiffness and precision. We are far from designing to hint that a lady can ever bestow too much care upon her toilet. Indeed, the female dandy usually exhibits less care than any one else. But we have seen ladies dressed up in a manner, which indicated the most uncomfortable feeling, as if they could not move without deranging the set of their garments. Such an appearance is unbecoming and at present inexcusable. The great superiority of the female costume of the present day, over any that has preceded it, is found in its ease and adaptation to the person. No constraint is put upon the movements of the wearer. No alarming head-dress is superimposed to make her resemble the caryatides of sculpture: but the fullest comfort is afforded, at the same time that the natural beauties are set off to the best advantage. Let woman recollect this, and be assured that she never looks so well as when quite unconscious of her own attractions. Lord Bacon tells us that the greatest beauty she can boast, is

that which a painting fails to express. Undoubtedly it is to be discovered in the grace and freedom of her carriage, for it is not until this point has been acquired, that the dear creature bursts upon us in the plenitude of those charms, which bring us willing captives to her feet. We yield to the irresistible *négligé* and coincide with Herrick :

“A sweet disorder in the dress,
[A happy kind of carelessness ;]
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction ;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthral the crimson stomacher ;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands that flow confusedly ;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.”

But the greatest impropriety of female apparel, which is not perhaps so much a fault in the wearers, as a defect in the mode itself,—is that it recognizes no difference of age. There are, in contemplation of fashion, no old women at all, for all are robed in the same colors and the same styles. Is it not a mockery to see those, whose shadows are lengthening in the evening of life, bedecked in the finery of sweet sixteen, to see nature giving place to art in their appearance, to see the roses which have left their cheeks paraded in their bonnets, and the tresses that are glossy no longer, replaced by the preparations of the *perruquier* ? Can the foot of time be stayed by frippery and decoration ? And yet do we not see every day ladies of uncertain ages exhibiting these painful contrasts, these absolute contradictions in external semblance ?

There is no greater error in the world than is committed by those who associate ugliness with age, and though the dictionaries may conjoin them, we maintain that not unfrequently good looks come with advancing years,—we mean the good looks of a benignant and intellectual countenance. There is a great moral beauty in the appearance of one, whose garb denotes that she has yielded a willing submission to the fixed decrees of our being, who having seen the joyous delights of youth and passed the honorable period of mature age, is content to throw aside the ornaments which once she wore, and, instead of masquerading in laces and velvets, to be seen in the simple and unostentatious apparel that befits her years. To the eye of affection, the gray hairs upon her brow are far more becoming than any artificialities that could be procured, and the pallor of her cheek more attractive than the sunniest glow of early loveliness. It is when we look upon such a character as this, that we realize the truth of the touching lines of the poet,

“Les Amours sont toujours enfants
Et les Graces sont de tout age,”

and feel in their full force the veneration and regard which old age ought always to inspire.

THE LADY ALICE :—A SONG.

BY W. C. RICHARDSON, OF ALABAMA.

I.

Of all the lassies high or low,
In hall or cot or palace,
The blithest lass of all I know
Is lovely tady Alice !
Her rudest tone is zephyr's own,
She warbles like a linnet,
Her girdle, like Armida's zone,
Hath a thousand sweets within it !

II.

Now you may call for a glass of wine,
Or nectar brewed in Heaven ;
But Alice, that sweet mouth of thine,
To my warm lips be given !
Now you may call for a dulcimer,
And wake its softest measure ;
But Alice, warble to my ear,—
I ask no other pleasure.

III.

Now you may call for a sunny sky,
With not a cloud upon it ;
But give me the light of her blue eye,
As it gleams beneath her bonnet !
And you may gather lilies, sir,
From Delhi to Gibraltar,
If I may gather those white hands
Beside the blessed altar !

IV.

For oh ! of lassies high or low,
In hall or cot or palace,
The blithest lass of all I know
Is lovely lady Alice.
Her rudest tone is zephyr's own,
She warbles like a linnet,
Her girdle, like Armida's zone
Hath a thousand sweets within it !

THE THREE DAYS OF JULY.

A very excellent and agreeable work has just been issued from the Boston press, under the title of the “Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe.” The author, Benjamin Perley Poore, Esq., has long been favorably known to the public as the European correspondent of the Boston Atlas, and during several years' residence in Paris, spent in collecting from the public archives materials for the Massachusetts Historical Society, has had unusual facilities for becoming intimately acquainted with the people and the Government. We are indebted to him for sheets of his work, in advance of its publication, from which we print the following graphic sketch of the Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Egalité upon the throne. The spirited portraiture of the

prominent characters of the period, with which the sketch opens, are indeed drawn with a masterly hand.

[Ed. Mess.

Beranger mingled together liberty and the pleasures of the table—crushed the Grand Almoner while he praised the charms of Lisette, and launched his thunder against the Jesuits, while he sang to the youthful graces of Jeanneton. Combining the talents of Anacreon and Tyrtæus, he wore a double crown—of thorny laurels and of thornless roses—and in proportion as his grisettes were of easy access, was his political aim difficult to divine. All ages found something to admire in his varied stanzas—the young girl as well as the old soldier, the peasant as well as the revolutionist, drank eagerly from the cup of love and liberty which he presented. His songs resounded from the English channel to the Pyrenees, entering into all memories, and, by the force of noble and daring thought, fixing upon all hearts a profound contempt for Charles X.

Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, Michelet, and a host of other writers, re-echoed the same sentiment in the University and the daily press, wielding against the imprudent monarch the mighty influence of letters, which in France predominates over all others. They attacked every thing that bore the name of legitimate royalty, and likened the reigning branch of the Bourbons to the English house of Stuart. Across the channel a monarch had been dethroned without politically convulsing society, and they boldly inquired if France could not do likewise? In olden times, when the great mass of the French had little honor to win, or property to lose, history had little influence, but now that a division of fortunes had placed almost every office within the reach of the *bourgeoisie*, they looked to it as a practical lesson for examples. The historians became popular oracles with them, as they gained an influence over the Bonapartists and Republicans, by depicting their triumphs in gorgeous colors. As to the power of the newspaper press, so universally exercised in the present century, it is only necessary to say that its influence in France is quadruple what it is in the United States. Directed through such channels, the attacks of the "*hommes de lettres*" shook the very foundations of the throne, and the result fully realized the fine passage which Bulwer puts into the mouth of his sagacious hero, Cardinal Richelieu :

" — the PEN is mightier than the sword.

Behold the arch enchanter's wand! Itself nothing!

But catching sorcery from the master-hand

To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike

The loud earth breathless!"

Many of these master-minds were members of a revolutionary society called "*Aide-toi et le ciel*

t'aidera," (aid thyself, and Heaven will aid thee,) which numbered Garnier Pages, Odilon Barrot, Manuel Foy, and other popular orators, who exercised a great influence upon the people. They had, amidst the smoke of battle-fields and the exigencies of war, lost sight of oratory as of most other severe studies of poetic leisure, and now dwelt with rapture on free voices speaking freely. Speech, like the sword, is a formidable weapon when wielded by those who have courage, and march boldly on to the assault.

One solitary priest was among this formidable opposition, for Charles X. was too much of a devotee not to enlist the church on his side. But this exception, to use the words of Janin, was one who thought like Bossuet, and wrote like Jean Jacques Rousseau—one of those spirits which are naturally rebellious because they are never duly appreciated. A democrat after the manner of an old apostle, this organ between the gospel and the charter—this constitutional Luther—this energetic orator, whose denunciation crushed all upon whom it fell—to sum up in one word, this Father de la Mennais was one of the most powerful opponents of Charles X. Calling to him all the griefs, all the humiliations, all the miseries, and all the opinions of disordered humanity, he filled their wasted and weary souls with popular vengeance. Having found it impossible to make himself comprehended as an expounder of his own creed, he applied that creed to politics in a democratic sense, and became the most powerful politician of the age. The Pope fulminated his thunder against him, and he sent the bolts back with doubled force against Charles X., Defender of the Holy Church.

There was yet another branch of this hydra-headed opposition—the women, who have ever exercised in France a greater influence, both in politics and literature, than they have in any other land since the days of Egyptian greatness. An English writer says, that, although excluded from the throne and sceptre by the Salic law, they have frequently ruled by a power stronger than all law; and amidst a people vain, frivolous, chivalric, gallant, and fond of pleasure, the women have taken up their place in life by the side of the men. More adroit in their conduct, quicker in their perceptions, than the less subtle sex, they have ruled absolutely in those times when adroitness of conduct and quickness of perception have been the qualities most essential to pre-eminence. And the heroism of Joan d'Arc, the courage of Charlotte Corday, the barbarities committed by the fishwomen in the first revolution, show that they are not wanting when enterprise and daring are demanded. Who that has read French history forgets the powerful De Maintenon, the winning Pompadour, the intriguing De Longueville, the ingenious Scudéri, the epicurean Ninon, the agreeable Sévigné, the much loved De Lorme, the heroic Roland, the in-

telligent De Staël—in short, there is not a page but has to speak of some female reputation—nor is there a path to fame which female footsteps have not trod! Madame Adelaide of Orleans is well known to have played an active part in the (as yet undefined) efforts of her brother to seize the throne. It is certain that she prevailed upon Talleyrand to join the discontented faction, that she promised office and honors to the wives of prominent men in the case of her brother's success, and that her morgeanic husband, Baron Athalin, was the organ of communication between the clubs and the Palais Royal.

With all these powerful auxiliaries, Louis Philippe felt conscious of success in the inevitable struggle. His plans were so well matured that he was able to stand aloof, and not only to deceive the King, but Lafayette and the Republicans. Instead of seizing the crown, he intended to accept it when offered to him by those whom he saw would not be disposed to submit to the despotic rule he projected. The publication of the ordinances lit the train which he had so carefully laid, and the subsequent explosion proved his ability in undermining the dynasty which had granted him so many favors, and which he had sworn to uphold.

It was on Monday morning, the 26th of July 1830, that the "*Moniteur*," Charles X.'s official journal, published the obnoxious ordinances, the effect of which was to entirely abrogate the charter. By eleven o'clock they were generally known, and groups were assembled from time to time in the Palais Royal, discussing their object and effect, but there were no signs of popular commotion; business went on as usual, and there was a full attendance in the evening at the theatres and dancing gardens.

The editors of newspapers, who thus found their pens bridled, met in the morning at the elder Mr. Dupin's, to know if the law would not justify them in publishing without a license; but they found him awed, and unwilling to take any decisive measures. They determined nevertheless to hold a meeting, protest against the ordinances, and issue their papers the next morning without obtaining licenses. At the Institute of France Mr. Arago delivered an eulogy on Fresnel, into which he introduced some spirited allusions to the glaring usurpation which had been attempted on the liberties of the country.

Count de la Borde presided at a meeting of the editors held at the office of the "*National*" in the afternoon, when, after an animated discussion, the publication of a protest, and a resistance to the ordinances, was decided upon. Believing that Charles X. would have a temporary triumph—for it was impossible to imagine that a government which deliberately invited insurrection was not

prepared to resist it—the editors displayed a spirit worthy of their position as sentinels on the watch-tower of freedom. Their protest was bold, representing the disobedience of the unlawful ordinances as sacred, and asserting that "when a legal reign had ended, that of force commenced." By sunset, proof slips of the next morning's papers, containing this protest, were profusely distributed, and produced an electric effect upon the Parisians.

The liberal Deputies were called together in the evening, and urged to issue a similar protest, but they hesitated. The students of the *Quartier Latin* were making cartridges, for Count de la Borde had said that morning to a deputation which they had sent to the editor's meeting, urging a recourse to arms: "Gentlemen, you are right—our country no longer claims from us empty words; unanimous action, vigorous and powerful, can alone save her liberties." And from the low wine shops around the Palais Royal there issued bands of men, carrying a bundle of the protests, who scattered themselves among the dancing-gardens in the suburbs, paying for liberal potations in which to drink the downfall of Charles X.—telling the workmen that they were all to be dismissed the next day—and shouting "*Vive le Charte*." "Live the Charter," echoed from thousands of lips, they knew not exactly why, but with its overthrow the intriguing agents of Louis Philippe cunningly wove in, the occupation of Paris by the allies, the disgrace of the cherished tricolor, and the banishment of Napoleon. To possess a charter, according to Prince Polignac, who knew the Parisians well, is for the populace the full enjoyment of "three things—work to do, cheap bread, and few taxes to pay."

On Tuesday morning very few of the shops were open, and the garden of the Palais Royal was filled with the populace, listening to inflammatory harangues from the revolutionary agitators, who strove to impress upon their audiences that a charter was all that was necessary to alleviate their condition. By noon large bodies of the lower classes were parading the streets, uttering imprecations upon the obnoxious Ministers, and shouting "*Vive le Charte*."

Unluckily for Charles X. he intrusted the command of Paris to Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who had betrayed Napoleon, and permitted the allied army to enter Paris. With only 12,000 men under the orders of this detested commander, the government now resolved to enforce its edicts, and a *Commissaire* of Police supported by a company of gend'armes was sent to seize the presses of the "*Temps*," one of the refractory journals. The house thus menaced was situated in the Rue Richelieu, one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Paris, and the presses which it was intended to seize were in the buildings at the further end of a large court. The approach of the *commissaire*

being announced, Mr. Baude had the doors of the printing-house locked, and the gates opening on the street thrown wide open. The workmen, the contributors, and all the persons employed on the paper in any capacity, drew up in two files; Mr. Baude stationed himself in the space between them, bareheaded; and in that order all remained waiting the event in deep silence. The passers by were struck with curiosity and stopped; some of them bowed respectfully; the gend'armes were uneasy.

The *commissaire* arrived. Obligated to pass between the two files of men, who stood mute and impassive on either hand, he became agitated, turned pale, and going up to Mr. Baude, he politely stated to him the object of his mission. "It is by virtue of the ordonnances, Monsieur," said Mr. Baude, firmly, "that you are come to demolish our presses. Well, then, it is in the name of the law that I call on you to forbear." The *commissaire* sent for a locksmith: he came, and the doors of the printing-house were about to be forced open. Mr. Baude stopped the man, and producing a copy of the Code, he read to him the article relating to the punishment of robbery accompanied with house-breaking. The locksmith uncovered his head to show his respect for the law; but being again ordered by the *commissaire* to proceed, he seemed about to obey, when Mr. Baude said to him with ironical coolness, "Oh go on! it is only a matter of the galleys." At the same time appealing from the *commissaire* to the Assize Courts, he drew out his pocket-book to enter the names of the witnesses present. The pocket-book passed from hand to hand, and every one inscribed his name. Every particular in this scene was striking and singular,—Mr. Baude's stature, his sturdy countenance, his keen eyes overhung with thick bushy brows, the law for which he demanded respect, the stubborn determination of the spectators, the protection of the absent Judges invoked within a few paces of a detachment of gend'armes, the crowd that every moment grew denser outside, and gave audible expression to its indignation. The terrified locksmith threw up the job, and was loudly cheered. Another was sent for; he endeavored to execute the orders given him; but suddenly found that his tools were gone. It was necessary to have recourse to the smith employed to rivet the irons on the convicts. These proceedings, which took up several hours, and were witnessed by great numbers of persons, derived a real historical importance from the circumstances. By affording the people an example of disobedience combined with attachment to the laws, two cravings of its nature were gratified,—viz., the love of manifesting its independence, and the necessity of feeling itself governed.*

In the afternoon a body of troops fired upon a

* Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years.

group of people, who refused to disperse when summoned by a magistrate, and a man was killed. "To arms! live the charter!" shouted the mob; barricades were thrown up, arms and ammunition were distributed by unknown hands, and the hostilities commenced, upon the issue of which depended a sovereignty. The fifth regiment of infantry refused to fire upon the people, and several other regiments faltered, while the insurgents displayed indomitable courage. Day was just declining, when a man appeared on the Quai de l'Ecole, carrying in his hand that tricolor flag which had not been seen for fifteen years. No cry was uttered, no movement took place among the crowd drawn up along the river walls. Amazed, silent, and, as if immersed in their recollections, they continued gazing, long after it passed, on that standard, the unexpected sight of which evoked such glorious phantoms. Some aged men uncovered their heads, others shed tears; every face had turned pale.

Lafayette had that morning read the ordonnances at La Grange, and, taking post-horses, was at Paris in the evening to offer to the insurgents the use of his name and person. He found that the liberal Deputies had been in session all day, but had done nothing, though the rattling of musket volleys had been heard throughout the afternoon, and some young men, who had come to cheer Mr. Perier, were charged upon by a squad of hussars, and wounded by the sabres under the windows of the council-room. Louis Blanc, from whom, as an eye-witness of the scene, we quote largely, gives a vivid description of the aspect of Paris that night. All along the Boulevards, on the Place Louis XV., the Place Vendome, and that of the Bastille, were Swiss or lancers, or gend'armes, or cuirassiers of the guards, or foot soldiers; patrols crossing in every direction; in the Rues de l'Echelle and des Pyramides attempts at barricades; and all around the Palais Royal a swarm of men assembled from all quarters to batten on revolt; musket shots as yet few and desultory; at the foot of the columns of the Exchange a guardhouse blazing, and shedding an ominous flood of light over the square; under the peristyle of the Theatre of Novelties lay a corpse, after having been carried about with cries of "Vengeance!" darkness gathering thicker and thicker over the city from the destruction of the lamps; men running up and down the Rue Richelieu bare-armed, with torches in their hands.

On Wednesday, the 28th, all the disposable forces in the neighborhood of Paris were marched into the capital, and the strongest positions were occupied by artillery—on the other hand, the whole population of Paris appeared to have risen as one man, every shop was shut, every artisan was in arms, carrying weapons of the most heterogeneous description, obtained partly from the Musée d'Artillerie, partly from the various armorers' shops,

and partly from the use of those numerous expedients to which a deep sense of determined patriotism enables men to resort in such moments. An indefatigable frequenter of the drama, who repaired to the barricades, was astonished to find his "dii penates" on the *qui-vive* in every direction. Charlemagne's Sword was gleaming on one spot—Tancred's Panoply was mounted in another—the Helms of the Horatii rivalled with the Swords of Nero's Freedmen—and halberds and partisans, the usual caparison of the minions of despotism, waved high in the coarse hands of Sans-culottes.

At four in the morning, a deputation of the Polytechnic School had been received by General Lafayette, and in a few hours these young heroes were directing the movements of the insurgents in every quarter of the city. The National Guard began to re-organize itself, and some imperial uniforms were obtained from the wardrobe of a minor theatre. In vain did Mr. Arago attempt to persuade the Duke of Ragusa to cease firing on the people—indignant that his regular troops had been in two instances repulsed by journeymen printers, who fired the type they had been forbidden to use legitimately, he was determined to occupy the city. Barricades were erected of felled trees and overturned carriages, while, as the troops moved on through the narrow, obstructed streets, an invisible enemy poured forth their fire, with deadly aim, from nearly every window. The very women, their passions roused, hurled down from the housetops paving stones, logs of wood, and bricks, bruising and harassing the soldiers who escaped the shot. All hope of conciliation was destroyed, and it now remained for victory alone to decide between the King and the people. The latter were inspired by the cry of "Live the Charter," and, although "ignorant of its meaning, they threw into it," says Louis Blanc, "all the vague hopes that swelled their bosoms. Many of them died for a word they did not understand—the men who did understand it were to show themselves by-and-by, when the time was come to bury the dead."

The protest of the liberal Deputies was issued in the afternoon, though many of them had left the city, among them Mr. Thiers, who had taken refuge with Madame de Courchamp, at Montmorency. Charles X. was at St. Cloud, and although he could hear the firing, he refused to credit the reports brought to him from time to time. "The Parisians," he said, "are in a state of anarchy—anarchy will necessarily bring them to my feet." This blind security was not shared by the monarch's niece, the Duchess of Berri, who was positive that the insurrection was the work of another uncle, the Duke of Orleans. So strong were her suspicions, that she organized a party to proceed to Neuilly, seize the Duke, and oblige him by force to consent to enter Paris with her, to exhibit her infant son Henri to the people, as their legitimate

sovereign. Charles X. accidentally learned the project, and stopped it, saying—"Why, the Duke of Orleans is the best subject I have, and did he think there was any danger, he would be here to advise me." He little thought that all that day messengers had passed between Neuilly, where Louis Philippe was, and Mr. Lafitte's, every half hour, and that Mr. Oudart, secretary to the Duchess, had been the bearer of the more confidential communications.

Before night the tricolor waved in triumph from the Hotel de Ville and Notre Dame, and the troops were concentrated around the Tuileries. Tacitus says that a cloudy sky is a disastrous omen, and that the midnight enterprise languishes under the omen of a clouded moon; but the citizen soldiers were happy in their auspices, for pure and bright as their aspirations for liberty was the heaven above their heads on the night between the 28th and 29th of July. Few Parisians closed their eyes, for though the tocsin had ceased to sound, and the firing had ceased, a solemn murmur of busy labor was every where heard. In every street paving stones were torn up and trees cut down to form barricades, the gunsmiths "plied their rattling trade," and the groans of the wounded on their way to the hospitals were mingled with the sharp challenge, or the watchful "sentinel, guard well your post," which one hundred thousand citizens on foot for liberty passed, from one to another, every quarter of an hour.

A newspaper of the day, "*La Tribune*," narrates an interesting scene which occurred at one of the barricades in the Rue Cadet, between the hours of one and two in the morning, when an old man, walking with difficulty, sought to pass.

"Halt," cries the sentinel; "corporal, come and reconnoitre." (The corporal was a working man.) "You must come to the post, you fellows there; and you shall tell us what keeps you abroad so late." The group walk toward the post, where each of the unknown undergoes an examination. First, a man well stricken in years, of venerable countenance, and for whose passage it had been necessary to make breaches in two or three of the barricades—then, three other persons, who appeared to be under his orders, as aides-de-camp. All this appeared very suspicious to the Commandant, who sharply interrogated the old man. The latter replied to him: "Captain, you see me moved to the very soul at the spectacle which you make me witness; embrace me, and know that I am one of your old comrades!" The Commandant hesitated. "It is General Lafayette!" said some one. Every one flew into his arms; but the Commandant, resuming all his gravity: "Gentlemen," said he, "*to arms!*" and immediately all fell into line, and the General reviewed the post, as in the most regular army.

At sunrise on the 29th, the *bourgeois* took up

arms, and joined the insurgents, whose ranks, thus far, had been filled with wild students, Phalansterians, St. Simonians, Communists, and other anarchists, secretly instigated by agents from the Palais Royal. They had accomplished wonders, but there was danger of revolutionary excess, and when Lafitte called upon the middle classes to join the populace in order to check their mad audacity, and establish a firm constitutional government, few refused. A regular system of attack was now organized, and from every quarter of the capital marched columns, in whose ranks were to be seen mechanics and noblemen, veteran soldiers and boys, uniforms and rags, led on to victory by the ardent Polytechnic students—Generals of twenty years, as Beranger called them. Prodigies of valor were enacted by many of these improvised battalions, and we even read of boys waving the tricolor flag amidst the volleys of grape-shot, and rushing among the enemy's squadrons to poniard the horse of the dragoon whom they could not reach. The King's troops, particularly the Swiss guards, "fought like brave men, long and well," but they could not resist the masses which attacked them on all sides. The Louvre was evacuated—the last company of the Swiss foot guards fell in the Place de Carrousel—and at one o'clock, Charles X. looking through a telescope from the Palace of St. Cloud, saw the fiery tricolor waving in triumph over the Palace of the Tuileries. The insurgents had conquered, and walked through regal halls, as the Spartan army did through the palace of Xerxes, without committing the slightest acts of violence—for to have devastated or plundered would have brought death. The *bourgeoisie* were determined to enforce law and order, and while they humored the mob by joining in the chorus of *La Marseillaise*, they succeeded in inspiring in their breasts a delicate sense of honor, which would not have discredited the days of chivalry.

At this moment, Lafitte declared at a meeting of the Deputies, that as they had remained behind the people, they must now at least endeavor to overtake them by organizing without delay a Provisional Government, with General Lafayette at its head. Half an hour after the Tuileries surrendered, this Provisional Government was on its triumphal march to the Hotel de Ville, amid shouts of "*Vive Lafayette!*" passing through barricades stained with fresh blood, while from the house-tops, from whence, but a few hours before, massive paving stones had been cast with destructive force upon the doomed soldiery, now showered gentle flowers and tricolored cockades on the revolutionary veteran. The entire capital resounded with shouts of joy, which went up from the square in front of the Hotel de Ville as the procession arrived, and Lafayette entered the walls, where, forty years before, another generation had placed him at the head of the Revolution of 1789. Some one wishing to

show him the way: "I know it better than you all do," said he with a smile, and ascended the grand staircase.

Monsieur Sarrans, his aid-de-camp, gives us a vivid picture of the scene which these headquarters of insurrection presented: "What mighty recollections were intermingled with others yet more grand! Those immense halls, filled with crowds of citizens of every class, of every age—those combatants, intoxicated by victory, interesting by their wounds—those hangings, covered with fleur-de-lis, coolly torn to pieces—the bust of Louis XVIII. thrown upon the floor; that of Charles X. dashed to atoms—those citizen soldiers arriving from all sides to announce the defeat of the enemies of liberty, the carrying of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the barracks of Babylon, bringing the colors, and dragging along the cannon which they had forcibly taken from the soldiers of Charles X.—orders dictated in haste, and dispatched in every direction, to pursue and harass the Royalists in their retreat—those guards with naked arms—military posts forming at every point—the Place de Grève covered with ammunition wagons and broken arms—the whole Polytechnic school in battle array—elsewhere pious hands already digging the grave of the heroes of liberty—in short, this compound of a popular tumult and a real battle against experienced troops and generals, resolving itself into a multitude of attacks of posts and partial successes—all this, rendered vivid and animated by the consciousness of a great triumph, presented a spectacle worthy the pen of a Tacitus or a Sallust."

That afternoon the tricolored flag waved from every public building in Paris; not a man was to be seen unadorned with the tricolored cockade. Prompt measures were taken for the preservation of the public tranquillity, and the following proclamation was placarded upon the walls:

"My dear fellow-citizens and brave comrades,

"The confidence of the people of Paris calls me once more to the command of the public force. With joy and devotedness I have accepted the power that has been intrusted to me, and now, as in 1789, I feel myself strong in the approbation of my honorable colleagues now assembled in Paris. I shall make no profession of faith; my opinions are known. The conduct of the Parisian population, during these last days of trial, renders me more than ever proud of being at its head.

"Liberty shall triumph, or we will perish together.

"*Vive la Liberté! Vive la Patrie!*

"LAFAYETTE."

"Paris, July 29, 1830."

His forces slain or dispersed, the Duke of Ragusa fled to St. Cloud, where, the day before, he had pledged himself to keep possession of the capital for at least a fortnight longer. The news that the rebels were victorious so incensed the Duke of Angouleme, that he demanded the Duke's sword,

and broke it over the pommel of his saddle, ordering him into arrest. This act of violence was disapproved of by Charles X., who limited the arrest to four hours, and at dinner time sent to inform the Duke that a cover was placed for him at the royal table. The invitation was not accepted. Finding that further resistance to the popular will was useless, the King consented to repeal the ordonnances, and directed the Duke of Mortemart to repair to Paris, and treat for his abdication, as well as for that of the Duke of Angoulême, in favor of his grandson, who would ascend the throne as Henri V. Well informed politicians have expressed it as their opinion, that had the Duke of Montemart seen the leading Deputies that night, the elder branch might have saved the throne.

The confidence of Charles X. in Louis Philippe remained unshaken. As he coolly sat at the whist table, enjoying his usual rubber, Monsieur Duras (first gentleman of the bed-chamber) trumped his king of hearts with a knave of clubs, and the Duchess of Berri remarked, "So, my uncle, you will fall a victim." "Banish these suspicions against those good d'Orleans," replied the monarch; "there are not more loyal people in France, and just now, when I heard a lieutenant of the guards say that he could have seized the Duke, I told him that, had he laid a finger on him, I should have loudly disavowed the act."

"Who shall rule France?" was that night discussed by thousands—the aristocracy advocating the claims of Henri V., the *bourgeoisie* the Duke of Orleans, the war party young Napoleon, and the liberals a President. To General Lafayette a Republic, modelled after the United States, was the dream of a long life, but the people remembered the excesses of 1789. "Take the Duke of Orleans for your King," said Monsieur Lafitte—"Liberty will be satisfied with the sacrifice of legitimacy! Order will thank you for saving it from Robespierre! England, in your revolution, will recognise her own!"

"Take Louis Philippe as our King!" replied Monsieur de Glandeves. "Why, are you not aware that he is accused of having approved of the homicidal votes of his father, and having been implicated in schemes for seizing the throne since he was eighteen, besides having fought against Napoleon? Do not all impartial observers accuse him of constant intrigue since 1815, procuring the restitution of his stipend in defiance of the law, cringing at court, and out of court flattering the mischief makers? And, above all, has he not been so loaded with favors by the elder branch, that it would be the blackest ingratitude for him to seize their heritage?" "Ah, my good Sir," was Lafitte's reply, "the Duke is such a good husband and so kind a father—besides, he would improve the commercial prosperity of the country. The *bourgeois* will give him their support."

At four o'clock on the morning of the 30th, Lafitte received a letter from one of the agents he had sent thither on the preceding day, which contained, in the following closing paragraph, the final instructions of the arch-conspirator.

"It is proposed to wait on him in the name of the constituted authorities, suitably accompanied, and to offer him the crown. Should he plead family considerations or scruples of delicacy, it will be answered him, that his abode in Paris is important to the tranquillity of the capital and of France, and that it is necessary to place him in safety there. The infallibility of this measure may be relied on. Furthermore, it may be set down for certain, that the Duke of Orleans will not be slow to unite himself fully with the wishes of the nation."

A copy of this was carried to the office of the "*National*," where Messrs. Thiers, Mignet, and Beranger were in session, and in an hour placards from their pens were profusely distributed in every direction. One will give an idea of all.

"The Duke of Orleans has carried the tricolor flag under the enemy's fire; the Duke of Orleans can alone carry it again. We will have no other flag."

"The Duke of Orleans does not declare himself. He waits for the expression of our wishes. Let us proclaim those wishes, and he will accept the charter, as we have always understood and desired it. It is from the French people he will hold his crown."

These placards provoked an explosion of anger among the Liberals, and Pierre Leroux hurried to the Hotel de Ville to remonstrate with Lafayette, declaring that the accession of another Bourbon would be the signal for a renewal of the conflict. The General is represented as having sat immovable in a large arm-chair, apparently lost in deep thought, and would undoubtedly have opposed Louis Philippe, had it not been for the appearance of Odilon Barrot, who prevailed upon him to uphold a constitutional monarchy.

Louis Philippe had left Neuilly on the morning of the 30th for Raincy, and was therefore away from home when Messrs. Dupin, Persil and Thiers arrived, bringing an informal offer of the crown from the Chamber of Deputies. The Duchess of Orleans could not bear to see her family honored by "a crown snatched from the head of an old man, who had always proved himself to be a faithful kinsman and a generous friend;" but the ambitious Madame Adelaide promised that if her brother could not be found to accept what should be tendered him, she would receive it in his name. "Only," said the diplomatic Princess to Thiers, "we must have a care that Europe does not think this revolution has been gotten up merely to change the crown of France, and attribute the fall of Charles X. to the intrigues of the Duke of Orleans." In a few hours a committee of the Chamber of Depu-

ties presented themselves at Neuilly, bearing the following proclamation :

"TO THE CITIZENS OF FRANCE :—The meeting of Deputies at this time in Paris, has deemed it urgently necessary to entreat his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans to repair to the capital, to exercise there the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and to express to him their desire to preserve the tricolored cockade. It has, moreover, felt impressed with the necessity of applying itself, without intermission, to the task of securing to France, in the approaching session of the Chambers, all the indispensable guarantees for the full and entire execution of the charter."

Returning to Neuilly in the evening, Louis Philippe read this important document at the gate of his park, by the pale and flickering light of a torch, and immediately set out for the Palais Royal. He arrived about midnight, accompanied by only three persons, wearing the tri-colored cockade, and answering to the sentries' challenge, as they clambered over the barricades, "*Vive la Charte.*" Strange to say, no sooner had he written notes to Lafitte and Lafayette, than he despatched a messenger for the Duke of Mortemart, who had been repulsed from the Chamber of Deputies as testamentary executor of Charles X. Louis Blanc thus describes the interview :

The Duke of Mortemart followed the messenger, and was introduced through the roof of the palace into a small closet opening to the right on the court, and not belonging to the apartments occupied by the family. Louis Philippe was lying on a mattress on the floor, in his shirt, and only half covered with a shabby quilt. His face was bathed in perspiration, there was a lurid fire in his eye, and all about him bespoke extreme fatigue and extraordinary excitement of mind. He began to speak the moment the Duke of Mortemart entered, and expressed himself with great volubility and earnestness, protesting his attachment to the elder branch, and vowing he had only come to Paris to save the city from anarchy. At this moment a great noise was heard in the court, where people were shouting *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* "You hear that, Monseigneur," said De Mortemart. "those shouts are for you." "No! No!" replied the Duke of Orleans, with increased vehemence; "I will suffer death sooner than accept the crown." He seized a pen and wrote a letter to Charles X., which he sealed and delivered to De Mortemart, who carried it away in the folds of his cravat.

By a curious coincidence—Louis Blanc goes on to say—almost at the very hour that these things were passing in Paris, in the Palais Royal, the Duchess of Berri started out of bed at St. Cloud, agitated by a thousand terrors, and ran half dressed to awaken the Dauphin, and to reproach him for an obstinacy that endangered the lives of two poor children. Distressed and overcome by the cries

and tears of a mother, the Dauphin acquainted Charles X. that St. Cloud was threatened, and that the seat of the monarchy must be moved a little farther; and some minutes afterwards, before day-break, Charles X., the Duchess of Berri, and the children, were on their way to Trianon, under the protection of an escort of *gardes du corps*. The aspect of the camp boded ill; and bitter thoughts were written in the faces of all those armed servants of fugitive royalty. The remains of the royal kitchen, distributed among the soldiers, sent some flashes of gaiety through this dense and dismal gloom; but whilst some were dividing this unexpected booty among them, with laughter, others were abandoning their colors, and scattering their arms over the road as they fled. Little dependence can be placed on hired bayonets.

Early on the morning of the 31st, the deputation of the Chamber of Deputies waited on Louis Philippe for his decision, and found him nearly overpowered by fear and hope, for Charles X. was still at the head of a powerful army, and the Duchess was openly opposed to her husband's dethroning his generous kinsman. At last he sent Marshal Sebastiani to Talleyrand for his decision, and that old diplomatist settled the matter by saying, with the flippancy of a political coxcomb, "It is well—let him accept." In an hour the following proclamation was placarded :

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS,—

"The Deputies of France, at this moment assembled in Paris, have expressed their desire that I should betake myself to this capital, to exercise there the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

"I have not hesitated to come and partake your dangers, to place myself in the midst of this heroic population, and use all my endeavors to preserve you from civil war and anarchy. On entering the city of Paris I wore with pride those glorious colors you have resumed, and which I had myself long carried.

"The Chambers are about to assemble: they will consult on the means of securing the reign of the laws, and the maintenance of the rights of the nation.

"A charter shall henceforth be a true thing.

LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS."

Surrounded by a numerous staff, and escorted by the Deputies, Louis Philippe now set out for the Hotel de Ville, passing over half-demolished barricades, and by new-closed graves. Yet there was no cheering, no enthusiasm, and where one cried "*Vive le Duc d'Orleans!*" a thousand cried "*Vive le République! Vive Lafayette!*" for the people felt that they had not been consulted, and the Bourbon blood of the Prince excited a violent irritation. The procession entered the Hotel de Ville, Lafayette receiving his royal visitor with

the politeness of a gentleman, delighted to do the honors of a wholly popular sovereignty to a Prince, and then all eyes on the square were turned to the grand balcony. A sullen grief was depicted in the faces of the recent combatants, and others in the crowd were ghastly pale with fear. At last the windows were swung open, and Lafayette, (the picture of the arbiter of the troubled hour described by Virgil,) his aged head crowned with the character of seventy years, appeared on that same balcony where he had been so conspicuous nearly fifty years before, waving in one hand the flag of the old Republic, and presenting with the other the candidate for the new monarchy. Then, and not till then, says an eye-witness, burst out the loud, hearty, and long resounding shouts of the populace; then, and not till then, the people who had been fighting for their liberties, the party that had been plotting for Louis Philippe, and the deceived *bourgeois* united in upholding a Prince who was "to put an end to all revolutions, and to establish on a permanent basis the institutions of France."

MRS. LEWIS' POEMS.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Mrs. Lewis has, in a very short space of time, attained a high poetical reputation. She is one of the youngest of our poetesses; and it is only since the publication of her "Records of the Heart," in 1844, that she can be said to have become known to the literary world:—although her "Ruins of Palenque" which appeared in the "New-World" sometime, we think, in 1840, made a most decided impression among a comparatively limited circle of readers. It was a composition of unquestionable merit, on a topic of infallible interest. In 1846, Mrs. Lewis published, in "The Democratic Review," a poem called "The Broken Heart," in three cantos, and subsequently has written many minor pieces for the "American" and "Democratic" Reviews, and for various other periodical works. In all her writings we perceive a marked idiosyncrasy—so that we might recognize her hand immediately in any of her anonymous productions. Passion, enthusiasm, and *abandon* are her prevailing traits. In these particulars she puts us more in mind of *Maria del Occidente* than of any other American poetess.

There has been lately exhibited, at the Academy

* The Child of the Sea and other Poems. By S. Anna Lewis, author of "Records of the Heart," etc., etc.

of Fine Arts in New York, a portrait of Mrs. Lewis, by Elliot, which is at the same time a forcible likeness and one of the most praiseworthy pictures ever painted. In fact, we have seen nothing better from Sir Thomas Lawrence;—it alone would suffice to place Elliot at the head of his profession in this country—we mean, of course, as a painter of portraits. This picture conveys a distinct idea of the personal authoress. She is, as we have already mentioned, quite young—probably not more than 25 or 26—with dark and very expressive hazel eyes and chesnut hair, naturally curling—a poetical face, if ever one existed. Her form is finely turned—full, without being too much so, and slightly above the medium height. Her demeanour is noticeable for dignity, grace and repose. She goes little into society and resides at present in Brooklyn, N. Y. with her husband, S. D. Lewis, Esq., Counsellor at Law. We have thought that these succinct personal particulars of one, who will most probably, at no very distant day, occupy a high, if not the highest, position among American poetesses, might not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The "Records of the Heart" was received with unusual favor at the period of its issue. It consists, principally, of poems of length. The leading one is "Florence," a tale of romantic passion, founded on an Italian tradition of great poetic capability and well managed by the fair authoress. It displays, however, somewhat less of polish and a good deal less of assured power than we see evinced in her "Child of the Sea." We quote a brief passage, by way, merely, of instancing the general spirit and earnest movement of the verse:

Morn is abroad; the sun is up;
The dew fills high each lily's cup.
Ten thousand flowerets springing there
Diffuse their incense through the air,
And, smiling, hail the morning beam;
The fawns plunge panting in the stream,
Or through the vale with light foot spring:
Insect and bird are on the wing
And all is bright, as when in May
Young Nature holds high holiday.

"Florence," however, is more especially noticeable for the profusion of its original imagery—as for example:

The cypress in funereal gloom
Folds its dark arms above the tomb.

"Tenel" (pronounced Thanail,) Melpomene, (a glowing tribute to L. E. L.,) "The Last Hour of Sappho," "Laone," and "The Bride of Guayaquil," are all poems of considerable length and of rare merit in various ways. Their conduct as narratives, is, perhaps, less remarkable than their general effect as poems proper. They leave invariably on the reader's heart a sense of beauty and of

sadness. In many of the shorter compositions which make up the volume of which we speak, "(Records of the Heart") we are forced to recognize the truth and perfect appositeness of the title—we are made to feel that it is here indeed *the heart* which records, rather than the fancy which invents. The passionate earnestness of the following lines will be acknowledged by every reader capable of appreciating that species of poetry of which the essentiality and inspiration is *truth*.

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said—for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier:—
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who watch my life's departing ray
In deep despair
And soothe my spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come
In "weeds of wo"
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep;
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose—
My lowly rest!

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
In nights' deep noon—
Oh! I would ask of Memory
No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
A deeper wo:
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go—
Draw round me my cold robes of white,
In a dark spot,
To sleep through Death's long dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

We have read this little poem more than twenty times and always with increasing admiration. *It is inexpressibly beautiful.* No one of real feeling can peruse it without a strong inclination to tears. Its irresistible charm is its absolute *truth*—the unaffected naturalness of its thought. The sentiment which forms the basis of the composition is, perhaps, at once the most universal and the most *passionate* of sentiments. No human being exists, over the age of fifteen, who has not, in his heart of hearts, a ready echo for all here so pathetically expressed. The *essential* poetry of the ideas would only be impaired by "foreign ornament." This is a case in which we should be repelled by the mere conventionalities of the Muse. We demand, for such thoughts, the most rigorous simplicity at all points. It will be observed that, strictly speaking, there is not an attempt at "imagery" in the whole poem. All is direct, terse, penetrating. In a word nothing could be better done. The versification, while in full keeping with the general character of simplicity, has in certain passages a vigorous, trenchant euphony which would confer honor on the most accomplished masters of the art. We refer, especially to the lines:

And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow

and to the quatrain:

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round.

The initial trochee here, in each instance, substituted for the iambus produces, so naturally as to seem accidentally, a very effective echo of sound to sense. The thought included in the line "*And light the tomb,*" should be dwelt upon to be appreciated in its full extent of beauty; and the verses which I have italicized in the last stanza are poetry—poetry in the purest sense of that much misused word. They have *power*—indisputable power; making us thrill with a sense of their weird magnificence as we read them.

In "The Child of the Sea," Mrs. Lewis has accomplished a much more comprehensive at least, if not at all points a more commendable poem than any included in her "Records of the Heart." One of its most distinguishing merits is the admirable conduct of its narrative—in which every incident has its proper position—where nothing is inconsequent or incoherent—and where, above all, the rich and vivid interest is never, for a single moment, permitted to flag. How few, even of the most accomplished and skilful of poets, are successful in the management of a *story*, when that story has to be told in verse. The difficulty is easily analyzed. In all mere narrations there are particulars of the

dullest prose, which are inevitable and indispensable, but which serve no other purpose than to bind together the true interest of the incidents—in a word, *explanatory* passages which are yet to be “so done into verse” as not to *let down* the imagination from its pride of place. Absolutely to poetize these explanatory passages is beyond the reach of art, for prose, and that of the flattest kind, is their essentiality; but the *skill* of the artist should be sufficient to gloss them over so as to *seem* poetry amid the poetry by which they are surrounded. For this end a very consummate art is demanded. Here the tricks of phraseology—quaintnesses—and rhythmical effects, come opportunely into play. Of the species of skill required, Moore, in his “*Alciphron*,” has given us, upon the whole, the happiest exemplification:—but Mrs. Lewis has very admirably succeeded in her “*Child of the Sea*.” We are strongly tempted; by way of showing what we mean, to give here a digest of her narrative, with comments—but this would be doing the author injustice, in anticipating the interest of her work.

The poem, although widely differing in subject from any of Mrs. Lewis' prior compositions, and far superior to any of them in general vigor, artistic skill, and assured certainty of purpose, is nevertheless easily recognizable as the production of the same mind which originated “*Florence*” and “*The Forsaken*.” We perceive, throughout, the same passion, the same enthusiasm, and the same seemingly reckless *abandon* of thought and manner which we have already mentioned as characterizing the writer. We should have spoken also, of a fastidious yet most sensitive and almost voluptuous sense of Beauty. These are the *general* traits of “*The Child of the Sea*,” but undoubtedly the chief value of the poem, to ordinary readers, will be found to lie in the aggregation of its imaginative passages—its quotable points. We give a few of these at random:—the opening lines will be at once appreciated:

Where blooms the myrtle and the olive flings
Its aromatic breath upon the air;
Where the sad bird of night forever sings
Meet anthems for the Children of Despair.

Again:

Fresh blows the breeze on Tarick's burnished bay;
The silent sea-mews bend them through the spray:
The Beauty-freighted barges bound afar
To the soft music of the gay guitar.

—the oblivious world of sleep—
That rayless realm where Fancy never beams—
That Nothingness beyond the Land of Dreams.

Folded his arms across his sable vest,
As if to keep the heart within his breast.
—he lingers by the streams,
Pondering on incommunicable themes.

Nor notes the fawn that tamely by him glides
The violets lifting up their azure eyes
Like timid virgins whom Love's steps surprise.

And all is hushed—so still—so silent there
That one might hear an angel wing the air.

Adown the groves and dewy vales afar
Tinkles the serenader's soft guitar.

—her tender cares,
Her solemn sighs, her silent streaming tears,
Her more than woman's soft solicitude
To soothe his spirit in its frantic mood.

Now by the crags—then by each pendant bough
Steadies his steps adown the mountain's brow.

Sinks on his crimson couch, so long unsought,
And floats along the phantom stream of thought.

Ah, no! for there are times when the sick soul
Lies calm amid the storms that round it roll,
Indifferent to Fate or to what haven
By the terrific tempest it is driven.

The Dahlias, leaning from the golden vase,
Peer pensively upon her pallid face,
While the sweet songster o'er the oaken door
Looks through his grate and warbles “weep no more!”

—lovely in her misery,
As jewel sparkling up through the dark sea.

Where hung the fiery moon and stars of blood,
And phantom ships rolled on the rolling flood.

My mind by grief was ripened ere its time,
And knowledge came spontaneous as a chime
That flows into the soul, unbid, unsought;
On Earth and Air and Heaven I fed my thought—
On Ocean's teachings—*Etna's* lava tears—
Ruins and wrecks and nameless sepulchres

Each morning brought to them untasted bliss.
No pangs—no sorrows came with varying years—
No cold distrust—no faithlessness—no tears—
But hand in hand as Eve and Adam trod
Eden, they walked beneath the smile of God.

It will be understood, of course, that we quote these brief passages by no means as *the best*, or even as particularly excelling the rest of the poem, on an averaged estimate of merit, but simply with a view of exemplifying some of the author's more obvious traits—those, especially, of vigorous rhythm, and forcible expression. In no case can the loftier qualities of a truly great poem be conveyed through the citation of its component portions, in detail, even when long extracts are given—how much less, then, by such mere *points* as we have selected. If we err not greatly, “*The Child of the Sea*” will confer immortality on its author.

ALL THINGS SPEAK OF GOD.

BY J. A. TURNER.

The flower that blushes on its stem
Reveals its Maker's name,
As caskets that conceal the gem
Bespeak the inward flame.

The bubbling brook that sends its stream
Its pebbly bed along,
Delights to kiss the solar beam
And pour its praise in song.

The zephyr that unfurls its wing,
To fan the evening dew,
And coolness o'er the desert fling,
Bespeaks its Maker too.

The bird that warbles on the tree
And carols lightsome lays,
But lends its tuneful melody
To its Creator's praise.

The star that twinkles in the sky
And smiles a gem of light,
Proclaims that lustrous orbs on high
But shine with borrowed light.

REMINISCENCES OF A TRAVELLER.

NO. VII.

*The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the
Blind Asylum in Paris.*

Not far from the little free-stone chapel which crowns the summit of Mont Louis in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, stands a small black marble sepulchre, bearing the date of 1823, and the name of Sicard, spelt in the expressive *manual* Alphabet of the Deaf and Dumb. The letters are formed by six hands, delineated in different positions, after the manner of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and neatly carved on the front of the tomb.

It is an object of peculiar interest, and we paused before it, not from curiosity alone, but from an innate feeling of respect for the memory of him whose remains are enshrined within—whose life and talents were so nobly, so energetically devoted to that work of wonder and benevolence, the education of the Deaf and Dumb!

To the Abbé Roch Ambroise Cucurron Sicard of Tousseret, near Bordeaux, and to his teacher and predecessor, the Abbé Charles Michael de L'Epée, of Versailles, both the gratitude and admiration of all philanthropists are due, but more especially the gratitude of such as have ties connecting them with that once helpless portion of our

race, for whose benefit, the time and labors of these humane and distinguished men were applied with such blessed success. *They* have passed from the earth, but imperishable must ever be the fame and fruits of their good works, their ingenuity and exertions;—to borrow the words of an interesting tourist, their names and praises shall live, when the marble upon which they are engraved, shall have crumbled into dust.

The Abbé de L'Epée possessed only a moderate income, yet supported at his own private expense no less than forty deaf and dumb children, and by his indefatigable instructions and patience, accomplished his design of rendering them susceptible of enjoyment within themselves and useful members of Society. He even communicated to them the knowledge of various languages and sciences—some became mathematicians and engineers, and others poets and writers for literary works—all were taught a trade or profession. Such was his regard for his protégées, that when quite an old man, he has been known to deprive himself of a fire during an entire winter, in order to supply them liberally with *that*, and other comforts.

Government at length rewarded his generosity and successful efforts by its patronage, and erected a public Institution which was committed to his guidance and control. It is located in the Rue du Faubourg St. Jaques, towards the southern extremity of Paris, and is certainly one of the most interesting establishments in the city.

One morning in every week it is thrown open for public inspection, and at the close of every month there is a public examination of the pupils, to which admission may be obtained by merely applying to the director for tickets, and well worth while it is to do this and go there to witness an interesting and touching scene, which will occupy only a few hours and leave a pleasing and lasting impression on both mind and heart.

The number of pupils is limited to ninety, and their rapid progress and attainments in different branches of knowledge, their development of power and acuteness in metaphysical reasoning—in short, their utter change from mental obscurity to soul-cheering light of intellect, inspire the visitor with pleasure and amazement, and almost induce the belief that providence, who always “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” has bestowed on this unfortunate class of human beings, higher capacities than common, to compensate in some measure for their deprivation of hearing and speech.

After the death of the Abbé de L'Epée, which occurred in 1789, his friend and assistant, the Abbé Sicard, conducted the school with equal skill and credit—indeed it seemed as if, like Elijah of old, his master had cast his mantle upon him, and with it transmitted *his* ability and zeal for the office he bequeathed to him.

To the original list of studies, Monsieur Sicard

added the accomplishments of drawing, painting and working in Mosaic, and had the gratification of sending forth from his seminary many proficient in each, but death, the fell destroyer of the good as well as the wicked, put an end to the labors of this excellent man, while in the prime of his life and usefulness, and on the 10th of May, 1822, (a gloomy day for the poor mutes!) he was laid upon his bier. When we were in Paris, the Abbé Gondelin, occupied his place at the head of the Institution and Madame had charge of the girls, for both male and female children are admitted, a circumstance I have neglected to mention.

Those who can afford to pay, are charged for board and tuition, but the poor are received gratuitously: none of the latter, however, are suffered to enter without the testimony of a surgeon to their being deaf and dumb, nor without the most satisfactory proofs that their parents are unable to provide for their support and education.

When these are obtained, the candidates are welcomed to a comfortable home, there to reside five years and be fitted to share in the pursuits of their fellow-creatures, and maintain themselves by that trade or profession they may prove best calculated to acquire. Dr. Johnson calls their education "a philosophical curiosity," and so it really is. The idea of instructing them, and the method of doing so, is said to have originated with a Benedictine Monk, about the end of the sixteenth century—his name was Pedro de Ponce. He educated two Castilian children of high birth, who were mutes, and his success excited both wonder and applause.

After his time several other Spaniards and individuals in different countries applied themselves to the same benevolent vocation, but their labors extended to a very few pupils, and their system of teaching was very incomplete: the happiness and honor of perfecting it were reserved for the two eminent Frenchmen of whom I have been speaking.

According to a computation made some years ago by the Academy of Science in Paris, there were then in Europe more than eighty institutions for the deaf and dumb, and several in the United States of America.

To give you an idea of the unique and fanciful style in which the mutes usually express their conceptions of any given subject, here are a series of flowery definitions I have written in imitation of it. Suppose them to be asked the meaning of Gratitude, Fidelity, Ingratitude, Fear, Pride, Humility, Revenge, Modesty, Patience, Punctuality and Power, they would probably answer somewhat as follows:

Gratitude—The incense and beauty with which the flower repays the care and trouble of him who reared it.

Fidelity—The adherence of the Ivy to the scathed oak or ruined tower.

The constant turning of the sunflower to the sun.

"As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose."

Moore.

Ingratitude—The thorns of the Rose piercing the hand which nourished it.

Fear—The shrinking of the Sensitive plant from the hand that would touch it.

Pride—The towering of the stately hollyhock above more attractive and sweeter flowers of humbler growth.

Humility—The lowliness of the sweet and beautiful violet.

Revenge—The stinging of the nettle when disturbed.

Modesty—The retiring of the lily of the valley within its leaves.

Patience—The prostration of the tulip during the storm.

Punctuality—The opening and closing of the morning glory.

Power—The exhalation from the Upas blossom, overcoming all within its influence. The fragrance of the Ottar-gul.

Lord Byron in a note to one of his poems, relates that an eastern swain once broke a vial of this rich perfume, (the Ottar-gul, or Ottar of Roses,) under the nose of a Duenna employed to keep guard over his lady-love, and that the old woman was so overwhelmed by its potency, that she fainted away, and thus he was enabled to enter the forbidden ground and obtain the interview he desired to have with her fair charge.

But a truce with digressions! Let me resume the thread of my reminiscences and tell you of two other charitable establishments of peculiar interest, situated in the same quarter of Paris with that for the deaf and dumb, these are the "Hospital of the Quinze Vingts," and the "Royal Institution for the Young Blind." The first was founded by Saint Louis in 1220, and is exclusively appropriated to the indigent blind, who are taught various mechanical arts and trades, and soon learn to gain their own subsistence, instead of depending for it on the community. The appellation of "Quinze Vingts," (fifteen twenties,) is derived from the number of paupers originally admitted, but which has since been allowed to be considerably augmented.

The hospital for the young blind is, as its name imports, designed for the young alone, and like the Institution for the deaf and dumb, receives ninety pupils including boys and girls; like that too it affords the stranger an opportunity of witnessing an interesting examination at the close of every month, and is open to the public several mornings during the week. The course of instruction is also nearly the same, and the method of teaching, though totally different, is equally ingenious.

The children are taught reading, cyphering and music by means of cards and papers stamped in a peculiar manner, expressly for *their* use. The letters, figures and notes are rendered palpable to the touch by being printed in *relievo*, that is, raised above the surface of the card, or paper, and they learn them with facility and quickness by passing their fingers to and fro upon the lines of the page.

In writing, iron pens without slits are used. With these they distinctly trace the letters upon soft, tough paper by bearing very hard upon the pen. To keep their lines straight and their letters equidistant, the paper is arranged in a very curious and ingenious machine contrived for the purpose, and as whatever is thus written must necessarily be read on the opposite side of the paper, they proceed from right to left, like the Chinese in *their* grotesque operations.*

In printing, they are furnished with little boxes, each one containing a liberal supply of a different letter of the alphabet which they easily select and arrange by *feeling*. When the types are set, a moistened sheet of paper, or paste-board, is laid upon them, and by the operation of a press, or the repeated strokes of a hammer, the desired impressions are permanently made. One of the pupils composed a comedy in verse and printed it for his companions to act—and they used often to perform it with great zest and animation. Many of them evince considerable genius and a decided talent for composition, but this fact will not surprise those who have read the biography of Doctor Thomas Blacklock, a Scotch clergyman and poet, professor of divinity in the College at Aberdeen, and that of Doctor Nicholas Saunderson, professor of mathematics in Cambridge University, both of whom lost their eyes by small pox while they were infants, and yet in after life, obtained such celebrity for their learning and acquirements. Then there was Didymus of Alexandria, who flourished in the fourth century, and was the preceptor of St. Jerome. He became blind in childhood, yet was deeply versed in every branch of science, and so conversant in ecclesiastical history and controversial theology, that he was chosen to fill the chair of the Alexandrian school. He was pronounced the most learned man of the age and was the author of numerous valuable works.

It is an established theory, I believe, based upon the maxim of *Practice making perfect*, that by the loss of the *sight*, the remaining senses are sharpened, being continually called into exercise to supply its place. The *touch* especially being most employed, becomes so exquisitely subtle, that it has been playfully remarked, that many of the blind,

although deprived of their eyes, can see with their fingers: and I have read of a sculptor who had not seen a ray of light for ten years, yet carved two marble statues with correctness and skill, and from *memory* produced a good likeness of the persons he intended to represent. Be that as it may, we were astonished at the extreme neatness and delicacy of a variety of mechanical works executed by the blind inmates of the Institutions we visited: even clock making was carried almost to perfection.

We were so fortunate as to call one morning when a singing class was in full chorus, and thereby had the benefit of quite a melodious concert, for they sang remarkably well; and we noticed among the female voices, several which were full, clear and sweet.

The class kept excellent time, guided by the tapping of a light wand upon a music desk in front of the leader, who flourished it aloft with the many gesticulations usual upon such squally occasions. We lingered nearly a half hour listening to his bevy of warblers, and amused too at his varied motions and *emotions* if there chanced to tingle upon his quickened ear the dismal sound, or semblance of a false note.

The *memory* of the blind is singularly retentive, so much so, that some have been known to recognize persons whom they had not met for years, merely by the tone of their voices. Their entire separation from outward scenes brightens and improves this faculty as well as their mental perceptions.

To *me* no earthly evil or misfortune appears so great and awful as total blindness! and I have been perfectly amazed to hear some persons aver that they would choose being in that state, in preference to being deaf and dumb, if compelled to suffer one or the other of these stupendous afflictions! They adduce as a reason for this (to me) strange choice, that the blind appear generally cheerful and gay, and the mutes sad and morose. They should consider that when one sees the blind in company, or with a companion, it is beholding them under the most favorable auspices. They may then be excited or enlivened by those around them and for a while, thus made to forget their misery, or at least to feel it less sensibly, whereas, it is at such periods that the mutes experience most fully the unhappiness of their condition, so cruelly incapacitating them for joining in the conversation, and merriment of the moment. The mute it is true, can but seldom enjoy social intercourse, and is dead to mortal voices and heavenly sounds, all of which are free to the blind, but then the latter, poor wretch! is shut out from God's glorious light! and the view of all the beauties, the sublimities, the wonders of nature!

Here, permit me to quote those touching lines of Milton, from his "Samson Agonistes;" where-

* The system of instruction here described is substantially the same, we believe, with that pursued at the excellent Asylum for the Blind, of our own State, at Staunton. [Ed. Mess.]

in he so thrillingly bewails the calamity of blindness; they are so appropriate to my subject, that you must pardon my introducing them, although I am aware that to *you* they are as familiar as to myself.

"The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave,
Since Light so necessary is to Life,
And almost Life itself, if it be true
That Light is in the soul,
She all in every part, why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious, and so easy to be quenched?
And not, as Feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from Light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave:
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs:
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life."

And now let me bid you good night, for after repeating the above beautiful effusion of the noble English Bard, it would be rather too much like precipitating you and your ideas from the drawing-room to the cellar, were I to continue detailing my own common-place observations—wherefore I give you a respite until some future "Evening at home."

J. M. C.

Notices of New Works.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.—The never-flagging press of HARPER & BROTHERS has given to the public, during the month, several most attractive works, first among which we may mention "Vanity Fair," a novel by Thackeray, the facetious author of the "Yellow Plush Correspondence," and formerly, we believe, one of the ingredients (i. e. an editor) of the London Punch. We do not know what quality Mr. Thackeray imparted to the Punch, (Mark Lemon, it is said, supplied the acidity,) but we have no hesitation in saying that for dexterous management of ridicule and satirical humor, he is not approached by any writer of the day. In "Vanity Fair," we are taken by the author behind the scenes of this amusing and illusive drama called life, and made to see how much humbug there is in the world of society. We are not altogether persuaded, however, that some passages are not greatly over-drawn and we cannot bring ourselves to believe with Mr. Thackeray that, bad as the world is, there are not some sincere persons, who practise now and then real benevolence and feel disinterested attachments. Mr. Thackeray offends against good taste, too, by sporting sometimes with grave and sol-

emn subjects. Another book of the Harpers is "the Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by Acton Bell, one of that literary fraternity, who have given us "Jane Eyre," and "Wuthering Heights." We are inclined to think that the Brothers Bell intend assuming for a period the tripod of fiction, and sending forth a series of novels, of which those already published are but the forerunners. Already the rapidity, with which these volumes have appeared, has astonished even the readers of Mr. James. With regard to the present work, we are frank to say that we cannot admire it. Though written with much power and *reality*, it is imbued with a coarseness, which approaches to ferocity. What brutal characters do we not meet with in the pages of all these novels! Is it not shocking, too, to follow the fair "tenant of the Hall" in the course of her adventures, shining in London society and commanding admiration everywhere, to her marriage with a vulgar, clownish fellow, who ought never to have risen above the station of a menial? But we must hurry on to acknowledge two new works "by the author of the Robber." The cry is still they come! Here they are, Gowrie; or the King's Plot, and A Whim and its Consequences; the 116th and 117th numbers of Harper's Library of Select Novels, and making perhaps 100 of the works of Mr. G. P. R. James! We can only say of the former, that it is very smoothly written and that the scene being laid in the times of Henri Quatre, the characters move about in that sort of agreeable twilight with which Mr. James has before invested his heroes. The Harpers have also put forth the "First Book in Spanish," by Joseph Salkeld, A. M., a very excellent manual of instruction in that sonorous and elegant language. We regret that in this hasty notice we cannot do justice to another little volume from the same press, entitled the "Battle of Buena Vista," by Capt. James Henry Carleton of the 1st U. S. Dragoons. Let all who would fully appreciate the debt of gratitude we owe to that gallant little army of four thousand men, who flaunted the banners of the country in the face of a foe, numerically five times as strong, read this book attentively. The style is remarkable for its exceeding elegance and the descriptions are in the highest degree graphic. Captain Carleton, who was actively engaged in the battle, has not only illustrated his regiment in the field, but has recorded its gallant deeds in a most worthy narrative, and earned in a double sense the praise of the Roman historian, *Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.*

One of the most acceptable books of the month is "Grantley Manor," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which has been published in beautiful style by Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. To those who love a good novel (and who does not?) we commend it as full of interest. We are crowded for space or we should give copious extracts from its attractive pages. The Appletons have also published the "Taylor Anecdote Book," a cheap compendium of authentic anecdotes of Gen. Taylor and the Mexican War. We commend it to the reading of all, who like camp wit, at times relieved by those incidents of natural pathos and deep sadness, which war, the most terrible of human calamities, never fails to call forth. LEA & BLANCHARD of Philadelphia, among other valuable publications, have issued "Poems, by the authors of Jane Eyre, &c." The book will command a large sale, as bringing forward these writers in a new character.

THE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. New Edition, Revised. Vol. 1. Knickerbocker's New York. New York. George P. Putnam. 1848.

The exceeding good taste of Mr. Putnam is strikingly displayed in the present beautiful volume, which is the first of an uniform edition of the works of Geoffrey Crayon. We feel assured that the enterprise of giving the public good

library copies of American works, upon which Mr. Putnam has entered, will be properly encouraged.

We need surely say nothing in commendation of Irving. To praise Hercules was considered an idle task, and equally so is it, at this day, to extol a writer, whose productions are every where regarded as models of English composition. We well recollect that the *History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, was one of the first books that we ever read out of school: and we are sure that we then believed every word it contained. Since that time, the "unutterable ponderings of Walter the Doubter" have indeed become less oracular, but we still recur to them with delight. No playful satire that we know has afforded such universal pleasure, and while other histories of New York may seem more veracious, it is certain, (as Mr. Irving has expressed it in his agreeable preface to the present edition,) that Knickerbocker's history will, for ages to come, "be received with good-humored indulgence, and be thumbed and chuckled over by the family fireside."

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY of the University of Alabama, With an Index of subjects. By *Wilson G. Richardson, M. A.*, Member of the Faculty, and Librarian of the University. Tuscaloosa: Printed by M. D. J. Slade. 1848.

To write out a list of the titles of books on the shelves of a library, while it appears a work of considerable labor, seems yet to be a very simple matter. But it is not so. Great difficulties attend the proper arrangement and classification of volumes, arising out of the character of their contents and the systems employed, and the best minds have sometimes been directed to the subject, without any useful result. The plan pursued by Mr. Richardson in the compilation of the excellent volume before us is that carried out in the Catalogue of the Edinburgh Signet Library and the Library of Brown University—an alphabetical record of the names of the authors. Short biographical sketches are also occasionally appended.

The Library of the University now contains 4,231 volumes. We have been struck with the judicious selections that have been made and the choice editions of the works.

INDEX to the Reviews and Periodicals of the day, by the Brothers in Unity Society of Yale College. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1848.

There can be but one opinion of the design of this book. It supplies a want that has been long felt by men of letters and it has been compiled with patient labor and great care. As such we feel no hesitation in commending it to public favor.

We have a word to say, however, with reference to the spirit in which it has been conceived. Will it be believed, that a work, purporting to set forth an index to the best articles in prominent American periodicals, has passed by, without a single notice, the *Southern Quarterly Review* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*? Yet this is so. The Society of the Brothers in Unity, sitting in judgment on the periodical literature of America, from their high throne of belles-lettres in Yale College, have virtually pronounced that the *Southern Quarterly Review* and the *Southern Literary Messenger* are not entitled to their distinguished consideration! Oh, unhappy fate! Oh, cruel Brothers in Unity! how crest-fallen does not your "unkindest cut" cause us to appear! We propose to our Charleston contemporary, since our pages have been shut out from this Index and declared *ex cathedra* to be of no consequence, to discontinue altogether,—to withdraw our farthing candles

from that *mare tenebrarum*, the benighted region of the South, so that our brethren may look only to the divine illuminations of the northern *Borealis*!

The *Southern Literary Messenger* has been published 14 years. It has done something, we think, to merit the praise of all who are *American* in feeling—it has achieved an European reputation. We will gather together the back volumes, as they stand in our library, and challenge a comparison, for instructive and really valuable articles, with any fourteen volumes of another American periodical. We say this with no design to vaunt ourselves. We trumpet not forth our own praises. But we say it in justice to the dead, whose works live after them in the *Messenger's* pages. We say it in justice to the lamented founder of the magazine, to the host of illustrious contributors who have passed away from us,—Wilde, Legaré, Upshur, Dew, Gaston, Jane Tayloe Lomax.

The *Southern Quarterly Review* has been in existence seven years. We say only what we believe when we declare that its pages contain as much of solid learning and research as those of any other Review in the country.

Now, why, does the reader suppose, has this Society of the Brothers in Unity thought proper to exclude us from their Index? Why can they not condescend to admit the existence of these two magazines? Does it proceed from that miserable and narrow view, which recognises no literary excellence beyond the limits of New England? In some degree it does. But there is a deeper cause. It is found in the significant fact that under the head of "Slaves and Slavery," in the Index itself, *not one Southern article on the subject* is given to the reader. All the folly and fanaticism that have dribbled from the Bostonian school of philanthropy, or that the Oneida Institute has sent forth against our domestic institutions, are noted at length, while New Haven justice admits nothing on the other side. We scorn the deluded victims of this unworthy prejudice.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEWS.

The July numbers of the *Edinburgh*, *London Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, have been received. The *Edinburgh* is a model number, worthy of its best fame. Indeed the character of the work, established by Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Macaulay and others, in the days when George the Fourth was King, is well sustained by its present conductors. The deep research of its contributors and their familiarity with every branch of the subjects discussed, make it authority in all matters of scientific investigation. The lighter articles, too, afford a pleasing relaxation to the mind, which has been exercised in perusing the solid papers. The reader, who seeks to be amused, will find abundant humor in the articles on "Piracy in the Oriental Archipelago," and "Goldsmith."

Blackwood contains a continuation of the story of "the Caxtons," which has been ascribed by some to the pen of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. There is also a striking story of circumstantial evidence, from the criminal records of Holland, entitled the "Blue Dragoon."

These works have reached us through the obliging Richmond Agents, Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST PULPIT. Edited by Charles F. Deems. Boydton, Va., August, 1848.

A very excellent work that addresses itself to the especial patronage and support of the Methodist Church, South. Each number contains a Sermon, together with a compendium of religious intelligence, and Critical Notices of New Works. These latter are written with a skilful pen, and in a proper impartiality of feeling.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1848.

NO. 10.

THE RATIONALE OF VERSE.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The word "Verse" is here used not in its strict or primitive sense, but as the term most convenient for expressing generally and without pedantry all that is involved in the consideration of rhythm, rhyme, metre, and versification.

There is, perhaps, no topic in polite literature which has been more pertinaciously discussed, and there is certainly not one about which so much inaccuracy, confusion, misconception, misrepresentation, mystification, and downright ignorance on all sides, can be fairly said to exist. Were the topic really difficult, or did it lie, even, in the cloud-land of metaphysics, where the doubt-vapors may be made to assume any and every shape at the will or at the fancy of the gazer, we should have less reason to wonder at all this contradiction and perplexity; but in fact the subject is exceedingly simple; one tenth of it, possibly, may be called ethical; nine tenths, however, appertain to the mathematics; and the whole is included within the limits of the commonest common sense.

"But, if this is the case, how," it will be asked, "can so much misunderstanding have arisen? Is it conceivable that a thousand profound scholars, investigating so very simple a matter for centuries, have not been able to place it in the fullest light, at least, of which it is susceptible?" These queries, I confess, are not easily answered:—at all events a satisfactory reply to them might cost more trouble than would, if properly considered, the whole *vexata quæstio* to which they have reference. Nevertheless, there is little difficulty or danger in suggesting that the "thousand profound scholars" may have failed, first because they were scholars, secondly because they were profound, and thirdly because they were a thousand—the impotency of the scholarship and profundity having been thus multiplied a thousand fold. I am serious in these suggestions; for, first again, there is something in "scholarship" which seduces us into blind worship of Bacon's Idol of the Theatre—into irrational deference to antiquity; secondly, the proper "profundity" is rarely profound—it is the nature of Truth in general, as of some ores in particular, to

be richest when most superficial; thirdly, the clearest subject may be overclouded by mere superabundance of talk. In chemistry, the best way of separating two bodies is to add a third; in speculation, fact often agrees with fact and argument with argument, until an additional well-meaning fact or argument sets every thing by the ears. In one case out of a hundred a point is excessively discussed because it is obscure; in the ninety-nine remaining it is obscure because excessively discussed. When a topic is thus circumstanced, the readiest mode of investigating it is to forget that any previous investigation has been attempted.

But, in fact, while much has been written on the Greek and Latin rhythms, and even on the Hebrew, little effort has been made at examining that of any of the modern tongues. As regards the English, comparatively nothing has been done. It may be said, indeed, that we are without a treatise on our own verse. In our ordinary grammars and in our works on rhetoric or prosody in general, may be found occasional chapters, it is true, which have the heading, "Versification," but these are, in all instances, exceedingly meagre. They pretend to no analysis; they propose nothing like system; they make no attempt at even rule; every thing depends upon "authority." They are confined, in fact, to mere exemplification of the supposed varieties of English feet and English lines;—although in no work with which I am acquainted are these feet correctly given or these lines detailed in anything like their full extent. Yet what has been mentioned is all—if we except the occasional introduction of some pedagogue-ism, such as this, borrowed from the Greek Prosodies:—"When a syllable is wanting, the verse is said to be catalectic; when the measure is exact, the line is acatalectic; when there is a redundant syllable it forms hypermeter." Now whether a line be termed catalectic or acatalectic is, perhaps, a point of no vital importance;—it is even possible that the student may be able to decide, promptly, when the *a* should be employed and when omitted, yet be incognizant, at the same time, of *all* that is worth knowing in regard to the structure of verse.

A leading defect in each of our treatises, (if treatises they can be called,) is the confining the subject to mere *Versification*, while *Verse* in general, with the understanding given to the term in the heading of this paper, is the real question at issue. Nor am I aware of even one of our Grammars which so much as properly defines the word versification itself. "Versification," says a work now before me, of which the accuracy is far more than

* Some few passages of this article appeared, about four years ago, in "The Pioneer," a monthly Magazine published by J. R. Lowell and R. Carter. Although an excellent work it had a very limited circulation.

usual—the “English Grammar” of Gould Brown—“Versification is the art of arranging words into lines of correspondent length, so as to produce harmony by the regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity.” The commencement of this definition might apply, indeed, to the *art* of versification, but not to versification itself. Versification is not the art of arranging &c., but the actual arranging—a distinction too obvious to need comment. The error here is identical with one which has been too long permitted to disgrace the initial page of every one of our school grammars. I allude to the definitions of English Grammar itself. “English Grammar,” it is said, “is the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly.” This phraseology, or something essentially similar, is employed, I believe, by Bacon, Miller, Fisk, Greenleaf, Ingersoll, Kirkland, Cooper, Flint, Pue, Comly, and many others. These gentlemen, it is presumed, adopted it without examination from Murray, who derived it from Lily, (whose work was “*quam solam Regia Majestas in omnibus scholis docendam præcipit*,”) and who appropriated it without acknowledgment, but with some unimportant modification, from the Latin Grammar of Leonicens. It may be shown, however, that this definition, so complacently received, is not, and cannot be, a proper definition of English Grammar. A definition is that which so describes its object as to distinguish it from all others;—it is no definition of any one thing if its terms are applicable to any one other. But if it be asked—“What is the design—the end—the aim of English Grammar?” our obvious answer is, “The art of speaking and writing the English language correctly:”—that is to say, we must use the precise words employed as the definition of English Grammar itself. But the object to be obtained by any means is, assuredly, not the means. English Grammar and the end contemplated by English Grammar, are two matters sufficiently distinct; nor can the one be more reasonably regarded as the other than a fishing-hook as a fish. The definition, therefore, which is applicable in the latter instance, *cannot*, in the former, be true. Grammar in general is the analysis of language; English Grammar of the English.

But to return to Versification as defined in our extract above. “It is the art,” says this extract, “of arranging words into lines of correspondent length.” Not so:—a correspondence in the length of lines is by no means essential. Pindaric odes are, surely, instances of versification, yet these compositions are noted for extreme diversity in the length of their lines.

The arrangement is moreover said to be for the purpose of producing “*harmony* by the regular alternation,” &c. But *harmony* is not the sole aim—not even the principal one. In the construction of verse, *melody* should never be left out of view; yet this is a point which all our Prosodies have

most unaccountably forborne to touch. Reasoned rules on this topic should form a portion of all systems of rhythm.

“So as to produce harmony,” says the definition, “by the *regular alternation*,” &c. A *regular* alternation, as described, forms no part of any principle of versification. The arrangement of spondees and dactyls, for example, in the Greek hexameter, is an arrangement which may be termed *at random*. At least it is arbitrary. Without interference with the line as a whole, a dactyl may be substituted for a spondee, or the converse, at any point other than the ultimate and penultimate feet, of which the former is always a spondee, the latter nearly always a dactyl. Here, it is clear, we have no “*regular* alternation of syllables differing in quantity.”

“So as to produce harmony,” proceeds the definition, “by the regular alternation of *syllables differing in quantity*,”—in other words by the alternation of long and short syllables; for in rhythm all syllables are necessarily either short or long. But not only do I deny the necessity of any *regularity* in the succession of feet and, by consequence, of syllables, but dispute the essentiality of any *alternation*, regular or irregular, of syllables long and short. Our author, observe, is now engaged in a definition of versification in general, not of English versification in particular. But the Greek and Latin metres abound in the spondee and pyrrhic—the former consisting of two long syllables; the latter of two short; and there are innumerable instances of the immediate succession of many spondees and many pyrrhics.

Here is a passage from Silius Italicus:

Fallis te mensas inter quod credis inermem
Tot bellis quæsitâ viro, tot cædibus armat
Majestas eterna ducem: si admoveris ora
Cannas et Trebium ante oculos Trasymenæque busta,
Et Pauli stare ingentem miraberis umbram.

Making the elisions demanded by the classic Prosodies, we should scan these Hexameters thus:

Fallis | tē mēm | sās īn | tēr quōd | crēdis īn | ērmēm |
Tōt bēl | līs quæ | sītā vī | rō tōt | cædībūs | ārmāt |
Mājēs | tās ē | tērnā dū | cēm s'ād | mōvēris | ōrā |
Cānnās | ēt Trēbī' | ānt'ōcū | lōs Trāsī | mēnāquē | būstā
ēt Pāu | lī stā | r'īngēn | tēm mī | rābēris | ūmbrām |

It will be seen that, in the first and last of these lines, we have only two short syllables in thirteen, with an uninterrupted succession of no less than *nine* long syllables. But how are we to reconcile all this with a definition of versification which describes it as “the art of arranging words into lines of correspondent length so as to produce harmony by the *regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity*?”

It may be urged, however, that our prosodist's *intention* was to speak of the English metres alone, and that, by omitting all mention of the spondee and

pyrrhic, he has virtually avowed their exclusion from our rhythms. A grammarian is never excusable on the ground of good intentions. We demand from him, if from any one, rigorous precision of style. But grant the design. Let us admit that our author, following the example of all authors on English Prosody, has, in defining versification at large, intended a definition merely of the English. All these prosodists, we will say, reject the spondee and pyrrhic. Still all admit the iambus, which consists of a short syllable followed by a long; the trochee, which is the converse of the iambus; the dactyl, formed of one long syllable followed by two short; and the anapæst—two short succeeded by a long. The spondee is improperly rejected, as I shall presently show. The pyrrhic is rightfully dismissed. Its existence in either ancient or modern rhythm is purely chimerical, and the insisting on so perplexing a nonentity as a foot of *two short* syllables, affords, perhaps, the best evidence of the gross irrationality and subservience to authority which characterize our Prosody. In the meantime the acknowledged dactyl and anapæst are enough to sustain my proposition about the “alternation,” &c., without reference to feet which are assumed to exist in the Greek and Latin metres alone: for an anapæst and a dactyl may meet in the same line; when of course we shall have an uninterrupted succession of four short syllables. The meeting of these two feet, to be sure, is an accident not contemplated in the definition now discussed; for this definition, in demanding a “regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity,” insists on a regular succession of similar *feet*. But here is an example:

Sîng tǒ mǎ | Isăbĕlle.

This is the opening line of a little ballad now before me, which proceeds in the same rhythm—a peculiarly beautiful one. More than all this:—English lines are often well composed, entirely, of a regular succession of syllables *all of the same quantity*:—the first lines, for instance, of the following quatrain by Arthur C. Coxe:

March! march! march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho! ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!

The line italicized is formed of three cæsuras. The cæsura, of which I have much to say hereafter, is rejected by the English Prosodies and grossly misrepresented in the classic. It is a perfect foot—the most important in all verse—and consists of a single *long* syllable; *but the length of this syllable varies*.

It has thus been made evident that there is *not one* point of the definition in question which does not involve an error. And for anything more satisfactory or more intelligible we shall look in vain to any published treatise on the topic.

So general and so total a failure can be referred only to radical misconception. In fact the English Prosodists have blindly followed the pedants. These latter, like *les moutons de Panurge*, have been occupied in incessant tumbling into ditches, for the excellent reason that their leaders have so tumbled before. The *Iliad*, being taken as a starting point, was made to stand in stead of Nature and common sense. Upon this poem, in place of facts and deduction from fact, or from natural law, were built systems of feet, metres, rhythms, rules,—rules that contradict each other every five minutes, and for nearly all of which there may be found twice as many exceptions as examples. If any one has a fancy to be thoroughly confounded—to see how far the infatuation of what is termed “classical scholarship” can lead a book-worm in the manufacture of darkness out of sunshine, let him turn over, for a few moments, any one of the German Greek Prosodies. The only thing clearly made out in them is a very magnificent contempt for Liebnitz’s principle of “a sufficient reason.”

To divert attention from the real matter in hand by any farther reference to these works, is unnecessary, and would be weak. I cannot call to mind, at this moment, one essential particular of information that is to be gleaned from them; and I will drop them here with merely this one observation: that, employing from among the numerous “*ancient*” feet the spondee, the trochee, the iambus, the anapæst, the dactyl, and the cæsura alone, I will engage to scan *correctly* any of the Horatian rhythms, or any true rhythm that human ingenuity can conceive. And this excess of chimerical feet is, perhaps, the very least of the scholastic supererogations. *Ex uno disce omnia*. The fact is that *Quantity* is a point in whose investigation the lumber of mere learning may be dispensed with, if ever in any. Its appreciation is universal. It appertains to no region, nor race, nor æra in especial. To melody and to harmony the Greeks hearkened with ears precisely similar to those which we employ for similar purposes at present; and I should not be condemned for heresy in asserting that a pendulum at Athens would have vibrated much after the same fashion as does a pendulum in the city of Penn.

Verse originates in the human enjoyment of equality, fitness. To this enjoyment, also, all the moods of verse—rhythm, metre, stanza, rhyme, alliteration, the *refrain*, and other analogous effects—are to be referred. As there are some readers who habitually confound rhythm and metre, it may be as well here to say that the former concerns the *character* of feet (that is, the arrangements of syllables) while the latter has to do with the *number* of these feet. Thus by “a dactylic *rhythm*” we express a sequence of dactyls. By “a dactylic *hexameter*” we imply a line or measure consisting of six of these dactyls.

To return to *equality*. Its idea embraces those of similarity, proportion, identity, repetition, and adaptation or fitness. It might not be very difficult to go even behind the idea of equality, and show both how and why it is that the human nature takes pleasure in it, but such an investigation would, for any purpose now in view, be supererogatory. It is sufficient that the *fact* is undeniable—the fact that man derives enjoyment from his perception of equality. Let us examine a crystal. We are at once interested by the equality between the sides and between the angles of one of its faces: the equality of the sides pleases us; that of the angles doubles the pleasure. On bringing to view a second face in all respects similar to the first, this pleasure seems to be squared; on bringing to view a third it appears to be cubed, and so on. I have no doubt, indeed, that the delight experienced, if measurable, would be found to have exact mathematical relations such as I suggest; that is to say, as far as a certain point, beyond which there would be a decrease in similar relations.

The perception of pleasure in the equality of *sounds* is the principle of *Music*. Unpractised ears can appreciate only simple equalities, such as are found in ballad-airs. While comparing one simple sound with another they are too much occupied to be capable of comparing the equality subsisting between these two simple sounds, taken conjointly, and two other similar simple sounds taken conjointly. Practised ears, on the other hand, appreciate both equalities at the same instant—although it is absurd to suppose that both are *heard* at the same instant. One is heard and appreciated from itself: the other is heard by the memory; and the instant glides into and is confounded with the secondary, appreciation. Highly cultivated musical taste in this manner enjoys not only these double equalities, all appreciated at once, but takes pleasurable cognizance, through memory, of equalities the members of which occur at intervals so great that the uncultivated taste loses them altogether. That this latter can properly estimate or decide on the merits of what is called scientific music, is of course impossible. But scientific music has no claim to intrinsic excellence—it is fit for scientific ears alone. In its excess it is the triumph of the *physique* over the *morale* of music. The sentiment is overwhelmed by the sense. On the whole, the advocates of the simpler melody and harmony have infinitely the best of the argument;—although there has been very little of real argument on the subject.

In *verse*, which cannot be better designated than as an inferior or less capable Music, there is, happily, little chance for complexity. Its rigidly simple character not even Science—not even Pedantry can greatly pervert.

The rudiment of verse may, possibly, be found in the *spondee*. The very germ of a thought seeking satisfaction in equality of sound, would result

in the construction of words of two syllables, equally accented. In corroboration of this idea we find that spondees most abound in the most ancient tongues. The second step we can easily suppose to be the comparison, that is to say, the collocation, of two spondees—of two words composed each of a spondee. The third step would be the juxtaposition of three of these words. By this time the perception of monotone would induce farther consideration: and thus arises what Leigh Hunt so flounders in discussing under the title of “*The Principle of Variety in Uniformity*.” Of course there is no principle in the case—nor in maintaining it. The “*Uniformity*” is the principle:—the “*Variety*” is but the principle’s natural safeguard from self-destruction by excess of self. “*Uniformity*,” besides, is the very worst word that could have been chosen for the expression of the *general* idea at which it aims.

The perception of monotone having given rise to an attempt at its relief, the first thought in this new direction would be that of collating two or more words formed each of two syllables differently accented (that is to say, short and long) but having the same order in each word:—in other terms, of collating two or more iambuses, or two or more trochees. And here let me pause to assert that more pitiable nonsense has been written on the topic of *long* and *short* syllables than on any other subject under the sun. In general, a syllable is long or short, just as it is difficult or easy of enunciation. The *natural* long syllables are those encumbered—the *natural* short ones are those unencumbered, with consonants; all the rest is mere artificiality and jargon. The Latin Prosodies have a rule that “a vowel before two consonants is long.” This rule is deduced from “*authority*”—that is, from the observation that vowels so circumstanced, in the ancient poems, are always in syllables long by the laws of scansion. The philosophy of the rule is untouched, and lies simply in the physical difficulty of giving voice to such syllables—of performing the lingual evolutions necessary for their utterance. Of course, it is not the *vowel* that is long (although the rule says so) but the syllable of which the vowel is a part. It will be seen that the length of a syllable, depending on the facility or difficulty of its enunciation, must have great variation in various syllables; but for the purposes of verse we suppose a long syllable equal to two short ones:—and the natural deviation from this relativeness we correct in perusal. The more closely our long syllables approach this relation with our short ones, the better, *ceteris paribus*, will be our verse: but if the relation does not exist of itself, we force it by emphasis, which can, of course, make any syllable as long as desired;—or, by an effort we can pronounce with unnatural brevity a syllable that is naturally too long. *Accented* syllables are of course always long—but, where *unencumbered*

with consonants, must be classed among the *unnaturally* long. Mere custom has declared that we shall accent them—that is to say, dwell upon them; but no inevitable lingual difficulty forces us to do so. In fine, every long syllable must of its own accord occupy in its utterance, or must be *made* to occupy, precisely the time demanded for two short ones. The only exception to this rule is found in the *cæsura*—of which more anon.

The success of the experiment with the trochees or iambuses (the one would have suggested the other) must have led to a trial of dactyls or anapæsts—natural dactyls or anapæsts—dactylic or anapæstic words. And now some degree of complexity has been attained. There is an appreciation, first, of the equality between the several dactyls, or anapæsts, and, secondly, of that between the long syllable and the two short conjointly. But here it may be said that step after step would have been taken, in continuation of this routine, until all the feet of the Greek Prosodies became exhausted. Not so:—these remaining feet have no existence except in the brains of the scholiasts. It is needless to imagine men inventing these things, and folly to explain how and why they invented them, until it shall be first shown that they are actually invented. All other “feet” than those which I have specified, are, if not impossible at first view, merely combinations of the specified; and, although this assertion is rigidly true, I will, to avoid misunderstanding, put it in a somewhat different shape. I will say, then, that at present I am aware of no *rhythm*—nor do I believe that any one can be constructed—which, in its last analysis, will not be found to consist altogether of the feet I have mentioned, either existing in their individual and obvious condition, or interwoven with each other in accordance with simple natural laws which I will endeavor to point out hereafter.

We have now gone so far as to suppose men constructing indefinite sequences of spondaic, iambic, trochaic, dactylic, or anapæstic words. In *extending* these sequences, they would be again arrested by the sense of monotone. A succession of spondees would *immediately* have displeased; one of iambuses or of trochees, on account of the variety included within the foot itself, would have taken longer to displease; one of dactyls or anapæsts still longer: but even the last, if extended very far, must have become wearisome. The idea, first, of curtailing, and, secondly, of defining the length of a sequence, would thus at once have arisen. Here then is the *line*, or verse proper.* The prin-

ciple of equality being constantly at the bottom of the whole process, lines would naturally be made, in the first instance, equal in the number of their feet; in the second instance there would be variation in the mere number; one line would be twice as long as another; then one would be some less obvious multiple of another; then still less obvious proportions would be adopted:—nevertheless there would be *proportion*, that is to say a phase of equality, still.

Lines being once introduced, the necessity of distinctly defining these lines *to the ear*, (as yet written verse does not exist,) would lead to a scrutiny of their capabilities *at their terminations*:—and now would spring up the idea of equality in sound between the final syllables—in other words, of *rhyme*. First, it would be used only in the iambic, anapæstic, and spondaic rhythms, (granting that the latter had not been thrown aside, long since, on account of its tameness;) because in these rhythms the concluding syllable, being long, could best sustain the necessary protection of the voice. No great while could elapse, however, before the effect, found pleasant as well as useful, would be applied to the two remaining rhythms. But as the chief force of rhyme must lie in the accented syllable, the attempt to create rhyme at all in these two remaining rhythms, the trochaic and dactylic, would necessarily result in double and triple rhymes, such as *beauty* with *duty* (trochaic) and *beautiful* with *dutiful* (dactylic.)

It must be observed that in suggesting these processes I assign them no date; nor do I even insist upon their order. Rhyme is supposed to be of modern origin, and were this proved, my positions remain untouched. I may say, however, in passing, that several instances of rhyme occur in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes, and that the Roman poets occasionally employ it. There is an effective species of ancient rhyming which has never descended to the moderns; that in which the ultimate and penultimate syllables rhyme with each other. For example:

Parturiunt montes et nascitur ridiculus mus.

and again—

Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus.

The terminations of Hebrew verse, (as far as understood,) show no signs of rhyme; but what thinking person can doubt that it did actually exist? That men have so obstinately and blindly insisted, *in general*, even up to the present day, in confining rhyme to the *ends* of lines, when its effect is even better applicable elsewhere, intimates, in my opinion, the sense of some *necessity* in the connexion of the end with the rhyme—hints that the origin of rhyme lay in a necessity which con-

* Verse, from the Latin *vertere*, to turn, is so called on account of the turning or recommencement of the series of feet. Thus a verse, strictly speaking, is a line. In this sense, however, I have preferred using the latter word alone; employing the former in the general acceptation given it in the heading of this paper.

nected it with the end—shows that neither mere accident nor mere fancy gave rise to the connexion—points, in a word, at the very necessity which I have suggested, (that of some mode of defining lines *to the ear*,) as the true origin of rhyme. Admit this and we throw the origin far back in the night of Time—beyond the origin of written verse.

But to resume. The amount of complexity I have now supposed to be attained is very considerable. Various systems of equalization are appreciated at once (or nearly so) in their respective values and in the value of each system with reference to all the others. As our present *ultimatum* of complexity we have arrived at triple-rhymed, natural-dactylic lines, existing proportionally as well as equally with regard to other triple-rhymed, natural-dactylic lines. For example :

Virginal Lilian, rigidly, humbly dutiful ;
Saintlily, lowlily,
Thrillingly, holily
Beautiful !

Here we appreciate, first, the absolute equality between the long syllable of each dactyl and the two short conjointly ; secondly, the absolute equality between each dactyl and any other dactyl—in other words, among all the dactyls ; thirdly, the absolute equality between the two middle lines ; fourthly, the absolute equality between the first line and all the others taken conjointly ; fifthly, the absolute equality between the two last syllables of the respective words “dutiful” and “beautiful ;” sixthly, the absolute equality between the two last syllables of the respective words “lowlily” and “holily ;” seventhly, the proximate equality between the first syllable of “dutiful” and the first syllable of “beautiful ;” eighthly, the proximate equality between the first syllable of “lowlily” and that of “holily ;” ninthly, the proportional equality, (that of five to one,) between the first line and each of its members, the dactyls ; tenthly, the proportional equality, (that of two to one,) between each of the middle lines and its members, the dactyls ; eleventhly, the proportional equality between the first line and each of the two middle—that of five to two ; twelfthly, the proportional equality between the first line and the last—that of five to one ; thirteenthly, the proportional equality between each of the middle lines and the last—that of two to one ; lastly, the proportional equality, as concerns number, between all the lines, taken collectively, and any individual line—that of four to one.

The consideration of this last equality would give birth immediately to the idea of *stanza**—that is to say, the insulation of lines into equal or obviously proportional masses. In its primitive,

(which was also its best,) form, the stanza would most probably have had absolute unity. In other words, the removal of any one of its lines would have rendered it imperfect ; as in the case above, where if the last line, for example, be taken away, there is left no rhyme to the “dutiful” of the first. Modern stanza is excessively loose, and where so, ineffective as a matter of course.

Now, although in the deliberate written statement which I have here given of these various systems of equalities, there seems to be an infinity of complexity—so much that it is hard to conceive the mind taking cognizance of them all in the brief period occupied by the perusal or recital of the stanza—yet the difficulty is in fact apparent only when we will it to become so. Any one fond of mental experiment may satisfy himself, by trial, that, in listening to the lines, he does actually, (although with a seeming unconsciousness, on account of the rapid evolutions of sensation,) recognize and instantaneously appreciate, (more or less intensely as his ear is cultivated,) each and all of the equalizations detailed. The pleasure received, or receivable, has very much such progressive increase, and in very nearly such mathematical relations, as those which I have suggested in the case of the crystal.

It will be observed that I speak of merely a proximate equality between the first syllable of “dutiful” and that of “beautiful ;” and it may be asked why we cannot imagine the earliest rhymes to have had absolute instead of proximate equality of sound. But absolute equality would have involved the use of identical words ; and it is the duplicate sameness or monotony—that of sense as well as that of sound—which would have caused these rhymes to be rejected in the very first instance.

The narrowness of the limits within which verse composed of natural feet alone, must necessarily have been confined, would have led, after a *very* brief interval, to the trial and immediate adoption of artificial feet—that is to say of feet *not* constituted each of a single word, but two or even three words ; or of parts of words. These feet would be intermingled with natural ones. For example :

ă brēath | cǎn mǎke | thēm ās | ă brēath | hās mǎde.

This is an iambic line in which each iambus is formed of two words. Again :

Thē ūn | ĭmā | gĭnā | blē mĭght | ōf Jōve. |

This is an iambic line in which the first foot is formed of a word and a part of a word ; the second and third of parts taken from the body or interior of a word ; the fourth of a part and a whole ; the fifth of two complete words. There are no *natural* feet in either lines. Again :

* A stanza is often vulgarly, and with gross impropriety, called a *verse*.

Cān ĭt bē | fānciēd thāt | Dēīty | ēvēr vīn | dīctīvely |
Māde ĭn hīs | ĭmagē ā | mānnīkīn | mērely tō | mādđen ĭt? |

These are two dactylic lines in which we find natural feet, ("Deity," "mannikin;") feet composed of two words ("fancied that," "image a," "merely to," "madden it;") feet composed of three words ("can it be," "made in his;") a foot composed of a part of a word ("dictively;") and a foot composed of a word and a part of a word ("ever vin.")

And now, in our supposititious progress, we have gone so far as to exhaust all the *essentialities* of verse. What follows may, strictly speaking, be recorded as embellishment merely—but even in this embellishment, the rudimental sense of *equality* would have been the never-ceasing impulse. It would, for example, be simply in seeking farther administration to this sense that men would come, in time, to think of the *refrain*, or burden, where, at the closes of the several stanzas of a poem, one word or phrase is *repeated*; and of alliteration, in whose simplest form a consonant is *repeated* in the commencements of various words. This effect would be extended so as to embrace repetitions both of vowels and of consonants, in the bodies as well as in the beginnings of words; and, at a later period, would be made to infringe on the province of rhyme, by the introduction of general similarity of sound between whole feet occurring in the body of a line:—all of which modifications I have exemplified in the line above,

Made in his image a mannikin merely to madden it.

Farther cultivation would improve also the *refrain* by relieving its monotone in slightly varying the phrase at each repetition, or, (as I have attempted to do in "The Raven,") in retaining the phrase and varying its application—although this latter point is not strictly a rhythmical effect *alone*. Finally, poets when fairly wearied with following precedent—following it the more closely the less they perceived it in company with Reason—would adventure so far as to indulge in positive rhyme at other points than the ends of lines. First, they would put it in the middle of the line; then at some point where the multiple would be less obvious; then alarmed at their own audacity, they would undo all their work by cutting these lines in two. And here is the fruitful source of the infinity of "short metre," by which modern poetry, if not distinguished, is at least disgraced. It would require a high degree, indeed, both of cultivation and of courage, on the part of any versifier, to enable him to place his rhymes—and let them remain—at unquestionably their best position, that of unusual and *unanticipated* intervals.

On account of the stupidity of some people, or, (if talent be a more respectable word,) on account of their talent for misconception—I think it neces-

sary to add here, first, that I believe the "processes" above detailed to be nearly if not accurately those which *did* occur in the gradual creation of what we now call verse; secondly, that, although I so believe, I yet urge neither the assumed fact nor my belief in it, as a part of the true proposition of this paper; thirdly, that in regard to the aim of this paper, it is of no consequence whether these processes did occur either in the order I have assigned them, or at all; my design being simply, in presenting a general type of what such processes *might* have been and *must* have resembled, to help *them*, the "some people," to an easy understanding of what I have farther to say on the topic of Verse.

There is one point which, in my summary of the processes, I have purposely forborne to touch; because this point, being the most important of all, on account of the immensity of error usually involved in its consideration, would have led me into a series of detail inconsistent with the object of a summary.

Every reader of verse must have observed how seldom it happens that even any one line proceeds uniformly with a succession, such as I have supposed, of absolutely equal feet; that is to say, with a succession of iambuses only, or of trochees only, or of dactyls only, or of anapæsts only, or of spondees only. Even in the most musical lines we find the succession interrupted. The iambic pentameters of Pope, for example, will be found on examination, frequently varied by trochees in the beginning, or by (what seem to be) anapæsts in the body, of the line.

ōh thōn | whātē | vēr tī | tlē pleāse | thīne eār |
Dēan Drā | piēr Bīck | ērstāff | ōr Gūl | ĭvēr |
Whēthēr | thōn choōse | Cērvān | tēs' sē | rīōūs āīr |
ōr laūgh | ānd shāke | ĭn Rāb | ēlāīs' eā | sy chaīr. |

Were any one weak enough to refer to the Prosodies for a solution of the difficulty here, he would find it *solved* as usual by a *rule*, stating the fact, (or what it, the rule, supposes to be the fact,) but without the slightest attempt at the *rationale*. "By a *synæresis* of the two short syllables," say the books, "an anapæst may sometimes be employed for an iambus, or a dactyl for a trochee. . . . In the beginning of a line a trochee is often used for an iambus."

Blending is the plain English for *synæresis*—but there should be *no* blending; neither is an anapæst *ever* employed for an iambus, or a dactyl for a trochee. These feet differ in time; and *no* feet so differing can ever be legitimately used in the same line. An anapæst is equal to four short syllables—an iambus only to three. Dactyls and trochees hold the same relation. The principle of *equality*, in verse, admits, it is true, of variation at certain points, for the relief of monotone, as I have al-

ready shown, but the point of *time* is that point which, being the rudimental one, must never be tampered with at all.

To explain :—In farther efforts for the relief of monotone than those to which I have alluded in the summary, men soon came to see that there was no absolute necessity for adhering to the precise number of syllables, provided the time required for the whole foot was preserved inviolate. They saw, for instance, that in such a line as

ör läugh | änd shäke | ĩn Rāb | ělaĭs ěa | sy chäir, |

the equalization of the three syllables *elais ea* with the two syllables composing any of the other feet, could be readily effected by pronouncing the two syllable *elais* in double quick time. By pronouncing each of the syllables *e* and *lais* twice as rapidly as the syllable *sy*, or the syllable *in*, or any other short syllable, they could bring the two of them, taken together, to the length, that is to say to the time, of any one short syllable. This consideration enabled them to effect the agreeable variation of three syllables in place of the uniform two. And variation was the object—variation to the ear. What sense is there, then, in supposing this object rendered null by the *blending* of the two syllables so as to render them, in absolute effect, one? Of course, there must be *no* blending. Each syllable must be pronounced as distinctly as possible, (or the variation is lost,) but with twice the rapidity in which the ordinary short syllable is enunciated. That the syllables *elais ea* do not compose an *anapæst* is evident, and the signs (~~) of their accentuation are erroneous. The foot might be written thus (^^) the inverted crescents expressing double quick time; and might be called a bastard iambus.

Here is a trochaic line :

Sēe thĕ | dĕlicāte | fōotĕd | rĕin-deĕr. |

The prosodies—that is to say the most considerate of them—would here decide that “*delicate*” is a dactyl used in place of a trochee, and would refer to what they call their “rule,” for justification. Others, varying the stupidity, would insist upon a Procrustean adjustment thus (del’cate)—an adjustment recommended to all such words as *silvery*, *murmuring*, etc., which, it is said, should be not only pronounced, but written *silv’ry*, *murm’ring*, and so on, whenever they find themselves in trochaic predicament. I have only to say that “*delicate*,” when circumstanced as above, is neither a dactyl nor a dactyl’s equivalent; that I would suggest for it this (^^) accentuation; that I think it as well to call it a bastard trochee; and that all words, at all events, should be written and pronounced *in full*, and as nearly as possible as nature intended them.

About eleven years ago, there appeared in “The American Monthly Magazine,” (then edited, I believe, by Mess. Hoffman and Benjamin,) a review of Mr. Willis’ Poems; the critic putting forth his strength, or his weakness, in an endeavor to show that the poet was either absurdly affected, or grossly ignorant of the laws of verse; the accusation being based altogether on the fact that Mr. W. made occasional use of this very word “*delicate*,” and other similar words, in “the Heroic measure which every one knew consisted of feet of two syllables.” Mr. W. has often, for example, such lines as

That binds him to a woman’s *delicate* love—
In the gay sunshine, *reverent* in the storm—
With its *invisible* fingers my loose hair.

Here, of course, the feet *licate love*, *verent in*, and *sible fin*, are bastard iambs; are *not* anapæsts; and are *not* improperly used. Their employment, on the contrary, by Mr. Willis is but one of the innumerable instances he has given of keen sensibility in all those matters of taste which may be classed under the general head of *fanciful embellishment*.

It is also about eleven years ago, if I am not mistaken, since Mr. Horne, (of England,) the author of “Orion,” one of the noblest epics in any language, thought it necessary to preface his “Chaucer Modernized” by a very long and evidently a very elaborate essay, of which the greater portion was occupied in a discussion of the seemingly anomalous foot of which we have been speaking. Mr. Horne upholds Chaucer in its frequent use; maintains his superiority, *on account* of his so frequently using it, over all English versifiers; and, indignantly repelling the common idea of those who make verse on their fingers—that the superfluous syllable is a roughness and an error—very chivalrously makes battle for it as “a grace.” That a grace it is, there can be no doubt; and what I complain of is, that the author of the most happily versified long poem in existence, should have been under the necessity of discussing this grace merely *as* a grace, through forty or fifty vague pages, solely because of his inability to show *how* and *why* it is a grace—by which showing the question would have been settled in an instant.

About the trochee used for an iambus, as we see it in the beginning of the line,

Whĕthĕr thou choose Cervantes’ serious air,

there is little that need be said. It brings me to the general proposition that, in all rhythms, the prevalent or distinctive feet may be varied at will, and nearly at random, by the *occasional* introduction of equivalent feet—that is to say, feet the sum of whose syllabic times is equal to the sum of the syllabic times of the distinctive feet. Thus the tro-

chee, *whēthēr*, is equal, in the sum of the times of its syllables, to the iambus, *thōu choōse*, in the sum of the times of its syllables; each foot being, in time, equal to three short syllables. Good versifiers who happen to be, also, good poets, contrive to relieve the monotone of a series of feet, by the use of equivalent feet only at rare intervals, and at such points of their subject as seem in accordance with the *startling* character of the variation. Nothing of this care is seen in the line quoted above—although Pope has some fine instances of the duplicate effect. Where vehemence is to be strongly expressed, I am not sure that we should be wrong in venturing on *two consecutive* equivalent feet—although I cannot say that I have ever known the adventure made, except in the following passage, which occurs in “Al Aaraaf,” a boyish poem, written by myself when a boy. I am referring to the sudden and rapid advent of a star :

Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes
Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
Whēn first thē phāntōm's cōurse wās fōund tō bē
Hēadlōng hūthēward o'er the starry sea.

In the “general proposition” above, I speak of the *occasional* introduction of equivalent feet. It sometimes happens that unskilful versifiers, without knowing what they do, or why they do it, introduce so many “variations” as to exceed in number the “distinctive” feet; when the ear becomes at once baulked by the *bouleversement* of the rhythm. Too many trochees, for example, inserted in an iambic rhythm, would convert the latter to a trochaic. I may note here, that, in all cases, the rhythm designed should be commenced and continued, *without* variation, until the ear has had full time to comprehend what is the rhythm. In violation of a rule so obviously founded in common sense, many even of our best poets, do not scruple to begin an iambic rhythm with a trochee, or the converse; or a dactylic with an anapæst, or the converse; and so on.

A somewhat less objectionable error, although still a decided one, is that of commencing a rhythm, not with a different equivalent foot, but with a “bastard” foot of the rhythm intended. For example :

Māny ā | thōught wīll | cōme tō | mēmōry. |

Here *many a* is what I have explained to be a bastard trochee, and to be understood should be accented with inverted crescents. It is objectionable solely on account of its position as the *opening* foot of a trochaic rhythm. *Memory*, similarly accented, is also a bastard trochee, but unobjectionable, although by no means demanded.

The farther illustration of this point will enable me to take an important step.

(To be continued.)

THE KNIGHT OF BLASINGAME.

A BALLAD.

BY W. C. RICHARDSON, OF ALABAMA.

I.

The blast was loud in Vandamere,
And loud on Gamalyn,
And faring men grew white with fear,
To hear the hellish din !

II.

The living dreamed—the dead did walk,
And sleepers groaned aloud,
And quaked to think of their ancestors
In a dark and bloody shroud !

III.

The storm like a wild night-mare came down,
And plagued the yeasty main,
The lightning drew his keenest blade,
And sliced the sky in twain,
And I never care by night or day,
To hear such sounds again !

IV.

No mortal wight could rove that night—
’Twas the wind that fooled mine ear;
But a helm shone bright
In the white moon-light,
And a tramping sounded near !

V.

And a gay knight on a white, white barb
Flew past me like a dream—
He scaled the height of the mountain side,
And swam the spouting stream !

VI.

And the dark, foul fiends shall give him way;
For he chants a holy song,
Or winds, like a sturdy traveller,
His bugle, loud and long.

VII.

Oh ! whither, whither, my bold rider !
Oh ! whither away so fast ?
From the Tagus came that creamy steed—
His sire was sure the blast !

VIII.

Will you ride that torrent over the crag,
Or will you ride your steed ?
Your barb is soother than it, I wis,
In whiteness and in speed !

IX.

Over dale, over down, over moss, over moor—
Away like the hurricane !

Oh! whither away, my bold rider!
Wilt thou come back again?

X.

Not a word, not a word
That bold knight heard,
But he trilled his holy song,
Or wound, like a sturdy traveller,
His bugle loud and long!

XI.

Ay! crack thy cheek, my fair stranger!
And wind thy lusty fill!
For your merry men all
In vain you call—
They are bleaching by the hill!

XII.

When the fading moon late, late yestreen,
Had faded from the sky
The wild fires lured them over the cliffs,
And there in death they lie.

XIII.

The mists boil up and the whirlwinds spin
Ever and ever and aye;
But little they reckon the whirlwind's din,
While there in death they lie!

XIV.

The vultures supped their liquid eyes,
When hope and life had flown,
They clapped their wings with a dusky glee,
And peeled the dainty bone—
Ho! ho! they cried with a dismal glee,
And peeled the pearly bone!

XV.

The night is dark—the night is dark—
The night is dark and drear!
But hie thee hence, my bold rider,
Thou never canst harbor here!

XVI.

“Old man of Varr, the scornful blast—
It plucks me by the beard,
With a horrible crash
It tears the ash,
And plucks me by the beard.

XVII.

For my merry men all
In vain I call
Past mountain, moss and moor,
Then up! then up! my jolly friar,
And ope thy godly door!”

XVIII.

“Never yet, never yet did Christian knight
At midnight come like thee—

Some sea-sprite thou, or a vile mer-man
All out of the foamy sea,
Or since you bide this fiery spume
Some ghastly fiend you be!”

XIX.

“Old man of Varr! old man of Varr!
It likes me not to sue,
If my merry men all
Should hear my call,
Ill fared it then with you!

XX.

I hear the winds like hungry wolves
In battle down the glen—
Bestir! bestir! my surly friar,
I charge thee once again!”

XXI.

“Off vagrant knight! off malapert!
And the foul fiend speed thy way!
I like thee not, at the black midnight,
And I like thee not by day!

XXII.

“There was a knight of Blasingame,
He spake like you I ween,
He was the boldest knight, good sooth!
That ever yet was seen!

XXIII.

The Saracen and quivered Moor
Beneath our spears did roll;
But my good Spear out-stripped his own,
And lanced his jealous soul.

XXIV.

My live sword from its scabbard ran,
And fell like wintry rains—
A curse crept out of his hollow heart,
And cursed me for my pains!

XXV.

He smote me once—he smote me twice,
All with his sword so keen,
He took my leman and my lands,
He thought me dead I ween!

XXVI.

A brother I forebore to slay,
And donned this dreary cowl;
But ever I cry
From yonder sky
God's curses on his soul!

XXVII.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! shrewd Blasingame!
He spake like you I ween—
He was the foulest knight, good sooth!
That ever yet was seen!

XXVIII.

Let winds be shrill—let lightnings glare,
And scorch thy dainty skin!
But the devil asshrive me here to-night,
An I shall let thee in!"

XXIX.

Why standest thou, Sir Blasingame?
Art dreaming in a dream?
Why leapest thou, like a flashing bolt,
Into the hissing stream?

XXX.

Will you ride that torrent over the deep,
Or will you ride your steed?
Hurrah! 'Twas a glorious change I trow,
You flaunt with mickle speed!

XXXI.

He rode that torrent over the deep,
And a meteor led the way,
And there he found his merry men all,
Where cold in death they lay.

XXXII.

The oaks have surely seen a ghost,
Or they never would shiver so!
Oh no! they shiver to think of those knights,
That cumber the gorge below!

XXXIII.

The blasts have surely seen a ghost,
Or they never would shriek so loud!
Oh no! they shriek to see those bones
Without a sheet or shroud!

XXXIV.

The moon has surely seen a ghost,
Or she never would look so pale!
Oh no! with the clouds drawn over her eyes
She shuns that bloody vale!

XXXV.

The stars have surely seen a ghost,
Or they never would dart so fast,
Oh no! they glance at that skeleton host,
And they quit the skies aghast!

XXXVI.

His lady-leman wept him sore,
And tore her yellow hair;
But the lordly knight of Blasingame
Her bower shall never share!

XXXVII.

"I fear thee, false knight of Blasingame!
I fear thee fearfully!
I fear that those bonny, blue eyes of thine
Will never come back to me!"

XXXVIII.

There be green lizards in his mouth,
And crickets in his ear!
And hop—hop—hop! the speckled toad
Hops over his pride I fear!

XXXIX.

'T was a ghastly toast the vultures drank
All out of those bonny, blue eyes!
'Twas a ghastly rout, as they swaggered about,
Beneath the blessed skies!

XL.

Little recked they of his bright lady!
Littled recked they of her moan!
They clapped their wings with a dusky glee,
And pealed the pearly bone—
Ho! ho! they cried with a dismal glee,
And peeled the dainty bone!

JOHN STERLING.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

There is an affecting charm in the incomplete, whether in destiny or character, especially when their elements have been active and intense. As a lyrical effusion will sometimes give us a deeper glimpse into the poet's heart than a finished epic, so the desultory and casual overflowings of a mind striving for harmony—the suggestive eloquence which gives the idea of a latent world of unexpressed emotion,—awakens both imagination and sympathy far more than utterances comparatively full and satisfactory.

To possess at once keen insight and imperative sympathies—is to be liable to extreme mental suffering—for which we can imagine no consolation but a high and serene faith. The ability to discern things in their actual relations, to pierce the rind of the conventional and draw near the heart of nature, may be enjoyed merely as a scientific pastime; but when "the strong necessity of loving" is united to such clear perceptions, the mind and the heart are exposed to severe and incessant conflict; and to reconcile them is the grand problem of life. This appears to have been the case with Sterling. He had the intense spirit for truth which belongs to the philosopher, and the enthusiasm and sense of

* 1. Essays and Tales by John Sterling, collected and edited, with a memoir of his life. By Charles Julius Hare, M. A. London. J. W. Parker. 1848.

2. The Poetical Works of John Sterling. First American edition. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. 1842.

beauty which characterize the poet. To gratify these dominant impulses and at the same time, be loyal to the duties of his position and true to himself—was what he constantly sought to do—in the face of physical weakness and pain and ever recurring monitions of death. The free thought, the patient will, the loving heart wrought not always together, but sometimes adversely; and, only at intervals, came the balm of content and the blessedness of tranquillity. Hence in broken tones and by lapses he obtained utterance. No shapely and complete temple rose beneath the hand whose nerves disease had unstrung; and hints instead of revelations are bequeathed by a mind seldom allowed to work continuously. It is precisely in such a result, however, that we see the effect of the severance between thought and action, which is so impressive a sign of the times. The warrior's thought, in earlier days, only heralded his attack; the scholar's meditation armed him for controversy which influenced the fate of nations, and the minstrel equally adroit with sword and pen, struck his harp in the intervals between embassies. There are now countless eminent thinkers who must be content to cast a waif upon the rushing stream of opinion and see it carried down the tide of oblivion; exhaust their energy both of purpose and sentiment in vain longings and speculative reverie; and live, like Sterling—"not arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world, or our sense and passion can furnish."

It is chiefly as a type of this class of men singularly prevalent in this age, that Sterling deserves attention. The record of his views, aims, and sentiments, his acquisitions and aspirations—contained in verse, essay, tale and letter admit the thoughtful reader to a consciousness of his life—and that life, in its fragmentary issues, its alternations of labor and despondency, its moods of criticism and enthusiasm, hope and apathy, has in it a blended glory of wo, promise and failure, sadness and brilliancy, which although analagous to human life in general, involves, as it seems to us, a phase characteristic of the times—and one which has attracted but slightly the consideration it deserves.

We allude to the fact that while greater scope than ever before, is now afforded talent, and unequalled opportunities for knowledge exist—earnestness of purpose seems to find no heritage or goal. In by-gone days—there was ever a cause dear enough to absorb all the energies of grave and ardent natures—a line of policy for the statesman leading to magnificent results; a special truth for the divine, the maintenance of which happily penetrated and overflowed his being;—a crusade for the soldier holy enough to sanction and consecrate his adventurous will and elicit his unswerving courage. Energy of thought or feeling instead of being diffused and "perplexed in the extreme,"

as now,—found instant, tangible and efficient vent. Life was direct, individual, absolute. Its daily tasks involved a great desire. Priests, warriors and poets did not enact their vocations by mechanical routine, but with faith and zeal—as those to whom they imported much. Instead of speculating about life they lived; instead of criticising they created; instead of "letting I dare not wait upon I would"—they either realized desire through action, or turned from it with the self-sacrifice of faith. They dallied, questioned, theorized, dissected not; but found some reality either of belief or enterprise to embrace, cling to and pursue—thus giving unity and meaning to existence.

Cut off by physical feebleness from extensive research, Sterling sought truth by the process suggested by Swedenborg—the maintenance of a recipient state through self-oblivion. He calmly accepted the idea so eloquently urged by Coleridge, that "Faith is the highest reason;" and in his literary studies was indebted to him for the invaluable conviction that all criticism is blind which discerns not the "organic unity of an object." A "mood of tranquil sympathy," was his ideal of happiness. "His mind," says his biographer, "was reflective and speculative rather than intuitive and productive."

Mr. Hare evidently struggles between his affection for his friend and his conscientiousness as a priest, in recording the change in Sterling's views. To us, however, it is evident that the conservative discipline and spiritual incentives of the established church, were quite inimical to the progressive and earnest spirit of Sterling. Early associations, a sense of duty and a natural love of the consistent and the habitual, rather than absolute conviction, seems to have allied him to its doctrine and forms. The truth is, his nature was of that description which a creed oppresses. He belonged to the order of men of whom Wordsworth speaks in his ode to Duty, who "do God's will and knows it not." The more he read metaphysics and theology, the less, it seems to us, did he realize the equanimity he sought. The more he argued the less was he convinced. But when, with the childlike truthfulness of the poet, he yielded himself to the influences of nature; when, under the unchecked influence of sentiments—whether love or veneration—a holy calm seems to have brooded over his soul. Only then did he write genially. There is a painful overlaying of unconscious and sweet impulse in his verse by will, reasoning and a definite moral system. Hence a certain stiffness which is repulsive. Yet as the formality of a Puritan often covered ardent heroism—one can ever see a cordial gleam from the eye of Sterling, the man, through the spectacles of his scholarship, and hear a human heart beat under the frosty surplice of the priest. It was this quality of correctness which attracted Sterling to German literature, and rendered its

study an epoch in his life. Although in his admirable paper on the subject, he attributes its peculiar excellencies to the "seats of free thought," as he calls the German universities, it is because there, in his opinion, may be found "the greater part of earnest meditation extant on earth."

Sterling never won the palm of English scholarship. His ill-health prevented the incessant application requisite for great classical acquirements; but independent of this, he was like Montaigne, more inclined to "forge his mind than to furnish it." No error is more common than to estimate mental power by the extent and retentiveness of the memory. It is one of those popular fallacies which the self-interest of mediocre intellects ever inculcates, on the same principle that characters of narrow moral resources exaggerate the utility of mere belief, and give precedence to the letter over the spirit of the law. Erudition, however, can never take the place of talent, or any amount of formal ideas yield the vitality which results only from native intuitions. Sterling's early teacher acknowledges that he caught the spirit of a classical author with singular quickness and truth—and often re-produced in his own language, the essence of the myth or character—whose philological details alone his classmates laboriously unfolded. At school, also, his love of fine rhetoric evinced itself in great sensibility to effective combinations of language and a fondness for "sonorous words."

Sterling's paternal ancestry were Irish—which accounts for the ardent element in his nature. He was born at Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, July 20th, 1806; and four years after, was removed to Glamorganshire, to the romantic scenery of which country he ascribed some of the most lasting impressions of his childhood. His early tuition was strictly private on account of his delicate health. In 1833 he published a novel; and during the following year, having completed his theological studies, he was ordained deacon, at Chichester, by his former teacher, constant friend, and subsequent biographer. In a few months, however, repeated attacks of pulmonary disease, obliged him to withdraw from professional duty in which he had been singularly faithful. Thenceforth his life seems to have been divided between books and journeys;—experiments to ward off illness, and unremitting efforts to do good, enlarge the scope of his mental vision and achieve new discoveries in the realm of truth. Although thus baffled by circumstances, he deemed himself only a "looker on" in the struggle of life,—there were inklings of adventure and occasions for philanthropic enterprise even for the studious invalid. His courageous and self-sacrificing activity at a college fire, early marked him for a man of benevolent impulse; he was a cordial ally of the Spanish refugees and crossed the channel in a fishing boat, with General Torrijos, afterwards executed at Malaga. In the West Indies,

his house was blown down by a hurricane. He there interested himself in behalf of the education of the slaves; and subsequently visited the south of France and Italy; developing wherever he sojourned, the same keen sense of the evils of society, the same spirit for knowledge—the same clearness of understanding and earnestness of feeling. He died in 1843, having survived his wife but a few months; and the close of his own life was tranquil. He passed away with mental energies unimpaired, gentle affections vivid, and a calm faith in the benignity of his Creator.

His writings reflect a nature subject to the complex and antagonistic influences to which we have alluded. The ultimate impression they leave is a melancholy one; for even the tragic consummation of a great hope, or the tardy realization of a prevailing idea, leaves a certain feeling of satisfaction. The sad phase of the richest natures in our day is their fragmentary and indeterminate destiny. As we muse of their career, our sympathies are painfully excited by the "strife of duties"—that forbids the concentration of their impulses and acts, and breaks up emotion, thought and energy into inadequate results. But the imperfections of a career are in such cases, best atoned for by social triumphs and felicity. In direct contact with other minds, in glad fellowship with kindred spirits—in the mental attrition of liberal society, a crude destiny may be in a great measure retrieved. Thus was it with Sterling. He numbered among his intimate friends the choicest men of his country. By those admitted to his confidence, he was deeply loved. His companionship quickened, solaced and cheered; and he had the "faculty of eliciting dormant powers in those with whom he was brought in contact. Although his pen traced no immortal inscriptions, he held, while living, the divining rod which indicated unerringly the mines of intellectual wealth in others, and brought the ore of genius and the hidden springs of character brightly to the surface. This effective social ministry—both in regard to utility and enjoyment, amply compensated for the limited influence he exerted through the press. He fulfilled the high vocation of a friend in the best significance of the term; and nature's ordinary gifts consecrated him to a wider service than the church.

His mind was appreciating rather than productive. He excelled in mental portraiture; and identified himself through sympathy with literary and heroic characters, so as to designate their traits with precision and fullness. This is evident in the series of papers entitled "Shades of the Dead;" there are fine and thoughtful touches especially in the sketches of Alexander, Columbus and Jean d'Arc; while the power of more elaborate characterization is well developed in the essays on Montaigne and Carlyle—writers as diverse in spirit and aim as can readily be conceived, and yet brought

home with equal facility, if not to the sympathies, at least to the perception of Sterling.

His diction is concise and rhetorical and is marked by philosophical definiteness, so that we are sometimes let into the essential point of a subject by a single felicitous phrase. Thus he says of Montaigne, that he "delighted in all kinds of distinct human realities;" of Carlyle, that he "loves the ideal realized in things and persons, not expounded in systematic thought;" and aptly describes his style, "not so much a figured as an embossed one." Dr. Johnson he declares "something between the parish schoolmaster and the Great Mogul;" and admirably describes Jean Paul's genius as shrinking "with fastidious and self-complacent vivacity from all the forms, blazonries and authorities of social existence, when these happen to be insufficiently supported by the worth of the men whom nature's habitual irony has thus dignified."

In metaphor he often evinces the poetical instinct. Thus speaking of relative excellence, he says—"the iris in the dew-drop is just as true and perfect an iris, as the bow that measures the heavens, and betokens the safety of a world from deluge; elsewhere speaks of "the artificial parasol of self-conceit" as substituted for the infinite concave of heaven; and compares a poor child's funeral in a gay street in London, to "a wounded raven fluttering through the chamber of a king."

In accordance with these characteristics the poetry of Sterling has more grave philosophy than lyric fire. His muse is aphoristic rather than melodious. The calm wisdom of Wordsworth, and the metaphysical intelligence of Coleridge re-appear in his verse. It contains, however, striking rhetorical beauties. In expression, he often blends precision of idea with force of language, so as to produce rare verbal felicity. Thus in the longest of his poems, "The Sexton's Daughter," though many of the stanzas are common-place, the effect of the whole is singularly pathetic, and it leaves a sweetly melancholy impression on the reader's mind, like a strain of elegiac music. His description of the three principal characters, afford a fair example both of the manner and significance of the composition :

THE SEXTON.

Sad seemed the strong, gray-headed man,
Of lagging thought and careful heed;
He shaped his life by rule and span,
And hoarded all beyond his need.

JANE.

Thus from within and from without,
She grew, a flower of mind and eye;
'Twas love that circled her about
And love in her made quick reply.

Church, too, and churchyard were to Jane
A realm of dream, and sight and lore;
And, but for one green field or twain,
All else a sea without a shore.

Of this her isle the central rock,
Stood up in that old tower sublime,
Which uttered from its wondrous clock
The only thought she had of time.

Withdrawn was she from passing eyes
By more than Fortune's outward law,
By bashful thoughts like silent sighs,
By Feeling's lone retiring awe.

HENRY.

For far unlike was Henry's mind
To aught that Jane had seen before;
Though poor and lowly, yet refined
With much of noblest lore.

A gentle widow's only child
He grew beneath a loving rule;
A man with spirit undefiled,
He taught the village school.

And many books had Henry read,
And other tongues than ours he knew,
His heart with many fancies fed,
Which oft from hidden wells he drew.

What souls heroic dared and bore
In ancient days for love and duty,
What sages could by thought explore,
What poets sang of beauty.

With these he dwelt, because within,
His breast was full of silent fire.
No praise of men he cared to win,
More high was his desire.

Thus Henry lived in meek repose,
Though suffering oft the body's pain,
Though sometimes aimless thoughts and woes
Like wrestling giants wracked the brain.

Her looks like summer lightning spread,
And filled the boundless heavenly deep;
Devoutest peace around she shed,
The calm without the trance of sleep.

And so she freshened all his life,
As does a sparkling mountain rill,
That plays with scarce a show of strife
Around its green, aspiring hill.

We lack space to designate the many beautiful touches which give effect to this simple rhythmical tale. Sterling has thrown around it the charm of a pensive imagination, unexaggerated and natural. He sincerely recognized the principle of his favorite Carlyle, that—"Reverence is the condition of insight." His ideal of love is elevated—uniting the human and religious :

And man will ask below the skies
That breast may lean to beating breast,
That mingling hands and answering eyes
May halve the toil and glad the rest.

Yet could he temper love and meekness
With all the sacred might of law,
Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
And hallowing tenderness by awe.

“Aphrodite” exhales a classical spirit and has many fine images. As a poem it offers a rich contrast to the “Sexton’s Daughter”—and is radiant with the atmosphere of the goddess, by whom

———— as tale and history tell,
And sculptured marble gray,
And oracle of festal rite,
Surviving men’s decay;
By whom all things are beautiful,
And peaceable and strong,
And joy from every throe is born,
And mercy conquers wrong.

The “Hymns of a Hermit” are pervaded by a truly devout spirit, a confidence in truth, and a sublime hope. The language is concise and appropriate, and some memorable lines occur.

“Otho III.,” “Louis XV.,” and “Alfred the Harper,” are highly suggestive historical anecdotes, reproduced in eloquent and picturesque verse. But perhaps the most striking and characteristic of Sterling’s minor poems, is that entitled “Abe-lard to Heloise.” Although ostensibly the embodiment of another’s feeling, it has an earnest clearness—a deep undertone and terse beauty which mark it as the offspring of individual emotion. It is a genuine sybilline leaf, torn warm from the heart of an impassioned, yet noble and just being; which appeals to the fondest records of experience.

Such life-dramas, as that of Sterling, have an immortal type in Hamlet. We recognize in the souls whose developments we thus trace—as in the character of the musing prince—reflective powers, both acute and profound,—a world of sensibility, impassioned affections, delicate moral feeling—all the noblest elements of humanity—yet so balanced and opposed as to find no healthful and complete external manifestation. Hence the internal conflict, the aspirations and doubts, the magnificent conceptions and ardent longings which find vague utterance perhaps, but “lose the name of action.” An existence like this, is more common to this than any preceding age; and its record is, as before suggested, like a problem but half solved. In a word, the restlessness which accompanies the *unattained*, robs their being of harmony. The want of a nucleus only seems to prevent a splendid crystalization. Struggle is the most obvious law, and regret the most evident fruit of powers which needed but definite scope, aim, and motive to leave enduring and valuable fruits. With variety of knowledge, there are no grand and satisfactory principles; with intense thought there comes forth no sustaining belief; with quick and ardent affection, there is no lasting, adequate and reciprocated love. Social claims and personal individ-

ality, taste and necessity, duty and love, by perpetual conflict, restrain the efficiency of the man. He is a looker-on, where he would fain be an actor; he dreams, hopes and reasons in a perpetual circle; reveals himself by glimpses, and, haunted by a sense of lofty purposes,—with a mind craving new and vast truth, and a heart parched with an infinite thirst for sympathy—instead of adventure, pilgrimage, warfare, or original intellectual creation—those moulds in which the glowing spirits of past ages cast the lava of enthusiasm—a morbid self-inspection, a melancholy prying into consciousness—an oppressive sense of the responsibility and the mysteries of life—make the gifted of this century too often but modified re-productions of Childe Harold—which, notwithstanding the repudiation of critics, is most emphatically the illustrative epic of the age. Sterling was, indeed, guiltless of ungrateful misanthropy; and his pious sentiments were a bar to reckless despair; but when we trace the evidences in these volumes of intense mental activity—a fearless spirit of inquiry—a singularly candid and affectionate disposition, and the comparatively meagre result—we cannot but feel that his self-dissatisfaction was inevitable.

Want of scope is, indeed, the complaint of the most gifted of the present day. They leave memorials of what they were capable of, instead of eternal deeds and writings. Achievement seems to have become visionary, conquest a speculative event, and martyrdom a domestic process. Shelley in his letters from an Italian hermitage and Lamartine in his *Palestine Journal*, breathe the same consciousness of baffled will and perplexed endeavor. Indeed, how few men, like Schiller, unite genius and character, power regulated by wisdom; and writings moulded from the soul’s life, yet shaped into forms of enduring beauty, by patience, taste and rectitude!

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

BY REV. JOHN C. M’CABE.

By their waters we sat; o’er our sorrows still brooding,
The memory of joys, long departed, intruding,
Our tear-drops fell freely, we thought of loved Zion,
When Judah went up from the prey like a lion.*

Our wild harps, neglected, above us were swinging,
Their chords to the winds in hoarse murmurs were ringing,
Like a wail of despair their sad echoes were given,
And we felt as abandoned by man and by Heaven!

While sadly we gazed on the Euphrates’ waters,
All sandalled and jewelled came Babylon’s daughters—

* See Genesis, xlix—9.

Their dark eyes were moistened by pitying sadness—
But her sons mocked our grief, which was swelling to
madness.

“Strike the harp, sing a song!” said the heathen—the
stranger—

We were captives, sore stricken, yet heedless of danger,
Our souls swelled with pride, as rich visions came o’er us,
And Zion, in fancy, rose towering before us!

“Oh never,” we cried, “till to Zion returning,”
The flame of affection within us still burning,
“Oh! never shall harp-strings be swept by our fingers,
Not a song from our lips where the foeman still lingers!”

“Jerusalem! through our sad tear-drops fast falling
The memory of all that thou wast still recalling,
Should our hearts for a moment from love of thee sever,
May these right hands forget all their cunning forever!”

“If we do not prefer thee, loved Zion, dear mother!
May our fast cleaving tongues speak no praise of another,
Ah vainly they threaten, we smile upon danger,
We never will chant Zion’s song for the stranger!”

Smithfield, Va., 1848.

THE WORKING MAN.

BY REV. R. W. BAILEY.

In the progress of society, and in a country like ours, there is one subject which deserves to be more fully presented and better understood. It is *THE WORKING MAN—his proper relative position in society—his responsibilities and duties.*

By the working man, I mean one whose profession is fulfilled by physical labor, whose hard hand and lusty sinews show him of that race who were appointed to procure their bread by the sweat of their brow, and who fulfil his destiny; whose occupation is to till the ground for the means of life, or practise the arts.

There are other great subdivisions of society, but these are primordial. I am a working man, but not of this class. The physician, the lawyer, the divine, each may be devoted laboriously to his profession; the merchant, the factor, the clerk, magistrate, or legislator, each to his respective calling:—yet none of these, though all may be men of hard work, are of the class here contemplated.

Most of the other occupations of life are factitious, incidental, contingent. The Farmer and Mechanic are provided for and appointed in nature, in the original constitution of society, interwoven with its elements and lying at its foundation. The natural position, therefore, of these professions is *first* in order, in dignity, in responsibility, in claims. When God created the earth, he placed man in it

with a charge to “till it and to keep it.” This appointment designates the first profession in the world—first in order; and suited to the wants, the constitution and happiness of man. Next in order, incidental and necessary to the successful cultivation of the soil, are the mechanic arts. As agriculture furnishes the necessary means of life, these contribute to its civilization, luxury and sources of happiness.

We do not undervalue the other professions when we say they may be more easily dispensed with. Even the minister of religion, should his office cease, leaves to us still our Great High Priest, who has, once for all, offered up Himself, a sacrifice for sin; and having made atonement, has passed into the heavens, where He ever liveth to make intercession for us. The minister of religion performs only a ministerial office, a service rendered by divine prescription. The word of life is left us, though he be removed, and we are taught to come directly and each one for himself, to the Priest, whose office is commensurate with the work of man’s redemption, and who alone can make effectual atonement for sin. This office, therefore, first in dignity and first in importance to the race as moral and immortal beings, may be merged in the office-work of Him, who has appointed it. Religion is a personal concern, and each must labor himself to obtain it.

The physician, too, exercises a secondary office. Were the healing art not made the business of a certain profession, it would become a subject of common study. If all felt the importance of guarding against the causes of disease, how much might be prevented! And if all by force of circumstances, were made their own physicians, how rapidly would the knowledge of therapeutics be acquired and extended!

The lawyer is an expounder of the law,—yet sometimes in his zeal for a bad cause, the perverter of law, and the subverter of justice. In a simpler form of society, men settle their disputes by methods more direct and less expensive, by the laws of equity as adjudged by common sense, and a reference to common men—than whom none are better qualified to constitute a court of equity. This position is exemplified in all trials by jury, which is ever considered, and must be, the best safe-guard to justice. Every man could plead his own cause, the strongest argument for which is the truth in evidence, and a jury of independent common sense men are the best judges.

Let me not be understood as proposing modifications in society in agreement with these suggestions. What may be practicable, may not be expedient—and the relative supremacy of one profession does not of course render the others useless. Without further qualification of what I have said, I may claim assent to the principles asserted. And what I have said of some professions in relation to the farmer and mechanic may, I believe, be

said of all others. The farmer and mechanic cannot be dispensed with. They are essential to the existence of the race in any form which elevates the condition of man above the barbarian and the savage.

Yet it is evident that *working men* in society have not the influence which naturally belongs to them; nor do they occupy that position to which they are entitled. Whiskered impudence and dandy affectation of the gentleman take the precedence. Upstarts, whose lily hands and bleached brows give evidence that they have never fulfilled the command of their Creator to work and to sweat for their bread, who have never provided for their own living, nor can earn a living for others, often take the reward,—in some important aspects, the highest reward in this life of human labor and effort,—the hands and hearts of the fair, while the hard-handed and whole-hearted, the laborious, economical, efficient farmer and mechanic are rejected and despised. We may attribute this, and sometimes rightly, to the false education of our daughters; but I am about to show that the cause lies deeper, and goes back to the education of the other sex.

There is nothing in man so much admired by discerning woman as *manliness*; the character which belongs to him, who has the power by nature to provide for, defend, and protect her. Man then commends himself to her approval, when he fulfils the proper destiny of man, and appears in his appropriate character. She may be amused by the dandy, who can hand her politely through the streets and pick her nosegays, slippered and shaven as from a handbox. But when she is looking to a settlement in life—for a protector who can, if need be, take her on his shoulder and ford the stream, or provide for her at home, the foot that is shod for the mud, the hand that is hardened by industry, the sinews that are strengthened by labor, will naturally come into a very different estimate. The man of business is the man of worth. Where this is not the case, the state of society itself is factitious and mothers are at fault.

Yet it is evident that in society, factitious as it is to a great extent, the working man has not the position which belongs to him. Why is it? *The answer is obvious.*

There must be something more in man than brute force to raise him to his proper position, and secure to him his proper influence in society. There must be intelligence and industry, which are, in their results, power and wealth.

"Knowledge," said Lord Bacon, "is power." "Time," said Franklin, "is money." These propositions, by two amongst the greatest men of our race, are full of wisdom, and embrace the concentrated instruction of volumes. These,—knowledge and industry,—the appropriate properties of man, must be added to his other qualities, to his upright

form, his capacities and capabilities, in order to his proper influence and command. Give a man knowledge, and you give him power. Give him industry, and you give him wealth, which again is power. These greatly advance if they do not perfect him in his power to influence and control others. No man without them, unless in a state of barbarism nearly related to the brute, has ever attained to great power, or held it long.

We may find then in each class of society the principal elements of its own elevation. If some have risen to unnatural heights, their knowledge and wealth have principally contributed to their false position. If other classes have been depressed and degraded below what belonged to them as men, their ignorance or poverty has done it.

Working men fail of their proper position in society for want of knowledge and industry to compete with other classes. Ignorance and poverty lead to vice. These, united, aid and exasperate each other and complete the degradation.

But is it necessarily so? The working man is not excluded from letters. So far from it—his occupations often require the use and practice of some of the highest principles in some of the most abstruse sciences. Geometry in many of its principles, is necessary to the carpenter; chemistry to every man who works in the metals, and in many of its principles, to the agriculturist—and the grand doctrines of natural or mechanical philosophy, to every mechanic whose trade occupies him with machinery.

Yet because the time and terms of ordinary apprenticeship in the mechanic arts do not allow him to study *at college* and acquire the *theory* separate from the *practice* of his profession, popular prejudice and popular practice sometimes consign the laboring man to ignorance. This is wrong. The best advantages for studying principles are had in the practice of them. The theory is best acquired in the practice. It is the true inductive method—natural, convincing, above all rendering the instructions permanent in the mind.

Such are the advantages enjoyed by the mechanic for acquiring knowledge,—at least in some of the trades. In all, the mind is left free to think. It is even aided by the animation and vigor imparted by exercise and free perspiration.

Study—a habit of thinking, although on a separate subject from the labor in hand, is in no way calculated—unless it degenerate into a form of absolute abstraction—to divert the mind from a proper attention to business. Indeed, to a limited extent, it certainly inspires the body to energy in labor.

That the hardest thinkers have been the hardest workers, is a fact which fully sustains this position. Let things take their proper course, and study be wedded, as is fit, to the mechanical trades, and parents who wish to educate their sons will bind them

as apprentices rather than consign them to indolence and vice in a fashionable course.

Is this mere theory? Then it is so only because men are false to themselves. Every mechanic and every working man has time to be a literary man; and if he possess but an ordinary capacity, with suitable application and mental discipline, he will become intelligent if not learned. A very few details will easily show this.

Let any farmer's boy, who can read and spell, and who has arrived at years of discretion, take in hand the small volume by Blake on the Physiology of Botany, and he will in a single year become acquainted with the whole subject; with the nature, analysis and habits of plants; their manner of growth; their diseases with the means of prevention and cure; the composition, improvement and adaptation of soils; temperature and light; rotation of crops; the best manner of cultivation and improvement of plants; with the whole system of classification, nomenclature and analysis. Let him the next spring take Mrs. Lincoln's Manual of Botany, and enter on the analysis of flowers, and he becomes a Botanist.

Let the apprentice to any trade that is employed in working metals, take a small volume called Jones' Conversations on Chemistry, and read successively twenty pages a day; and the whole volume, containing a pretty complete system of Chemistry, will be read in fifteen days. Then let him take the list of simple substances, with their subdivisions, and while at his regular work, he will require but two or three days to commit them familiarly to memory. Let him then turn his attention to the imponderable agents, light, heat and electricity, with which he is practically conversant every day, and in a few weeks he learns almost every thing that is known of them by philosophers, illustrated by experiments, which fall under his daily observation. He may proceed successively to the metals, earths, alkalies, gases, chemical affinity, salts, crystallography, and the application of steam power to machinery—and not to say that a few months spent in this employment of his leisure hours, will greatly enlarge his range of thought and happiness, we say confidently that in another year he is a chemist.

Let the carpenter's apprentice take Jones' Conversations on Natural Philosophy; and while he shoves the plane one day, he may learn the names and definitions of the general properties of matter. In the successive chapters of this small manual, as he goes to his work, let him take up the mechanical powers, and the laws of motion with their application to machinery and to the planetary system, and he will soon be a scientific mechanic. A few weeks more will suffice to take him through Pneumatics, Hydrostatics and Optics, and he is able to dispute with philosophers.

In the same way, each of these may become ac-

quainted with each of the sciences named, and all of them with every other branch of learning—and what may be done by these, may be done by any other and every other master and apprentice in every trade and in every branch of business. I do not say that they will then know as much as the masters and professors of these several sciences, but they will know something worth having;—they will discipline their minds in the process of acquisitions, and make experiments and discoveries often in their respective occupations. A knowledge of about eight or nine minerals will soon enable an inquisitive mind to learn all the combinations in the science of mineralogy. Geology is acquired with the same ease; and a comprehensive geographic survey of the earth's surface is the work of but a glance of the eye. The nations in their respective ranks are soon marshalled in order and assigned to their relative locations; their manners, habits and character, arising to a great extent from climate, soil and natural relations, are educed from those relations with almost strict accuracy, without personal observation. Political government, statistical details, and more minute facts, are successively added to the enumeration, and the common day laborer becomes a geographer.

Elihu Burritt carried his Greek grammar in his hat when a blacksmith's apprentice. He now and then stole a glance at its contents before the iron was hot, and while he swung the sledge with his sinewy arms, he revolved the idea in his mind until it was welded upon his memory like steel upon steel. Any blacksmith's boy may do the same until he learns Greek and Latin, and like Burritt, fifty languages besides. Whatever may be done by a blacksmith in this way, can be done also by a shoemaker, a saddler, a jeweller, a button-maker, a wagoner on the road, a day laborer, or any other man of common sense in any avocation of life.

The separation of literary and scientific pursuits from manual labor is unnatural, and the popular sentiment that has sanctioned it is fraught with the greatest evils to intellectual advancement. The mind is as free to act on any subject of science in a blacksmith, as in a closeted student. If not as advantageously placed for abstract investigations, it is under greater facilities for vigorous effort. Physical health conduces greatly, if it be not necessary, to energy and efficiency in mental action. The "*mens sana in corpore sano*" can be expected only where regular labor, daily labor, secures the *corpus sanum* by the systematic use of nature's sanative *hard work*. The physical ills that flesh is heir to, can be prevented only by this appliance against man's universal disposition to laziness.

So far then from the doctrine that labor unfits a man for study, the union of labor and study is natural, and those only should be classed among the ignorant who are not obliged to work. I do not

mean to say that there may not be literary men by profession, who are under no necessity of devoting themselves to manual labor, whose attention to the duties of several learned professions creates a sort of necessity that they should be closeted students. Yet while certain professions may demand this exclusive devotion of time and talent, I say, the laborer possesses great advantages for vigorous mental action, and he should be a student as well as a workman in his trade or art.

Called by business into the shop of an engraver in New York, I found the artist with his apprentices earnestly occupied each at his plate, while one in the centre was reading aloud from a useful book. He told me this was his daily practice, and he found it beneficial in all respects. The practice of many mechanic arts will admit of the same plan of improvement. Moreover, all have their evenings, which must be spent somewhere and in something. Let them be diligently employed in gathering intellectual treasure, and the industrious mechanic will soon outstrip the slothful student in mental acquisition.

The efforts at improvement now suggested will require some resolution, labor and perseverance. But these are requisites for success in every thing. With them, any man of common capacity may be intellectual and learned. Let it be tried. Let one year of assiduous application be pursued on the plan proposed, and the result of the experiment will astonish the most sceptical. "*Nulla dies sine linea*"—let no day pass without one line at least—and the year will present an aggregate of acquisition worthy of record.

I have said that time is money. It is so when industriously employed. This money is power in the hands of the possessor. It is certainly true, that a state of independence is secured with more certainty, and more generally by farmers and mechanics, than by any other class of men. If speculators, who often lose all, do sometimes secure great fortunes, the patient and industrious mechanic, in all cases, has the moral certainty of that which is much better—a competency—all he can enjoy, an independence which raises him above want, while he occupies a place below envy. He has the prayer of Agur—"neither poverty nor riches"—the golden mean—the temperate zone of social life exempt from burning heat and frigid cold of the extremes on either side. The hard-working man, therefore, who is studious and industrious, arrives with all moral certainty at the two great sources and means of power—knowledge and wealth. Franklin practised on these principles, and he rose from a poor printer's boy to be one of the most learned, and personally, one of the most powerful of men. The natural occupations of men are the safest both to pecuniary profits and to morals. Of all who engage in this country in mercantile profits, it is estimated that seven-eighths at least are unsuc-

cessful. Statements entitled to confidence have shown that a like proportion of young men, who engage as clerks in some of our large cities, make shipwreck of their moral characters. If this estimate should seem to exaggerate the truth,—yet none will deny that facts would show a fearful approximation to such a result. This is enough to prove that the employments of agriculture and the mechanic arts serve to secure that quietude and mental calmness favorable to successful effort.

It is the wise saying of a wise man, that "the objection to *gaming* is that it circulates money without any intermediate labor or industry." This brings to view a comprehensive principle. Generally, the same objection obtains to the gaming, or circulation of money in any other way, without intermediate labor or industry. Speculation may be successful; but the money acquired not being the result of labor, will be less valuable either to the possessor or the public. And whenever by fraud, or even by bargain, money is wrung from the necessities of another without a proper equivalent, the moral sense of the oppressing party receives a shock, and he loses with himself more in character than he gains in capital. Labor without profit is often better than profit without labor. Labor is suited to the moral as well as the physical constitution of man: it is necessary to his moral as well as to his physical health. Without it, he will either be a savage despising accumulation, or a sucker on the vitals of society, fattening on the life-blood of others, and dull with plethora, while the victims of his sordid gluttony are fainting with famine.

That man is wise, and regards the physical constitution of his nature, who earns his own bread by his own labor,—personal, if not manual labor. He is unwise and disregards all experience and all history, who trains his sons to rely on the results of his labors or estate, which may be soon squandered in the practice of idle and expensive habits, and leave them doubly poor by contrast and a false education. Revelation in God's word accords with revelation in his works. Both appoint and require that man shall procure his bread by the sweat of his brow. The man who contradicts either fights against God, and finds his proper punishment promptly rendered. Lassitude, ennui, and insanity, or dissipation follow in rapid succession.

We think, naturally and of necessity. It is surprising how much may be acquired by directing this thought to some concentrated, consecutive course of investigation. If we attempt *one thing* at a time, and *always something*, by single steps we pass over distances and surmount difficulties which might well frighten bold men in the aggregate. The fable of the snail that outstripped the hare is full of sound instruction. It is not by fitful leaps, but by steady, persevering labor that men are commonly made great either in wealth or intellect. The mechanic that is always in his shop

will be easily found by those who are seeking his services. If he is always at work, he will be enabled to do much, to be punctual, to fulfil his promises, if they are judiciously made. Punctual labor will make punctual customers, and this man will grow rich, and in due time, when age requires rest, he will be able to be at leisure, leaving his business to others, while those of his age who were at leisure while he was busy, will be struggling still even under the infirmities of age for their daily bread.

A great mistake often made and fraught with the worst consequences is, that labor is discreditable to a gentleman. Nature says—there can truly be no gentleman without it. It is necessary to the existence—certainly to the perfection of the race in their proper relations here. It is necessary to wealth, comfort and happiness. It is the appointment of God himself. God made man a laborer. In every good sense of the term, which connects him with the interest of his race and the proper destiny of man; He made the laborer a gentleman and the gentleman a laborer. It has been said the devil made the gentleman, and this very vulgar expression is certainly graphic in truth whenever any man is tempted to believe that it is discreditable to work for a living, and that a gentleman is made by idleness. The term properly expresses a *character*, not a *form* or profession. *He* is a *true gentleman*, whose heart dictates a propriety of conduct in all the relations of life, and whose outward acts are the comely expressions of correct principles.

Our day is distinguished for expedients to improve and advance the human race. This is well. The effort is a noble one—worthy of *man*; and that is saying enough. But, like the efforts of the day on all other subjects, there is a strong tendency to fanaticism in the labors of those who seek human perfectability by ordinary agencies and factitious schemes. Here, too, men seek for the philosopher's stone, some catholicon, a panacea which is to work miracles, some high-pressure expedient for making gentlemen without labor, and securing the avails of labor without industry. After men are starved into the truth, they will find that nature cannot be well forced to make gentlemen. They must come in the regular way. As well might the doll-maker attempt to compete with nature. He may make a pretty thing. But he produces no living, breathing, thinking, useful being. So fashion may make a gentleman out of any dandy that walks on two feet instead of four—but it is a thing only fit to show in the windows of a toy shop, and had much better he left there for fools to gaze at, than be put into the hands of a young lady. We confer a real benefit, do something effectually to elevate the race, and make advances to the only real philosopher's stone which turns every thing it touches into gold, whenever we do any thing to render

labor creditable to the man who engages in it. This we do, when the laborer is made a scholar and secures to himself the influence and respect which knowledge commands for the man who has it. This we do, too, when the laborer is cheered on to perseverance in his efforts and attains to the wealth which is the proper result of industry.

Such men have been honored, are honored, must be honored, wherever they are found. Knowledge is power. The man who has it, other things being equal, will exert a controlling influence. He triumphs over matter. He controls the masses of men—their minds as well as their physical force. This it is which gives the great superiority to some men over others. They are sought out, and will occupy the high places of society. When these powers are directed to the melioration of human woes, those who possess and exert them become, and are called, benefactors. Their names are inscribed on the catalogue of honored and honorable men. They do their part, and do much to render labor reputable. Let the mass of working men then do their duty, and things will find their proper level. The order of nature will be restored in the estimate men place on the different professions and occupations of life. Among the nobility of nature, the farmer will hold the pre-eminence, first among equals. The mechanic next—and we shall all come in, not far behind, indeed, but yet behind in our respective professions, forming concentric circles: the one great human family around the *soil*, whence we came, and from which we derive our subsistence while we live, and to which we are destined to return and repose in death.

THE GOLDEN-RING.

From the German of Bettine Brentano's.

WUNDERHORN.

I mow by the Necker,
And mow by the Rhine:
I have a heart's treasure,
Yet lonely repine.

What helps me the grass, if
The scythe's edge be worn?
What helps me a treasure,
If from me he's gone?

But since I must reap
By the Necker and Rhine,
I'll throw to the waters
This gold-ring of mine.

It rolls down the Necker,
It rolls down the Rhine;
It shall swim on there under
And sink in the brine.

But a fish, as it swimmeth,
Has swallowed the ring,
They serve up the fish
At the board of the king.

Spoke out the king thereat ;
—Whose ring shall this be ?
Then out spoke my Treasure ;
—The ring is for me.

My heart's dearest riding
Both up hill and down,
Quick brought my ring back from
The court and the town.

Thou may'st reap, (he said,) darling,
By Necker or Rhine,
But throw not henceforward
Thy ring in the brine.

J. M. LEGARE.

South Carolina.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.*

It requires but a cursory observation of the past history and existing condition of mankind to become sensible of the widely extended prevalence, in this our world, of a principle of *evil*—which, call it by what name you will—account for its origin as you may—limit if you please its dominion and establish the impossibility of its ultimate triumph, by considerations drawn from the most infallible oracles of truth,—exerts, nevertheless, and has ever exerted a potent, not to say a paramount influence over the happiness of our race. How to counteract this influence and to substitute in its place the general, if not universal prevalence of truth,—how to circumscribe within the narrowest boundaries the operation of the vicious propensities of our nature, and correspondingly to expand the sphere of the nobler and purer affections—these are problems which in every age, and in none, perhaps, more than in the present, have tasked the intellects of the wisest and best of mankind. Ascend the stream of history to its very source, and amid the darkness of primeval ignorance, we shall still recognize the presence, and to some extent, the influence of “preachers of righteousness”—vindicators of integrity, expounders of wisdom,—blameless in their lives, uncontaminated by surrounding corruption, fearless and triumphant in their deaths. Trace the complicated current of human

events, through all its meanderings, in every age of the world ; in every clime, under every diversity of circumstance, and no period can be found in which, under whatever disadvantages, and in conflict with whatever formidable obstacles, unappalled and incorruptible witnesses to the supremacy of man's moral nature, have not stood forth. Beyond and above all, the *Derry* himself has spoken through the medium of revelation : and the “great central truths” of humanity—the dictates of duty—the obligations and responsibilities of man—and his destiny in time and eternity—have been proclaimed “in letters of living light” by Him who “spake as never man spake,” and who vindicated his authority as a Messenger from Heaven, by the clearest testimonies of power. Eighteen centuries and a half have rolled onwards : that religion which Jesus taught has found its way to the highest seats of human civilization, and *professedly* lies at the foundation of every enlightened government : its rewards and penalties—its doctrines and requisitions, have diffused themselves far and wide over the entire surface of society ; and yet the worst depravity prevails. Injustice stalks abroad in the noon-day sun of Christianity. Man oppresses his brother man : deprives him by force or by fraud of his most valued rights : crosses his path at every turn : violates the sanctuary of his home : blasts his reputation : crushes the fairest flowers of hope and affection which sprung up around his path—and systematically prepares pit-falls for his destruction, even while professing for him the highest regard. War consumes its thousands, and the unrestrained indulgence of human passion, in channels unsanctioned even by public opinion, its tens of thousands. Want and wretchedness abound ; while millions are expended in the establishment and support of armies, the administration of civil and criminal tribunals, and the maintenance of institutions rendered necessary solely by the prevalence of ignorance and vice.

While, however, indulging in this melancholy retrospect of the past—this gloomy survey of the present—we are by no means at liberty to infer that no progress has been made in substantial wisdom and virtue during the ages which have elapsed since the commencement of the historical era. On the other hand, it is manifest that a very considerable advancement *has* taken place in the *general standard* of intelligence and moral worth : and that while individual instances of mental and moral superiority in the earliest periods of humanity have not been surpassed in later times, there has obviously been a gradual *diffusion* of the elements of true greatness and happiness throughout the intervening period, so that at the present day knowledge of every description, is far more general, and a high moral culture far more frequently attained than in any preceding age. Those impatient spirits who, taking counsel from the clearness of their own

* Eleventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. Boston : 1848.

The Radix : or Virginia Public School Advocate. By S. A. Jewett. Richmond : 1848.

Southern Journal of Education. Knoxville and Richmond : 1848.

conceptions of truth, and of the vast capabilities of the race, are unable to repress their wonder that sixty centuries of progress under the guidance of teachers sent from Heaven, have scarcely imbued mankind with the elementary principles of sound wisdom, will do well to advert, in their turn, to the open volume of nature and providence; and from a consideration of those immense periods of past time which modern science is but beginning to develop in the annals of the physical universe, confirm the instructive lesson that with God "a thousand years are but as one day"—and that, in comparison with eternity, no lapse of time measured by our material standards, can enter as an element into the estimate of human progress. "In the vast heavens," says Prof. Nichols, "as well as among phenomena around us, all things are in a state of change and progress. There too, on the sky, in splendid hieroglyphics, the truth is inscribed, that the grandest forms of present being, are only *germs*, swelling and bursting with a life to come. And if the universal fabric is thus fixed and constituted, can we imagine that aught which it contains is unupheld by the same preserving law—that annihilation is a possibility, real or virtual—the stoppage of the career of any advancing being, while hospitable infinitude remains? What, indeed, is the numerical value of the few thousand years during which man and all his works have found their place on this earth of ours, when compared with the myriads, not of years and centuries merely, but of ages, with which modern astronomical and geological researches have rendered us familiar? In reference to periods such as these, the collective annals of humanity dwindle to the merest point. "Fifty lives succeeding each other, and of a length to which individuals often attain, would reach backwards beyond the recorded commencement of the race;" but who shall undertake to limit, even in imagination, the continuance of its generations, or to fix the precise place, in the order of Providence, which it now occupies, or may at any preceding period have fulfilled in the great scheme of things?

There is another consideration intimately connected with this view of the subject, and which may reasonably justify our most confident anticipations with reference to the future. Nearly all those great discoveries and inventions which have given such an impulse to our modern civilization, and in many important respects essentially modified our entire mental and moral philosophy, are due to the last three centuries; and if we go no farther back than the middle of the eighteenth, or even the commencement of the nineteenth century, we shall find ample evidence that the progress of improvement has increased in a rapidly accumulating ratio, within the brief compass of comparatively a very few years. Indeed, it would be far from presumptuous to assert that the progress actually attained, in the civilized nations of Europe and America,

within the half century now about to close, immeasurably exceeds that of the entire period which preceded it; and that so durably have the strong foundations of the intellectual fabric been laid, and so rich and abundant are the materials already collected for the superstructure, a vigorous exertion of the will alone is required to enable even the present generation to erect for themselves "*monumentum ære perennius*"—a monument of enduring grandeur. This may be done by the practical realization of a few simple, but pregnant principles, and the sacrifice upon the altar of the common good of a few inveterate and hurtful prejudices, the slow growth of centuries of ignorance and error. Place Christianity in its primal simplicity on the throne which legitimately belongs to it—let individuals in every walk of life—let communities and nations faithfully carry out the injunction of the law of love as inscribed upon the records of our common faith and written upon the heart of every responsible being—let liberal provision be made in every community, for the early and systematic education of every child—let our institutions of government be so modelled as to give effect to the wishes of an intelligent constituency, and so administered as to secure to all the unrestricted enjoyment of those means of prosperity which a bounteous Providence confers—let these simple principles but pervade the minds of the representatives of our modern civilization, and he who distrusts the certain consequences, in the complete renovation of humanity, must impugn the clearest principles of enlightened reason and doubt the uniform results of God's Providence as taught in His word and manifested in the whole order of human events.

To expect, however, such a state of things, in the existing condition of the world: to suppose that the complicated interests which are interwoven in the institutions and laws of the present time can, by any process, be at once dissevered and engrafted upon a new, even though a more thrifty stock—would be Utopian in the extreme. No such supposition is indulged: the idea is both impracticable and absurd. The reformation of society is not the task of a single day, or a single year: scarcely even of a single generation under the happiest auspices. Its foundation may, however, be laid, and its ultimate completion ensured, beyond the contingency of fortune, by the co-operation of the highest minds of the existing generation in an ENLIGHTENED AND COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF POPULAR EDUCATION. It admits of no dispute—the proposition has been established by the highest testimony, and is, indeed, susceptible of the clearest demonstration—that *it is* within the legitimate province of the government of every civilized State, to make such provision for the education of all its citizens, as shall secure to each the full development and the right direction of the faculties of our common humanity—as shall enable each to fulfil

intelligently every duty of life—to shun its vices and snares—to circumscribe within the smallest possible compass its inevitable ills, physical and moral, and to transmit to coming generations, the fairest inheritance of virtuous dispositions, frugal habits, unsullied integrity, and noble aspirations, which the tide of time has yet wafted upon the expanded shores of Christian civilization.

The *practicability* of such a result has been placed in strong relief by the last Annual Report of the able Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, the Hon. Horace Mann, at present the Representative in Congress from the eighth Congressional district of that State, and the successor of John Quincy Adams. Having addressed a circular to the most experienced teachers, residing in several States of the Union, and in different localities, east, west, north and south, with the view of eliciting reliable information on this interesting point, he puts the inquiry, What percentage, or proportion in every hundred pupils, if placed under their tuition, or, that of the ablest and best teachers which can be procured, for a period of twelve years, between the ages of four and sixteen for ten months of each year, during the ordinary school hours, can be so trained as to become “useful and exemplary men, honest dealers, conscientious jurors, true witnesses, incorruptible voters or magistrates, good parents, good neighbors, good members of society ? In other words, with our present knowledge of the art and science of education, and with such new fruit of experience as time may be expected to bear, what proportion or percentage of all children must be pronounced irreclaimable and irredeemable, notwithstanding the most vigorous educational efforts which in the present state of society can be put forth in their behalf ; what proportion or percentage must become drunkards, profane swearers, detractors, vagabonds, rioters, cheats, thieves, aggressors upon the rights of property, of persons, of reputation or of life ; or, in a single phrase, must be guilty of such omissions of right, and commissions of wrong, that it would have been better for the community had they never been born ?” To these inquiries, the persons addressed without concert with each other, concur substantially in opinion that *from ninety-five to ninety-nine in every hundred* of the children thus educated may be rendered virtuous and intelligent men and women ; and this too of the *first generation* submitted to the experiment.

The venerable Dr. John H. Griscom, of New Jersey, a man of irreproachable integrity, and of the utmost weight of character, after an experience of *more than forty years* as a teacher, and after having had thousands of children under his care, says :

“My belief is that, under the condition mentioned in the question, not more than two per cent. [of the first generation submitted to the experiment,]

would be irreclaimable nuisances to society, and that *ninety-five per cent.* would be supporters of the moral welfare of the community.

“With teachers properly trained in Normal Schools, and with such a popular disposition towards schools as wise legislation might effect, nineteen-twentieths of the immoralities which afflict society might, I verily believe, be kept under hatches, or eradicated from the soil of our social institutions.”

“——— I believe there would not be more than *one-half of one per cent.* of the children educated, on whom a wise judge would be ‘compelled to pronounce the doom of hopelessness and irreclaimability.’ ”

Mr. PAGE, the late distinguished Principal of the New York State Normal School, whose lamented death, in the midst of his usefulness and the meridian of his fame, recently occurred, says :

“Could I be connected with a school furnished with all the appliances you name ; where all the children should be constant attendants upon my instruction for a succession of years ; where all my fellow teachers should be such as you suppose, and where all the favorable influences described in your circular should surround me and cheer me, even with my moderate abilities as a teacher, I should scarcely expect, *after the first generation of children submitted to the experiment*, to fail, in a *single case*, to secure the results you have named.”

“I should not forgive myself, nor think myself longer fit to be a teacher, if, with all the aids and influences you have supposed, I should fail, in *one case in a hundred*, to rear up children who, when they should become men, would be ‘honest dealers, conscientious jurors, true witnesses, incorruptible voters or magistrates, good parents, good neighbors, good members of society ;’ or, as you express it in another place, who would be ‘temperate, industrious, frugal, conscientious in all their dealings, prompt to pity and instruct ignorance, instead of ridiculing it and taking advantage of it, public-spirited, philanthropic, and observers of all things sacred ;’ and, negatively, who would *not be* ‘drunkards, profane swearers, detractors, vagabonds, rioters, cheats, thieves, aggressors upon the rights of property, of persons, of reputation or of life, or guilty of such omissions of right and commissions of wrong that it would be better for the community had they never been born.’ ”

Mr. SOLOMON ADAMS, of Boston, a gentleman who has been engaged in the profession of teaching for nearly a quarter of a century, and during that time has had under his charge nearly two thousand youth of both sexes, says :

“Permit me to say that, in very many cases, after laboring long with individuals almost against hope, and sometimes in a manner too which I can now see was not always wise, I *have never had a case* which has not resulted in some good degree

according to my wishes. The many kind and voluntary testimonials given, years afterwards, by persons who remembered that they were once my wayward pupils, are among the pleasantest and most cheering incidents of my life. So uniform have been the results, when I have had a fair trial and time enough, that I have unhesitatingly adopted the motto, *Never despair*. Parents and teachers are apt to look for too speedy results from the labors of the latter. The moral nature, like the intellectual and physical, is long and slow in reaching the full maturity of its strength. I was told, a few years since, by a gentleman who knew the history of nearly all my pupils for the first five years of my labor, *that not one of them had ever brought reproach upon himself, or mortification upon friends, by a bad life*. I cannot now look over the whole list of my pupils, and find *one*, who had been with me long enough to receive a decided impression, whose life is not honorable and useful. I find them in all the learned professions, and in the various mechanical arts. I find my female pupils scattered as teachers through half the States of the Union, and as the wives and assistants of Christian missionaries, in every quarter of the globe.

"So far, therefore, as my own experience goes, so far as my knowledge of the experience of others extends, so far as the statistics of crime throw any light on the subject, *I should confidently expect that ninety-nine in a hundred, and I think even more*, with such means of education as you have supposed, and with such divine favor as we are authorized to expect, would become good members of society, the supporters of order, and law, and truth, and justice, and all righteousness."

The Rev. JACOB ABBOTT, of New York, a teacher of great celebrity, experience and skill, and whose well-earned reputation has extended itself over both hemispheres, says:

"If all our schools were under the charge of teachers possessing what I regard as the right intellectual and moral qualifications, and if all the children of the community were brought under the influence of these schools for ten months in the year, I think that the work for training up *the whole community* to intelligence and virtue would soon be accomplished, as completely as any human end can be obtained by human means."

"If all the children of this land were under the charge of such teachers, for six hours in the day, and ten months in the year, and were to continue under these influences for the usual period of instruction in schools, I do not see why the result would not be that, in two generations, substantially *the whole population* would be trained up to virtue,—to habits of integrity, fidelity in duty, justice, temperance, and mutual good-will. It seems to me this effect would take place in all cases, except where extremely unfavorable influences out of

school should counteract it,—which I think would hardly be the case, except in some districts in the more populous cities."

Mr. F. A. ADAMS, of New Jersey, says:

"I do not hesitate to express the conviction that there is no agency which society can exert, through the government, capable of exerting so great a moral influence for the rising generation as the steady training of the young in the best schools."

"In reply to the specific inquiry, in your circular, what proportion of our youth would probably, under the advantages of schooling pre-supposed in the circular, fail of fulfilling honorably their social and moral obligations in society, I would say that, in the course of my experience, for ten years, in teaching between three hundred, and four hundred children, mostly boys, I have been acquainted with not more than two pupils in regard to whom I should not feel a cheerful and strong confidence in the success of the proposed experiment. In regard to these two cases, I should not despair," &c.

Mr. E. A. ANDREWS, of Connecticut, after an experience of more than half a century, in both city and country schools, fully concurs in these views, and expresses the strongest anxiety for the adoption of such measures, on the part of the community, as shall lead to their realization. He observes:

"It cannot be that the millions of intelligent men, found in this and in other Christian countries, can much longer permit their feelings to be enlisted, and the resources of the communities to which they belong to be employed, in promoting objects of far inferior value; while the advantages of a good system of general education are, in so great a degree, overlooked. If, as I fully believe, it is in the power of the people of any State, by means so simple as your question supposes, and so completely in their own power as these obviously are, so to change the whole face of society in a single generation that scarcely one or two per cent. of really incorrigible members shall be found in it, it cannot be that so great a good will continue to be neglected, and the means for its attainment unemployed."

Mr. ROGER S. HOWARD, of Vermont, after fifteen years experience as a teacher, says:

"Judging from what I have seen, and do know, if the conditions you have mentioned were strictly complied with;—if the attendance of the scholars could be as universal, constant and long-continued as you have stated, if the teachers were men of those high intellectual and moral qualities,—apt to teach and devoted to their work, and favored with that blessing which the Word and Providence of God teach us always to expect on our honest, earnest and well-directed efforts in so good a cause,—on these conditions, and under these circumstances, I do not hesitate to express the opinion that the failures, need not be,—would not be,—one per cent. Else, what is the meaning of that explicit

declaration of the Bible, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it'?"

MISS CATHERINE E. BEECHER, a lady of the highest order of talents, who has been engaged with signal success and usefulness for the last fifteen years as a teacher in Connecticut and Ohio, whose pupils have come from every State in the Union, and who has had charge at different periods of not less than one thousand teachers, after adverting to the conditions proposed in the inquiry, and the nature of the education which should be conferred, says:

"With these preliminaries, which I hope will be carefully pondered, and borne in mind as indispensable, I will now suppose that it could be so arranged that, in a given place, containing from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants, in any part of our country where I ever resided, *all* the children at the age of four shall be placed, six hours a day, for twelve years, under the care of teachers having the same views that I have, and having received that course of training for their office that any state in this Union can secure to the teachers of its children. Let it be so arranged that all these children shall remain till sixteen under these teachers, and also that they shall spend their lives in this city, and I have no hesitation in saying,—I do not believe that *one*, no, *not a single one*, would fail of proving a respectable and prosperous member of society; nay, more; I believe every one would, at the close of life, find admission into the world of endless peace and love. I say this solemnly, deliberately, and with the full belief that I am upheld by such imperfect experimental trials as I have made, or seen made by others; but, more than this, that I am sustained by the authority of Heaven, which sets forth this grand palladium, of education,—*'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'*

"This sacred maxim surely presents the Divine *imprimatur* to the doctrine, that *all* children can be trained up in the way they should go, and that, when so trained, they will not depart from it. Nor does it imply that education *alone* will secure eternal life, without supernatural assistance; but it points to the true method of securing this indispensable aid.

"In this view of the case, I can command no language strong enough to express my infinite longings that my countrymen, who, as legislators, have the control of the institutions, the laws, and the wealth, of our *physically* prosperous nation, should be brought to see that they now have in their hands the power of securing to every child in the coming generation a life of virtue and usefulness here, and an eternity of perfected bliss hereafter. How then can I express, or imagine, the awful responsibility which rests upon them, and which hereafter they must bear before the great Judge of nations, if they

suffer the present state of things to go on, bearing, as it does, thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of helpless children, in our country, to hopeless and irretrievable ruin!"

It would indeed be difficult to add any thing to the force of this eloquent and searching appeal, or to enhance the weight of the testimony here adduced in demonstration of the power and efficacy of sound, well conducted, well sustained elementary education. We would gladly follow Mr. Mann in his clear and concise exposition of the perfect *practicability* of such a system as is here indicated, without demanding any unreasonable or burdensome sacrifice at the hands of the community. But our limits will not permit—at least on the present occasion—and we must confine ourselves to one more extract from the conclusion of this admirable report, and leave the subject to the earnest consideration and reflection of our readers:

"In concluding this Report, I shall not attempt to heighten the effect of the evidence and the argument which have been submitted, by any effort to describe the blessedness of that state of society, which the universal application of this reformatory agency would usher in. Such an endeavor would be vain. He who would do this must first behold the scenes, and be thrilled by the joys, he would delineate; he must borrow the language of the Paradise he would describe. And, more than this; he must be able to depict the depth and fierceness of the pains which have been inflicted, by the crimes of mankind, not only upon the guilty perpetrators themselves, but upon the innocent circles of their families and friends;—the terrors of the conscience-stricken malefactor; the sorrow and shame of children bemoaning a parent's guilt; the madness of the mother at the ruin of her child; the agony which brings down a father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; the pangs of fraternal and sisterly affection, to which a stain upon a brother's or a sister's name is a dark spot upon the sun of life, which spreads and deepens until it eclipses all the light of existence;—all the varied cries of this mingled wail of distress, which have been heard in all lands and at all times, from the death of Abel to the present hour,—all these, *he* must have power to describe who would describe the blessedness of a deliverance from them.

"There is one consideration, however, which I cannot forbear to introduce, because it appeals alike to all those various, and oftentimes conflicting classes of men, who are endeavoring, in so many different ways, to ameliorate the condition of mankind. Will not a moment's reflection convince them all, that, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, Education encompasses, pervades, and overrules all their efforts; grants them whatever triumphs they may achieve, and sets bounds to their successes which they cannot overpass? Why does the advocate of Temperance, every time he returns

upon his circuit of beneficence, find his way again blocked up with the prostrate victims of inebriation? Why so long, in both hemispheres, have the divinest appeals of the advocate of Peace been drowned by the din of mustering squadrons and the clarion of war? Why do our Moral Reform societies and our Home Mission societies call annually for more money and laborers, wherewith to enter the ever-enlarging fields, as they open before them, of licentiousness and of irreligion? Why do those rich and powerful associations, formed for evangelizing the heathen world, see the very ships, which carry out the Gospel and its heralds, freighted also with idols made in Christian lands, for those heathens to buy, and to worship as true gods; and laden with a liquid poison, too, which sinks its victims to such a depth of debasement as to make common heathenism enviable? Why is it that the political parties into which our country is divided, persist, year after year, in solemnly and unceasingly charging each other with heinous and premeditated offences against the fundamental principles of our government and the highest welfare of the people?—charges which, if true, must brand the accused with infamy; if untrue, the accusers. So far as the members of any one of these various parties are lovers of truth, of righteousness, and of peace, let them be asked, what is the reason why they accomplish so little, and why so much ever remains to be done? and they will answer, and answer truly, that they do not fail through lack of reason or of authority, but because of blindness of mind or perversity of heart in those whom they address. The admonitions of history, the precepts of the Gospel, the attributes of Deity, are all on their side; but they are not heard, because they speak to adders' ears; they are not felt, because their words of fire fall upon stony hearts. It is not, therefore, better or more arguments that they need, but men capable of appreciating argument. Their eloquence is sufficiently electric and powerful, were it not for the flintiness of the hearts that glance off its lightnings. They want men whose intellects are not blind to the most radiant truths; whose consciences are not as the nether mill-stone; whose prejudices have not become fossilized. The merits of the divinest cause may be all cancelled by the demerits of the hearers; as the innocence of Christ was no better than guilt, at the unholy tribunal of Pilate.

"But, in universal education, 'every follower of God and friend of human kind' will find the only sure means of carrying forward that particular reform to which he is devoted. In whatever department of philanthropy he may be engaged, he will find that department to be only a segment of the great circle of beneficence, of which *Universal Education* is the centre and circumference; and that it is only when these segments are fitly joined together, that the wheel of Progress can move har-

moniously and resistlessly onward. Whether, therefore, he is struggling, on the one hand, to emancipate society from the thralldom of some particular enormity, which to him seems more flagitious than all the rest; or whether, on the other hand, he is striving to endue his age with some special virtue, in no way can he pursue his own peculiar aim, so directly and so speedily, as by preparing a generation of men, ninety-nine in every one hundred of whom—even of the first subjects submitted to the experiment—shall be trained 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God.' And however a portion of my fellow-mortals, or myself, may feel, in regard to the highest religious concerns of the soul, I trust there are none, who believe that such an education as is here contemplated would be an obstacle, and not an aid, to the reception of divine truth. I trust there are none who would not readily adopt the language of Mr. Page, in his letter above cited, where he says, 'I am fully of the opinion that *the right of expectation of a religious character* would be increased very much in proportion to the excellence of the training given, since God never ordains means which He does not intend to bless.'"

S. S. R.

Prospect Hill, Va., Sept. 1848.

LA MORGUE.*

In the great and noisy city,
By the waters of the Seine,
Where across her hundred bridges
Paris pours a living train;
Far beneath the gloomy shadow
Of high arches overhead,
Humid, dark, repulsive, sombre,
Stands the mansion for the dead!

Onward rolls the sparkling water,
Gaily as if Father Time
Ne'er had seen it red with slaughter,
In the Carnival of crime,—
Onward by a stately palace,
And by gardens fair and green,
Where, of old, the jewelled chalice
Met the kisses of a Queen:

When the bright though transient moments,
Bubbles bursting as they rise,—
Still went by, a magic circle
Of recurring fantasies:
And o'er all there sat in splendor
She whose beauty from afar
Flashed above the faint horizon,
Like the joyous morning star!†

* The Dead House of Paris. See Galignani's Guide.

† Burke's description of the Dauphiness.

But there is a massive prison
 Built upon the river-side,
 From whose vaults have vainly risen
 Lamentations to the tide :
 And within its dusky portals,
 Passed this yet heroic Queen,
 To retrace her footsteps never
 Till she seeks the guillotine !

Seine ! in all thy tortuous courses,
 From the purple vine-clad steep,
 Down by Rouen's grim cathedral,
 To the billows of the deep,
 Never has thy face reflected
 Aught so terrible to see,
 As the sullen architecture
 Of the Conciergerie !

Dark La Morgue hath had its tenants,
 When in panoply arrayed,
 Death unfurled his horrid pennants
 O'er each bloody barricade :
 There to-day a corse is carried,
 Slowly through the moving crowd,
 By the world all unregarded,
 Wrapped in neither sheet nor shroud !

As the light reveals the features
 To some idler of the throng,
 Soft he says a pater-noster,
 Moves with rapid step along,—
 While above the wasted body
 Bends a weeping child to trace
 But the perishing resemblance
 To an aged father's face.

When Apollo's steeds are driven
 Frantic through the eastern sky,
 Here affection's tears are given,
 O'er a form too fair to die,
 Fondly still the mourner lingers,
 When the sun at even calm
 Falls aslant upon the turrets
 Of majestic Notre Dame !

'Tis perhaps some youthful maiden
 From thy sunny banks, Garonne !
 With a thousand graces laden,
 Who no thought of care has known,
 And her life's brief, gentle morning—
 Ever from its earliest ray
 Home's sequestered paths adorning—
 Kindled into perfect day.

Oft when rung the solemn vesper
 Out upon the drowsy air,
 She had walked in meek devotion
 To repeat her simple prayer ;
 And with tearful sadness kneeling,
 In the chapel hushed and dim,
 Upward had her glance ascended
 To the radiant seraphim !

Now she lies in stony silence,
 Stretched upon the brazen bier ;
 Of her kindred, none to offer
 E'en the tribute of a tear,

With no semblance of expression
 On her cold and pallid lips,
 And those eyes that beamed so brightly
 Quenched in lustreless eclipse.

Such as this the daily lessons
 That to man La Morgue would teach,
 Yet they pass as little pondered
 As the eloquence of speech :
 Loud the din of wordly pleasure,
 While around us flashing flies
 Life, with its delusive phantoms
 And its empty pageantries !

Σ.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

NO. V.

ALLITERATION.

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene.
 Fields ever fresh and groves forever green.

In love success is most easily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches.—*The Rambler.*

Some one has made the following singular remark :—"If I were engaged to the prettiest woman in the world, I would break off the match if she kept an album."

Sir William Draper claimed to be descended from Pepin, the French king, and traced the pedigree thus : Pepin, Pipkin, Napkin, Diaper, Draper.

Thou honeysuckle of the hathorne hedge,
 Vouchsafe in Cupid's cup my heart to pledge,
 My heart's dear bloud, sweet Cis, is thy carouse,
 With all the ale in Gammer Gubbins' house.
 I say no more—affairs call me away,
 My father's horse for provender doth stay,
 Be thou the Lady Cresset-light to me,
 Sir Trolly Lolly will I be to thee ;
 Written in haste—farewell my cowslip sweet,
 Pray lets a-Sunday at the ale-house meet.

Burton's Anat. of Melancholy.

Transcendentalism is the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragability, connected with concurrent ademption of incoluminent spirituality and etherialized contention of subsultory concretion.

Who has robbed the ocean cave,
 To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
 Who from India's distant wave
 To thee those pearly treasures drew ?
 Who from yonder orient sky
 Stole the morning of thine eye ?—*Shaw.*

The Italian writers possess, in the highest degree, the art of inflating an idea, or frothing up a sentiment; one is tempted to ask them a similar question to that put by the negress to the French woman, in the days of hoop petticoats, "Pray madam, is all that yourself?"—*Madame De Staël*.

In your commerce with the great,—you should endeavor, if the person be of great abilities, to make him satisfied with *you*; when he is possessed of none, to make him satisfied with *himself*.

Warburton.

Her streaming eyes assail my very soul
And shake my best resolves.—*Lee*.

But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—*The Tempest*.

I came exposed to all your charms,
'Gainst which the first half hour
I had no will to take up arms—
And in the next—no power.—*Katherine Philips*.

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a gentleman to his daughter.

"Because, papa, it hurts me when anybody squeezes my hand."

"What business have you to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly not—but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in *squeezable order*."

An Irish gentleman, resident in Canada, when he saw his sons drinking champagne, would exclaim, "Ah, my boys, there goes an acre of land, trees and all."—*Sir Francis Bond Head's Emigrant*.

Through fields of death, to whirl the rapid car,
And blaze amid the thunder of the war.—*Lee*.

MIXED METAPHORS.

Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in ashes.—*Lee*.

How frequently do we see zealous people, become exasperated in a discussion, in defending *their own interests*, when at the moment they conscientiously believe themselves contending only for the *interests of truth*, and long retain the same conviction.—*Pascal*.

The following advertisement was drawn up by

an alderman of the town of Cambridge, England, a few years ago:—"Whereas a multiplicity of damages are frequently occurred by damages of outrageous accidents by fire, we whose names are underwritten, have thought proper that the necessity of an engine ought by us for the better preventing of which, by the accidents of Almighty God, may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather benevolence for better propagating such good instruments."

TO THE SPLEEN.

The son of Bacchus pleads thy power,
As to the glass he still repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy cares,
Snatch from thy shade one gay and smiling hour,
And drown thy kingdom in a purple shower.
Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

Their courtship was carried on in poetry. Alas! many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage *lived in prose*.—*John Foster*.

And engage the untainted honor of English knighthood to unfurl the streaming red-cross, or to rear the horrid standard of those fatal guly dragons.—*Milton*.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

That strange impression which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one, which in the very place and in the very words, with the same persons and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed, we know not where, before.—*Baron Smith*.

Voulez-vous qu'on dise du bien de vous? n'en dites point.—*Pascal*.

May we consider each night as the tomb of the departed day, and seriously leaning over it, read the inscription written by conscience of its character and exit.—*John Foster*.

And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche night before I slept.—*Chatterton*.

The finery of Nature's robes makes but a small part of her wardrobe; she hath her ordinary wear, and even when she putteth on her mantle of the richest green, she trims it sparingly, and that for the most part with a loose lacery of unobtrusive jasmine and vine-weed. And the Nature, that bids

all the garniture of earth thus grown variously in richness, in moderation, and in a sweet and humble disorder, putteth it into man's mind, for he is doomed to dress himself so as to follow her law, and thus it is, that in any given number of persons, you shall see some few endowed with this natural gift and grace of slovenry.—*Blackwood*.

Verses written by Sir Walter Raleigh, on the night before his execution :

Even such is time that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age, and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !—
But from this earth, this grave, this dust
The Lord shall raise me up I trust.

C. C.

THE CHOICE.

I.

Cull your roses ye who will,
The violets be mine,
That grow beside the sparkling rill,
Where meeting branches twine.

II.

With amaranths your brows enwreath,
All ye who seek renown,
But flowers that gentler odours breathe,
Shall form my careless crown.

III.

Forget-me-nots, sweet friendship's flower,
For sapphires shall be set,
The pearl sprays be of virgin's bower,
With diamond dew-drops wet.

IV.

And violets blue, and violets white,
And violets rarely dim,
Sweeter than gems, and far more light,
Shall fashion all the rim.

V.

What matter though they quickly fade,
And lose each tender hue,
To seek them in the woodland shade,
Will give thee joy anew.

C. C. L.

LAMARTINE'S THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

INTRODUCTION BY THE TRANSLATOR.

I was so much pleased with this essay by Lamartine that before I had read it half through in the original, I commenced the grateful task of rendering it into English. Its title, being simply "*Des destinées de la poésie par M. A. de Lamartine, de l'académie Française*," I presumed that it was some paper read before the French Academy, or some prize dissertation, offered to that learned institution. But in proceeding with my lecture and translation, I soon discovered that it was a preliminary essay to a collection of poems, offered to the reader as expressive and explanatory of its author's views and sentiments. I am not aware that it has been before transferred from the French. It certainly possesses, apart from its own merit, an extraordinary interest at this moment. The name of Lamartine has of late been "great in mouths of wisest censure." He has blazed "the comet of a season." At this moment his light is somewhat obscured; he has passed behind other shining spheres; erratic meteors flash athwart the troubled sky, and their lurid and flickering glare dims his superior and steadier lustre. Yet I doubt if the time of his obscurity will be long: he is not invisible to the telescopic eye of wisdom, and he will soon glow again before the "wondering, upturned gaze" of mortals, not as portentous of events more dire than have already occurred, but a presage of calm and happy seasons to his beloved country. If ever there was a sincere, honest man, such a one is Lamartine. In the law of a just freedom "doth he exercise himself day and night." His delight is in order and moderation. He abhors anarchy and rebellion. He would build up the French Republic, not like the structure of a day, to be tossed over by every storm of popular fury, but a high temple of classic strength and beauty, standing, like the Parthenon at Athens, unharmed for ages and glorious even in its distant, but inevitable ruin.

There is something singularly gentle and woman-like—using the expression in its nobler sense—in the character of Lamartine. He has that rare modesty which ever distinguishes true greatness and real virtue. He never speaks of himself, whether as a poet or a politician, except in a subdued tone. And yet there is no mistrust of his abilities; he has an unwavering confidence in the right and in his power to perform it. It would be inapposite for me in this place, even had I the least capability of doing so, to enter upon an examination of his conduct during the late momentous events in Paris, in which he has acted so prominent a part. But I may be permitted to remark that in all that he has lately spoken or written as a public man, there are discernible a beautiful consonance and harmony

with his private essays, with his views of life, with his hopes for the future, with his love for humanity, with his trust in God.

Before the sudden brilliancy of his late career,—a brilliancy softened, as it were, by the medium through which it passed, made purer by his unsullied character, resembling rather the lustre of the pearl than that of the diamond, Lamartine was chiefly known to readers in this country by his "*Voyage en L'Orient*," (Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,) and his late history of the Girondists. But few translations of his poetry have appeared, and those were not of so high an order as to excite any very lofty estimate of his genius. They were mostly descriptive and seemed to be extracted from the body of long poems, and not possessed of a sufficiently independent interest. It would be no unworthy task for some good French scholar, well acquainted with the English language and its rules of versification, to attempt a complete rendering of a few of Lamartine's long poems. Whether, according to the elegant phraseology and unselfish sense of the retail trade, "it would pay," is worse than doubtful; but there are surely lovers enough of the pure and beautiful in literature in our republic to encourage such an effort,—at least so far as charitably to bestow upon the translator the remuneration of a scrivener's clerk. But he must be not only disinterested, but appreciative and industrious who would undertake such a task. As for myself, I should shrink back appalled by the magnitude and difficulty of the labor, even were I less painfully conscious of my lack of learning and ability, and could I afford to lavish time unproductively. Even the task, which I have here inefficiently performed, has been onerous—although lightened by my love of the author and his subject. Let him who deems it a facile performance to transfer ornate diction and flowery phrases from one language into another, attempt to soar with Lamartine in one of his splendid flights. Simply to construe Lamartine's French, as interliners construe Homer and Virgil, by writing the English meaning under the Greek or Latin word, might be rapid work even for a school-boy; but to give not only the sense, but the style of such a writer, so as to impress the reader with a proper opinion of his genius and manner, is an undertaking which original authors, of far higher pretensions than the present translator, might be proud to accomplish. I can only hope that I may have partially succeeded.

Of one thing I am sure. No one, even with my inadequate rendering, can fail to discern many lofty and glorious thoughts, sacred aspirations, bright and hopeful prophecies, in this essay. I take pleasure in offering it to the readers of the Southern Literary Messenger, and through it renewing my correspondence with that excellent magazine. In former years, during the life of good Mr. White, I

wrote many a column of prose and verse at his request, and my name may be recollected by some of those readers, who still continue to support a periodical which has done not a little to elevate the literature of the country. P. B.

Dosoris, Long Island, Sept. 4, 1848.

THE DESTINIES OF POETRY.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Translated from the French by Park Benjamin.

There is nothing within the sphere of man's knowledge of which man knows so little as of himself. The phenomena of his thoughts, the laws of his civilization, the phases of his progress, or decadence, are the mysteries which he has least investigated. He better knows the paths of those celestial orbs, that roll millions of miles away from the door of his feeble senses, than those terrestrial roads, along which human destiny conducts him unknown; he is conscious that he tends towards something, but he knows not whither his spirit journeys, he cannot tell at what precise point he has arrived. Tossed upon the immensity of ocean far from shore, the pilot can take his altitude and determine by his compass that line of the globe which he crosses or follows; but it is not so with the human soul; there is no object, out of itself, by which it can measure its journey, and everytime it says—"I am here, I go there, I advance, I recede, I stop,"—it finds that it is self-deceived, that it has belied its own history—a history which can not be written until its subject has passed away, which marks its traces only after they have been printed upon the earth, but which cannot by anticipation designate its road. God alone knows the goal and the way; man knows nothing—false prophet, he foretells entirely at hazard, and, when future events happen contrary to all his foresight, he is no longer here to witness the contradiction of his fate; he reposes in night and silence; he sleeps his sleep and other generations write upon his dust other dreams as vain and fleeting as his own. Religion, politics, philosophy, systems—man has pronounced upon them all, has been deceived about them all; he has believed all fixed and all have been modified, all immortal and all have perished, all true and all have proved false!

But let me speak of poetry.

I remember that at my entrance upon the stage of life, there was but one voice as to the irremediable downfall, the actual and already frozen death of this mysterious faculty of the human spirit. It was the epoch of the empire; it was the hour of the incarnation of the materialist philosophy of the eighteenth century in government and manners. All the geometricians, who alone had the public ear, and who crushed us young men under the insolent tyranny of their triumph,—believed that they

had dried up forever in us, what had really faded and perished in themselves, namely—all the moral, divine, melodious portion of the mind. Nothing can picture to them who were not subjected to it, the vain-glorious sterility of that epoch. It was the Satanic smile of an infernal genius, when degrading a whole generation, uprooting all national enthusiasm, destroying a virtue in the world. Those men had the same sentiment of triumphant impotence in their hearts and on their lips, when they told us—"love, philosophy, religion, enthusiasm, liberty, poetry—all are naught! Calculation and force, arithmetic and the sword, they are everything. We believe nothing but what they prove; we perceive nothing to which they do not apply. Poetry died with the Spiritualism which created it!" And they spoke truly; for poetry was truly dead in their own souls, dead to their intelligences, dead in them and around them. By a sure and prophetic instinct of their destiny, they trembled lest it should spring and flourish again with liberty in the world; they cast to the wind its smallest roots, lest it should germinate under their feet, in their schools, in their lyceums, in their gymnasia, in their military and polytechnic academies. All were organized against such a resurrection of the moral and poetic sentiment; it was a universal league of mathematical studies against reflection and poetry. *Figures* alone were permitted, honored, protected, paid. As arithmetic does not reason, as it is a wonderful, passive instrument of tyranny, which never asks for what it is employed, which never inquires whether it is made to subserve the oppression of mankind, or their deliverance, the slavery of the mind, or its emancipation, the chief soldier of that epoch wished for no other missionary, no other aid, and this aid served him well. There was not an idea in Europe, which was not trodden under its heel, nor a mouth which was not gagged by its leaden hand. Since then, I abhor the science of numbers—that negation of all thought. Against that exclusive and jealous power of mathematics, I retain the same sentiment, the same horror, which a galley-slave feels for the hard iron and frozen fetters upon his limbs, and of which he thinks that he can still perceive the cold and deathly chill, whenever he hears the clanking of a chain. Mathematics were the chains of human thought. I breathe: those chains are broken.

Two great geniuses, whom tyranny watched with unquiet eye, protested aloud against this death-warrant of the soul, of the intellect, of poetry—Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand. Madame de Staël, a masculine genius in the form of a woman,—a mind distracted by the superabundance of its strength, restless, passionate, audacious, capable of generous and sudden resolves, not able to breathe in that atmosphere of cowardice and servitude, demanding space and free air around her, attracting as if by magnetic instinct

all that could ferment in her a spirit of resistance, or concentrated indignation, in herself alone, an active conspiracy, as capable of exciting lofty intellects against that tyranny of reigning mediocrity, as of placing the poniard in the hands of conspirators, or of striking the blow herself, to restore to her own soul that liberty which she desired to give to all the world! Being chosen and set apart; whose like nature has not bestowed upon us—reuniting in her own character *Cōrinna* and *Mirabeau*! A sublime tribune, with the tender and expansive heart of a woman—an adorable and compassionate woman with the genius of the *Gracchi* and the hand of the last of the *Catos*! Failing to excite a generous enthusiasm in her own country, from which she was expelled, as we put out a spark in an edifice of straw, she took refuge in the mind of England and Germany—who alone were at that period living a moral life of poetry and philosophy—and thence cast forth into the world those sublime and thrilling pages which the clubs of the police crushed, the custom-house of the intellect tore in pieces on the frontiers, the sworn minions of tyranny ridiculed at command,—but fragments of which, escaped from their destroying hands, came to console us for our intellectual abasement and to waft to our ears and hearts the distant breathings of morals, of poetry, of liberty, which we could not inhale under the pneumatic blasts of slavery and mediocrity.

M. de Chateaubriand, a genius more melancholy and sweet,—a harmonious and enchanted reminiscence of a past, the cinders of which we tread upon and whose soul is found in him,—a Homeric imagination thrown into the midst of our social convulsions, resembling those beautiful columns of *Palmyra*, which remain erect and brilliant, unbroken and unsoiled, above the black and ragged tents of the Arabs, to make us understand, wonder at and weep over the monument which is no more! A man, who sought for a spark of the sacred fire among the fragments of the sanctuary, in the still smoking ruins of Christian temples, and who, seducing their demolishers by pity and indifferent observers by his genius, found again some doctrine in the heart and restored faith to the imagination. The words of liberty and of political virtue sound less frequently and less loftily in his altogether poetic pages; he was not the *Dante* of an enslaved *Florence*, he was the *Tasso* of a lost country, of a family of proscribed Kings, singing of its affections betrayed, its altars overthrown, its towers demolished, its goods and its Kings driven away—singing of them in the ears of the proscribers, on the borders even of the rivers of the country. Still, his grand and noble soul imparted to the songs of the poet something of the accent of the citizen. He thrilled all the generous fibres of the breast; he ennobled the mind; he resuscitated the soul; it was sufficient to disturb the slumbers of the jail-

ers of our intellect. By I know not what instinct of their nature they presaged an avenger in the man, who charmed them in their own despite. They know that nobler sentiments meet and engender more, and that in hearts stirred by religious emotions and manly, independent thoughts, tyranny would find judges and liberty accomplices.

From those days I have loved those gifted precursors of genius, who appeared to me and gave me consolation on my entrance into life. Staël and Chateaubriand—those two names fill much of the void, illumine much of the shadow. They were for us like two living protestations against the oppression of the soul and the heart, against the debasement and ruin of the age; they were the aliment of our solitary households, the concealed bread of our oppressed souls; they seemed to us a family heritage, they were of our blood and we of theirs, and there is scarcely one among us who owes not to them what he was, is, or will be.

At that time, I lived alone, my heart overflowing with suppressed sentiments, with unwritten poetry, sometimes in Paris hidden in that crowd where you are jostled only by gallants and soldiers; sometimes at Rome, where no other noise was heard but that of stones falling one by one in the desert of the abandoned streets; sometimes at Naples where the warm sky, the blue sea, and the balmy earth, enervated without putting me to sleep, and where an inner voice always told me that there was something more lively, more noble, more delightful to the soul than that torpid life of the senses and that voluptuous softness of its music and its loves. Oftener still I resorted to the country to spend the melancholy autumn in the lonely mansion of my father and mother, in peace, in stillness, in the domestic sanctity of the sweet impressions of the fire-side; by day traversing the forests, at evening reading what I found under the ancient radiance of the family library.

Job, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Rousseau, and more than all, Ossian and *Paul and Virginia*—these book-friends spoke to me in solitude the language of my heart; a language of harmony, of images, of passion; I lived sometimes with one, sometimes with another, not changing them except when, so to speak, I had quite exhausted them. As long as I live, I shall remember certain hours of summer which I passed extended on the grass in a clearing of the woods, in the shadow of an old trunk of the wild apple tree, reading *The Jerusalem Delivered*, and as many evenings of autumn or winter spent in roaming over the hills already garmented in fogs and frost, with Ossian or *Werther* for a companion, sometimes lifted up by the inner enthusiasm that consumed me, running over the furze as if wafted by a spirit which prevented my feet from touching the sod; sometimes seated on a gray rock, my forehead in my hands, listening, with a nameless emotion, to the sharp and plaintive whistle of

the wintry north-east, or the rolling of the heavy clouds that broke against the corners of the mountains, or to the aerial melody of the lark, which the wind bore from its sphere of music—even as my thoughts, stronger than myself, transported my soul. Were these impressions of joy or sadness, of grief or suffering? I cannot tell: they partook of all those sentiments at the same time. They were of love and religious presentiments of after life both delicious and sad, of ecstasies and discouragements, of horizons of lights and depths of darkness, of gladness and tears, of the future and of despair. Nature was speaking by her thousand voices to the still virgin heart of man; above all it was poetry. That poetry I sometimes essayed to express in verses; but I had no one to whom these verses could be repeated; sometimes I read them to myself; and I found with surprise and grief that they bore no resemblance to those which I read in the collections and volumes of the day. I said to myself—none will desire to read them; they will appear strange, ridiculous, silly—so I burned them half written out. I thus destroyed some volumes of that first and vague poetry of the heart; and it was well that I did so; for, at that period, they would have been brought forth in ridicule and died in the general contempt of all that was denominated literature.

What I have since written is not worth much more; but the times have changed; poetry returned to France with liberty, with free thought, with that moral life, which was restored to us by the restoration. It seemed as if the return of the Bourbons and of liberty to France imparted a new inspiration, another soul to the oppressed and slumbering literature of the day, and we then saw arise a host of celebrated names in poetry or in philosophy, which still throng our academies and constitute the brilliant chain of transition between the two epochs. Who could then have told me that, fifteen years after, poetry would overflow the souls of the youth of France; that talents of various and new orders would spring from that cold and dead soil; that the press, multiplied to infinitude, would scarcely suffice to disseminate the fervent thoughts of an army of young writers; that the drama would be knocking at the doors of the theatres; that the lyric and religious soul of a generation of Christian bards would invent a new language to reveal unknown enthusiasms; that liberty, faith, philosophy, politics, doctrines the most ancient as well as modern, would in the face of day be manifested by genius, glory, talents and ardor, and that a vast and sublime combination of minds would cover not only France, but the world, with the most powerful as well as beautiful intellectuality that any age has ever beheld? If any one would have predicted all this, I should not have believed it; and yet it is so. Poetry was not even then defunct in the souls of men, though we were

so told in those years of scepticism and algebra—and, if it did not then expire, surely it will live forever.

So long as man himself survives, can his finest faculty be extinguished? And is not poetry that faculty? Since it constitutes all that is divine within us, it cannot be defined by one word or a thousand words. It is an incarnation of all that is most precious in the heart of man and most holy in his spirit, of all that is most sublime in the aspect of Nature and most melodious in her tones. It is at the same time sentiment and sensation, mind and matter, and this is the reason that it is a complete language—the language which above all appeals to man through his entire humanity—an idea for the spirit, sentiment for the soul, image for the fancy, and music for the ear! This is why this language, when well spoken, strikes man like a thunder-peal, overpowers him with internal conviction, or irresistible evidence, or enchants him like a magic potion, or rocks him into moveless pleasure like a child charmed in its cradle by the touching refrains of its mother's lullaby. Hence it is that man can neither create nor bear too much poetry; for, possessing him wholly by his soul and sense, exciting at the same time this double faculty—thought by thought, sense by sensation, it exhausts him, it weighs him down too soon, like all too exquisite joys, with a voluptuous weariness, and causes him to express, in but few verses and brief time, all the innermost life and power of sentiment in his double organization.

Prose addresses itself only to the mind; poetry speaks to the mind and the sensations at the same time. This language, all mysterious, all instinctive as it is, or rather because it is mysterious and instinctive,—this language will never die! It is not—as people have not ceased to say in spite of the successive contradictions of all ages, it is not solely the language of mankind's infancy; it is the language of all the periods of humanity, simple and modest in the babyhood of nations, story-telling and marvellous as the nurse at the bedside of the child, loving and pastoral with young and pastoral people, warlike and epic with contending and conquering hordes; mystical, lyrical, prophetic, or sententious, in the theocracies of Egypt or Judea; grave, philosophical and corrupting in the matured civilizations of Rome, Florence, or Louis XIV.; reckless and noisy in the epochs of convulsion and ruin as in the year 1793; novel, melancholy, uncertain, timid and audacious at the same time, in days of new birth and social reconstruction like the present! By and by, in the servility of mankind, sad, sombre, lamenting and despairing, breathing in its strophes mournful presentiments, fantastic visions of the final catastrophe of the world, or giving utterance to fixed and holy hopes of the resurrection of humanity under another form.

All this is poetry. It is even man himself; it is the instinct of all his epochs; it is the inner echo of all his human impressions; it is the voice of thinking and sentient humanity, taken up and remodulated by certain men—more manly than the common herd—*mens diviniore*—hovering over this tumultuous and confused noise of generations existing longer than they and giving witness to posterity of their lamentations and their joys, their deeds and their thoughts. Never will this voice be silent in the world; for it was not invented by man. It was bestowed by God himself, and it was the first cry from humanity which ascended to his throne. It will also be the latest which the Creator will hear from the lips of the created, when he shall break in pieces the work of his hands. Derived from him, to him it will return.

One day, while journeying in the Holy Land, I had pitched my tent in a rude and rocky field, in which there grew many knotty and stunted olive-trees, under the walls of Jerusalem, some hundred paces from the tower of David, a little below

“Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God,”*

which still glided over the used basin of its grotto, not distant from the tomb of the poet-king who had so often sung its beauties. The high and black terraces, which formerly supported Solomon's temple, rose on my left, crowned by the three azure domes and the light and aerial columns of the Mosque of Omar, which now overlooks the ruins of the mansion of Jehovah. The city of Jerusalem, where the plague then raged, was at the moment inundated with the rays of a dazzling sun, glinted back from its thousand domes, its white marble structures, its towers of gilded stone, and its walls polished by ages and the salt breezes of the Asphaltic lake. No noise came from its precincts, dumb and solemn as the couch of the dying; its large gates were open, and from time to time, were descried the white turban and red mantle of the Arab soldier,—useless guardian of those abandoned portals. Nothing went in, nothing departed. The wind of the morning alone raised the wave-like dust of the roads and created the momentary illusion of a moving caravan; but when the gusts of wind had passed on, when they had died away in murmurs over the battlements of the tower of the Pisans or the three palms before the house of Caiaphas, the dust subsided, the desert reappeared, and neither the step of mule nor camel resounded on the pavements of the way. Only, every quarter of an hour, were the two iron leaves of each of the gates of Jerusalem thrown apart, and

* The quotation is so appropriate, that I needs must introduce it instead of writing simply, “the fountains of Siloa.”—TR.

the dead, whom the plague had visited, were seen to sally forth, borne on biers, each by two naked slaves, to the tombs scattered on all sides of us. Sometimes a long procession of Turks, Arabs, Armenian Jews accompanied the departed and defiled singing among the olive-trees; then returned with slow steps and sad silence to the city. Oftener the dead were unaccompanied, and when the two slaves had dug some handsbreadths the sand or earth of the hill and laid the plague-smitten on his last bed, they sate themselves down on the very mound they had thrown up, parted between them the vestments of the buried, and lighting their long pipes, smoked silently and watched the vapour as it ascended in light blue columns and lost itself gracefully in the air, limpid, soft and transparent in those fair days of autumn. At my feet, the valley of Jehosaphat stretched like a vast sepulchre; the wasted Cedron furrowed its whitened channel, thick strewn with large pebbles, and the sides of the two hills near its margins were all white with tombs and sculptured turbans, the public cemetery of the Osmanlis. A little on the right the Mount of Olives sank down among the widely spread chains of the volcanic cones of the naked mountains of Jericho and Saint Sabba, and showed the horizon extending away in the distance, like a luminous avenue between the tops of the irregular cypress trees. The eye involuntarily wandered thither, attracted by the blue, leaded lustre of the Dead Sea, which glistened at the feet of these mountains, while in the back ground, the blue chain of the mountains of Arabia Petrea bordered the horizon. But "bordered" is not the word, for the mountains seemed as transparent as crystal, and you saw, or believed you saw beyond, a vague and indefinite horizon stretching away still and swimming in the ambient vapors of an atmosphere stained with purple and lilac dyes.

It was the hour of noon—that time when the Muezzin watches the sun on the topmost gallery of the minaret and chants the hour and the prayer for all hours. A living, an animated voice, conscious of what it says and sings; far superior, in my opinion, to the stupid and unconscious tones of the bells of our cathedrals. My Arabs had given barley in sacks of goat-leather skins to my horses tied here and there around my tent. With their feet chained by iron rings, these beautiful and docile animals remained immovable—their heads weighed down and shadowed by their long, thick manes, their gray skins shining and smoking under the rays of a burning sun. These men were assembled under the shade of one of the largest olive-trees. They had spread upon the grass their damask cloth; and, as they smoked, they narrated to one another stories of the desert, or sang the verses of Antar,—Antar, that type of the wandering Arab, at the same time a shepherd, a warrior and a poet, who had described the whole desert in his national strains—as

epic as Homer, as plaintive as Job, as amorous as Theocritus, as philosophical as Solomon. His verses, that lulled or excited the imagination of the Arab as he inhaled the fumes of his *narguile** were uttered in guttural tones amid the animated group of my Saïds. When the poet touched more justly or powerfully than usual the sensitive chord of these wild, but impressible men, a light murmur was heard from their lips, they clasped their hands together, elevated them above their ears, and, bending down their heads, exclaimed by turns, *Allah! Allah! Allah!*

At some paces from me, a young Turkish woman was weeping for her husband on one of those little monuments of white stone, with which all the hills around Jerusalem are strewn. She appeared to be scarcely eighteen or twenty years of age, and I never saw so ravishing an image of sorrow. Her profile, which her veil, thrown backward enabled me to see, had that purity of outline which marks the finest heads of the Parthenon, but at the same time the softness, the suavity and the gracious languor of the women of Asia—a beauty much more feminine, more love-inspiring and more enchanting to the soul than the severe and masculine beauty of the Grecian statues. Her light hair, bronzed and golden, like the metal of the antique busts—a color highly prized in this country of the sun, of which it seems to be a constant reflection—her hair, hanging loosely, fell around her and literally swept the ground; her breasts, according to the custom of the women of that portion of Arabia, were entirely uncovered, and, when she stooped to kiss the turbaned stone, or to lay her ear on the tomb, they touched the earth and left their soft impress in the dust, like the mould of the beautiful bosom of buried Atala, which the sand of the sepulchre still retained, as described in the admirable epic of Chateaubriand. She had strewn the tomb and its adjacent earth with all sorts of flowers; a fine damask cloth was spread upon her knees; on the cloth were some cups of flowers and a basket full of figs and barley-cakes, for that woman was about to spend the whole day in thus lamenting. A hole, scooped in the earth, and which was thought to correspond with the ear of the deceased, served as a speaking-tube to that other world, in which he, whom she had come to visit, peacefully reposed. She leaned from time to time towards this narrow orifice, singing certain words interrupted by sobs, and then held down her ear as if she heard a response—after which she resumed her mournful strain. I endeavored to understand the words she thus murmured in my hearing, but my Arab dragoman could not seize or translate their meaning. How sincere was my regret! What secrets of love and sorrow must her song have expressed!

* A pipe passed through water on its way to the mouth.

What sighs of two souls torn for life from each other must have been conveyed in those verses confused as they were and broken with sobs! Oh! if anything could ever awaken the departed, it must be such language murmured by such lips.

About two steps from that woman, under a piece of dark cloth, held up by two reeds fixed in the earth so that it served as a parasol, were her two little children with three black Abyssinian slaves, seated, like their mistress, upon a carpet spread over the sand. These three women, all of whom were young and beautiful, with the easy forms and aquiline features of their country, were grouped in various attitudes, like three statues carved out of a single block. One of them was kneeling on one knee and held upon the other a child, who was stretching forth its arms towards its weeping mother; another had her limbs doubled under her, with her hands joined over her apron of blue cloth, like the Madaleine of Canova; the third was standing slightly bent towards her companions, and, balancing herself from right to left, she rocked upon her scarcely budded bosom the smaller of the children, whom she was vainly endeavoring to lull to sleep. When the sobs of the young widow reached the ears of the children, they began to weep, and the three black slaves, having echoed the sighs of their mistress, commenced singing certain airs and infantine songs of their country to quiet the children.

It was Sunday. Two hundred paces from me, behind the thick and high walls of Jerusalem, I heard, borne at intervals from the dark dome of the Greek convent the distant and faint echoes of the vesper service. The hymns and psalms of David arose after three thousand years, uttered by strange voices and in a new language upon the same hills, which had inspired them, and I observed upon the terraces of the convent certain old monks of the Holy Land going and coming, breviary in hand, and murmuring those prayers, murmured already by so many ages in various languages and verses.

And I—I was there also to sing of all these things; to study the ages in their cradle; to retrace even to its fountain the unknown course of civilization and religion, to inspire myself with the spirit of the place and the concealed signification of stories and monuments on those borders, which were the point of departure of the modern world, and to cherish a wisdom more real,—a philosophy more true,—the grave and thoughtful poetry of the advanced epoch in which we live.

This scene, passing by chance under my eyes and preserved among my thousand reminiscences of travel, presented to my mind the destinies and almost entire phases of all poetry. The three slaves, attendant upon the children, with their simple and thoughtless songs, represented the pastoral and instinctive poetry of the nations; the young

Turkish widow weeping for her husband as she poured forth her melodious anguish, the elegiac and passionate poetry, the poetry of the heart. The soldiers and Arab attendants reciting the chivalrous, amorous and marvellous verses of Antar exhibited the epic and warlike poetry of a nomadic or conquering people; the Greek monks chanting their psalms upon their lonely terraces, the sacred and lyric poetry of ages of enthusiasm and religious renovation. And I myself, musing under my tent, and gathering true histories or thoughts from the whole earth, showed the poetry of philosophy and contemplation, daughter of an epoch when humanity studied herself and revived even in the songs which she made her pasture.

Behold in these all the poetry of the past; but, in the future, what will it be?

[*To be continued.*]

IS THERE A GOD?

BY IDA FAYE.

I asked the mighty river,
That rolled its waters dark,
From the mountain to the ocean,
And bore the tossing bark;
And the river with its swelling tone,
In sounding voice replied,
"God gave me strength through rugged banks
To pour my turbid tide!"

I asked the stately trees,
With summer verdure crowned;
The oak with royal grandeur,
The pines with moaning sound;
And the arching pines made answer
With the tall oaks strong and old;
"God sent the cheering sun and shower
The leaflets to unfold."

I asked the restless Ocean,
That moaned in its bed,
O'er rocks, and gems, and coral caves,
Where slumber seamen dead.
And thus spoke out the Ocean,
Far on the rocky shore:
"God rests in sunshine on my waves,
And in the tempest's roar!"

I asked the birds that wing
To heaven their joyous flight;
And carol in unceasing praise,
Their songs of glad delight,
And they swelled their downy throats
To sweeter sounds of joy;
"God taught us how to build our nests,
Our praises to employ!"

I asked the clouds that floated,
Through the clear azure sky;
The moaning wind, and falling rain,
Made me this quick reply;
" 'Twas He who taught the mist to wreath
Itself in graceful fold;
Or soar in beauty to the sky,
In gorgeous robes of gold."

And then I asked the rainbow,
That lifts its glorious form,
That spans on high the watery cloud,
And smiles upon the storm.
And deeper glowed the colors,
Within the vaulted sky;
And sweeter than a tuneful harp,
The voice that floated by.

"Go sceptic! track the forest!
Search earth's remotest shore!
In every breeze that stirs the leaf,
And in the billowy roar;
God's voice speaks forth in loudest strains
And if you will but hear,
All nature chants his fervent praise,
To each attentive ear.

"Deny thy God no longer,
For he is strong in wrath!
An unbeliever, such as thou,
Is a serpent in his path!
Repent ere sorrow darkens,
To God with fervor pray;
And He, who loves his children,
Will wash thy guilt away."

THE GREGORIES OF HACKWOOD.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER IV.

Let us go back to Hackwood, to ascertain the cause of the miser's ride. It was some hours before his appearance in Casselton, that, as he sat in his desolate room, ruminating variously—now embittered by his recollection of Joan's bold threat to lay violent hands upon his hoards, and again becoming placid with the reflection that he had relieved his son without parting with a dollar of his actual moneys—the arrival of a gentleman was announced to him by Jenkin. This gentleman was Achilles Wiley, Esq., a lawyer of distinction in that country—that is to say, a legal star shining, in a very noted manner, over some five counties, which his orbit embraced. He came in a great roomy, low-swinging coach, with spotless pannels, and a splendid hammer-cloth. His coachman was

excessively fat; his footman was excessively thin, and the tails of his sixteen-hand bays swept their fetlocks.

This well-fed gentleman, rosy with abundance, and full of the condescending suavity of a man who always vanquishes, was presently front to front with the meagre and bloodless miser. Miles Gregory received him with a wintry welcome; and, but for Jenkin, the distinguished lawyer, fresh from the luxury of his sinking cushions, would have been left without so much as the comfort of a hard-bottomed chair. As, thanks to Jenkin, he seated himself, the slim footman placed a small but heavy box on the floor at his feet.

"Well—well—what is your business?" inquired the miser. This was in answer to some warm salutations with which Achilles Wiley met an "old friend."

"Ah!" answered the lawyer, "you were always an eccentric man. But perhaps you are right. Time is money. My business, my worthy old friend, concerns the bond of Jephtha Smooth and John Stanton—a bond which, I think, these persons gave upon their purchase of some of your Swan River lands."

"Yes: it is so. What of the bond?" said Miles Gregory.

"You are aware that Smooth and Stanton have failed," said the lawyer, "and that this bond for \$9,000 is not worth sixpence."

"May be so—may be so," commented the miser.

"You take your loss very coolly," Wiley resumed. "But although the bond is not worth sixpence, Smooth and Stanton will pay you a good fair sum. They have failed, but they are honest men; and their good reputation enables them to borrow the means of arranging this debt upon reasonable terms."

"If they are honest they will pay all—pay all," said Miles Gregory.

"This is a little too exacting," answered the lawyer; "and such a demand will defeat the contemplated arrangement. My dear old friend, you are a sagacious man. Half a loaf is better than no bread. If you go for the whole, you lose the whole. I am empowered to pay you one dollar in two of the debt."

"That will be well," said the miser; "and we can give some time—not too long—on the rest."

"No," said the lawyer, "the bond must be surrendered on payment of \$4,500. Otherwise you get nothing for it."

A sharp, shrewd twinkle of the old man's small eyes answered this speech, before he answered it in words.

"You are cunning enough—cunning enough," he presently said, "but I see through you. Lewis, my son, has the bond, and can fasten it on some funds, which you keen dogs have found out. Jephtha Smooth and Jack Stanton have hired you to

come, and make this offer of half—to tempt me—to tempt me to take back the bond from my son, who, they think, would give it up, if I said give it up. You are sly—very sly—but I am sharp.”

“I admit,” said the lawyer, not in the least shaken, “that my clients have heard of the assignment of the bond, and stand in fear of annoyance if not persecution, from your son’s creditors, to whom it will soon pass. But there is no fund; the bond will not be collected; your son is mistaken. It is from an honest desire to pay their debts, combined with the fear of this annoyance and persecution, that they make you the present offer.”

The miser began to lose his look of clear cunning, and to seem confused in understanding and purpose.

“May be the bond will be worth nothing to Lewis,” he said, “whilst it is worth what you offer to me. But I could never take it back. Joan has her way. You can pay the money on the other bond. That is a good idea—very good.”

“What other bond?” the lawyer asked. I wrote the conveyance of the Swan River lands, and recollect the transaction. Smooth and Stanton paid you \$10,000 in gold”—

“In silver mostly—in silver and gold,” the miser interrupted him, with the gleam of a happy reminiscence streaking that wilted winter-apple, his old face.

“Yes: \$10,000 in silver and gold. They assigned the bond of Henry Ireton, and Henry Grant, Snr., for \$10,000 more of the purchase-money—an assignment made without recourse against themselves. Finally they gave their own bond for \$9,000, now in question. You hold no other bond of these parties, Smooth and Stanton?”

“It is Ireton’s bond I meant,” said the miser. “Pay me the moneys on that.”

“My clients,” responded the lawyer, with a pleasant lifting of the eye-brows “have nothing to do with that bond of Ireton and Grant. By the way, old friend, you had better look about you in that matter.”

“I look after it very well,” answered the miser. “Ireton pays me, pays me on the day, six hundred per annum, in silver, punctually.”

“Ireton wades in deep water, and the estate of Grant, the surety, is in quite a pretty condition.”

This ambiguous remark upon the solvency of our friend Henry Grant, for the Henry Grant, Snr., of the bond, was his dead father, and the estate pronounced to be in quite a pretty condition was his inheritance, the lawyer made less ambiguous by a pretty shrewd look, and a wise shake of the head. The announcement of this peril, real or imaginary, to his interests, produced an immediate effect upon Miles Gregory. The evil principle began, at once, to rear its subtle head, and to shake its hideous scales.

“Danger—danger!” he muttered. And is there

danger? you keen dogs find out a great deal. I must have my money, every cent of it.”

“A bold step or two, taken in time, may make you safe,” answered the lawyer. “Ireton, I think, will be, even now, unable to pay the debt; but young Grant is so deeply involved, that he will quietly pay it, to save his credit, which is of vital importance to him. A little adroitness will make the debt without suit. Of course I do not advise you for any benefit of my own; I would be very reluctant to undertake the business, after advising you to proceed in it. It is but giving necessary counsel to an old and esteemed friend.”

“The bond must be collected,” said Miles Gregory, with a sharp accent. “All is roguery—roguery. Is nobody honest? You must sue—sue. Give no quarter. They want to ruin me in my old age—in my old age.”

“Well, we will see after the matter,” answered the lawyer. “You can place the bond in my hands before I go. My scruples shall not stand in the way of serving you. But let us reconsider the business of the other bond, which, it seems, your son holds. Smooth and Stanton offer \$4,500 for its surrender; your son will find it impossible to collect a dollar of it; you are losing \$4,500 for the pleasure of leaving a worthless piece of paper in his hands.”

“You don’t know,” said the miser with a sort of sour fear in his look. “You are sharp, but you don’t know. My daughter Joan has her way.”

“Of course your excellent daughter,” replied Wiley, “will be reasonable enough to perceive, in the end, that you have acted with wisdom, in resuming a paper of no earthly value to your son, but worth \$4,500 to yourself.”

“No—no,” said the miser, but with a look which belied his words. “Let them find out; no fault of mine; let them find out that the bond comes to nothing. No fault of mine. I gave them the help. They were satisfied. Besides, it may come to something.”

“Well, well,” said Wiley, “I have made the offer, and explained its entire liberal character, as well as the positive folly of rejecting it. I knew the objection, which, as a cautious man, you entertained to bank notes, and was at the pains of procuring the sum, which I have offered you, in gold. But your mind is made up, and I may as well have the box returned to my carriage. Peterkin! Peterkin!”

As the lawyer called, Peterkin, the slim footman entered. He received an order to take the box, which he had placed at his master’s feet, back to the carriage; and proceeded to obey it. A glance was interchanged by master and man; and Peterkin, after raising the box with great apparent effort, as high as his shoulder, permitted it to fall upon the floor. The fall made the old warped flooring tremble, and the windows clatter. The

miser jumped from his chair with a weakly agility ; before him, in a yellow stream, he saw the bright gold pieces tremble, and rush, and spin upon the floor.

"Gather them up, gather them up ; temptation !" muttered the old man, and, stooping down, he began to rake the coins together. As he did so, his eyes began to express the vile craving of his nature ; his hands lingered upon the metal.

"And this was for me," he half moaned. "Fresh from the mint. Four thousand and five hundred dollars in gold—nine hundred-pieces—all for me. And if I don't take it, the rascals are to keep it—keep it owing me. And Lewis is to be none the better. Joan—but—but," here he paused, and his voice, when he did speak again, had sunk into an inward whisper, "I can hide my moneys away where Joan, pry, pry—as she will, can never find them."

Turning presently to the lawyer he said : "send your man away. We must see what can be done."

Wiley, his countenance expressive of innocent surprise at the sudden change of resolution on the part of his old and esteemed friend, dismissed Peterkin, whilst the gold still lay with a tempting glitter upon the floor.

"This is reasonable," he said. "It would be a great pity that so pretty a sum should be lost to you."

"We must get the bond back," said the miser, with the wrinkles of his face drawn into a fixed knot between his eyes.

"Assuredly. Your refusal, in the first instance, was quite unlike your customary sagacity."

It was presently decided that Miles Gregory should go in person to recover the bond from his son. He would gladly have taken the lawyer with him, as a body-guard, but that gentleman had insuperable private objections, and insisted, with some adroit reasons, upon remaining at Hackwood, until his return. The gold was restored to its box. Wiley was conducted to another room ; Miles Gregory could leave no one so near his treasure-closet. Doors were made secure. Jenkin brought out the superannuated riding-horse. The miser mounted, the wrinkle still fixed between his eyes, and an internal one as tightly puckered about his heart. The miserable horse, an old friend, neglected as his powers waned, at first quite satisfied his master by his slow ricketty amble ; and Miles Gregory, like Tennyson's horseman—

"A gray and gap-toothed man, as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a withered heath"—

went feebly, and at poor speed, upon his way. But presently came the fear that all might be defeated for want of haste ; the bond might even now be passing into other hands ; the glorious gold, with the magic of its yellow gleam, might be lost.

With the fear, the ricketty amble became a ricketty gallop. The reader now understands why Miles Gregory, the recluse, galloped, amongst shouting boys, over the hill to the house of his blind son.

CHAPTER V.

The miser drew up his horse at the gate of the little yard in which Lewis Gregory, his sister, and Henry Grant were met ; and presently stood face to face with the three. Joan said nothing, but pressing an arm across her breast, awaited the result. Henry Grant saluted the old man with grave courtesy. Lewis Gregory said :

"Father, it is long since you did me so great a kindness. Thanks for a visit, which your infirmities make a serious labor to you. You see us quite happy again."

"Kindness—kindness ?" replied the old man, possessed by his one idea. "No : it is not that. Give me back the bond."

His voice had a fatal earnestness in it. He fastened his keen eyes upon his son and said several times over, running the words into each other,—
"Give me back the bond."

Lewis Gregory, astounded by this unexpected demand, turned from one to another, without answering. Joan stepped forward ; her father thought that he saw the storm of her temper rising.

"Send Joan away," he exclaimed angrily. "I am not to be talked out of my own. You won't brow-beat me now. Go away : go away—you Jezebel."

"No ; here I remain," Joan answered.

"Well, stay. I am not afraid. You are a bold hussy. Get out of the way. Give me back the bond ; Lewis, I say, give me the bond."

"Is it possible, father, that you require this ?" said the blind man.

"Yes, yes : you are deceiving yourself," said his father. "The bond will be worth nothing to you. I know all about it. Give it back to me."

He said nothing of the fact, that a sum of money had been offered to himself for it ; fearing that to let this be known would but increase the difficulty of recovering it.

Here the noise of some mischievous lads, climbing upon the paling, made an interruption.

"Come," said Lewis Gregory, "let us leave this too public place. I have still a roof to shelter you from the derision of these poor children."

The miser, as he followed his blind son, who went led by Joan, only said, "Never mind—never mind."

Henry Grant, as the others entered, stopped upon the portico, and remained there, walking up and down.

"Now that we are alone," said Lewis Gregory, "tell me why it is that you recal an act of pater-

nal bounty, which has brought back peace and cheerfulness to my household."

"I have my reasons," replied the old man with a dogged look. "You have a great many words. Give me back the bond. Are you going to be rebellious? You are an undutiful son. Do you want to rob me? I thought that was Joan's business."

"Be it so then," said Lewis Gregory, with infinite sadness. "My course is clear. What you gave, again take. But God forgive you for the wretchedness with which you overwhelm us. I feel that what you now do is fatal."

Joan stepped between father and son.

"This must not be," she said. "Father, you are mad."

"Hold your tongue, Jezebel," screamed the old man. "This is not your business. You have nothing to say."

"Nothing to say? I have much to say," Joan answered. "Father, you must not do this fatal deed. We had a terrible scene in getting this paper from you. Are we to have another? Am I to unsex myself daily? Almighty God preserve me from madness! What is there in this poor base paper, that all of safety, that life and reason, should depend upon it? Take it back, and I am no longer your daughter; Lewis, this blind man with the noble heart, is no longer your son; the little beggars, his children, must go out pleading to God and man against you. A gulf is sunk. We are banded on one side—you are left desolate on the other. Old man, you are insane to sacrifice all to this base craving to get your poor gift back again."

"Words—words! Hold your tongue," exclaimed the father, his ferret eyes gleaming.

"I will not," answered Joan. "I will speak; but not to threaten you as I did once. I have grieved over that. Is there no safety—no escape—no refuge? And we were just now dreaming of so much to be done to brighten the future. Father, this gift, which you have come, with the very children mocking you, to recall, opened a golden gate to us. We were all to be so happy. Even you were to be a cheerful old man, surrounded by hearts to love you, and hands to aid you. We were to be one united family. Lewis was to see again. Grace, his dear wife, was to be well again. The children were to grow up to be high-hearted men, and refined women. You come; you undo all; you sink us from great happiness to a wretchedness the more intense for the glimpse of better things. And it is all for this paper—this poor miserable shred. Father, forget that there is such a paper. Go back to Hackwood, and gather your moneys, and hug them in your old arms, and gladden your withered heart with them. You will never miss this gift. It is not silver, or gold; and why should you love it as you do silver and gold?"

The word "gold" sounded like the clear ring of the metal itself on the ear of the miser. The vision of the broken box and streaming coins, which had quickened the evil of his nature into furious action, and removed all checking fears by sharpening his invention into schemes for hiding his wealth surely, came clearly before him, and confirmed him into a stony obduracy. He replied to his daughter only by repeating, like some old grim parrot with a cracked voice, his one cry—"Give me back the bond."

Joan, deadly pale, not supported, as in the former scene, by a passion which made a bold crime appear a high duty, stood quivering, unnerved, and despairing. This girl, so bold, and so adamant in her resolution, could now find nothing to resolve; no scope for action of any sort. She had brooded upon her former threat to take by force the means of relief—had come to perceive the enormity of that wild resolution—had dismissed it from her mind with a horror which made its return impossible—and so, now, she stood disarmed, without a purpose, despairing. She had promised not to yield, not to bend, until the full work, not only present relief from debt, but eventual happiness bought at the cost of a full provision for the future, of expensive travel, of expensive skill of celebrated men, had been accomplished; she would never yield or bend, and yet what could she now do, when met at the first step. Colin, in one of Spenser's pastorals, has an epigram—"He that aimeth at a star, oft stumbles o'er a straw." The high designs of poor Joan, providing for the good of many persons, fell at once before the will of an old man whom children shouted after.

Meantime the loud speaking had startled the nest of young children, and the happy mother who enjoyed their merriment and caresses, in the adjoining room. Lewis Gregory heard a door open, and then a feeble foot-fall. Only the blind man heard these sounds.

"It is Grace," he muttered—"it is Grace."

And, indeed, this was true. The sick woman, tottering as she walked, came into the room. Her white feet were bare. Her face, much emaciated, had the bright hectic spots. The veins were visible, in blue lines, under her unnaturally transparent skin. Her eyes were singularly large and prominent.

"Father," said Lewis Gregory, suddenly rising, "we must bring this business to an end. I cannot assure you, or myself, that I am free from anger. Nor am I sure that an honest anger is not called for. You sacrifice me, and worse, this poor wife, to an unworthy passion. But I must not speak, I must not feel, a harsh censure of what you have done. God clear your heart and mind of this weakness. I return the bond to you." And he placed the bond in his father's hands.

"You do right, husband," said the sick woman,

putting an arm upon the blind man's shoulder. "Let us love each other, and trust in God."

What was it that changed the expression of the miser's countenance, as his son placed the reclaimed gift in his hands—substituting, for the look of resolute hardness, one of doubt, and inward debate? The distress of the scene had seemed not to touch him, until his end was gained. The end gained, was he giving way to feeling, about to undo the cruelty, to which he had borne on stubbornly, at the cost of broken ties, overthrown hopes, and an old age made desolate? He held the bond in his right hand. Now he would hold it loosely; again he would tighten his grasp upon it. At last he said, but in so low a tone as to be scarcely audible even to the quick ear of his blind son:

"We must see about it; he must be helped. This won't help him. We must look about. We must find a way."

Without waiting to put together the fragments which he caught of this speech, Lewis Gregory, kissing the bloodless lips of his wife, lifted her readily with one arm, gave the other hand to his boy Miles, who also had come to his side, and guided by the child, bore her back to her room. Joan heard the sobbing of the sick woman, and consoling words uttered by the blind husband. Her father's relenting looks, and words holding out some promise, had been lost upon her.

"The work is done," said the despairing girl. "We are given over to perdition. I am no longer your daughter. We, your children, have no longer a father. His heart is dead. We will labour, beg, or die together. Go back and enjoy what you have done. Clutch that paper so much more valuable than happiness on earth and in heaven. Leer your delight over it. It is the price of your soul, and of your children, and of your grandchildren. You have sold all to ruin for it. Go now!"

Her face had become livid. Her voice, broken into short utterances, sounded like so many stabs of a blunt knife. Her arms hung without guidance or control. Her eyes were glassy.

Henry Grant, who had entered the room, approached her.

"Come," he said resolutely; "we are not obliged to despair. We will find some means of supplying the place of this gift, which your father has taken back. I can do something at once, and soon may be able to do all, for the relief of your brother."

This was very impolitic. The miser was angered to find another stepping in to do the good which he had himself refused to do. One would have supposed from his looks, that Grant had been guilty of a mortal offence. The sharp ferret eyes sparkled with passion; the old thin lips worked with a sort of pulsing motion of the lower against the upper.

"You—you—what business is it of yours?" he

at last said. "You are to help them—are you? Pay me the moneys you owe me. Pay your own debts."

Henry Grant replied, in some astonishment, "I am not aware that I owe you any thing. I am certainly very much in debt, and can do less to relieve your son than I should wish. But how is it that I owe you money?"

"You know nothing about it? That is not so. You owe me \$10,000. You must pay it, every cent, at once. I have taken advice. No quarter—no quarter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Joan, "what is this? Are we to be beaten down at every step?"

Henry Grant interposed—

"Dear Joan, these things affect you sadly. There ought to be an end of all discussion for the present. Be alone for some time, and collect your courage. I exasperate your father; he is certainly under some delusion; but we will clear it up hereafter. Farewell, for to day."

Saying this, he left the house. He mounted his horse, and betrayed his humor by urging him to a swift gait with severe strokes of the spur.

"This is a terrible old man," he said. "He crushes the good, and the weak. He is pitiless and obdurate."

Muttering such words to himself, he rode fast upon his way.

CHAPTER VI.

The road, upon which Henry Grant travelled, was the same by which the miser had come to Casselton. In going from the village to Statton, you pursue this road very nearly to Hackwood before diverging. Riding at a gallop, Grant cleared the village hills, and came in view of the wide flats of the estate of the Gregories. The peaked gables of the old house were visible in the distance. Alas that its desolate walls should be the ring beyond which he could not bear the gentle and good Anne! As he thought of the tragedy of this family to which love bound him, a tragedy passing rapidly to a climax, if not to a conclusion, and struggled through crowding schemes, seeking relief with stubborn perseverance, the anger, which had been excited by contact with the miser, gave way gradually to calmer, and more profound, emotions. The gallop of his strong horse became a walk, and his head sank into the musing attitude. Riding in this way, he was not aware of the approach of a beautiful girl, who came to meet him with a light and quick step, until she had drawn quite near. A little handkerchief was pulled over her head, by a tight grasp at the chin. Her carriage was upright, her face bespoke an earnest purpose. This girl, walking alone upon the dusty highway, was Anne Gregory. Henry Grant was, in a moment, out of his saddle, and at her side.

"Master Henry," said Anne, in answer to his hurried and earnest inquiries, "I have come here, and am going to Casselton, because something very unusual has happened, and I am nervous, and these things frighten me very much."

"You mean that your father has mounted a horse, and galloped away to your brother's?" said Grant, as she paused.

"Yes; that is it," replied Anne. "We are not very happy. Indeed there is some dark fate about us all—is it not so? A noise, any sudden event, any change from the usual, makes me shake with dread of something—what I do not know. Now, it is a great relief to be with you. But has any thing terrible happened?"

"Nothing very terrible Anne, when the nerves are strong," said Grant. "Your father gave your brother a bond a few days ago, and he has now reclaimed it. This is all. But Anne," he continued, "Hackwood is a house full of whispering terrors to you, and you must leave it, and be my wife. I love you as my wife now; and how can any one have peace of mind who knows that his wife, away from his side, is trembling with wretched fears, and even in a condition of physical suffering? You owe love to your father; but this you can feel for him without devoting yourself to a wretchedness which can be of no service to him. For God's sake, weigh these words of a plain honest man, and act reasonably upon them."

"I will weigh them," said Anne Gregory; "but I think my final answer will be the one which occurs to me at once. I love you truly, and with such devotion, that if the love be thwarted, I scarcely think I shall find anything in life worth living for. This may sound like some folly of a young and romantic person; but I do think that my love goes so far. And yet, master Henry, it is clearly my duty to do nothing unbecoming a pure lady—to become your wife in no secret or passionate manner—but openly, with consent of my friends, and at the cost of no rudely broken ties. I might listen to my heart, and go with you now, this very day, to be your wife; but to-morrow—to-morrow—what would be the scene at Hackwood? and reflection would make me unhappy for a long time. The recollection of violated duties is not sweet. Continue to love me; if you do not, all is lost for me; but do not urge me beyond a free use of my reason. And yet I will weigh what you have said, and if I can see my duty differently, I will yield to your wishes."

The innocent girl, whose every tone and look bespoke a charming maiden modesty, and a frank nature, looked upward with fully lifted eyelids into her lover's face, as she spoke.

"You are always good, and gentle," said Henry Grant. "But the obstacles that separate us must soon be overcome."

After a little reflection, he continued—

"We must break through this passive folly, to

which your sister has confined us. I have seen your father, who instead of a drivelling and imbecile old man, whose miseries I could not be permitted to witness, has shown himself a terrible one, and may excite many emotions, but hardly that of contempt. He is too fully armed and too strong of will to leave us with a front of contempt. I will in a short time go to him and say boldly, 'Give me your daughter.' Perhaps he will yield. Perhaps not. The course is, at least, the course of duty."

"And I," said Anne, "will entreat him to consent. We may move him."

It was determined that Anne Gregory should return to Hackwood; and Henry Grant, leading his horse, walked by her side. The carriage of the lawyer, hitherto hidden by some sycamores, interposed by a bend of the tree-lined stream mentioned as washing the base of the Hackwood hill, became visible to them, as they drew near the tumble-down gateway in front of the house. When Anne, answering his enquiry, said that the fine carriage had brought Achilles Wiley to Hackwood, Grant became for a moment silent and thoughtful.

"This man has caused all of to day's grief and trouble," he presently muttered. "I shall have something to say to him."

The fat coachman dozed on his seat. Peterkin, the lean footman, stood with a melancholy patience, his wrists crossed before him, and one hand holding a hat ornamented with a yellow band. A great fly buzzed about the fat coachman's nose, but its buzz lulled him. An occasional mosquito tasted the lean footman, and finding nothing savoury, retired in disgust. It was all very still; the gay equipage, and all belonging to it, had succumbed to the genius of the place—a dead old place, with only a life of barn swallows, martins, and the humming insects through whose swarms the swift birds would make paths of slaughter, in the humid calm of the mild evening. The lean automaton made but one practised step to one side, saluting with a motion of his hat; the fat coachman stirred a little in his slumbers, and then was again oblivious, as the gentleman and lady passed them, and entered the house.

Anne was soon in her chamber, and Grant in the presence of Achilles Wiley. Salutations, smooth and wordy on the part of the lawyer, reserved on the part of the young country gentleman, were interchanged. Then, losing no time, Grant said:

"I have just witnessed a distressing scene, with which I think you must have had something to do."

"Explain," said Wiley; "I profess I do not understand you."

"Miles Gregory made a valuable gift to his son Lewis Gregory. To-day he rode from this house which he has not left for some years, and came in

haste, and as if at some sudden and unusual instigation, to his son, and obliged him to relinquish the gift. The persons who played losing parts in this scene were a blind man, a sick woman, a broken-hearted girl. I have some homely sympathies, and I confess that I have come from witnessing it with no little distress of mind, and with some disposition to hold the cause of it personally responsible."

The lawyer at once mastered the map of the honest mind before him. He answered with a subdued smile :

"I suppose, such being the case, that you desire me to bear a cartel to my old friend of Hackwood. That would be something quite interesting."

"Angry blood mounted to Grant's cheeks. But he checked a rough insult which had nearly escaped him, and answered calmly, weighing his words :

"You are a cool, practised person, Mr. Wiley. You can divert an attack upon yourself very adroitly to the body of another; and you can sport with a supremely ridiculous notion, with quite a serious face. Possibly you will be amused by my simplicity in gravely declaring that I have no desire to send a cartel to the person of whom you speak. Possibly you will not be amused when I say that I look upon yourself as the true object of my resentment."

"You can scarcely be guilty, my dear sir, of of so great an injustice," replied Achilles Wiley.

"If, like an honest man, you will inform me," said Grant, "what connection there is between your presence here and the sudden measures of which I have spoken, I may be able to discover that you are innocent."

Wiley looked, in spite of himself, a little chafed, but he presently answered in a calm manner :

"You involve your grave, slow sentences in suppositions very offensive to me. '*If, like an honest man*'—and—'*may be found innocent*'—and so forth : these are not very pleasant observations."

"They were not meant for pleasant observations," said Grant.

Wiley bit his nether lip and resumed :

"I pass them by. The connection between my presence here, and the really distressing circumstances of which you have spoken, is easily and innocently explained. I came to effect the arrangement of a debt due from my clients, Smooth and Stanton, to Miles Gregory. I made an ultimate proposition from my insolvent clients, conditioned upon a surrender of their bond. It seems that Miles Gregory had given this bond to his son. Yielding to my offer—an advantageous one, made quite professionally, and with no disposition to wrong or distress one human being—my old friend saw fit to reclaim the bond : doubtless with the purpose of giving in another form the aid which

natural affection must induce him to bestow upon his excellent son. Do you perceive a breach of honesty, or innocence, in this conduct of mine?"

"Scarcely, as you state it," Grant replied. "But you have, notoriously, very adroit powers of narrative. Leaving this matter for the present, there is another which perhaps you can explain. In the interview at the house of Lewis Gregory, his father spoke of a debt of \$10,000 due to him from myself. I know nothing of such a debt. Can you give me any light on the subject?"

The lawyer had stirred this debt into life, and had undertaken to propel it against the man before him : but his composure did not fail him in the least, as, armed with an apparent candor which the shrewdest men adopt as the very best means of deceiving, he answered :

"Yes : I can give you information about that debt. Your father joined Ireton, his neighbor, in a bond to Smooth and Stanton. These last named parties assigned the bond to Miles Gregory, in part payment for lands purchased of him. The debt is Ireton's ; your father drew no advantage from the transaction. He was, in fact, merely a surety. Miles Gregory can hardly think of pressing this large debt against you ; at least until measures against Ireton have failed. And of this there can be little danger. Ireton, of course, can discharge it."

"Perhaps so," said Grant musing. "But tell me how it happens that I hear of this thing for the first time now—just in connection with your presence here at Hackwood?"

The lawyer was somewhat at a loss for a reply ; he however said :

"Coincidences occur. And perhaps peculiar circumstances—annoyance at some feeling interference of yours, in the recent interview, perhaps—led the old gentleman to speak of it."

Grant persevered :

"Did you, or did you not, suggest and advise as to this debt, in the conversation here, in this house, to-day?"

"My young friend," replied Achilles Wiley, "you must be aware that, as a man of honor, I can make no answer to your singularly offensive question. A gentleman scarcely endures to be catechised in so extraordinary a manner."

"I then take for granted that you did what you refuse to deny," said Grant. "You are not a man on the one hand to utter a direct lie, or on the other to withhold, for want of a certain etiquette in the mode of asking, a satisfactory answer, when truth will permit you to clear your skirts by giving it. I am persuaded that you have instigated the father of Lewis Gregory to measures of hardship against that good and suffering man." Here Achilles Wiley tapped loudly upon his snuff-box. "I am also persuaded that you have suggested and advised in the matter of this Ireton debt, and that but for you

"I should not have heard of it." Achilles Wiley took a profuse pinch of snuff. "These are wrongs to be atoned for; and yet I have no good ground of quarrel, in the estimation of the world, against you. You are specious, and perhaps the mere assertion of your professional duties and immunities would sustain you with the public, and make my course appear wanton and absurd. But where gentlemen desire one of these useful collisions: as I do for the occurrences of to-day, and as you must do for certain words which I have seen fit to use in my conversation with you: a little ingenuity can find a way. You comprehend me? It is understood then that you and I, meeting here at Hackwood, dissipated an hour's ennui with some spicy political discussions. It is understood that, becoming warm, you used certain very offensive expressions."

"Well: go on," said the lawyer filling up a slight pause.

"It is understood that you declined in the heat produced by the discussion, to retract these very offensive expressions, and that you chose rather to give me the manly satisfaction, which my wounded honor made it necessary that I should demand at your hands."

"You have turned the corners of an hypothesis quite prettily," said Achilles Wiley; "but you have stopped short of the end by one clause."

"What have I omitted?" Grant asked.

"You have omitted to state that Mr. Wiley, the heat produced by the discussion having subsided, reconsidered his position, and after advising with honorable friends, retracted the offensive remarks, and apologized for them."

Grant smiled in spite of himself.

"I see," he said, "that you are not disposed heartily to such a meeting as I desire."

"Heartily? no," replied Wiley. "Upon my word, I have no disposition on earth to it, either hearty or lukewarm."

"Then," said Grant, "I suppose that such redress is not open to me. But you must leave this house at once, or I shall compel you to go, by personal violence."

"My God!" exclaimed Wiley. "You shock me. This is unendurable."

"It may be unendurable," said Grant, "but you must nevertheless go at once. What you began this morning you shall not complete this evening."

"This is horrible," cried Wiley; "it becomes a matter very different from your supposititious quarrel. This is to be weighed. Understand, sir, that in leaving this place, I go because the time has come for my doing so."

"So I think."

"Your threats have no effect upon my motives sir—none whatever. Peterkin! Peterkin!"

The footman came in, and shouldering the box of gold bore it to the carriage. Wiley, in silent

wrath, followed. He was soon rolling away. As he cleared the old gate way, whose carved figure-heads, mutilated in features, looked down grimly, more like Lemures than the better guardian spirits, his anger seemed to leave him. Even in so short a time his habitual caution had regained the mastery.

"I shall drop this business he mused. "The compensation isn't worth the danger. What a devil of a person this deliberate, slow-talking youngster is, to be sure. Such enemies do harm, but no good. I must get upon an amicable footing with him."

Henry Grant rode away from Hackwood soon after the lawyer's departure. And he, in turn, had been but a little while gone, when Miles Gregory came back from the wretched visit to his son.

CHAPTER VII.

The miser cross-questioned Jenkin concerning Wiley's absence. Jenkin could give him no satisfactory information. He presently locked himself into his room.

Sitting in his arm-chair, he pondered for a long time. Soon the annoyance, occasioned by Wiley's not awaiting his return, gave way to a train of absorbing thought. He had dared to reclaim the gift to his son, in defiance of his wild-tempered daughter, and of her former threats to rob him; because he had resolved to remove his hoards, and hide them away in a place of perfect safety. He had caught at this purpose, we have seen, as his hands were dipping into Wiley's gold. He had carried it with him as a stimulus to his resolution in the encounter with his daughter and son. He still retained it, in spite of Joan's changed manner, and the contrition with which she seemed to recal her threat; for the first impression had been sharply sunk into his suspicious, covetous, and fearful nature; and, in truth, he distrusted the genuineness of his daughter's present show of inactive, sluggish despair. He now meditated upon this removal of his boxes of money and other valuables.

"I must begin to-night," he mused. "The quarry pit will be the place. And then, then, when I am safe from the girl—why I shall do as I please."

Was the affection of a father for his children wholly gone? No: In all the scene at the house of his blind son, there had been an ache of the heart, under the cupidity and anger which he displayed. Perhaps this heartache, these pangs keen in the core of the miserable man, did, in their struggle with a cupidity too strong for them, cause the anger. When we are driven by any strong evil passion to measures of cruel wrong to those we love, we are very apt to be fierce in temper, and to lash out at others, in resentment of our own want of internal ease. Now that cupidity had gained its

end, it might have slumbered, and the good principle might for a little time have come up from its profounds, and ruled over his meditations, suggesting plans of aid and protection to his children; but the cunning schemes for hiding his wealth abstracted him from such softer thoughts, and left them to visit the sombre solitude of some future hour.

As he sat, maturing his purpose, night drew on. About dusk, in the first mutterings of a rising storm, Joan came home. The gusty wind roared through the great door, as she entered the house; and the miser heard her well-known step on the stairs, and along the passages, as she sought her chamber. He fell into a nervous disorder. He had not expected her return so soon. She had said that a gulf was sunk between them—father and child—and that the fortunes of her blind brother were her own; and yet she had returned in a few hours to take her accustomed place in the household. The truth is that despair had dulled the reason of the poor girl, and she had come back from mere blind obedience to habit. The miser grew more and more nervous, as he reflected upon her return, and presence on this night fixed for the removal of his moneys. Dusk deepened into an intensely dark night. Soon the roll of distant thunder gave way to explosive peals near at hand, and almost incessant flames of lightning gleamed and burned over trees, buildings, and the coverts of the barrens. The windows of the miser's desolate room became oblongs of yellow flame. In his nervous disorder, weak in the solitude which was commonly his strength, there was something living and terrible in the dread voices, and lurid fires, which roared, pealed and blazed without. The old author of one of the Elizabethan moralities makes a monster of Thunder, and calls Lightning his red-winged sister. Brother and sister—these furies of the elements—were wildly alive on this stormy night.

The miser summoned Jenkin to bear him company. Jenkin made the shutters close, and lighted a feeble candle. For several hours the storm raged; it then passed away. The rain, which had fallen heavily, came down with only a capricious patter upon the roofs; the peals of thunder became more distant; the re-opened shutters showed only flashes in the east. It was like the dying away of a battle which has become a rout; a feeble rally on the far hills, a flight into the valleys beyond.

"I must strengthen myself with food," said the miser, as the storm passed away. "It has been a long fast."

Jenkin brought from a closet cheese and hard bread. The owner of many thousand acres looked carefully at the provision, to detect any possible diminution of it since, like some old gray mouse, he last nibbled at it.

"Very little is enough, if we are saving," he said, as he entered upon his repast.

It was about midnight. The miser, who had

gone to bed at his usual hour, got up again, and puffing at some coals which, pleading the dampness of the night, he had made Jenkin heap in the hearth and cover with ashes, lighted a candle. He next left his room quietly, and went to the room of his youngest daughter. Opening the door stealthily, he looked in. Anne slept soundly. The watery moonbeams touched a white shoulder which lay exposed to the old man's view. The light of the candle, which he had brought with him, blended feebly with these beams. He drew near to the little white bed and its gentle tenant. How beautiful the child-like woman was—how low, tranquil and soft was her breathing. Bending over this best-loved of his children, the old man sighed; the girl stirred in her sleep, but only moving an arm, which exposed still farther the white shoulder, resumed her tranquil breathing. The miser left the room as stealthily as he had entered it. He next turned his steps to the chamber of Joan. The door was ajar. He looked in. Joan also slept. Her hands were locked, one in the other, over her breast. Her face was in shadow. Her breathing was heavy; the long and large limbs of the beautiful amazon, shaping the drapery which concealed them, were motionless. It seemed to be a sluggish and dull sleep that chained the senses of the unhappy girl. This bed, and its sleeper, the miser did not venture to approach. After listening for some time, he withdrew, leaving the door still ajar. As he passed back he heard something like a moan; it came from Jenkin who slept in a passage below. The old servant uttered some sounds, such as we hear from our hunting dogs when they dream on the hearth rug; but, starting from sleep, shook himself, and muttered, "the Lord have mercy on us."

The master, after waiting until Jenkin was again asleep, re-entered his room, leaving the door half open. Presently he unlocked the hiding place of his moneys, and, kneeling on the floor, leaned into the recess, until only his skirts and long thin legs were out of it. Then he brought out a box which he lifted with difficulty. As he placed it on the floor, another sound mingled with its dull thump; the sound of a soft footfall. Turning quickly, he saw Joan. With a swift shudder he made the opened panel fast again; and then, with the key clutched in the palm of his right hand, his back planted against the wainscoting and his body shrinking into a bend, fronted his daughter with the mingled courage and fear of a stag at bay. The girl approached with singular motions and gestures. Her arms were lifted, and advanced with the palms of the hands downward; her chin was raised, and her mouth tightly compressed; her eyes were fixed as if on some far object; her body had the staggering motion of one wading in deep water, and beaten by counter currents. Presently, as she came quite near, the miser saw, by the candle-light,

a dead lustre in her blood-shot eyes, and his real fears gave way to mere nervous tremors. Joan had come, not as a robber, but as a somnambulist. She turned aside when her swaying and shaken steps had brought her almost to his feet, and said :

“Drowned—drowned ; ah ! no help—no help !”

The miser blew out his light and drew closer still to the wall. His eyes attempted then to follow his daughter in the dark. One might have seen an animal glow in the round staring balls. His heart beat with a dull, muffled sound. It was not fear of real danger, but nervous suspense, and perhaps the terrors with which the weird and unreal fill us, that oppressed him. As he watched his daughter's motions, he saw her leave the room. With a sense preternaturally quickened, he heard her slight footfall at every step, as she retraced her way to her chamber, and finally the sharp creak, and catch of the bolt, as she shut herself into it. It was quite an hour before the old man recovered sufficiently from the shock of this interruption, to be able to resume his operations. Then, ignorant of the hour, and fearful that his inaction had continued too long, and that day might be near, he crept to a window and would have looked to the eastern horizon ; but a moving light on the flat just beyond the little stream, at once fixed his attention. The light moved with a gliding motion just above the long grass ; presently, it became stationary, and seemed to be poised, and to round itself into a perfect orb, burning with a pale light without lustre ; then it resumed its motion, and went gliding away, at a sharp angle with its former course. It was a lamp of the marshes—a Will o' the wisp. The old man, familiar with such lights, looked away from it to the stream ; the brook, usually clear and slow in its current, had been greatly swollen by the recent rain, and ran now in a torrent, whose yellow and turbid surface the moon made quite visible. From this again he looked to the east. Day was not near. Then lighting his candle once more, he resumed his interrupted labours. The box which he had taken from the recess, he lifted and carried across the room. This proved its weight, which he found greater than he could readily manage. Casting about for an expedient, he hit upon one ; he took a rope from the cheese closet, and fastening this to the handles of leather, at each end of the box, made a band to go over the head, and rest on the neck and shoulders. This would, of course, diminish the labour of the arms in carrying so great a weight. Having completed these arrangements, he blew out his candle, took up the box, first placing the rope over his neck, and after a little delay at the door, which he quietly locked after him, stole down the creaking stairway. Jenkin, between sleeping and waking, had a vague consciousness that a tottering old man, bearing a burthen, passed him, and left the house by a back door. But when he had fully opened his eyes he saw nothing

except the moonlight lying upon the great old stairway as yellow as gold, and cut, as it lay, into the quaint traceries of the arched window by which it had entered.

CHAPTER VIII.

Day came. Sunshine and rain-drops made the face of nature flash and glitter. The martins filled the air aloft with their cries. The swallow chuckled as she hung about her nest, and saw her swift mate dart away to bring back provision from his market above the moorlands. Even the old peaked gables of Hackwood put on a grim smile as nature laughed through her tears.

Joan awoke with the consciousness of having been distressed by bad dreams. She remembered something of one of them. It was a dream of waters rising from valley to hill, from hill to mountain, and drowning the world by horrible degrees. Perhaps the material for such a dream had been furnished by the storm. She smiled bitterly, as now, awake and hardened by sorrow into indifference to life and death, she recalled her dreaming emotions of dread and hope.

The sun had been some time risen, when Jenkin went to the door of his master's room. He found it locked. He endeavored to make himself heard. He knocked repeatedly, and finally used his voice. No answer came, and the old servant, beginning to be alarmed, hobbled off to his young mistresses. Joan and Anne presently came to the fastened door and called loudly, but to no purpose.

“You must cut this door down,” said Joan quickly. Finding that Jenkin hesitated, and that Anne seemed surprised, she added, “He may be dying—or *dead*.”

“Ah ! cut it down—cut it down !” cried the youngest girl infinitely alarmed ; and then called—“Father—father !” in so clear and ringing a voice, that the garrets echoed as if an Ariel had found his way into them.

Jenkin brought to his aid the two or three old servants of the establishment, and the door was forced. Miles Gregory was not in the room. This discovery at once removed the alarm of his daughters. They withdrew, supposing that he had gone out and would soon return.

But when several hours passed without his appearing, the household became again seriously alarmed. Search was made in every probable place. Sometimes a seeker would imagine the old quaint hat with its peaked top, which the miser commonly wore, in some fantastic form of the foliage of the neighboring coverts. Sometimes a sound like his stealthy step would make the eyes turn quickly, but it was always a sigh of the faint wind, or a noise of the brook, already much subsided, and regaining its clearness. When the evening drew on, quite a crowd had collected.

A boy, a little keen-faced fellow, at last found a trace of the missing man. On the narrow border of level ground, between the foot of the hill and the end of a log which made a bridge over the brook, were several impressions in the grassy soil. All of these were dull except one, which showed clearly the slip of a foot, and then a clear stamp where the foothold had been secured. Jenkin, brought to the spot, examined the footmark, and was sure that the patched shoe of his master had made it. A part of the crowd gathered about him. One of the number went upon the foot-bridge, holding, as he walked, by a rude hand-railing. About midway, an end of one of the laths of which this railing was made, sprung out under the pressure of his hand; the nail which had fastened it to an upright had given way.

"If the old gentleman tried to cross here in the night," said the man, when he had secured his balance, nearly lost by the yielding of the rail, "ten to one but he fell in. But this is a little branch to drown a man."

And saying this, the bridge-walker began to look into the water, and to feel the bottom with a long stick. He found the depth much greater than might have been supposed. It was quite six feet; the current had washed the brook here to an unusual depth. As the man felt about with his stick, he touched upon a substance which arrested the sweeping motions of his search; he pressed upon one spot—and lingered upon it.

"He is here—I think he is here," said the stout countryman in a low and grave voice.

And so indeed it proved. The body of Miles Gregory was drawn from the bottom of this brook—a stream so narrow, that a good hunter might ordinarily have cleared it at a leap. But the storm had swollen it, and then a fatal cause was at once seen in the manner in which a box, so heavy as to add greatly to the labour of drawing the dead man upon the bank, had been fastened to the neck of the body. One hand, moreover, retained a fast hold to a handle of this box, and the death-clutch could only be broken by wrenching at the fingers. This was the manner of the death of Miles Gregory of Hackwood.

What subtle connection there might be between the dream and the dead man's daughter, and this his unhappy end, I cannot say. Country gossips, on a no better basis, have often established a spiritual foreknowledge of events; and indeed the wisest, who see under the show of life its inexplicable mysteries, whilst not weakly credulous as to such things, are yet not apt to disbelieve as pragmatically as that long-eared formalist, the Broctophantasmist of the Faust; or to run logical tilts which can only result in catching a mist on their spear-heads.

With the death of Miles Gregory, the distresses of debt, and obstructed love, which had pressed

heavily upon his children, and which have made the staple of my story, were removed. He left no will. His large property passed, by inheritance, to his children. I have only, in conclusion, to give the reader some knowledge of the after fortunes of my characters.

Anne Gregory became the wife of Henry Grant, and mistress of Statton. Her dowry increased the means of her husband so materially that hereditary debts have been discharged; and the sweet girl, become now a gentle matron, lives in a cheerful and prosperous present, and looks with reasonable assurance to a happy future. Little boys and girls are beginning to perplex old Jenkin, who has a cabin at Statton, and basks under its western wall on sunny evenings. He has stories to tell them, and toy baskets to make for them. He is occasionally peremptory, but one little girl of the number always carries her end, when, stealing behind him, she puts her smooth arms about his neck.

Her father's death fell with a terrible effect upon Joan Gregory. The dark dread that her threats had caused it, preyed on her spirits for years. But time triumphed. The suffering woman regained the spring of her bold nature, and came to look upon life more hopefully, and with the courage of one who salves the past with the consciousness of good motives. She became the wife of an honorable and distinguished man, of great force of character, and lives now in a distant country.

Lewis Gregory has been partially cured of his blindness; but not sufficiently to return to his profession. He is now master of Hackwood, and has restored the house and its grounds. The barrens are made fertile; and the ash coverts have given way to waving grasses and grains. Grace, his wife, is still living. She has sought life in foreign travel. The airs of Montpelier, in the Lower Languedoc, have alleviated, if not removed, her malady. Perhaps happiness will perfect the work. It is surely a sweet medicine.

I trust that the reader has taken something more than a cold interest in the distresses, and subsequent prosperity of "The Gregories of Hackwood."

Could we look into the libraries of authors, the studios of artists, and the laboratories of chemists, and view what they have only sketched, or what lie scattered in fragments, and could we trace their first and last thoughts, we might discover that we have lost more than we possess. There we might view foundations without superstructures, once the monuments of their hopes!

Men of genius are often revered only where they are known by their writings; intellectual beings in the romance of life—in its history, they are men! Erasmus compared them to the great figures in tapestry-work, which lose their effect when not seen at a distance. Their foibles and their infirmities are obvious to their associates, often only capable of discerning these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.—*D'Israeli*.

AMERICANISMS.*

We are a great people. That is, we, the universal Yankee nation, and not *we*, the writer of this article. There can be no doubt of our greatness. From the night when the tea was thrown overboard from the ships in Boston harbor, we have been *progressing*, (a good word, in spite of the lexicographers,) until this day—the first of October, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Forty Eight, the date of the Messenger's publication—we stand among the other nations of the earth, like Saul among the men of Israel, or

—velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

The idea of Britannia's marching over the mountain wave, as mistress of the seas, may be all very well in Mr. Campbell's lyrics, and France may claim to be the propagandist of the fashions, but we boldly assert the proud supremacy of Brother Jonathan, in the eyes of the world. Something, perhaps, might be said in praise of English learning and French science, of the British Museum and the discovery of Le Verrier, if we were disposed to do justice to our transatlantic neighbors; but we have set out in this article to brag of America and brag we shall, to the best of our ability. It would be quite improper, certainly, to sound the praises of any other country. We know a gentleman, who once went to Liverpool as supercargo in a commercial enterprise and who remained in England three months, without seeing London. We ventured to ask him on his return why he had not visited the metropolis? "Sir," said he, "I had my luggage taken down to the station and was on my way to get a ticket, when I met a friend, who assured me that London was a very stupid place, and so I came back again." It is just in this manner that we shall speak of Albion or any other nation when compared with ourselves. We have learned long since, on fourth-of-July days, to boast of America as a pretty considerable sort of country and no mistake, and, in the true spirit of our national anthem, to

—Stick a feather in our cap
And call it macaroni!

Are we not "going ahead" in every branch of human improvement? Not only is the schoolmaster abroad, but his smart scholars are making them-

selves known in all directions. We have accomplished wonderful things in arts and arms, in letters and locomotion, and while skirting the Atlantic for two thousand miles with populous and thriving cities, we have carried our juleps and our jurisprudence across the Rocky Mountains, among strange tribes of dusky and barbarous Injuns! As our policy is peace, we shall soon reach the *Pacific*, and, acting over again the energetic measures of Augustus, who "found Rome of brick and left it of marble," shall rear the temples of justice and religion, and lift up the voice of enlightened morality, where now is heard only

The wolf's long howl on Onalaska's shore!

There, that will do! We take breath, and come more immediately to the subject we propose to discuss.

That subject is "Americanisms."

And to define the term, we recur, before proceeding farther, to the very excellent volume of Mr. Bartlett;

"AMERICANISM. A way of speaking peculiar to this country.—*Witherspoon*.

"By Americanism," says Dr. Witherspoon, 'I understand a use of phrases or terms, or a construction of sentences, even among persons of rank and education, different from the use of the same terms and phrases, or the construction of similar sentences, in Great Britain. In this sense it is exactly similar in its formation and significance to the word *Scotticism*.'

This definition is quite sufficient and satisfactory, although we might carp at the term "rank" as somewhat aristocratic for our institutions.

We now assert, in the face of Blackwood and his Anglo-American correspondent, that, with all our Americanisms, we speak, as a nation, better English than do the people of the "fast-anchored isle." True it is, that in some sections of the United States, from local influences and foreign admixtures, the vernacular, throwing off the trammels of the schools, has assumed a flexibility and copiousness quite unknown to the 17th century. But this does not weaken our position at all. For we believe that even in these sections better English is spoken than among similar classes of society in England. The b'hoys in the Bowery, for example, do not converse with any strict observance of grammar or any remarkable purity of expression, but their lingo is better than that of the young gentlemen of St. Giles,' who have been introduced to us, in all their larcenous extravagance, in Mr. Ainsworth's novels. The slang of collegians is very similar in both countries and is not worse, we apprehend, at Yale or the University of Virginia than at Oxford or Cambridge. Among the nobility, in the circles of Belgrave Square, we do not doubt that the language is spoken with great

* Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases, usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett, Corresponding Secretary of the American Ethnological Society and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the New York Historical Society. New York: Bartlett and Welford, No. 7 Astor House, 1848. Richmond, for sale by Drinker and Morris-

purity, but it is spoken quite as well by educated people in Boston, in Baltimore, in Richmond, in Charleston or in St. Louis. What indeed shall we say of the dialects of Yorkshire and Cornwall, or where among our people is such English employed?

We are right glad that the subject has at length engaged the attention of one so well qualified to do it entire justice as Mr. Bartlett. Well-known for his philological attainments and his accurate research, his studies have made him familiar, in an uncommon degree, with the rise and progress of our tongue. We have read his book with great pleasure and we consider it a most acceptable contribution to literature. Any one, who will take it up, while he will derive abundant amusement from the novelties it contains, will be surprised to find how many words, which have been set down as of our own invention, are based upon genuine Biblical or Shaksperian usage.

The verb to *progress*, which we have used in our foregoing remarks, after having been excluded from the language by the "best authorities," must again be admitted under the sanction of the London Quarterly Review, and the occurrence of it in the writings of the old dramatists.

"Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silvery doth *progress* on thy cheeks."
King John, v. 2.

"— Although the popular blast
Hath reared thy name up to bestride a cloud
Or *progress* in the chariot of the sun."
FORD.—Broken Heart.

It is a very common opinion that "axe" for ask is a vulgarism indigenous to the Southern States of America. We have had it quoted to us as an instance of Virginia coinage. But the verb to *axe* is as old as the language. In the Ang. Sax. it is *acsian*, *axian*. Mr. Bartlett cites the following authorities for it:

"And Pilate *axide* him, art thou King of Jewis?
And Jhesus answeride and saide to him, thou seist.—Wiclif, *Trans. of the Bible*.

A poor lazar, upon the tide,
Came to the gate and *axed* meate.
Gower. *Con. Anc.*

Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, in a letter to her son, Henry VII., concludes with,

As hearty blessings as ye can *axe* of God.
Lord Howard.

In the next reign, Dr. John Clarke writes to Cardinal Wolsey, and tells him that

The King *axed* after your Grace's welfare.
Pegge's *Anecdote*."

The expression SHARP SET in the sense of hun-

gry is given very properly as in frequent colloquial use both in England and the United States. In support of this, the writer might have referred to one of the best of Charles Lamb's puns. In a letter to his friend Manning, a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, he says, "Puns I have not made many, (nor punch much) since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the Cathedral, upon which I remarked, that they must be very *sharp-set*."

There are many other words of this description in Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary, some of which he has failed to trace to their origin or to notice as common in England. We suggest three or four examples. We think it strange that the plain derivations and authorities of these words did not occur to so well-informed and accurate an author.

On page 61, Mr. Bartlett gives us

"CALLITHUMPIANS. It is a common practice (says he) in New York, as well as other parts of the country, on New Year's Eve, for persons to assemble with tin horns, bells, rattles, and similar euphonious instruments, and parade the streets making all the noise and discord possible. This Party is called the *Callithumpians*, or the *Callithumpian Band*. On wedding nights the happy couple are sometimes saluted with this discord by those who choose to consider the marriage an improper one, instead of a serenade.—See *Charivari*."

While this definition describes well enough the manner of the performance and the instruments generally used, our author has been singularly unfortunate, we think, in *locating* the practice; for we entertain no sort of doubt that if it is common for parties of this description, to go out on New Year's Eve to make night hideous in the streets of New York and fright Manhattan Isle from its propriety, it is also common for them to be put in the watch-house for their trouble. They must either yield, or, like Hood's prowler,

Frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee.

The fact is, the Callithumpians flourish most in colleges situated in small towns or villages, where the constable can do nothing to suppress disorder, against a large force of students, without the *posse comitatus*. We know something about it from personal experience, and we can assure Mr. Bartlett that the word has an excellent Greek derivation. It comes from *καλος*, pleasant, and *θυμος*, the soul, because they are *pleasant souls*, or jolly fellows, who engage in the sport.

Page 205. "LICKING. A flogging; a beating."

The authorities given for this are Col. Crockett and the Charcoal Sketches of the late Joseph C. Neal.

Now there is no better word than "licking." Its

root is *lictor*, the name of the official who carried around the *fascēs* to thrash the rabble into a proper respect for the Roman magistracy.

Again. Page 298. "SHINDY. A Row or Spree."

Mr. Bartlett gives no other authority for this than Mr. Neal and thus admits that the word is an Americanism proper. 'Shindy' is one of those specimens of slang, which have been brought with spices from India. It is from the name of an Indian general, *Scindia*, who always got up a fight wherever he went.

It is very possible that our speculations with regard to these words may be considered fanciful and extravagant. But there is a phrase given by Mr. Bartlett as of native growth, about which there can be no dispute whatever, when we point out the source from which it comes. He does not mention a single passage in English literature in which it occurs, and seems to consider it as obnoxious to the charge of being American born. The phrase is

"BY THE SKIN OF ONE'S TEETH. When a man (says our author) *has made a narrow escape* from any dilemma, it is a common remark to say, that he has saved himself 'by the skin of his teeth.'"

To put the matter forever at rest, so far as the propriety of the phrase is concerned, we quote a passage from the most splendid of all compositions. In the book of Job, xix chap., 20 verse, it is thus written,

"My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There must be inevitably very many additions to language in the advancement of the sciences and the important changes of national character. New discoveries and new combinations of long-established facts and principles involve the absolute necessity of new terms by which to designate them. In this manner, the United States has added largely to the vocabulary of Dr. Johnson. Nor can it be questioned that many phrases and expressions have crept into use, which have no sufficient origin and would be little understood out of the country. Some of these are curious and amusing. We shall mention several of each class, as given by Mr. Bartlett.

"BACKWOODS. The partially cleared forest region on the western frontier of the United States, called also the *back settlements*. This part of the country is regarded as the back part or rear of Anglo-American civilization, which fronts on the Atlantic. It is rather curious that the English word *back* has thus acquired the meaning of *Western*, which it has in several Oriental languages, and also in Irish."

"BROTHER JONATHAN. The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the Norwich Courier. The Editor says it was communicated by a gentleman now upwards of eighty years of age who was an active

participator in the scenes of the Revolution. The story is as follows:

"When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary war, came to Massachusetts to organize it and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency; Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, 'We must consult 'Brother Jonathan' on the subject.' The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan.' The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but 'Brother Jonathan' has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England."

"DIGGINGS. A word first used at the Western Lead Mines, to denote places where the ore was dug. Instead of saying this or that mine, it is *these diggings* or *those diggings*. The phrase *these diggings* is now provincial in the Western States, and is occasionally heard in the Eastern, to denote a neighborhood, or particular section of country."

We now quote one of the most curious of Americanisms, which has given rise to much discussion in different parts of the country with regard to its origin. It is the

"DOLLAR MARK (\$.) The origin of the sign to represent the *Dollar*, (says Mr. Bartlett,) has been the cause of much discussion of late in the newspapers. One writer says it comes from the letters U. S., (United States,) which after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, were prefixed to the Federal currency, and which afterwards, in the hurry of writing, were run into one another; the U being made first and the S over it. Another, that it is derived from the contraction of the Spanish word *pesos*, dollars, or *pesos fuertes*, hard dollars. A third, that it is a contraction of the Spanish *fuertes*, hard, to distinguish silver or hard dollars from paper money. The more probable explanation is, that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of eight reals, or, as a dollar was formerly called, a *piece of eight*. It was then designated by the figures $\frac{8}{8}$."

Mr. Bartlett could not have seen a letter, addressed to the Editors of the Southern Standard, (a paper published about two years since in Rich-

mond,) from the pen of Judge Beverly Tucker, of William and Mary College, on the use of the Dollar Mark in Pleading. Judge Tucker's hypothesis is certainly the most striking, if not the most rational, we have ever seen. He says—

"The Straits of Gibraltar, called of old the 'Pillars of Hercules,' were called the *ne plus ultra* of the world. Spain pushed her discoveries to this continent, and when she carried home the wealth that rewarded her enterprise, she coined it into dollars, and stamped them with a triumphant allusion to her great achievement. The pillars they bear are the Pillars of Hercules and across them is twined a fillet marked with the beautiful words '*plus ultra*'—'farther yet.' The two straight lines are supposed to represent these pillars, and the line that waves across them stands for the fillet; and thus the mark \$ is but a rude picture of this part of the impression."

Our quotations are certainly most diverse in their nature, for we now come to a phrase, which defies a satisfactory explanation and which must sound singularly in the ears of an Englishman:

"KNOCKED INTO A COCKED HAT. Knocked out of shape; spoiled; ruined. The allusion or metaphor seems to be that of the hat of some unlucky wight, which, by a violent blow, has been knocked into a sort of flattened, three-cornered shape, resembling an old-fashioned cocked hat.

"In consequence of a severe storm of rain and a freshet that followed, some time during the winter of 1842, the mails were behind several days and no news was received. In speaking of the storm, the New York Commercial Advertiser stated that they were unable to give any news, for, owing to the storm and the freshet, the mails were all *knocked into a cocked hat*. A London paper, in quoting news from America, observed that a singular occurrence had taken place, which had kept back the usual supply of news from New York, as it appeared that the mails were *knocked into a cocked hat*—a most extraordinary circumstance, the meaning of which it was wholly out of their power to define."

It is not generally known that "sundown" is purely an Americanism. The Dictionary says,

"SUNDOWN. Sunset. Peculiar to the United States."

An English lady, making the tour of the United States, with whom it was our fortune on one occasion to ride twenty miles in the stage coach, complained that wherever she went in the interior, she was treated with "a sunrise breakfast and a sundown bed." She spoke freely of the liberties we took with the language and told an amusing story of a Western steamboat captain, who, just as he was leaving a landing on the Mississippi river, where the boat had stopped for freight, saw a carryall on the wharf and cried out to a man on shore, "Does that carryall *want to come on board*?"

Recurring to the Dictionary, however, we are attracted by a word, which is the very last that a Virginian would be willing to see expunged from the language. It embodies all his love of country and pride of birth-place, because he regards it as the synonym of his State's renown. If carried from his home to inhospitable climes, or placed

—sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ,

he would not feel so deeply the *maladie du pays* as the want of his best comforter, the solace of all his woes. The reader has already anticipated us in the word—TOBACCO. We need not recur to the palmy days of the court of Elizabeth, to see Raleigh introducing the weed into use among that crowd of wits and gallants that encircled the Virgin Queen, nor need we invoke in its praise the muse of Byron, who sings

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labors and the Turkman's rest.

It is enough for us that it is the staple product of Virginia to make us regard it with peculiar favor, and though we use it only as it comes in cigars from Cuba, we incline to think that the American was right, who, being asked in England for what the United States was remarkable, replied, "Pretty women, canvass-back ducks, trotting horses and tobacco."

But what says Mr. Bartlett?

"TOBACCO. (Span. *tabaco*.) An American plant; the dried leaves of the plant used for smoking, chewing and making snuff. The name is supposed to be derived from *Tabaco*, a province of Yucatan, where it was first found by the Spaniards.—*Worcester*. According to Gilii, it is the name of an instrument which the Indians used for smoking.—*Storia Americana*.

"Among the host of names given to the weed according to the various modes in which it is prepared for *chewing*, are, Pig-Tail, Ladies' twist, Cavendish, Honey-Dew, Negro-head, (pron. Nigger-head,) Long Cut, Short Cut, Bull's Eye, Plug, Oronoko Leaf, Nail-rod or 32's, Roll, Fine Spun, Pound, &c., &c."

We clipped from a newspaper, some time since an account of the origin of the term, Cavendish Tobacco, which, not because we think it very interesting but that it seems to be a leaf of our history, we here insert and commend to the notice of the Virginia Historical Society.

"There lived in the County of Mecklenburg, and Colony of Virginia, some seventy-five years ago, a Colonel Cabanis, a successful planter and 'prosperous gentleman.' Now, in those ancient days of Virginia, the habit was to export the tobacco grown in the Colony to the mother country, to be manufactured, and then to be re-exported to

Virginia, there to be masticated and spirited upon its native soil.

"Our worthy Colonel was the first to start domestic manufactures in the South on his own hook, by the erection of a private establishment for the manufacture of chewing tobacco on a small scale. And a prime article was turned out from this infant, and, we may say, isolated manufactory of the olden time. And the good Colonel, who was a member of the House of Burgessés, would at every annual visit to Williamsburg, put into his saddle-bags a choice twist for each of his brother members and chewers of the House; and anxiously, indeed, was his advent, or rather that of his saddle-bags, looked for, while many a smacking of lips, as well as shaking of hands, greeted the arrival of the manufacturer of Mecklenburg at the Capitol.

"Now the Cabanis twist beat all competition; it had the taste, the twang, the real game flavor, and many and earnest were the inquiries as to the *modus operandi* by which such an exquisite article was produced. At length the Colonel divulged the mighty secret—*He always pressed his prime, the real Cabanis, in an old bee gum!*

"Gentle readers, who are masticators of the weed, rejoice! After the lapse of three quarters of a century the truth, the mighty truth, is out at last. So let us hear no more of Cavendish Tobacco, but of *Cabanis No. 1, real Bee Gum and no mistake!*"

With the word Tobacco, we shall conclude our extracts from Mr. Bartlett's volume; not however without some anxiety, lest that gentleman may institute legal proceedings against us for a violation of his copy-right. The attentive reader, too, may possibly lay an action of deceit, for our having inveigled him into a perusal of this article, under the title of "Americanisms," when we have wandered from the subject to treat *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. We ask pardon of both and return to the matter in hand.

Our author has treated, (in his Introduction,) of Dialects and the causes that produce them. There can be no doubt that the most satisfactory reasons may be found for the introduction of so large a number of slang expressions into our American English, especially in the Southern States. The institution of slavery insures the presence of a large class among us, who talk an unwritten language, of course a bad imitation of their masters' vocabulary. Thus corruptions sometimes become common among the people at large and are occasionally adopted as mere farcical phrases, not to be employed in composition. The want of an adequate system of education, arising from our sparse population, consigns many to hopeless barbarism of speech. Their perversions are frequently in the highest degree amusing. There is a very handsome plantation residence in the neighborhood of Charlottesville, which is familiarly known as "Pinetops."

We lived in sight of it for two years, before we were made acquainted with its original designation. It was named by Mr. Jefferson *Pantops*, from *πας, πασα, παν*, all, and *οψ*, seeing, signifying that an extensive prospect might be seen from the house. But the general title is, as we have said, *Pinetops*. In like manner, a spot on the Mississippi river, settled by the French, is now known by a dreadful perversion of the name they gave to it. From the appearance of the country around, they called the settlement *Bois brûlé*, or burnt-wood. It is now called *Bob Ruly!*

It frequently happens that settlements, immediately adjoining each other, are peopled by foreigners, whose languages widely differ. Words and phrases are soon interchanged, and the transmutations of names are sometimes ludicrous enough. The following amusing story is told by Mr. Livingston, in his admirable answer to Mr. Jefferson's defence of his conduct to Mr. L. for ousting him from the possession of the famous *batture* at New Orleans, purchased by Mr. Livingston from Gravier. It is intended to show how, by translations and retranslations, a troublesome word may be made to mean anything: "An unfortunate Scotchman, whose name was Ferguson, was obliged, in pursuit of fortune, to settle among some Germans in the western part of New York. They translated him literally into German and called him Fuerstein. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that Fuerstein in German meant Flint in English. They retranslated instead of restoring him his name, and the descendants of Ferguson go by the name of Flint to this day. I ought, however, to except one of his grandsons, who settled at the Acadian coast, on the Mississippi, whose name underwent the fate of the rest of the family; he was called by a literal translation into French 'Pierre à fusil,' and his eldest son returning to the family clan underwent another change, and was called Peter Gun!"

The case of the worthy Irishman, Mr. O'Trotter, is not so remarkable, but is sufficiently ludicrous. He started out on his travels as Mr. O' Trotter. In Scotland he was called Mr. McTrotten. In England he was accosted as Mr. Trottington. Arriving at Paris, he was saluted as M. Trotignac, and in another part of France M. Trotville. He went to Italy, where he was addressed as Trotini; thence to Holland, where he became Van Trotten; subsequently, in Germany, he was designated Von Trotten; in Poland, it was Trotinski; in Russia, Trottingoff; and when at length he reached the Celestial Empire, the Chinese immediately transformed his plastic name into Trottin fou!

There is a weighty objection to the volume of Mr. Bartlett, which we cannot help expressing, as lovers of the English language. It is the intro-

duction of so large a number of mere blackguardisms, which would pass away with the generation that employs them, but for this recognition of their existence. Some appear for the first time in a *book*, others are gleaned from the local sketches of low character, which have been published in various parts of the country. If it be said that we should also object to the sketches themselves, to Judge Longstreet and Judge Haliburton, for the employment of slang,—we answer that this has all been *in character*, and was well understood, and there is as little danger that the language will be corrupted by Sam Slick or Billy Stallings as by any of the stable boys or Alsatians in the Waverley Novels. We very much fear, however, that the bare preservation of such vulgarisms, in the form of a Glossary, will tend to increase their use. In this way they will emerge from colloquial service into the purposes of composition and our literature, debased by vile thoughts and disfigured by unworthy expressions, will display in choice profusion those exotics of rhetoric, which flourish in the genial soil of Cockiagne.

We love the English language. It is perhaps because we know little of any other. But we are so much attached to its idioms, its modes of speech, its stately dignity, that we are unwilling to see it changed in aught from that perfect vocabulary, which has come down to us from the old masters of eloquence and poesy. We like the Miltonic march of words, words that sweep along the pages of the *Paradise Lost*, like the army of the fallen cherubim,

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.

We believe that in the writings of Bunyan and Baxter, of Sir William Temple and Defoe, of Dryden and Bolingbroke, (not to mention others of their time nor many that have succeeded them,) may be found words enough for all the purposes of thought. It should be borne in mind, too, that just in proportion as we alter or modify the acceptation of original English words or substitute new forms of expression for those already in use, we shall render it difficult for posterity to read understandingly the works of these authors, rich mines, as they are, of intellectual wealth. Let us then adhere to the language as it is, and take great caution in the employment of any innovations.

We must be pardoned for saying a few words with regard to another matter, more germane perhaps to a discussion of style than to the subject before us, but which, as a national offence, may be considered an Americanism. It is that weakness which has been so often derided by Englishmen,—extravagance of ornament in what we write and speak. They say, and with some truth, it must be admitted, that we talk only in superlatives and that in

writing we are always on stilts. It is not enough to introduce a metaphor here and a trope there, simply to lighten what might otherwise drag somewhat heavily, but we search through nature for figures, and exhaust Lempriere for classical allusions, only to misapply the one and mix the other in hopeless catechresis. We plead guilty to the charge for ourselves and a large number of our fellow citizens. But we must be allowed to traverse that count in the indictment which alleges that the fault is most frequently committed in the Southern States. In doing so, we do not charge that it occurs oftener in the North. But we happen to have near us a capital specimen of the very style complained of, in an extract from a speech delivered in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in opposition to some resolutions introduced by Mr. Cushing with regard to the Mexican war, which we cannot help quoting for the amusement of the reader. The speech was transmitted to the member's own town, and was there published for the enlightenment of his constituents. Hear the peroration:

“And, if Massachusetts' firm judgment—solid understanding—friendly heart of sympathy and God-based Reason are cloven down, in this disastrous battle-field, and when the heat and dust of the conflict are over, glittering, polished beams of night reflected from the Milky Way of Heaven, and from the luminous fog of sea breeding storms and the smoke of rosewood shavings kindled over the ashes of Martin Luther, borne by a cold, isolated breeze of sorrow over a cheerless sea, are suffered, with their hazy mists, to dim the Pilgrim and Patriot burnished brightness of the Coat of Arms of Massachusetts, the wails of wo and lamentation which will hereafter arise from her thick, crowded cities, from the villages clustering around her sea-girt rocks to the remotest hamlet on her barrier hills, will drown all sympathy for suffering and all cries of agony from the battle-fields of Mexico and from the Country of the Aztecs.”

In justice to Massachusetts and the country, however, we must admit that the above is rather more ridiculous than any other similar performance that has come under our observation. It will serve as a specimen of the offence, of which we complain and set it strongly before our readers. We must also insist that it was frequently committed by English writers, long before any English settlement on American soil, and though much practised among us now, certainly had its origin as early as the grammar of the language itself. This will abundantly appear in the following excellent advice of quaint old Thomas Wilson, who flourished in the 16th century and became Dean of Durham. We commend it especially to all lecturers and speakers of orations, whether in colleges or lyceums.

“Among other lessons,” says he, “this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly re-

ceived; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have doen. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the King's English. Some far journied gentlemen, at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French English and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking; the which is, as if an oration that profeseth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far fetched colours of strange antiquity. * * The mystical wise men, and poetical clerks, will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories; delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning, (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days,) will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them, that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician."

Having given this good counsel far more effectually in the words of another than we could have done it ourselves, we resume, in conclusion, the vaunting spirit with which we commenced, and claim for the United States the credit of having within its borders some of the best writers and speakers of the English language now living. To the State papers of the country, we might refer with pride for models of excellence. We have many accurate scholars, thoroughly acquainted with their vernacular, at the bar and in the Senate, at the sacred desk and in the editorial chair. We trust it may long be so and that our countrymen may retained unweakened and unchanged the vocabulary of the great founders of the Republic; feeling assured that, although the nation may one day reach a pitch of prosperity, of which its present condition is but a dim foreshadowing, it will always be

Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
That *Marshall's* language was his mother tongue,
And *Wirt's* great name compatriot with his own!

THE AUTUMN TIME.

The Autumn time hath come again—

The pleasant Autumn time,
Awaking deep and dreamy thought,
Like some old poet's rhyme:
It cometh with a dreamy light,
A solemnizing tone,
And waketh in each tuneful heart
Rich music of its own.

It cometh with the faded flowers,
The breezes mild and free,
That pipe unto the whirling leaves
A fitful melody;
It standeth on the mountain top
In many-hued array,—
As standeth some proud Indian queen
Upon her bridal day.

The Autumn time hath pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As float the golden-tinted leaves
Adown a silver tide;
And every thought that fills the heart
At that poetic time,
Is wreathed in music at its birth
And gushes forth in rhyme.

The Autumn time hath solemn thoughts—
A spell is o'er us shed,
To bear us to the shadowy past
With memories of the dead.
We seem to hear their voices call
In every wind that grieves,
And feel their presence by our side
Among the withered leaves.

The Autumn time—the Autumn time!
How beautiful it seems,
When through the many-tinted leaves
The golden sunlight gleams!
Or when upon the hurrying wave
The withered leaves are cast—
As down the rushing stream of life
Float memories of the past.

The Autumn time—the Autumn time!
Its very skies are fair;
Where sleep the pearly tinted clouds
Like spirits of the air:
I love to watch their shadows cast
Upon the sunny stream—
As softly glides a pleasant thought
That deepens to a dream.

I love the solemn Autumn time—
I love the fading flowers,—
And in some mossy solitude,
To dream away the hours;
It stills my wild and wayward heart
Unto a quiet tune,—
As sings a fountain pleasantly
Beneath the silent moon.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

NO. II.

The first sounds which fell on Henry's ear, as he awoke on the following morning, were the singing of birds and the merry stave of "Old Dan Tucker," whistled as clear as a blackbird's note, and evidently proceeding from the garden which lay beneath his window. These were strange sounds, he thought, for the land of slavery and woe, and drawing the curtain hastily aside, he discovered the performer to be a black boy, who was working with an old man in the garden. When the whistling ceased, it was succeeded by an incessant chattering between the operatives, mingled with loud laughter, which certainly flowed from light hearts.

But his speculations were interrupted by a lovely apparition in white, with her hands full of roses,—the charming Fanny herself, whom he had imagined still reposing on a downy couch, with a slave beside her brushing away the flies with peacock's plumes, in Oriental fashion, lest they should disturb her gentle slumbers. The conversation between the gardeners ceased at Fanny's approach, as they were listening attentively to the gentle sounds which fell upon Henry's ear like unwritten music. She had scarcely turned away, however, before the talking was renewed, though she continued near the spot, cutting branches of flowers, which she deposited in a large basket, that stood near her. All that Henry heard and saw seemed like a dream, so great was the transition in his life, so different the realities by which he was surrounded, from the ideas he had formed, that he was thrown into a state of bewilderment; yet it is a hard matter for a theorist, one too of enthusiastic temperament, to renounce opinions interwoven with all his ideas of philanthropy and the rights of man, and when one has written a tale, in which his ideas are embodied, the chances are few indeed for his conviction of error. On the other hand, Henry was a sincere lover of truth, and in the present bewildered state of his mind, he determined to follow his friend Philip's advice, and endeavor first to make impartial observations on the state of things in the Old Dominion, keeping his opinions and theories in abeyance as much as possible; in short, to throw his mind, as Philip said, in the state of that of an impartial and enlightened traveller in New Zealand, and seek then to make such modifications, or, perhaps, even alterations in his creed, as facts seemed to demand.

The breakfast bell rang just as Henry had completed his toilet, and he was much pleased to be in readiness to obey the summons. Early rising had never been among the number of his virtues, for it certainly deserves a place in the bright catalogue,

but his thoughts were too active now for morning slumbers, and he was, moreover, especially anxious that Mr. Seyton should not consider him a fine gentleman. It was not surprising that a person possessed of lively sensibility and quick perception of character such as Henry Livingston, should have been peculiarly anxious to ingratiate himself with Mr. Seyton, for there was something about him which commanded respect and inspired implicit confidence, even in the most frivolous. He possessed manliness of character, noble sentiments expressed with such simplicity, as to show that he was not at all aware that he was saying any thing extraordinary; sound sense, directness of purpose and earnest sincerity, which made him despise concealment; much general information gathered from extensive and miscellaneous reading, and a contempt of every thing like foppery and affectation, which a person of ordinary sensibility would have felt withering, if directed towards himself. These qualities were so striking, as to attract the notice of any observer who had either heart or head, but the delicacy and refinement of his feelings, his sensibility, not *sensitiveness*, for of this there was not a particle in his composition,—the generosity ever ready to forgive, and not only to forgive, but to forget, and to return injuries for benefits, without the slightest exultation at his own magnanimity,—the courage which would singly have faced a host in defence of the true and the right, were known to comparatively few. That Mr. Seyton had some foibles is true, but we are not giving a daguerreotype picture with every freckle, or pimple, delineated with painful accuracy, preserving like the mummy the outward form, but destitute of the living soul, but sketching a life-like picture, such as will give a true idea of the inward man. And such fine specimens of man have indeed existed and do still exist in the "Old Dominion," especially amongst the gentlemen of the old school.

When Henry entered the breakfast parlor, the first object which caught his eye, was Fanny arrayed with extreme, yet tasteful simplicity, the natural ringlets of her dark hair simply parted on her forehead, and a bright smile on her lips, as she was addressing her brother Philip. He was almost certain she was saying something about him, and this conviction was increased by the crimson hue which mantled over her cheek, as she suddenly perceived his entrance. He should have liked very much to know what Fanny was saying,—it could be nothing ill-natured uttered in such a sweet tone and with such an angelic smile, and yet it was scarcely probable that it was any thing very flattering, for Philip had often told him of the fondness and pride with which Fanny regarded her native State. He thought of his Virginia tale, hoped devoutly that Fanny was not speaking of that, looked again in that fair face where all that was bright, pure and good was mirrored—thought of the dew upon rosebuds, of the graceful willow, of the *Æolian* harp,

of the light of the evening star, combining all these images with Fanny's cheek, her motions, her voice, her eyes, and so intently did he think of these things, that his coffee sate untasted by his plate, and he was only aroused from his reverie, by Mr. Seyton, asking him for the second time if he should help him to an ortolan.

Henry recovered himself instantly, and said with a smile, "These rural sights and sounds have the strong charm of novelty to me, and I must plead guilty to having yielded to that most delightful and unprofitable state of mind, called in vulgar parlance, a brown study, but Philip must do me the justice to testify that I am not often so stupid."

"To do you justice then," said Philip, "you generally have your wits about you, and in readiness either for light skirmishing or close combat, but you must expect to dream a little now that you are in the land of abstractions and dreams. We dream here of all exploded things, of sacrifices to patriotism, of ties of kindred, of fair girls dwelling in their paternal halls,—(this was said with a sly glance at Fanny.)—and in short of all things that belong to sixty years since. The old men talk of State rights and the Constitution; the young men had rather be thought very clever than very rich,—clever in the English-sense of the word remember; the girls actually talk of marrying for love, and the mothers look on with complacency, and see their rich daughters marry some poor devil of a cousin, with nothing but a coat to his back, his horse and profession."

"Our misfortune is," said Mr. Seyton, smiling, that while we are dreaming, others are acting, and when we awake at last, like Rip Van Winkle, we we shall find the world revolutionized, and our very placē and name almost forgotten."

"Yet 'tis sweet to dream of days gone by," said Philip. "Is that original or borrowed, Fanny? Don't smile so provokingly, as if to say, when did you ever originate a line of poetry; you are still so far behind in the march of mind, as to imagine that a poet must necessarily write poetry: nothing can be a greater mistake. A poet's conceptions may be so misty and grand, that from their very vastness and sublimity, they cannot be imprisoned in the shackles of rhyme; and the true poet, because he speaks in prose, which D'Israeli has long ago proved to be the most genuine poetry, is not often recognized as belonging to that immortal band."

Fanny laughed; and her clear, silvery tones, like the laugh of childhood, Henry thought very sweet; and though he had always maintained that no lady should ever permit a smile to degenerate into a laugh, if she considered what was becoming, he admitted now that Fanny's laugh was an exception to the general rule.

"Even according to your own definition, Philip," said Fanny, "I cannot see that you have a title

to be enrolled among the D'Israeli school of poets, for I will appeal to Mr. Livingston, if he has ever perceived any peculiar grandeur or mistiness in your ideas."

"Quite the contrary," replied Henry, "his ideas are much too clear and definite to admit him to a rank in either class of poets."

"Well, I take this as a compliment, though it is doubtless intended as a sneer, and will only observe *en passant*, that as you belong to the first class of poets, who write poetry that can be scanned, and are never guilty of an imperfect rhyme, you cannot be expected to recognize a poet of the second class."

Henry colored deeply, for a most uncomfortable recollection of some stanzas, in his unfortunate Virginia tale, supposed to be addressed by a negro girl to a cruel mistress, came athwart his mind, and he felt as if Fanny was thinking of them too. He said, however, with an assumed air of indifference, "I don't pretend to belong to either class of poets, Philip, though I will not deny that I have been guilty of the folly of perpetrating rhymes, and the best fate I can wish them, is to be consigned to oblivion as speedily as possible."

"There's humility for you," said Philip, laughing, but a glance at Henry showed his friend that there was something peculiarly unpleasant in this theme, and he hastened to turn the conversation into another channel. "But a truce to poets and poetry; you must ride with me this morning and look around you. Shall I have Tecumseh saddled for you?"

Philip perceived that Henry colored again, and thought, what can be the matter with the fellow this morning: he is as bashful as a girl of sixteen. The idea then suggested itself, that Henry did not like to acknowledge himself too unskilful a horseman to manage Tecumseh. This appeared a cause quite sufficient to account for his apparent embarrassment, so he added with a smile, "but I forgot that I promised Mrs. Livingston to be answerable for your safety, so that upon second thoughts I cannot trust you to such a fiery steed as Tecumseh?"

"Perhaps it would be safest not to try the experiment, as I must confess myself rather an amateur than a connoisseur in the art of horsemanship," said Henry, forcing a smile, and feeling that he had lowered himself in Fanny's estimation by this acknowledgment; for he knew it was considered necessary in Virginia to complete the character of an accomplished gentleman, that he should be a fine rider.

"Mr. Livingston had better ride my pretty little Agnes Sorel," said Fanny, with a smile so sweet, as to convince Henry that the offer was made in genuine kindness; "she is spirited as well as gentle."

Henry thanked her and accepted the offer, with a mixed feeling of pleasure and mortification.

"And I will take the old black pony, an arrangement I know you will approve, Fanny."

"Yes, indeed, papa, that young bay is so wild, I am always miserable when you are on it."

Fanny colored as soon as she had spoken, for she knew that her father always resented any thing like a reflection on his horsemanship, but Mr. Seyton, recollecting that Henry had just acknowledged, with apparent mortification, his own want of skill as a rider, contented himself with saying—"Pshaw, child, you should not give way to such idle fears," and gave his chair rather an emphatic push from the breakfast table. In a few minutes more the gentlemen were riding over Mr. Seyton's fields, while Henry was busily engaged in making mental notes and observations on all he saw and heard.

When they returned to Oak Grove, about one o'clock, Henry and Philip proceeded to the library, where they found Fanny so intently occupied in reading, that she was not immediately aware of their entrance. Henry noticed the volume as she laid it down; it was a volume of Barante's History of the Dukes of Burgundy; he was glad that it was not a French novel, and hoped the fair Fanny was not conversant with the pages of Sue or Dumas.

"Well, Fanny," said Philip, "how have you been passing the time since you rose this morning?"

"An odd question, Philip, which I will not punish you by answering very particularly, but only say generally, in such a variety of occupations, that it would be tedious and almost impossible to enumerate them."

"But I seriously beg that you will attempt to do so, and let us have a faithful account, however homely in its details, for I have promised Livingston that he shall every opportunity which we can afford him, of understanding life in the 'Old Dominion,' and perhaps the manner in which the mistress of a Virginia establishment spends her time, may be worthy of some note."

Henry seconded Philip's request so earnestly and warmly, that Fanny, after blushing and hesitating a little, finding they would not let her playfully turn the subject off, thought it most agreeable to comply.

"Well then," said Fanny, "I must not only divest myself of the Oriental character, with which Mr. Livingston's imagination has perchance invested me, but even be contented to waive all claims to the illusions, which all young ladies are privileged to throw around them, and give a homely and tedious picture of the life of a mistress of a Virginia establishment. In the first place then, I arose with the sun."

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily," said Philip, laughing.

The beautiful passage in Palamon and Arcite, to which Philip sportively alluded, arose to Henry's

recollection, and he smiled to think how much more appropriate it was than Philip or Fanny suspected, for the vision of beauty which captivated the imprisoned lover, was not brighter than that which had met his own sight in the lovely Fanny herself and he thought the effort could scarcely have been more powerful on the enamoured knight.

Fanny quite unsuspecting of the flattering train of thought passing through Henry's mind, replied playfully, "Even so, I went into the garden to cut some crape myrtle and roses to dress the flower-pots, because I could not trust Sam to perform such an office; then walked to see mammy Judy, to carry her the drops which the Doctor had left her, to direct her how to take them, to impress her with the necessity of following these directions, to listen, of course you know, for half an hour, to all her complaints remediable and irremediable, suggest remedies for the remediable, which I know full well I must see carried into effect myself, console with her on the irremediable, by far the most grateful task of the two; copied a letter for papa to Mr. Vittie & Co., made some household memoranda, and then the breakfast bell rang. This may suffice, as an example for the whole, for you may see what may be expected from my journal."

"Oh no, pray go on," said Henry, "I am really anxious to gain all the information I can, as to the state of things here."

"Yes, he is a seeker after truth, that most uncommon of all characters; he therefore deserves assistance, if it were only from compassion, for you know the Spanish proverb has long ago pronounced the doom of that class of persons," said Philip.

"Then to proceed, for Mr. Livingston's edification, if not amusement, and to vindicate a class whose real position is so little understood—the daughters of the Old Dominion, and I can only hope these important motives, may have weight enough to change the ridiculous into the sublime, a much longer step, I fear, than from the sublime to the ridiculous. As soon as we had risen from breakfast, I proceeded to hold a sort of audience, to give directions of all imaginable kinds to seamstresses, cooks, gardeners, housemaids, and an anomalous class denominated spinners; to impress these directions on their memories by two or three repetitions, with the uncomfortable unconsciousness, that with all this expenditure of words, I must inspect many of their operations to secure their being tolerably executed: a misgiving which proved but too well founded, by Sam's returning in about half an hour, and saying with a disturbed air, 'I'm mons'ous sorry, Miss Fanny, but I disremembered what you said 'bout them new flowers, and they look so like weeds, I'm 'fraid they're done wed up.'"

"Observe," said Philip, "that nothing would induce a negro to speak of himself as an agent in any misdemeanor he has committed, he always

gives it the air of a stroke of fate, or dispensation of Providence, the knife, the hoe, or whatever implement the mischief is effected with, is always spoken of as the guilty agent."

"Such fears as Sam's" continued Fanny with a smile, "I have always found to be certainties. I had no time, however, to indulge in useless lamentations, for my thoughts was soon forcibly diverted in another channel, by the entrance of old John, dragging in a young delinquent, whom he found in the very act of stealing some rare plums, which papa values particularly, as this is the first year the tree has borne."

"Well, what punishment did you award," said Philip, "you know we are bound in honor to reveal all the secrets of our prison house."

"Delivered an impressive discourse, forbade him to be seen in the yard or garden for a month to come, a very unsatisfactory sentence to John, who smiled contemptuously, and I heard him tell Joe, as he went out, that he should not get off so easily next time. Before this affair was quite despatched, one of the women rushed in screaming that her child had a fit, and she was so scared, that she had run to the great house to see if Miss Fanny could do any thing for it. As this was an emergency that required immediate action, I seized a volume of Domestic Medicine, and a vial of physic, and ran to the cabin, about half a mile off. Despatched a servant for the doctor, and remained with the child until the doctor arrived; he complimented me on the skill with which I had treated the case, and I felt a sensation of infinite relief when I resigned the patient into his hands. Thought myself so desperately tired when I arrived at home, as to be incapable of further exertion, but I was convinced of my mistake by the immediate arrival of cousin Maynard, who came to consult me on her arrangement for Helen's wedding, to request me to copy her some receipts, and cut her some patterns, which were indispensably necessary, &c., &c. Then a note came from cousin Frank begging me to look up some quotations from Shakspeare, which he wishes to use in his speech to morrow, having lost his own copy, and remembering only the general sense of the passages he desires to quote, which he gave me as a clue to guide me in the search."

Philip laughed. "That is so like Frank, he never knows any thing of a quotation but its general sense, and that often mingled with his own interpolations, or any of the statistical details necessary to sustain his general assertions. He never gets ready until the last minute, his friends are always anxious and uneasy when he is to speak, and yet his speeches take wonderfully."

Who is cousin Frank, thought Henry with some uneasiness, but he only said, "I suppose cousin Frank is an old politician from his self reliance."

"Oh no, he is scarcely thirty, and has never given the least attention to political subjects, until

the last two or three years, when his friends insisted on running him for the Legislature."

Henry would have given a great deal to know if cousin Frank was a married man, but as such a question seemed quite irrelevant at present, he determined to seize the first opportunity that presented itself naturally, of gaining the desired information. "And this task," said he, turning to Fanny, "concluded your labors for the morning?"

"Yes, I was just recreating myself a little, when Philip and yourself came in."

"A most delightful book," said Henry, taking up the volume which Fanny had laid down at their entrance, "you selected for the purpose, one of the few narratives which unite the interest of romance to the fidelity of history."

An interesting discussion ensued in modern French History, in which Henry found Miss Seyton quite as well versed as himself; few women, he thought, could have made such a display of learning without some affectation or pedantry, but in all that Fanny said or did, there was a natural earnestness, sweetness and frankness, which at once convinced the hearer that she was thinking of the subject on which she was conversing, and not of herself.

"Well you both talk very learnedly and prettily," said Philip, "and yet I cannot enjoy the discussion thoroughly, feeling myself somewhat in the shade, so suppose we join my father, I think too I hear an old familiar voice with him, Fanny, which must belong to our old friend Mr. Bolton."

When they entered the hall, they found an old gentleman with Mr. Seyton whom the latter introduced as Mr. Bolton. He was so plainly, and even shabbily dressed, that in places where dress is considered as a test of gentility, he would not have been ranked in the class of gentlemen. His manner was not fashionable, or even polished, yet it was marked by that easy dignity and absence of pretension, which distinguishes the Virginia gentleman of the old school, his conversation evinced strong common sense, and his opinions were delivered in so decided a tone, as to convince his hearers, they had undergone no change since their first formation, nor were likely ever to do so. Yet, though his prejudices were evidently strong, there was nothing of intolerance or bitterness in his tone of feeling, and though he had known better days, he was neither at war with the world or himself; and this is saying much for a man who had sustained such reverses as Mr. Bolton.

Fanny and Philip greeted the old man with much kindness, which was cordially reciprocated by him. Philip took occasion as soon as possible to mention that Henry was his friend from New York, as an intimation he knew to be necessary, as he thought Mr. Bolton would certainly converse upon the difference between the Northern and Southern States, expatiate upon a tour he had taken in his youth

through the Northern and Middle States and contrast the North and South, awarding the superiority in all moral and mental qualifications to the South, excepting the qualities of industry and thrift, which to prove his own impartiality, he would admit to belong in a much more eminent degree to the North. Forewarned, forearmed however, and Mr. Bolton was scrupulously delicate and considerate of Henry's feelings.

Whilst the gentlemen were engaged in animated conversation, careful that the collision of opinion should strike out only sparks, and never become so hard as to convert them into fire, Fanny "on hospitable thoughts intent," went out to give directions to John to add some lemon peaches to the fruit for the desert, and to see that the rice was cooked in the way Mr. Bolton liked. His tastes were very simple, and he was as abstemious as an anchorite, for his health was exceedingly weak, though he never talked about his ailments, nor took upon himself the pomp and circumstance of sickness; indeed, so much did he abhor what he called making a fuss with himself, that he would rather have partaken of Sandwich Island celebrity, than to have requested any dish to be prepared for his special benefit.

"Is Mr. Bolton a relative of yours?" said Henry to Philip, as they stood in the portico together, after dinner.

"Oh no, only an old friend of my father's, and a gentleman who has known better days."

"There is something interesting about him, he looks sad but not soured, which is a great deal to say for a man who has lost his fortune."

"Yes, the loss of fortune is certainly a trial, and Mr. Bolton has had a noble fortune, which he used nobly too, and which was wrecked chiefly by securityship for a worthless friend and a spendthrift brother, but then these reverses are by no means so serious in our state of society as in yours, Mr. Bolton is not at all lowered in general estimation by his loss of fortune, on the contrary, all those whose opinion he values, treat him with increased respect and affection. My father absolutely makes a fuss about him, a thing which you know we Virginians especially abhor, he lives with his children, who quarrel with each other for the largest share of his time, but as they are professional men with families, he will not consent to receive presents from them, but clothes himself from the miserable pittance which is still his own, and the utmost address and diplomacy are necessary to induce him to receive a present. My father has been pondering for some time on the best manner of presenting him with a fine horse, and it has been determined at last to trust the difficult matter to Fanny, who has a peculiar power of persuading the old gentleman to do as she pleases."

Henry thought this peculiar power not at all wonderful, and he meditated again how the subject

of cousin Frank could be brought upon the tapis, without betraying any unaccountable degree of curiosity, he said, at last, with a smile, "you must make me acquainted with the dramatis personæ of the place, tell me all about cousin Maynard, Helen Maynard, cousin Frank, and in what relation they stand to your family."

"To begin then in order with cousin Maynard, she was the wife of my father's first cousin, who was so inconsiderate as to die some twelve years ago, and leave my father his sole executor, guardian—guardian to his six children,—and commend cousin Margaret to his particular care; a charge which he has most religiously fulfilled, and which I really think has cost him more trouble than the care of his own family and estate. George Maynard left a large landed property, but in a very embarrassed state, and his accounts were kept in such a manner that they would have excited the ridicule and horror of a man of business, no uncommon thing, by-the-by, with Virginia gentlemen. Without any general ideas of affairs, but with a most nervous anxiety to be what she considers a manager, Cousin Maynard was desirous to meddle in every thing, and her explanations were generally of a nature to remind one irresistibly of Puff's exclamation in the Critic, "Egad, I think the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two." I have often smiled internally at the look of polite despair with which my father would listen to her discourses and suggestions, without one impatient word or question, for though I doubt whether he ever paid a direct compliment to a lady in his life, Don Quixote had not more chivalric feelings, not only towards ladies, but women than himself. I am sure the inward man must often have suffered, for notwithstanding cousin Maynard's respect and affection for my father, she was continually thwarting his plans and regulations by injudicious interference, and by losing pounds to save pence with her minute economy."

"Indeed it must require a good head to manage a Virginia establishment judiciously."

"Verily it does and some talent for government; cousin Maynard had at last the good sense to perceive that my father was generally right, though she by no means admitted that she was ever in the wrong. The practical admission was, however, sufficient for all essential purposes; she acquiesced in all my father's arrangements; after infinite trouble the estate was cleared of debt, and things ran smoothly. Cousin Maynard often says to her friends with a self-complacent smile, 'cousin Philip and I, really deserve some credit for settling poor, dear Mr. Maynard's affairs so well, he left every thing in such sad confusion.' But not to weary you, I must wind up this sketch of cousin Maynard, by saying, that she is a good natured, good hearted woman, very desirous to do what is right, though often very troublesome and very oppressive

from the state of bustle and disorder in which she always keeps her mind, and her habit of confiding to her friends all her perplexities in the most unreserved manner, and taking counsel in all things, from the marriage of a child, to the construction of a hen-coop. But now for Helen,—she is a pretty, sweet tempered girl, rendered somewhat silent and passive by her mother's overweening activity and loquacity, and she is just about to be married to a young lawyer of more talent than fortune. To give you a just idea of Frank, I must draw a full length picture which may be unmercifully tedious."

"Oh no, I like to study varieties of character, you know I was always particularly fond of La Bruyere, let me hear all about cousin Frank."

"Then he is" —

But then a light step was heard, and Fanny interrupted the conversation by saying—

"Philip, Frederic Maynard has just come over to see Mr. Livingston and yourself."

And to Henry's extreme disappointment, every chance for the present, was lost of hearing any thing more about cousin Frank.

F*****

(To be Continued.)

OLD VIRGINIA.

We take the following letter from the New York Journal of Commerce. It will be read with interest as affording a striking and, in the main, accurate picture of plantation life in the Old Dominion. At this time, when it has become so fashionable to sneer at Virginia, we publish with pleasure the testimony which an intelligent Northern gentleman bears to the intellectual culture of her citizens, the quiet delights of the social circle and, above all, to that generous hospitality which is as freely extended to the stranger now, as in the palmy days of her supremacy among the States. This testimony is in remarkable harmony with the agreeable "Sketches of Southern Life" from our native-born correspondent F*****.—[Ed. Mess.

ROANOKE HUNDREDS, Va., Aug. 1848.

"The Old Colony and Dominion of Virginia," as it was gravely styled in old writs and charters, has still many nooks and corners which might afford good picking for the tourist. But as all is not Israel which is so called, so there are places in Virginia which are not Virginian. I did not come to the State to see northern improvements, Yankee farms, steam-threshing-machines, and Quaker laborers, such as they have in Fairfax, but to get a glimpse of the genuine, unsophisticated, old Virginianism which smacks of slave-holding, cavaliers, *et id omne genus*. And therefore I very

speedily extricated myself from the starch respectabilities of Western counties, and hurried down towards tide-water, where I have now for a month been revelling on peaches, sweet-potatoes, and gigantic melons. Let no abolitionist risk his equanimity or his argument by coming hither. Here am I, among hundreds of bondmen; yet I have seen no lash and heard no cry. The sleek, full, oily faces of the creatures afford a receipt in full for the supply of their physical necessities. They assuredly have clothing enough, and merriment enough, for at no hour of the night can I go out, without hearing banjo and song, and sometimes the welkin rings with that long, loud diaphragm-shaking cachinnation, which is peculiar to the African race. Remembering the hundreds of Irish paupers whom I saw last summer, landing in rags and typhus from the steerage of emigrant vessels, I cannot but think many of them might willingly change places with these "chattels." But I waive these debatable points, especially as my object is description, rather than argument.

Colonel D——'s plantation contains about two thousand acres upon the banks of the Roanoke. Of this—Virginia fashion—only a part is under tillage: a large extent of timber still remaining, with some unreclaimed marsh, and a good deal of what is here called *old field*, i. e. exhausted land, overgrown with young pines, which shoot up spontaneously. Some corn and some cotton are "made," as the Virginians say; but the chief growth is tobacco, which, at this time of the year, is one of the most succulent and luxuriant growths which the eye of man beholds—I pass daily through fields of several hundred acres, and I observe from the stubble, that there have been wheat-fields of equal extent. The cotton is not so high as in South Carolina. The chief defect, to a Northern eye, is the absence of that rich greensward, which is the charm of our fields and pastures. For want of this matted covering, the ground is washed into numerous gullies, which sometimes become so deep as almost to prevent tillage.

On arriving at Pleasaunce, the seat of my friend Col. D., I was struck with an enormous field of maize reaching down a gentle declivity, on a plain of half a mile square, towards the river. The green waves of rank foliage moved under the wind, like a lake of verdure. Making my way through a shaded lane, along the edge of the corn-field, I came in sight of the house. Here was some disappointment; not indeed in the edifice; this was well enough, being a long brick structure, with high and beetling roof, and a cluster of irregular appendages and straggling offices, on every hand, among clumps of oak, which doubtless survive the original forest. But I was dissatisfied with the absence of certain appearances, which we commonly associate with wealth: no graveled walks, no circular drives, no porter's lodge, gateway, or even picket

fence. The only separation from the forementioned corn-field was a zig-zag worm fence, of chesnut rails. Beyond the main-buildings the blackened houses of the negroes peeped through the trees. In these, and stranger still, in the mansion itself, the chimneys all stood outside the wall, an unsightly protuberance, but furnishing an interior, without angles or recesses. Old-time Virginia fireplaces are wide and high, and are duly replenished with great logs and billets without stint. I find an enormous wood-pile in the midst of the grounds, supplied by constant carting, and resorted to even by the slaves for their necessary uses. Negroes love to have fire in their houses during the hottest weather, and carry it to the field with them, to bake their ashcake, and light their pipes. I have met no negro man who does not smoke or chew tobacco, and no woman above thirty, who does not smoke. It seems to agree with them. If I were put to my oath, I could not deny having seen the pipe in the mouth of ladies. This however is not common.

It is worth a journey of a thousand miles to have a Virginia welcome. You are carried in with a sort of triumphal jubilation, which tells you at once that your host is the favored party, and that you are expected to abide a year and a day. A troop of silent and observant blacks await your bidding, with an oriental ease and almost gracefulness of manner, produced by long practice of the same functions among gentlemen and ladies. I was at home in a moment. After passing through the wide and lofty hall, where I got a glimpse of old paintings, rifles, fishing-rods, landing-nets, whips, spurs, antlers, fox tails, and the like, I was ushered into a large parlor, uncarpeted, but with floors so highly polished that I found myself fairly sliding across the room; stately portraits, a heavy buffet of black wood, and a grand piano in one corner. Alas! how shall I say it, Pompey and Cæsar, no longer at enmity, shortly came in with store of toddy and mint julep, highly iced. N. B.—The ice is shaved off an inverted jackplane, in flakes like snow; said to be very delicious in their properties. I remembered my pledge; but two country gentlemen, in buff waistcoats, turn-down collars, and spurs, made up for any default of mine, and chirruped lustily over their cups, as they told of a glorious stump-speech made at Beverly Court-House* in favor of ———, who appears to be a great favorite in his native State.

When we adjourned to the dining room, I found things in a state of princely contrast to any homeliness I had observed in the exterior. Due formality in leading in the ladies; the fair and majestic Mrs. D—— was on my arm. Much plate on the

table and side-boards, and an array of footmen, which reminded me of England. I am inclined to think that Southern planters are more lavish at their tables than any other Americans. The number of courses is small; but the table groans with flesh, fowl, game, vegetables, pastries, and fruits. With such melons and peaches as they have here at this season, it seems a profanation to be doing much else in the way of dessert, yet Southern housewives do it. Virginians eat hot corn-bread at dinner, though wheaten bread is offered. Bacon (for they use the word in its strict English acceptance) is uniformly at the head of the table; and hominy is as indispensable as potatoes with us. The Irish potato is inferior to ours; the sweet potato as much superior. Roast-meat is never served rare. There is a general use of milk at dinner, and even buttermilk is sometimes so used. Varieties of wine are less obtruded than among persons of the same class in the Northern States. A more delightful freedom of intelligent intercourse I certainly never witnessed than here; the union of modesty and cordiality in the beautiful daughters and nieces of my host, threw a charm over the society, and, to tell the truth, a little turned my head. The ladies here all ride; and as I am to be squire of dames this evening, (*evening* means afternoon in Virginia), I must be about the stables, picking out a horse that will not throw me. “*On*” yesterday, (another Southern emendation of the Queen’s English, which is funny enough,) I was so unfortunate as to be grounded by a colt of the tavern-keeper’s, whom I most insanely mounted. You must expect my further notices in another letter.

R. T. N.

Notices of New Works.

LITERARY SKETCHES AND LETTERS, Being the Final Memorials of CHARLES LAMB, Never Before Published. By Thomas Noon Talfourd, One of his Executors. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1848.

If there is one writer of modern times to whom we feel a deeper sense of personal obligation than another, it is Charles Lamb. His very name is suggestive of delightful companionship in hours long gone-by, when, with Elia in hand, we lay beneath old trees and forgot all things else, in the dreamy enjoyment of his exquisite fancies. How many weary days within doors has he not beguiled, when the rain-drops pattered incessantly against the panes, and *ennui* would have marked us for her own, but for the inimitable drolleries, the happy descriptions, the touching pathos of Elia! In recurring to our first acquaintance with Lamb, we can hardly persuade ourselves that we have not seen him in flesh and blood, for his figure rises distinctly before us, like some lost friend of our youth, a lean ‘boy-man,’ on whom the toga-virilis sat not gracefully and whose whole

* This is a mistake, perhaps an error of the types. There is no Beverly Court House in Virginia. We suppress the name of the candidate, in whose support the stump speech was made, lest we should be charged with a political bias.

appearance indicated a horror of "looking like any thing important and parochial." We recollect the story of his first love, as if it had been confided to us from his own lips. We seem to behold him at his desk, in the fulfilment of his monotonous vocation. We can fancy him at the play, laughing at the whimsical visage of Munden, as he appeared in the character of Sir Christopher Curry. We follow him, at last, in his daily walks, not indeed to "the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire," but through the crowded streets of the metropolis, stopping at book-stalls and exhibiting always the same fondness for obscure by-ways that gay Captain Morris confessed for

—the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

Such was the picture of Charles Lamb, framed and hung up in the cabinet of our imagination; a genial, mirthful creature, of whom Southey has well said, that, "while others possessed the 'milk of human kindness,' he alone monopolized the *cream*." The outlines of this picture were faithful enough, but Mr. Talfourd has come to deepen them with the sombre hues of Rembrandt. Of Lamb's life, seemingly so free from care, there was a darker side, which has, till now, been hidden from our gaze. It is at length revealed by his friend and literary executor, in these "Final Memorials," from the perusal of which we have risen, if not with a kindlier regard for the memory of Lamb, certainly with a higher estimate of his character.

It is but another illustration of the aphorism "truth is stranger than fiction," that a domestic tragedy, so appalling as that which befel the unhappy family of Lamb, should have been concealed from the world for more than fifty years. It was enacted in the day-time, in the most populous portion of London, and was well calculated to excite universal interest. We would suppose that painful curiosity to become acquainted with the revolting details of the calamity would have made public the name of the unhappy murderess; but the affair seems to have been regarded at the time, simply as one of those events, which are of almost weekly occurrence in large cities, nor does it appear that the parties themselves were known to any one, beyond a very limited circle of friends. As long as the innocent and unconscious author of the catastrophe survived, it remained unrevealed, and many there were among the admirers of the quiet and cheerful brother, some perhaps admitted to his acquaintance and fellowship, who never knew the fatal and horrible secret that preyed within him.

Mr. Talfourd thus narrates the distressing event in an extract from the London Times of the 26th Sept. 1796:

"On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighborhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter the preceding day. It appeared, by the evidence adduced, that, while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and, with loud shrieks, approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

"For a few days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on Wednesday evening, that the brother, early the

next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn, but that gentleman was not at home.

"It seems the young lady had been once before deranged.

"The jury, of course, brought in their verdict—*Lunacy*."

This young lady was Mary Lamb, endeared to all who have read the essays as Bridget Elia. From too assiduous labor at her needle and long watching over her dearly-loved mother, her reason gave way and in a paroxysm of frenzy, she terminated by violence that life, which she so much desired to prolong. From that hour Charles Lamb was a changed man. There seemed to him but one object thereafter worth living for,—to bring back the mind of his sister, by gentle offices and unremitting kindness, from the depths of that terrible insanity—and to this he devoted the remnant of his days, with a magnanimous forgetfulness of self and a patient endurance of suffering, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

He thus tells the sad occurrence to Coleridge:

"White, or some of my friends, or the public papers by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be removed to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat school, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel.

"God Almighty have us well in His keeping.

C. LAMB.

"Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

"Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us.

C. LAMB."

A few days after, he again writes to Coleridge—

"It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life,) but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murderer. I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most tender and affectionate concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence

enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favorable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying—my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet I was wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense—had endeavored after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the ‘ignorant present time,’ and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me—if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not waken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors,) as usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused.) They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room: a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children’s welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good.”

In another letter, he says :

“Mary continues serene and cheerful. I have not by me a little letter she wrote to me; for, though I see her almost every day, yet we delight to write to one another, for we can scarce see each other but in company with some of the people of the house. I have not the letter by me, but will quote from memory what she wrote in it: “I have no bad terrifying dreams. At midnight, when I happen to wake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the noise of the poor mad people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason which the Almighty has given me. I shall see her again in heaven; she will then understand me better. My grandmother, too, will understand me better, and will then say no more, as she used to do, ‘Polly, what are those poor crazy moythered brains of

yours thinking of always?” Poor Mary! my mother indeed *never understood* her right. She loved her, as she loved *all*, with a mother’s love; but in opinion, in feeling, and sentiment, and disposition, bore so distant a resemblance to her daughter, that she *never understood* her right; never could believe how much *she* loved her; but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coldness and repulse. Still she was a good mother. God forbid I should think of her but *most respectfully, most affectionately.*”

It is not difficult to trace the effect of this calamity, now that it has been revealed, through all the subsequent correspondence of Lamb, to see how its concealment drove him to the wildest vagaries of sentiment, to detect ever a deep sadness beneath the deliberate masquerade of folly which he assumed. Conscious of the gloomy tendencies of his own nature, he felt it necessary to play the harlequin, and thus beneath a gay and fantastic disguise, while engaged in a holy duty, he nourished an inconsolable grief. He was content to appear as the frivolous essayist, while he could minister to the contentment of his sister, in that constant vigil, which ended only with his life. It reminds us of Brutus, concealing the stern purpose of his patriotism, beneath a pretended idiocy, that he might more effectually accomplish the great design of his existence. With what enlarged charity should we not now look on those foibles that disfigured the manly nature of Lamb!

It is not without reluctance, that we confess our disappointment in some parts of the correspondence; for we are loth to censure anything that relates to Lamb, and which Talfourd has thought worthy of publication. But there are letters in the collection, which were evidently intended for the eye of the most indulgent friendship alone—written in hours of lassitude and depression, when his spirit, unequal to its usual flights of humor or of pathos, sought relief in childish trifling and ordinary gossip, from the secret anguish that consumed it. It is natural enough that even these, as faithful transcripts of his feelings, should interest his biographer and friend: but we think it was scarcely judicious, to commit them to the public, strongly as that public may sympathize (as it has always done) with the lamented author. We do not, it is true, expect a man now-a-days to be a hero to his valet de chambre: but we do not hold it wise to exhibit him *en deshabelle* to all the world.

In the last chapter of the book, however, Mr. Talfourd has made ample amends for all the errors, (if they were errors,) that preceded it. He begins with a vivid and masterly sketch of the dinners of Holland House, and the suppers of Charles Lamb,—the two most attractive reunions of their day, for men of scientific and literary distinction. The lights and shades, the contrasts and resemblances, of the two pictures,—the magnificent and graceful hospitality of the palace—the cordial and unpretending comfort of the rooms at the Temple—the brilliant assemblage of statesmen, jurists, *savans*, artists and poets, at the one; and the more limited, but not less delightful, circle of varied talents at the other—must be read and dwelt upon, to be appreciated. Then follow descriptions of the most prominent individuals among the associates of Lamb, which, like the portraits of persons whom we have never seen, from their vividness and fine keeping, convince us of their fidelity. And even those, who have been more or less familiar to us before, Godwin, Hazlitt, and Coleridge, stand out from the canvass in bolder relief, and with traits, which have been either omitted by other limners, or not so distinctly brought out.

To this chapter, after the letters which relate to his sister, we commend the reader especially—as the most fascinating portions of a most readable book.

It is for sale by Drinker & Morris.

THE LAW OF DEBTOR AND CREDITOR, in the United States and Canada, Adapted to the wants of Merchants and Lawyers. By *James P. Holcombe*. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway.

The great difficulty in the way of the student, who desires to make himself acquainted with the *Law* in the United States, is found in the diversity of statutes in thirty distinct jurisdictions, each differing from all the others in many important particulars. No attorney rises to eminence at the bar, or even acquires an extensive practice in this country, without having frequent occasion to look to the decisions of other States than his own. In all cases, where the *lex loci contractus* applies between States, and these are numerous in the exigencies of trade, a knowledge of that law is indispensable. How often is not a lawyer consulted with reference to the law of assignments, of mortgage, &c., &c., as it prevails in a distant State, of which he is quite as ignorant as his client, and this only because there has been no proper digest of its statutes to which he may refer for a vexed point, without searching for it through many tiresome volumes of useless, and sometimes unmeaning verbiage!

In the name of the profession, of the whole mercantile community and of Virginia (his native state) we thank Mr. Holcombe for his new contribution to the stores of legal learning. It is just the book that is most needed and will be most useful. From the examination we have made of its contents, we are satisfied that the labor of its compilation could not have been more worthily performed. Mr. Holcombe possesses one admirable requisite for the making of law books. It is his conciseness of style. Unlike many modern authors, he does not thrust upon the inquirer his own opinions of the law, but contents himself with a simple exposition of the law, *as it exists*. The volume before us is a comprehensive and faithful digest of the statutes of the United States and the Canadas, pertaining to the relation of Debtor and Creditor. The whole subject is set forth in the clearest manner and the authorities are brought down to the first of June of the present year. To the merchant, this work will prove an excellent book of reference, which requires no previous knowledge of legal technicalities, to be readily understood, and to the lawyer it will be almost invaluable.

It is published in the best manner by the Appletons and may be found at the store of Drinker & Morris.

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II; from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By *John Lord Hervey*. Edited by Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. 2 vols. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

More than a hundred years have passed away since Lord Hervey wrote this remarkable book: during which interval its somewhat tattered manuscript has lain in abeyance in the family of Bristol. Recently it has been placed in the hands of John Wilson Croker, whose labor in editing and publishing it consists in nothing more than a few notes and pruning away some of the more objectionable passages.

We have called this a remarkable book—remarkable in a few particulars only, but in these as justly entitled to that distinction as any one of ancient or modern times, which it has been our good or bad fortune to peruse. So well-recognised was the fact that it would be so esteemed, when it should see the light, by Lord Hervey himself, that he interdicted its publication until about the present time. Going back to the accession of the 2nd George, it introduces us to all, or nearly all the distinguished personages of his reign, and conducts us along till the death of Queen Caroline, when the narrative abruptly ends. Sir Robert Walpole is the middle figure of the group, of which the King, Queen, Prin-

cesses, Lady Suffolk, Lord Hervey, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Pope, Swift, Prince Frederick, &c., constitute the attendant crowd.

A circumstantial detail is given of the prominent incidents of the Court during that period, while the principal characters are described with a freedom and boldness rarely to be found even in a posthumous Memoir. They are not presented to us only in the velvet and spangles, the etiquette and pomp of a court, but Lord Hervey exhibits them, Kings, Queens, lords, ladies, courtiers and courtesans, in all the disrobed fidelity of actual life. All the intrigues of State or of love are minutely detailed, and the innermost recesses of the palace are thrown open, disclosing the moving panorama within, while Lord Hervey stands at your side, describing *sotto voce* the figures as they pass, whispering into your ear all he knows of good or ill touching their persons or character.

If Lord Hervey is to be believed, such a herd of intriguers and charlatans, of shameless liars and brazen sinners, was perhaps never before congregated together. He says the King lied, the Queen lied, that the prince and princesses, Walpole, himself, and in short every body else, made no hesitation of committing the *crimen falsi*, just at their own whim, without compunction or restraint. Mr. Croker informs us that he has expurgated the manuscript of many improprieties, and the numerous asterisks sustain the assertion, but we must be allowed to say that, in our judgment, it were better to have suppressed the whole. The few items of useful history are a poor offset to so much undisguised depravity.

The book is written in good style. Lord Hervey, during his life, was much ridiculed by Pope for his antithesis, and his posthumous publications display a superabundance of it. It occurs in nearly every sentence.

This book is for sale by J. W. Randolph & Co., and Drinker & Morris.

THE RISE AND FALL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, Ex-King of the French; Giving a History of the French Revolution, from its commencement in 1789. By *Ben. Perley Poore*. Boston: William D. Ticknor and Company.

The graphic sketch of the Revolution of 1830, which we published in our last number, from sheets of this book, will serve as a good specimen of the author's style. We do not hesitate to say, that it is one of the most interesting works, that the last year has brought from the press. Mr. Poore unites to felicity of description, a wonderful command of illustration, drawn from the rich stores of abundant reading. A residence of several years in Paris has afforded him the farther advantage of a minute geographical acquaintance with the places, where the events of his history have transpired, so that his account of the three Revolutions, in which Louis Philippe figured, may be taken as exhibiting the fidelity, without the details, of a daguerreotype. We predict a rapid sale of the present edition of the work and a speedy demand for another. When that appears, we trust Mr. Poore will exclude the miserable engravings, with which the book is now disfigured, so strikingly in contrast with the neat press-work of Mr. Ticknor.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S GREEK CONCORDANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT; being an attempt at a Verbal Connection between the Greek and the English Texts; Including a Concordance to the Proper Names, with Indexes, Greek-English, and English-Greek. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street.

The character of this book is set forth in the Title-page, which we have quoted, with such distinctness and particu-

larity, that we deem it unnecessary to add a single word concerning its merits. The most important requisite in a publication of this kind is its typographical accuracy, and it is stated in the Preface that "the fact that the whole work was stereotyped, has not been allowed to stand in the way of correction." This is but another instance of the enterprise of Harper & Brothers, in supplying the public with really useful volumes. This Concordance should be in the library of every clergyman and every scholar in the land.

Drinker and Morris have it for sale.

HISTORICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS. By Richmal Mangnall. Adapted for schools in the United States, by MRS. JULIA LAWRENCE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume is really a sort of *multum in parvo*, for it comprises the subjects of Mythology, Astronomy, Architecture, Heraldry and Scriptural History, not to mention others of less importance. The information it gives is embodied in a very clear style and the Architectural and Heraldic portions of it are embellished with numerous engravings on wood. We should consider it an excellent school-book, as indeed it has proved, having passed through eighty-four London editions, before being adapted by Mrs. Lawrence for home use.

It may be obtained of Nash & Woodhouse.

THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Elizabeth F. Ellet. In Two Volumes. New York: Baker and Scribner, 36 Park Row and 145 Nassau Street.

A most attractive book, that deserves our best commendations. We wish we had space to give extracts from its pages, which we could do greatly to the satisfaction of our readers, but we can only say to them, go and purchase it, and read for yourselves. The large and inviting field of biography, which Mrs. Ellet has entered as a zealous laborer, has been too long neglected, and we rejoice to see, at last, these valuable gleanings, bound up in so excellent a sheaf. Messrs. Baker and Scribner are winning golden opinions for the neat appearance and fair typography of their publications.

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. By General Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G. C. B., G. C. H., Colonel of the Second Regiment of Life-Guards. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street, 1848.

For a gentleman of so many titles and orders, the Marquess of Londonderry must be a singularly modest person, for he has produced a narrative, which rises to the dignity of *history* and called it simply "Story of the Peninsular War." It is not so elaborate as the work of Col. Napier, but it is most agreeably written and will convey a good impression of the operations of that important campaign. We are not prepared, at this time, to say how far the "Story" may be impartially told, but we are certainly disposed to consider it a very successful performance.

It has reached us through Drinker & Morris.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By Mary Somerville, Author of "The Connection of the Physical Sciences;" "Mechanism of the Heavens." Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

Mrs. Somerville has acquired by her philosophical wri-

tings a very high reputation in England, where the present work has been most favorably received. It opens with a geological treatise and proceeds to consider the varied features of the physical world, in a style of much vigor and clearness. For the information given and the strength of thought displayed, on almost every page, the work is equally entitled to an attentive perusal.

THE HOME JOURNAL. N. P. Willis and Geo. P. Morris, Editors and Proprietors. New York. \$2 a year.

We had designed expressing "our sentiments" in relation to this excellent paper, in our own way, but we find in a northern publication a notice already prepared, which is so just and proper, that we adopt it and desire it to be considered as our own. It says,

"The intelligence which once charmed America with its '*Pencillings by the Way*,' and the sentiment which echoed through Europe upon the notes of '*Woodman spare that Tree*,' still assert their undiminished vigor and elegance in the columns of this weekly journal; and however much for the cause of high art in prose and poetry, we may lament the direction of such powers upon objects so fugitive, we cannot the less exult in the lustre which thus wanders through regions rarely illuminated by such rays. The image and spirit of society never lived in literature with more exact and vivid interest than the tone and interests of the higher circles of the metropolis are reproduced in this Home Journal; and yet the paper has everything that can please and edify the country reader. We must call attention particularly to a feature of unusual attraction which the present volume of the Home Journal presents, '*An Original American Novel*.' It is founded on events connected with the history of the revolutionary war, and upon occurrences which actually took place in New York and its vicinity. It is full of interest, and is written with great elegance and spirit. A new volume of this valuable and cheap family newspaper was commenced on the first of January, and new subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers."

THE WESTERN CONTINENT. H. M. Garland, Jr. and John Donaldson, Editors and Proprietors. Baltimore. Maryland.

The resuscitation of the Western Continent, as a Southern Family Newspaper, on the eclectic plan, has been hailed with pleasure by the press throughout the country. We prepared a notice of it for our last number, but was compelled, for want of space, to defer our commendations until the present time. We now cheerfully recur to it and take occasion to say that, in our judgment, it is surpassed in interest by no similar publication in the United States. Its contents are mostly derived from the English magazines, but there is no lack of sterling editorial articles. Indeed we are not sure that the editors' reflections on the literary topics of the day are not the most attractive feature of the paper. We trust this enterprise will meet with large success.

THE LITERARY AMERICAN. G. P. Quackenbos Proprietor, New York. Office 195 Nassau street.

A weekly paper, in which there is much to commend. With a pleasing variety of contents, original and selected, it presents always a fund of excellent reading and is edited with ability and good taste. The typography of the "Literary American" is very beautiful.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1848.

NO. 11.

MEMOIR OF THE MORMONS.*

It may be thought by some that the subject of the following article does not deserve the time and labor bestowed upon it. A fanatical delusion begun and carried on by inventions so preposterous and yet so common-place, would at first sight appear wholly unworthy of notice, in the present enlightened age. But, when we look at its extraordinary success, its singular ascendancy over its devotees, and the serious disorders it has produced in some parts of the country, it assumes an importance, greatly transcending its own intrinsic merit, as well as that of its supporters. It becomes a prominent feature in the history of the times; and might profitably employ an abler and more accomplished pen. This sketch is undertaken, in the hope, that it may attract the attention of others more competent to the task, and thus lead to a more thorough development of this strange episode in our national annals.

A writer in the Dublin University Magazine once characterized this faith very happily, as "Mohammedanism in the New World." And, except that the Arabian prophet may, with some reason, complain of his company, the comparison is appropriate. The mean origin, the astonishing spread, the shallow devices, the blind devotion, and the untiring perseverance, of the two sects, are all striking points of resemblance: but, however mortifying to our national pride, it must be admitted that the eastern impostor far excelled his western imitator, in character, in policy, and in achievement.

Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, (or "Joseph," as his people called him, out of Scriptural simplicity,) was born in Sharon, Vermont, on the 23rd December, 1805. About ten years after, his parents

* 1. The Book of Mormon: an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi. Translated by Joseph Smith, Jun. First European, from the second American edition. Liverpool, England. 1841.

2. Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of the Latter Day Saints: carefully selected from the revelations of God, and compiled by Joseph Smith, Jun., Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick C. Williams, presiding elder of said Church. Kirtland, Ohio. 1835.

3. A voice of Warning and Instruction to all people, containing a declaration of the Faith and Doctrine of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons. By P. P. Pratt, Minister of the Gospel. New York. 1837.

removed to the neighborhood of Palmyra, in New York, where they lived for several years. The family were low: not merely poor, but without the respect of their neighbors. Joe himself grew up, with the tastes and habits of what is now called a "loafer." He was an idle loungee at drinking shops; ignorant, uneducated, coarse, and vicious. Except the trifling jobs which fell in his way at these haunts, he did no work: unless we dignify with that name an occasional turn at "money digging," a searching for hidden treasure, the favorite pursuit of vagabonds in every age. He is still well remembered in that vicinity as he is here represented: and his disciples, unable to contradict the facts, have sometimes had the effrontery to build an argument upon them, by comparing his origin with that of the fishermen of Galilee.

Near Palmyra, according to his story, the Spirit of the Lord found him, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and awakened him to religious thoughts by a miraculous vision. A subsequent revelation, in 1823, disclosed to him that he was chosen of God, as the instrument of a new dispensation: a dispensation, which should fulfil and complete those heretofore vouchsafed in the Old and New Testaments. He was informed that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel, a branch of the tribe of Joseph: that they had been conducted to this country a civilized people, possessed of the true religion, and favored of the Almighty: that they walked not in the ways of the Lord, but fell into all manner of wicked courses, and massacred one another in endless wars: that, at last, they were almost exterminated in a great battle, at a hill called "Cummorah," 200 miles west of Albany, in the State of New York, and not far from Joe's residence in Palmyra: and that the survivors degenerated into the savage tribes, whom the Europeans found in possession of the country. It was further revealed to him, that the ancient records of this people, which had been kept from time to time by their Seers and Prophets, were saved by divine providence, and "hid up" in the hill Cummorah, A. D. 420, by Moroni, the son of Mormon: that, in due time these records should be entrusted to him, and he should be enabled by inspiration to translate and publish them to the world: and that, through his agency, the kingdom of "The Latter Day Saints" should be established, the New Jerusalem built up, and the whole earth prepared for the final coming of Christ. Some parts of the foregoing summary were probably made known in later revelations, but the question of time is unimportant.

After many preparatory visions, the sacred plates were at last committed to this Moses of the Latter Day Covenant. With them he received a pair of spectacles, consisting of two transparent stones, set in a bow, by the aid of which he was to interpret the records. This instrument was called "Urim and Thummim:" and its use by "Joseph" was supposed to settle decisively the long controversy, touching the nature and office of these mysterious jewels, among the Jewish priesthood. The plates were of gold, seven or eight inches square, not quite as thick as common tin, bound together like a book, and secured by three rings running through one side, or edge, of the plates. The book was six inches thick. The plates were covered with Egyptian* characters, and were found resting on a breast-plate, and enclosed in a stone box, secured with cement. Some of the plates were sealed up, others were open.

The work of translation was commenced, but was now and then suspended, by reason of sundry backslidings on the part of Joseph, which are not explained. At such times, he and his fellow-worker, Oliver Cowdery, were admonished that the power was withheld from them, on account of the divine displeasure. In the book of Doctrine and Covenants, are contained several revelations, connected with this matter, given in the years 1828 and 1829. It appears from one of them, that Joe had delivered the translation, so far as it went, to some faithless friend. The latter refused to return it; and tempted Joe, by challenging him to test the genuineness of the first translation, by the production of a second. But Joseph was relieved from this dilemma, by a command, which dispensed with the trying ordeal. He was forbidden to touch the plates already translated; and was directed to proceed with the plates of Nephi, which would furnish a more particular account of the same matters, and would thus confound the wicked devices of the infidel.

An edition of 1,200 copies, of the "Book of Mormon," was published in Palmyra, New York, in 1830. It is presumed to be the same, in substance, with that afterwards published in 1841, at Liverpool, in England, under the auspices of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Parley P. Pratt. The latter contains the 1st and 2nd Books of

Nephi—the books of Jacob, Enos, Jarom, Omni,—the words of Mormon—and the books of Mosiah, Zeniff, Alma, Helaman, Nephi (the second,) Mormon, Ether, and Moroni. The whole is a prosy and awkward imitation of the Old Testament in subject matter and style; abounding in bad grammar, verbose trifling, puerile conceits, stolen incidents, and palpable anachronisms.

But there is another history of the Book of Mormon, which proceeds from Gentile authority. Mrs. Matilda Davison, of Mason, Massachusetts, whose character is vouched for by two witnesses, a clergyman and the head of an academy in that place, published, in 1839, a narrative to this effect. Her first husband was the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a Congregational minister, with whom she lived, in New Salem, Ohio, about the year 1812. He regarded with curiosity the antiquities found in that State, and indulged in speculations about their origin. At length, he conceived the idea of writing a Scriptural romance, taking up the lost tribes of Israel, removing them to this continent, and deducing for them an imaginary history. The Book of Mormon was the result. As he proceeded, he read portions of his work to his wife and friends, who felt an interest in his labors, and remembered many of the strange names that occurred in it. From New Salem, he removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. There a Mr. Patterson, editor of a paper, became acquainted with the production, which was entitled "Manuscript Found." He retained it for a considerable time, and even proposed to Spaulding to publish it; which, however, was declined. It was returned to the author; who, afterwards, removed to Amity, Pa., and died in 1816.

At the time when the manuscript was in the hands of Mr. Patterson, Sidney Rigdon was employed by him in his printing office, and had ample opportunities to read and copy the work. In the year 1828, Rigdon was engaged at his trade in Palmyra: and, at this very juncture, the public began to hear rumors of the golden plates discovered by Joe Smith. Rigdon became, soon after, one of his most zealous and able coadjutors, assisted in the translation; and continued to be a leader in all their affairs, only inferior to Joe himself, until a short time before Joe's death in 1844.

The people of New Salem, in the year 1834, were surprised to hear certain passages read from the Book of Mormon by a female preacher, which they recognized as parts of Mr. Spaulding's manuscript. His own brother was one of the audience. A public meeting was held: a committee appointed to visit Mrs. Spaulding, (now Mrs. Davison) and compare the new revelation with the old romance. It was done accordingly, and the identity of the two fully established.

The Mormons, of course, declare this account of the "Golden Bible" to be only a device of the Arch-Enemy himself. But the circumstances of

* After their establishment at Nauvoo, Joe procured some Egyptian mummies, and caused several sheets of papyrus, covered with hieroglyphics, to be framed with glass, like pictures. His mother, then almost in her dotage, kept these as an exhibition, and explained to visitors, who always paid a small gratuity, the history of "King Pharaoh, and his wife, and *da'ter*," (being the mummies there present,) and their connexion with the children of Israel, and the Latter Day Saints: all of which she derived from the sacred papyrus. Her accounts would sometimes have astonished, if not edified, the learned historians of Europe and Asia.

persons, time and place, are too clear and conclusive, to be resisted by any sane mind. The only unaccountable thing about it is, that a minister of the Gospel should have written such wretched trash and have found people patient enough to listen to its reading. The names of Mormon and Moreni have been sometimes referred to in confirmation of this story. The first is a Greek word, meaning a frightful mask, or, (as children call it,) a "scare-face." The latter is supposed to be an anomalous formation from the Greek, *μωρος*, "a fool."

The work of translating and making proselytes was industriously pursued. At first, the converts were men of no better reputation than the prophet: but, by degrees, others, having an outward show of respectability, joined him, from hopes of profit, or other motives. Missionaries were sent out, who found ready audience among a people, eager, (like the Athenians of old,) "to tell or to hear some new thing." Curiosity, discontent, and love of change, predispose many in every community, to favor all sorts of novelties, and especially such as appeal to their appetite for the marvellous. The spirit of fanaticism was powerfully stimulated. Passages of the sacred history and prophecies were plentifully quoted, and their fulfilment confidently promised at the hands of the new preachers. All religious teachers were denounced as false guides, who did not possess the true tests of authority—divine revelation, and the power of working miracles. For themselves, they laid claims to immediate inspiration; to the gift of prophecy; to the power of casting out devils; to the ability to heal the sick, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and the crippled; and to a divine protection from the venom of serpents and other poisons. Nevertheless, the missionaries were cautioned that they should not "boast themselves of these things, neither speak them before the world:" reserving them, probably, for such minds as were prepared, by weakness and superstition, for an easy belief.

I have not materials for tracing in detail the progress of this sect. But it appears, that, in the year 1831, they had been sometime settled in Kirtland, Ohio, and were contemplating another move to the West.

From some cause it happened that the Prophet several times mistook the place intended for the rebuilding of Zion. From New York it was transferred to Ohio: thence to Missouri, and afterwards to Illinois. But, after his death, the perverse Suckers* obliged them to another pilgrimage: and the "City of the Great Salt Lake," among the Rocky Mountains, is now the chosen place for the concentration of the faithful. How long it will remain there the issue of former prophecies gives some reason to doubt. But one thing is observable, in every removal except the last. They always se-

lected a rich country, thinly populated, where their "peculiar institutions" might have room

"Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,"

without the interference of unregenerate neighbors. At the same time, it was advisable, to be so near other settlements, that the Saints might participate in their wealth and substance, by that process which they facetiously called "milking the Gentiles."

All the affairs of the church, spiritual and temporal, were regulated by frequent instructions from Heaven. These were, generally, communicated to Joseph himself: but often to other persons. Sometimes it happened, that the subordinate leaders displayed a tendency towards self-seeking and arrogance; which was invariably rebuked by a revelation of the Divine displeasure, and an injunction to amend. The most minute directions were given, upon every subject, some of which will be quoted presently. But upon all the disciples was constantly urged the great duty, to contribute their substance, beyond their immediate wants, to the common stock of the Church, for the good of the poor, under the direction of the proper officers. Of these, there were a great number, and of various grades. There was the Prophet, the Patriarch, the Melchisedec priesthood, and the Aaronic priesthood: High Priests and Presidents, the Twelve travelling Counsellors or Apostles, the Quorum of Seventy, Bishops, Elders, Priests, Deacons and Teachers; whose respective powers and duties were prescribed to them by the same high authority. Now and then, special provision was made for the support of particular persons; and it may be easily anticipated, that the Prophet and his family were not overlooked. He did not forget that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and that the ox should be unmuzzled which treadeth out the corn.

In Kirtland, they so far departed from Scriptural precedent, as to establish a bank; Joe Smith being President, and Sidney Rigdon Cashier. It shared the fate of similar institutions in the hands of the Heathens around them. The country was flooded with its paper, and the Bank vaults were innocent of specie. The service of Mammon was believed to have been highly profitable to this brace of Apostolic financiers: but, as they removed about that time to Missouri, and rendered no account of their stewardship, their gains are left to conjecture. One thing, however, is certain—the holders of the notes never got a farthing.

The reader may not be displeased to see a specimen of the matter and manner of these revelations. I will, therefore, select a few extracts from some which relate to the transmigration from Ohio to Missouri.

From "*A revelation given in Zion, July, 1831.*"

1. "Hearken, O ye elders of my church, saith

* This is the sobriquet of the Illinoisians.

the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in the land which is the land of Missouri, which is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the saints : wherefore this is the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion. And thus saith the Lord your God, if you will receive wisdom, *here is wisdom*. Behold the place which is now called Independence, is the *center* place, and the spot for the temple is lying westward upon a lot, which is not far from the Court-house : wherefore it is wisdom, that the land should be purchased by the saints ; and also every tract lying westward, even unto the line running directly between Jew and Gentile.* And also every tract bordering by the prairies, inasmuch as *my disciples*† are enable to buy lands. Behold this is wisdom, that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance.

2. "And let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, stand in the office, which I have appointed him, *to receive moneys*, to be an agent unto the church, to buy land in all the regions round about, inasmuch as can be in righteousness, and as wisdom shall direct.

3. "And let my servant, Edward Partridge, stand in the office which I have appointed him, *to divide the saints their inheritance*, even as I have commanded : and also, those whom he has appointed to assist him.

4. "And, again, verily I say unto you, let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, plant himself in this place *and establish a store*, that he may *sell goods without fraud*, that he may *obtain money to buy lands* for the good of the saints ; and that he may obtain whatsoever things the disciples may need to plant them in their inheritance. And also let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, *obtain a license*, (*behold, here is wisdom*, and whoso readeth, let him understand,) that he may *send goods also unto the people*, even by whom he will, *as clerks employed in his service*,‡ and thus provide for my saints, that my gospel may be preached unto those who sit in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death.

5. "And again, verily I say unto you, let my servant, William W. Phelps, be planted in this place, and be established *as a printer unto the Church* : and lo, *if the world receiveth his writings*, (*behold here is wisdom*,) *let him obtain whatsoever he could obtain* in righteousness, for the good of the saints, &c., &c."

* * *

A part of the "wisdom," so often commended to the attention of the saints, evidently consists in the wholesome adage, "to mind the main chance." They are enjoined to secure the lands—to peddle goods—to print papers—all for the purpose of "obtaining money" for the good of the church : and, in another revelation, appears an injunction of very especial propriety—"Pay the debt thou hast contracted *with the printer* !"

* Quære. *Indian and White man ?*

† Prophet *loquitur*.

‡ This seems to be a provision for the employment of spiritual peddlars, who were to drive a trade in Mormonism and other "notions." Their invoices would probably wind up, like the advertisement of a worthy deacon in New England, with *Godly Books and Gimlets*."

Another leading object, which they never lost sight of, was to retain as long as possible, their foothold in one place, even when establishing "Zion" in another. For instance, take the following from

"*A Revelation given in Kirtland, September, 1831.*"

* * * "I *willeth** not that my servant Frederick G. Williams should sell his farm, for I, the Lord, *willeth* to retain a strong hold in the land of Kirtland for the space of five years, in the which I will not overthrow the wicked, that thereby I may save some : and, after that day, I, the Lord, will not hold any guilty, that shall go, with an open heart, up to the land of Zion : for I, the Lord, *requireth* the hearts of the children of men."

About the year 1831, as has been already said, the settlement in Missouri was commenced, and the towns of "Far West" and "*Adam-ondi-ahman*" were established. It would perhaps be a hopeless task for the philologist to attempt the etymology of Mormon names : with my slender pretensions, even a conjecture is out of the question. This disability, however, is much less regretted than the want of precise accounts of their actings and doings in the new Zion, which obliges me to pass hastily over this period. Between the years 1831 and 1838, when they were finally expelled from Missouri, dissensions and difficulties, between the Saints and the other settlers, increased in frequency and violence. The same complaints of their dishonesty and turbulence—their defiance of all laws, moral, civil and social—which were afterwards urged against them by the people of Illinois, were heard from the Missourians at this time, in justification of themselves. At length, affairs were brought to a crisis. The Mormons refused obedience to the officers and process of the law ; alleging in excuse the danger of trusting themselves in the hands of cruel enemies. They fortified their towns as well as they could, set up a sort of martial law, and prepared to defend themselves by military force. The militia of the State was called out under the Governor's authority. Gen. Doniphan, since so distinguished in Mexico, a gentleman of high and unblemished character, was placed at their head : and after some warlike demonstrations, Joe Smith surrendered himself a prisoner to answer various felonies of which he was accused, and his people dispersed to seek a refuge beyond the limits of Missouri.

Governor Boggs incurred great censure, at the time, for the severity of his orders, which allowed the Mormons no other alternative but exile or extermination. By no portion of the community was this conduct more disapproved, than by the inhabi-

* According to Murray, English grammar requires the noun and verb to agree in *person*, as well as number ; but this revelation is given, not in English, but in what Ma-caulay would call *Mormonese*.

tants of that part of Illinois to which the fugitives turned their steps. They began to arrive in Quincy, and its vicinity, during the winter of 1838-9. They were, for the most part, wretchedly poor, scantily supplied with clothing, and almost destitute of food. They were compelled for want of houses, to camp out for weeks together at that inclement season, in the river bottoms, under such shelter as poles and blankets afforded them. They were the most humble and submissive of men. They described their wrongs and sufferings in the most moving terms: but still, rather in the language and tone of unresisting martyrs, than those of defeated and vindictive partizans. Every body was filled with compassion. Contributions were freely made for their relief, in money and necessaries, both by the public authorities and by individuals. Employment was given to them on farms, in workshops, and in private families: and many of them distributed themselves through the adjoining counties, and even in distant parts of the State, pursuing various avocations. There seemed to be a fair prospect of their being gradually absorbed in the general population of the country: and their inoffensive demeanor conciliated the good will of their new neighbors, while it confirmed the prejudice against Gov. Boggs and the Missourians. The sequel will show, what reason the people of Illinois had, for a subsequent change of opinion; and how far they were justified, even without the countenance of their own government, in adopting measures similar to those which they had condemned.

Early in the spring of 1839, Joe Smith escaped from prison in Missouri, and rejoined his followers in Illinois. A great gathering took place soon after, a few miles from Quincy at an old camp-meeting ground. On this occasion, the Prophet first addressed himself to the ears of "Suckers," for numbers of the old residents were attracted thither by curiosity. In one of his harangues, he alluded to the obnoxious doctrines charged upon them by their enemies, and showed some ingenuity, in avoiding offence, as well to his disciples, as to the surrounding Gentiles. He said he had been asked, whether he claimed the power to work miracles, to cure the blind, to heal the sick, &c. "No said he, "I don't claim any such thing. No man can do such things. God alone can do it. When I am requested to do it, *I pray for the sick—I pray God to cure them. If he please to cure them, they will be cured. If not, I can do nothing without him!*" In reference to the gift of interpreting unknown tongues, he said—"Whatever gift is necessary for us, we shall receive from God: if it is necessary for a man to have the gift of tongues, God will give it to him; and if not, he won't get it." These subterfuges are shallow enough, to be sure: but he well knew the mental depth of the Saints. And, while others smiled at the impudent cunning of his evasions, the faithful were highly edified at the

wisdom, which confounded his questioners. One of his observations, notwithstanding its blasphemy, is too characteristic of him to be omitted. He referred to a schism in the Church, created during his imprisonment, by a man, who assumed to be his successor, and to receive revelations at Springfield in Illinois. "I don't know any thing about his revelations," says Joe. "God can give revelations, if he pleases—this may be true or it may be false. I don't know any thing about it. I can't be every where at once. God Almighty must attend to some of these things himself."

After some time spent in visiting different parts of the country, and conferring with his counsellors, the Prophet once more selected a site for the Holy City, and prepared to collect the Saints together. *Nauvoo* was the name bestowed upon it, which is said by some, (I know not how truly,) to be a Hebrew word signifying "the Beautiful." It well deserves the appellation, for a more beautiful and commanding situation is scarcely to be found. A high bluff, approaching the Mississippi, slopes gradually down into a level bottom, two square miles or more in extent, and surrounded by a semi-circular bend of the river five or six miles long. On the opposite shore is the town of Montrose in Iowa, formerly Fort des Moines, in a prairie bottom, stretching several miles to the west, and shut in by an amphitheatre of hills. To the eastward after passing through a belt of timber, two miles wide, you emerge upon an open prairie, some eighteen miles across, and extending almost indefinitely to the north and south. The view in every direction commands a lovely and fertile country. But the advantages of the site, in point of trade, by no means correspond to its picturesque appearance. The extreme upper part of the town affords the only landing. The channel from thence runs on the Iowa shore, and leaves *Nauvoo* inaccessible to the ordinary boats, except at very high water. Add to this, that within a short distance above and below, the back country has much better and more accessible outlets for its produce, and the commercial disadvantages of this place must be apparent to all. In fact, there had been previously several attempts to build a town there: at one time it was fancifully called "*Venus*," by which name it was known for some years to the Post Office Department; and more recently, the "*City of Commerce*," had been projected in a magnificent, but unsubstantial scheme, by certain proprietors, from whom it passed into the hands of the Mormons.

In the course of three or four years a city sprung up here as if by magic. The descriptions of travellers contain, as might be expected, many exaggerations, from the haste and imperfect information with they wrote. But, after making all just deductions, its extent and activity are still wonderful. Some good houses of brick, some of wood, and a few of stone, were scattered throughout its extent:

but the far greater part were of a temporary and indifferent character, and not a few, in the suburbs, were built of turf, cut in squares and dried in the sun. The population in 1844 was estimated at 15,000, which is probably not far from the truth: but it must be remembered, that the city limits surrounded a space some three miles square, and embraced cultivated fields, and even farms, within its jurisdiction. Besides this, the population were of a fluctuating character. Families were constantly arriving from other States, and emigrants from foreign countries; many of whom, after a short stay, removed to other settlements of the Mormons, or "stakes," as they were called, planted in that and the adjoining counties. From these lesser towns, also, there was a continual reflux of population, which appears to have been partly owing to the restless habits of the people, and partly to policy: for thus was kept up and diffused, throughout all the settlements, a singularly intimate acquaintance with each other's situation and affairs.

The Temple itself was a solid and costly building: and the projected "Nauvoo House," (in which Joe Smith and his family were, by special revelation, to possess a suite of rooms in perpetuity,) was commenced on a scale of corresponding excellence. But their other public buildings do not deserve mention, and the private dwellings have been already noticed. On the whole, the city itself (though an attractive sight to him who beheld it from the cupola of the Temple, or some distant elevation,) well warranted the odd comparison of Gen. Brockman, the leader of the anti-Mormons in 1846, "that it looked to him, as if *the houses had been thinly sown and badly come up!*"

During the first year or two of the settlement, matters went on smoothly enough. The policy of the Mormons was conciliatory. They engaged in farming, mechanical and other pursuits, while the surplus funds of the new comers were drawn from them by the Prophet and his confederates, in the shape of contributions, loans, &c., to supply their own wants and the public necessities. The country people, and visitors generally, were treated with civility, and no pains spared to cultivate the good opinion of all classes. But as the Mormons grew in numbers and strength, they increased in confidence, and at the same time became an object of attention to political adventurers. Of these it cannot be denied, there were enough, and more than enough, of all parties. Some of the dominant party desired their votes to perpetuate the possession of office; and others, of the opposition, wanted their aid to acquire it. The mass, of both parties were governed by no such influence; but most of the office-holders, great and small, as well as those most anxious to succeed them, became, to a greater or less extent, candidates for their favor and influence. This resulted, ere long, in the char-

ter of the city of Nauvoo, the incorporation of Nauvoo University, and the establishment of the Nauvoo Legion, as a distinct portion of the militia of the State. The authority conferred by the Legislature in these acts, although ample and, in some particulars, objectionable, was soon warped and stretched by Mormon ingenuity, to an absurd and pernicious extent.

An adventurer, named Bennett, who had been, (to the surprise of all who knew him,) appointed Quartermaster General of the State by the then Governor, (Thomas Carlin,) turned his new position to account, by forthwith joining the Mormons. Through his agency, the celebrated Legion was gotten up and organized; and by his orders, all the State arms, of every description, cannon, small arms, swords and pistols, were distributed to the militia of Nauvoo, so that, for a long period, the State was without weapons for the volunteers and militia of other counties. Bennett was a man of some ability, and much more pretension. He boasted a great deal of his military knowledge, and the exact discipline of his Legion; and occasionally treated the public to a grand parade and a prodigious sham battle. Some idea of his real merit may be inferred from this—that, on one occasion, he appeared on the field as *Major General*, to command a Legion of 1,500 men, *himself on foot, and with a huge fireman's trumpet slung around him for the purpose of giving orders.* But there were subordinates in their array, who were not without courage and conduct, however ridiculous the little General himself might be; and the numbers and union of the Mormons, together with the monopoly of the State arms, and the large additions reported to have been made to them, from their own resources, made them a formidable enemy to the scattered and unarmed population of the surrounding country.

But it was in civil affairs, that the movements of the Mormons were most alarming. Before the summer of 1844—a memorable period—had arrived, they had usurped and successfully exercised many powers totally inconsistent with the peace and good order of the community.

In 1843 Joe Smith was arrested by order of the Governor of Illinois, upon a requisition from the Governor of Missouri, to answer the charges upon which he had formerly been imprisoned, and from which he had escaped.

Twice before, had he been so arrested, and twice discharged, upon *habeas corpus*, for irregularities in the process; once by a State Judge, and once by a Judge of the U. S. District Court. But on the present occasion, the Prophet was unwilling to trust the Gentile Judiciary. He was intercepted by a band of his own adherents, who turned the tables upon the officers of the law, and carried the whole party to Nauvoo. There, *the City Council of Nauvoo*, a Board of Aldermen and Justices of the

Peace, went through the solemn farce of trying a writ of *habeas corpus*, nullified the action of the two Governors, dismissed the officers with a reprimand, and set at liberty the worthy President and Mayor without more ado!

Among other acts of usurpation, this "imperium in imperio"—this sovereign Legislature of Nauvoo, had promulgated and enforced the following—

They established a Recorder's office for the Record of deeds, independent of that provided for by the State laws in every county—

They issued Marriage Licenses, contrary to the State Laws, requiring them to be issued from the County Court.

They assumed jurisdiction of suits for *Slander*, and other causes, cognizable by law only in the Circuit Courts.

They passed an ordinance to punish, with fine and imprisonment, all persons guilty of *disrespectful words concerning Joseph Smith!* One man was actually fined \$100 under this ordinance, and reversed it on appeal to the State Circuit Court!

They arrested peaceable visitors to the city, confined them in jail, and subjected them to inquisitorial examinations, on *pretence of regulating the police of the city!*

The writ of *habeas corpus*, already mentioned, was frequently resorted to, by the City Council, to discharge persons arrested under the civil and criminal process of the State! And officers, who came to execute such writs, as well as persons reclaiming stolen property, were taken into custody for alleged breaches of the peace, till the culprits could escape and the property be secreted!

And, to cover all sorts of cases, they passed another ordinance, *prohibiting, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, the service of any process whatever, unless countersigned by the Mayor of Nauvoo! And these penalties they forbade the Governor of the State to remit by his pardon!*

It is needless to point out the gross and palpable usurpations of these ordinances. I will only say, that the charter under which they pretended to act, was similar to other acts of incorporation for municipal purposes merely.

But one resource now remained to the anti-Mormons, and of this also they were soon bereft—to wit: the administration of Justice in the Courts of the State. The people elected three County Commissioners and the Sheriff. The Commissioners selected the Jurors, and the Sheriff summoned them, besides supplying the vacancies with *talesmen*. The Mormons had the majority of votes. By degrees, all these offices were filled by creatures of their own selection—the juries were so packed, as to preclude a fair trial—they were tampered with in the jury rooms—while the ready resource of false witnesses enabled the Mormon suitor to present his case in any shape that was necessary to success. The fountain of justice was polluted at

its very source, and the sufferers under this infamous combination were wholly without remedy.

In the mean time the Mormons begun and carried on an alarming system of plunder. Property, of all movable descriptions, became daily more insecure. Horses, cattle, farming utensils, domestic poultry, clothes on the line, honey, every thing, in short, which contributes to the wealth and comfort of the farmer, were carried off by these marauders. Nor did other classes escape. Stores in the little towns were broken open and rifled of their goods: and every article which lay within the reach of cunning and audacity, and which was not "too hot or too heavy" to hold, was transferred from the rightful owner to these freebooters and their confederates. More indirect methods were not neglected, also, of "milking the Gentiles." It is well ascertained, that a regular manufacture of counterfeit money, both in coin and in paper, was got up and superintended by the heads of the Church. The silver coin was well calculated to deceive even men of some experience: and large quantities, not only of these issues, but of gold and bank notes, were circulated among the unsuspecting country people.

At first, the more moderate of the old settlers were not disposed to believe the Mormons guilty, and attributed the charges to prejudice or malice. But, as time wore on, and these offences became unaccountably frequent—as theft after theft was traced to Nauvoo—as the efforts to reclaim property were defeated, now by false witnesses, now by the abuse of their corporate powers of legislation and the perversion of so-called legal process, and sometimes by open force—as neighborhoods, hitherto quiet, became invariably disturbed, whenever Mormons settled among them—as crowds of suspicious people swarmed about Nauvoo, and traversed the country without ostensible business—and as the country became flooded with counterfeit money, whose source could not well remain undiscovered, elsewhere than in the Prophet's City—in proportion as these *indicia* of guilt forced themselves upon the observation of the most candid, doubts ripened into suspicion, and suspicion into full conviction, that Nauvoo was the headquarters of a gang of bold, artful and desperate villains.

This belief, and the very natural feeling of hostility growing out of it, gained ground by degrees throughout the county, and extended itself to those in other counties, who had the best opportunities of ascertaining the truth. It was, however, by no means universal. The Mormons had many adherents beyond the pale of the church, or the limits of their city. Some were undoubtedly honest in their good opinion; but the greater part were governed either by motives of interest or of fear. Besides the bait of Mormon votes to the office-hunter, there were the temptations of profitable traffic for such as enjoyed the favor and protection of the

Prophet : there was in many cases, the tie of near relationship to some in the Church : and, very frequently, a dangerous proximity to the Saints, which kept down the disposition to oppose them, by apprehensions of robbery, fire, and assassination. The country, in the immediate neighborhood of the Mormons, became thus divided into three parties : the *Mormons*, the *Anti-Mormons*, and the *Jack Mormons* ; by which last name were distinguished those who did not profess the faith, but who adhered, openly or secretly, to the temporal views and interests of the professing Saints.

The "old citizens," or Anti-Mormons, at last became sensible that there was no other course, but to root out the nest of miscreants from their midst : and they eagerly sought some favorable occasion to undertake it.

It is not pretended, that, in every collision between the parties, the Anti-Mormons were blameless. When affairs get into such a condition as has been described, and when dissensions break out into civil broils, the best cause will be sometimes dishonored by excesses and violence, not to be justified. To some of these, I shall have occasion to advert, and I shall speak of them as they deserve. But he who will soberly review the whole conduct of the two parties, throughout the seven years of Mormon rule in that unhappy country, will be disposed to wonder—not at the excesses of the exasperated Anti-Mormons—but at their forbearance in the beginning of the troubles, and their moderation at the end. I hazard nothing in saying, that half of the provocations endured by that people, would have wrapped in flames the most peaceful county in the Commonwealth of Virginia.

In May or June, 1844, certain Ex-Mormons, seceders from the church, established a paper in Nauvoo, for the purpose of breaking down the Prophet and his adherents, by exposing their hypocrisy, extortion, licentiousness and other crimes. These seceders had been influential men, and deep in the secrets of the supreme councils. Their fire was hot : and its effect threatened to be fatal. Joe Smith called together the ever-ready City Council, and consulted on the crisis in which they stood—a desperate remedy seemed necessary : and they resolved to apply it. *They declared, by ordinance, that the paper was a public nuisance, and issued a warrant to their city marshal to abate it forthwith!* Armed with this authority, and supported by the presence of the Mayor and Council, *the officer broke into the printing house, destroyed the press, and threw the type into the street!*

One of the proprietors went immediately to the circuit clerk, and complained on oath against the authors of, and actors in, this riot. A warrant was issued against them, upon this affidavit, and a constable, with one follower, went to Nauvoo to serve it. He served it first upon Joe Smith, and his bro-

ther Hyrum,* and then upon the others. The Prophet began with threats, and swore he would lose the last drop of his blood, rather than go to Carthage, the county seat : but, growing cooler after a time, he fell back upon his ark of safety—the writ of *habeas corpus!* He issued writs for the other defendants—a part of them, being the City Council, issued a writ for him : they *tried each other and discharged each other* : and the constable was sent off by the City Marshal (himself a defendant) with the assurance that they would never be taken out of that City by his writ!

The constable called out the posse of the county to support him in his office : and, in view of the military organization of the Mormons, he required them to be armed and equipped for hostilities. The volunteer companies turned out promptly. Others were soon raised and organized : aid was sought from other counties : arms, ammunition, and provisions collected : and messengers dispatched to apprise the Governor of what was going on.

Nor were the other party idle on their side. They called all the brethren from the scattered settlements, into Nauvoo : paraded and drilled their troops every day : stationed guards about the city who allowed no one to pass in or out, without leave of the city authorities : formed magazines for their support and defence : and, in short, enforced practically (so far as they knew how) all the strict regulations of martial law. Even after the Governor had taken command of the Anti-Mormon force, the United States' mail was stopped in Nauvoo, and detained for several hours, until the Mormon council thought proper to order the driver's release!

Nauvoo is about 250 miles above St. Louis, on the river, and about 18 miles below, stands Warsaw, then containing about 1,000 inhabitants. In the interior, about 18 miles from the two other places, is Carthage, the county seat, having then some 400 or 500 inhabitants. Warsaw and Carthage were the chief centres of the Anti-Mormons, but there were several other villages scattered through the county, not inferior to them in zeal and activity. At Carthage, the Governor, Thomas Ford, joined the Anti-Mormons, and assumed the command. He was a man of respectable intelligence and attainments : but weak, timid, fickle, and irresolute. He at first demanded an unconditional surrender of the Mormon leaders : but allowed them to shuffle him into a correspondence, which lasted several days, and which greatly impaired his influence with the men under his command.

He adhered, however, to his demand that the leaders should surrender themselves. The Smiths became alarmed, and crossed the river to Iowa : but were, unfortunately for Illinois, as well as themselves, persuaded by their people to return. At length, they voluntarily gave themselves up to a

* That is the Mormon spelling.

company of dragoons, who were sent to Nauvoo, to demand the public arms. They were brought to Carthage, and gave bail upon the writs, first sued out against them. But, by this time, other affidavits were filed, accusing them of *treason*, in levying war against the authority of the State. The hearing was postponed for want of witnesses: and the Smiths, with several others, were committed to jail for safe keeping.

During this interval, to gratify the public curiosity, the Governor had the militia formed into line, and marched with the Smiths along the front, to exhibit them to the people. Unluckily, the company, selected as a guard, were placed in front, and thus made to assume the seeming position of an honorable escort. Indignant at this, which they construed into an affront, they marched off the ground, leaving the Governor and his prisoners to make their way through the crowd to the tavern. A still greater blunder succeeded: for an order was issued, to arrest and disarm the refractory company, which was one of the best in the country, and the nucleus of the infantry militia. They formed, and loaded their pieces for self-defence—a terrible commotion spread through the camp—their comrades prepared to stand by them—and the tumult was only allayed, by the Governor's countermanding and disavowing the offensive order.

This incident, however, was not without mischievous consequences: and another mistake, which soon followed, precipitated the catastrophe, which we are now approaching.

The Governor had directed the forces at Warsaw and Carthage, to rendezvous, on Thursday, the 27th June, at Golden's Point, a few miles from Nauvoo, and to march upon that city. His object was, probably, to make a display of strength, and thus to convince the Mormons of the folly of resistance. On the morning of that day, however, apprehending that some disturbance might take place, if he marched with so large a force, he ordered *all the troops to be disbanded*, except 200 men. A part of these were already in Nauvoo, as a police: another part (the very company which had mutinied before) were placed as a guard at the jail: and, with the residue, he started for Nauvoo.

The order to disband met the militia from Warsaw, on their way to the rendezvous. Their surprise and resentment were extreme: and they were still further inflamed and incited to violence by suggestions of treachery on the part of the Governor, and a design to release the prisoners. Speeches were made by men, who had suffered personal wrongs, indignities, and menaces, at the hands of the Mormon leaders: and the most disastrous results were prophesied, if they should be permitted to escape. It was made known to them, that an attempt had been detected, to convey disguises into the jail: and the event afterwards proved, that the

prisoners, although in custody, were *actually armed to the teeth!* The result might be anticipated. Some seventy or eighty men marched hastily upon the jail, overpowered the detachment on guard, not without some suspicion of collusion, and (after a brief resistance on the part of the prisoners, in which some of the assailants were wounded,) succeeded in killing the two Smiths, and wounding one or two other prisoners.

This deed was a bloody and lamentable crime, for the victims were prisoners, under the protection of the law; and, moreover, the militia of the county had expressly promised the Governor to respect his pledges for their safety. But, in estimating the guilt of the murder, we ought not wholly to lose sight of the previous causes of exasperation, and the state of feeling, excited by the circumstances already detailed. As to the Smiths themselves, they deserved their fate, had it only been inflicted under the sanction of the law.

The Governor was informed of the occurrence soon after it happened. He left Nauvoo immediately, and by a precipitate night march, removed himself full sixty miles from the scene of action. On his way, he advised every body to flee from the wrath of the Mormons, and, with few exceptions, his advice was followed. But the suddenness of the blow paralysed the hearts of the Prophet's people. The Anti-Mormons also were shocked at the event. And the county remained, for some time, in a state of deathlike stillness and quiet.

From this time forward, Governor Ford was a decided enemy of the Anti-Mormons. The danger, to which he conceived himself to have been exposed, dwelt heavily on his mind; and he charged the whole party with criminal designs against his person. But this did not save his credit with the Mormons. They accused him of connivance at the murder, though, unquestionably, he was wholly innocent. And thus he lost altogether the confidence and obedience of both the antagonist parties—a circumstance which contributed much to prolong and aggravate the feud between them.

The authors of the murder were never ascertained. Five persons were indicted and tried for the offence. Counsel were retained by the State, and sent from Springfield, to prosecute them. To secure an impartial jury, special officers, from other counties were appointed to summon the venire. But all was in vain. No witnesses, except Mormons, could be procured: and their evidence was interwoven, with so much that was incredible, as to destroy its weight altogether. One of them *saw a miraculous light* surround the body of Joe Smith, at the moment of his death, which struck motionless a man, who was approaching to mutilate his remains! And some of them *saw and conversed with him*, face to face, several days after his death and burial! Besides this, one or two of the

accused produced clear proof of an *alibi*: and the jury could not do otherwise than acquit them all, for want of reliable testimony.

For more than twelve months after the death of the Smiths, nothing happened, calling for our special notice. Partial disturbances and collisions were of every day occurrence, but the general peace of the county was not broken by any convulsion. At last, about the month of August, 1845, a party of Anti-Mormons once more resumed the offensive, with a view to harass and drive out their adversaries from the land. They went from house to house of the scattered settlements, compelling the inhabitants to remove their persons and property to Nauvoo, and burning the dwellings, barns and outhouses, to prevent their return. No injury was done to their persons or furniture, except in one instance. One night, a Mormon was shot at his own door; whether from motives of private revenge or wanton cruelty, was never known. These outrages were disapproved and condemned by the great body of the people: and, indeed, not more than 20 or 30 individuals were, at any time, seen engaged in their perpetration. But the measures, adopted on the other side, produced a speedy reaction. The Sheriff of the County, Backenstos,* who had been elected by the Mormons, and was devoted to their interests, collected some 400 of them on horseback, for the purpose of arresting the rioters, and suppressing the violence. Had he acted in good faith, his course would have been commended. But, under the pretext of doing his duty, he scoured the county in pursuit of leading Anti-Mormons, who were not concerned in the out-break. His myrmidons entered houses by force, ransacked, and often pillaged, the property of the inmates, and, with threats and demonstrations of force, terrified the most orderly and inoffensive, no less than the turbulent. The latter, indeed, for the most part, sought safety in flight. On one occasion the Sheriff surrounded the town of Carthage at nightfall, drove all the men promiscuously into the Court-House, and detained them for several hours under an armed guard, while he conducted an inquisition into their persons and behaviour. A garrison was left in the town for several days, keeping it in a state of constant terror. The prominent citizens were followed every where, to the post office and to places of business, by men with drawn swords or loaded rifles, watching every motion and word which they made or uttered. A Reign of Terror prevailed throughout the county: in the course of which, several lives were lost, some of them by the most unprovoked and cold blooded assassination. Among these, was a young man named Wilcox, who went to Nauvoo on business, was arrested as a spy,

and never heard of afterwards. And a quiet old farmer, named Daubenbeyer, returning home, alone and unarmed, from the county town, was shot and thrown into a ditch, where his body was found several days after. Plunder was carried on more actively than ever, for which they had some excuse, on the ground of reprisals for the loss of their own houses and crops.

At length the Governor was induced, after repeated applications, to interfere. General Hardin (who afterwards fell at the head of his regiment, at Buena Vista) a man of great and acknowledged worth, was sent, with a body of militia from distant counties, to restore peace. Immediately upon his arrival, he required Backenstos to disband his posse, which order, after some demur, was complied with. Tranquillity once more prevailed, and steps were taken for a final termination of the contest. A convention was held of delegates from the surrounding counties, which declared, that the Mormons must and should remove from the State, and pledged themselves to support each other by force in effecting it. The leaders of the Mormons, who had succeeded to the influence of the Prophet, expressed their willingness to go, if time were allowed, to make preparations, and sell their property. A treaty was made with them, under the sanction of General Hardin, upon these conditions. They were to remove the following spring: and, in the mean time, an armed police was left by Gen. Hardin, to keep the peace and enforce the laws, until the period for emigration arrived. It consisted, at first, of two companies, under the command of Major Wm. B. Warren: but was soon reduced to one, the Quincy Riflemen, under the immediate command of Capt. Jas. D. Morgan. The duty, which was one of no small delicacy and peril, bringing them often into collision with both parties, was discharged, both by officers and men, with great fidelity, intelligence, and courage.* The two officers, above named, and most of the men, joined the First Illinois Regiment during the war with Mexico, in

* During Major Warren's command, he accompanied the Judge of the Circuit to Nauvoo, by express understanding with some of the chief men among the Mormons, for a friendly interview. The first thing, which surprised them, was an armed outpost, which they encountered two or three miles from the city: at which Warren remonstrated, inasmuch as both parties had been prohibited from assembling in that way. He was very cavalierly answered then. When they were received by the leaders in Nauvoo, and conducted to a public room, they were entertained with violent and inflammatory speeches, abusive of the Governor, the people of the State, and the functionaries and officers then present. Menaces were frequently thrown out: to which the crowd at the doors and windows responded, with shouts and the clashing of weapons. Major Warren replied to them with becoming spirit and firmness: and the cool and resolute behaviour of himself and his small escort, had the effect of preventing the personal outrages, which seemed likely to follow.

* The brother of this worthy had married the niece of Joe Smith, and preceded him in the office of Sheriff of the County.

1846 and 1847, and were highly complimented, on several occasions, by General Wool, under whom they served. For this favorable notice, their friends at home were prepared, by their faithful and efficient service in Hancock County.

But, in the spring of 1846, this force was withdrawn, and its removal was immediately followed by agitation. The Mormons, it cannot be denied, had emigrated in large companies: three-fourths, at least, had taken up the line of march for California. Among them were Brigham Young, and the other heads of the church: induced thereto in part, as was supposed, by the pendency of *certain indictments for counterfeiting*, against them, in the United States' Circuit Court. But still there was a formidable number left, who declared (and probably with truth) that they had not the means of removing, and could not sell their property. The last difficulty was unavoidable. For reasons already explained, the value of lands and houses was wholly factitious, created and sustained entirely by the presence of the Mormons. And, although they were offered and sold, at one half, and even one fourth of their cost, few sales could be effected; and such as were made, resulted in a still greater depreciation, in the hands of purchasers. The people of the county detested the place too much to think of settling there: and the only dependence was upon strangers coming in from a distance. Large numbers of these arrived: some were men of worthy and respectable character; many others were persons of broken fortunes and doubtful reputations; and a considerable proportion were Mormons in disguise from other States. At the time of their final expulsion, one of the trustees of the church admitted that they had not, *until then*, abandoned the hope of retaining a foothold at Nauvoo: which they designed as a sort of resting-place or depot, for emigrating parties, prior to their departure for the Western prairies.

This policy did not escape the penetration of the Anti-Mormons: and, as soon as circumstances favored them, they determined to counteract it. A pretext was all that they desired: and, in the month of August this was afforded, by the forcible rescue of a Mormon in Nauvoo from the hands of a constable. Again, as in 1844, the posse was summoned—and again, the people began to assemble in arms, and to prepare for a conflict with their enemies.

At first, the enterprise was unpromising. Many of the firmest and most influential Anti-Mormons disapproved the undertaking, and refused to join in it. But, nevertheless, the purpose was maintained, and the encampment went on, slowly increasing in numbers, subsistence, and munitions of war.

The Mormons were much reduced in force, but they made up their deficiency, to a great extent, by cunning and address. Besides the new comers of their own faith, they found natural allies in the

adventurers already described; and they had the art to sow distrust, between the better sort of the new settlers in Nauvoo, and the Anti-Mormon party. For months before, they had contrived to alienate them from one another by false reports: and now, they persuaded the residents of Nauvoo that the Anti-Mormons had, for their main object, the plunder and destruction of the city. Many hasty and imprudent threats, uttered by individuals, had given color to this charge: and, it is probable, that such a result might in truth have taken place, if the town had been carried by storm. Thus influenced, the new settlers were induced to take the lead, in the preparations for defence; and, under cover of their names, the Mormons hoped to fight their own battle, and maintain their ground. The Governor was applied to once more: he refused to come in person, but issued his proclamation, denouncing the Anti-Mormons as usual, and commanding them to disperse. At the same time, he issued commissions to the leaders of the opposite party, authorising them to embody the militia, and break up the Anti-Mormon camp.

The effect was the very reverse of what he intended. His proclamation was treated with open contempt and derision. The attempt to levy militia was wholly abortive: and those engaged in it were told plainly that they should never reach Nauvoo. Even in remote counties, the people said to them, "when you march one man to Nauvoo, we will send three to the camp." Those, who had hitherto held off, now flocked to the standard. They became convinced that the issue, whether for good or evil, was finally made, and must be decided. The pretext of the civil process was scarcely spoken of. They looked upon the quarrel, as one that was to determine the possession of the country; and avowed the resolution to drive out the Mormons, or to abandon the State. They smarted under the imputation of cowardice, which had rested upon all their former demonstrations, and made up their minds to efface it by perseverance this time, at whatever hazard of life and property. Some idea of the feeling may be gathered from a saying of one of the most amiable and dispassionate citizens of the county, who had long kept aloof from the struggle—"It is too late now to retreat," said he: "the issue is made up—and we must cut their throats, or they will cut ours!"

Men of every profession and calling left the cares of business and the comforts of home, to encounter the vicissitudes of weather and the other hardships of camp duty. Those who, from age and other circumstances, were unfit for active service, were no less busy in other departments; and an old farmer sent word to the Anti-Mormons that his crop of wheat—1,500 bushels—was subject to their order, to any extent which their wants might require.

The Anti-Mormons had now been several weeks

in camp. Their first leader, Gen. Singleton, had effected a treaty with the Mormons, which his own men refused to ratify; alleging that it gave time to the Mormons, and they would evade a compliance with it. Singleton, therefore, threw up the command and retired from the camp: and Thomas S. Brockman was chosen in his stead.

The great want of the Anti-Mormons had been a *Leader*. There had been always men enough among them of intelligence, high principle, and courage. But there was no one of that peculiar talent, which is necessary to win the personal confidence, to command the obedience, and control the feelings of men, whose submission is merely voluntary. Such a leader they now found in Brockman. He was a blacksmith by trade—a Campbellite preacher by choice—a sort of cross between Wat Tyler and Hugh Peters. He was a strong, humorous, stump-speaker—uneducated, but sensible and sagacious—a sober, kind neighbor—a plain, good-humored, familiar companion—but resolute and fearless—and capable of enforcing discipline to a degree, that, with such a force as his, was astonishing. Of course, there was little or nothing of military show or etiquette. But, in the substantial discharge of the soldier's duty, in obedience, forbearance, vigilance, and endurance of hardship, raw militia have seldom equalled the men under his command.

When he was elected, there were some 350 men in camp, about 12 miles from Nauvoo. He immediately advanced 8 miles nearer, and encamped. The movement itself increased the general confidence. Reinforcements came in; and he advanced by degrees, skirmishing as he came, until he got within a mile and a half of the Temple, where he entrenched himself. Here his numbers swelled to 800 or 1,000 men, and he resolved on an attack. The Mormon force was very inferior, not more than 300 or 400, as it is said; but they had the cover of the scattered houses and fences, and a better knowledge of the ground. The Anti-Mormons had several six pounder field pieces, from which they fired round shot and grape with considerable accuracy. The whole fight was at long distances, and hence few were killed or wounded on either side. But the Mormons were driven, step by step, into the city itself, until the cannon shot were exhausted: when, Brockman, satisfied with his success, retreated slowly, and in good order, to his camp.

Two or three days of inaction followed; during which, the Anti-Mormons were busily engaged in collecting ammunition and provisions, and were constantly reinforced. The Mormons, though few in numbers, and without the prospect of succor, seemed determined to dispute the ground, inch by inch. The streets were mined in the vicinity of the Temple, where the last stand was to be made. The besieged had arms and ammunition in abundance;

and every thing betokened an obstinate and bloody struggle.

At this juncture, a public meeting was held by the citizens of Quincy, to consider the state of affairs in the adjoining county. Quincy is about 60 miles below Nauvoo on the river. It was resolved to send a committee of 100 Anti-Mormons, unarmed, and in the character of mediators, with instructions to propose a compromise. The basis of the compromise was to be—1. The Surrender of the City of Nauvoo. 2. The immediate removal of the Mormons. 3. Permission to a fixed number of them to remain as trustees for the settlement of business—and 4. That the rights of persons and property should be respected by the Anti-Mormons. The terms, it must be admitted, were hard and severe; but it was well known, that none better would be granted by the successful party; and the only alternative would be, a fight without quarter from street to street, and from house to house.

Between 65 and 70 of the committee appointed, went up immediately, and reached the scene of action on the third day after the engagement. There seemed at first no prospect of success. Both parties were filled with the strongest hatred and distrust of one another; and the greatest obstacle was found in the apprehension, that the city would be sacked and burned if it were given up. By dint of great and patient exertion, however, on the part of the sub-committees, sent to treat with the two parties, an arrangement on the basis proposed was at last effected, and the treaty signed, after dark, on the second day of the negotiation.

The next morning, which was the 17th September, 1846, the treaty was made known to the Anti-Mormons by General Brockman. In the course of the day, most of the obnoxious Mormons and other residents of the city withdrew from it; and those who remained, occupied themselves in preparations for removal. About 4 o'clock, P. M., the Anti-Mormons broke up their camp, and were formed in column of march. Brockman rode from front to rear, halting at every section, and requiring of every man a pledge, that he would respect persons and property, and obey orders. The pledge was given, and it was kept. The army, receiving a late reinforcement after the march was actually commenced, moved through the city, and encamped in a field, at the opposite or lower end of it, near the river. No disturbance whatever occurred: and so soon were the apprehensions of violence allayed, that, at night, the *Mormon Trustees requested* a guard of *Anti-Mormons* for the temple, to protect it from the violence threatened by some of their own people, who were enraged at the surrender.

Complaints, and charges of misconduct, were afterwards made against a company of 100 men, who were left for some weeks in Nauvoo, to see the re-

moval carried into effect. It is admitted by them, that one of the number was caught, stealing a Mormon's property; but he was promptly arrested by his comrades, lodged in jail, and in due time went to the penitentiary. They also admit, that some Mormons, who ventured to return from Iowa, after being once sent off, were ducked in the river as a punishment, and again transported to the other side. With these exceptions, the accusations were all denied; and no satisfactory evidence was adduced to sustain them.

Within two weeks after the expulsion of the Mormons, the condition of the county was perfectly tranquil. The Circuit Court held its session, and the ordinary business of the country resumed its usual channels. When all had subsided into quiet, the Governor became suddenly alarmed for the peace of the county, and made his appearance unexpectedly, at the head of some 70 men, to suppress all disorders. He found nothing to encounter, except ridicule and irony; but these assailed him, from every quarter, and in every conceivable shape. He went home at last, mortified and disgusted, and revenged himself, by making his campaign the subject of a special message to the Legislature, in which he assailed the Anti-Mormons without mercy. The latter were too much gratified at their recent good fortune, to be concerned at any thing, which his Excellency could say or do to their prejudice. The Legislature ordered the Message to be printed, and laid on the table: the Governor's term of office soon after expired; and he fell into oblivion, as soon as the excitement died away, which alone had brought him into notice.

Before leaving this part of the narrative, it is proper to advert to the fact, that large contributions were made by the Anti-Mormons, immediately after the surrender of the city, for the relief of the people thus driven out. Not only were the remaining stores of the camp turned over to them, but subscriptions in money, clothing and provisions, were got up in the different towns, to which none gave more liberally, than the prominent Anti-Mormons. A committee of these very men proceeded with the subscriptions, raised in Quincy, to the Mormons in Iowa, and delivered them into their own hands. Even during the hostilities, at least one destitute family in the vicinity of Nauvoo, was fed, by Brockman's order, out of the Commissary's stores, while the head of the family was known to be in arms in Nauvoo. It was no war upon women or children: and none regretted more than the Anti-Mormons themselves, that the necessity of expelling the men involved also the unavoidable suffering of the other sex, and of their unfortunate children.

With a few remarks upon the character of the Prophet, and his people, derived in part from personal observation, I will close this article, already perhaps too long.

Joe Smith, at the time he resided in Illinois, was a stout and rather corpulent man, about 5 feet 10 inches high, and from 35 to 40 years of age. His manners were generally plain and blunt, with an appearance of simplicity, which covered a large share of cunning and deceit. He was usually very civil and hearty in his deportment; but when influenced by liquor, or ruffled in temper, he became coarse, brutal, and abusive. His mind was of an ordinary cast, and his general intelligence very limited; so that educated men were at a loss to account for his influence. But he had, to an astonishing degree, the art of cajoling the multitude, and of controlling the illiterate, the vicious, and the fanatical. On one occasion, he caused great scandal, by appearing in the streets drunk, swearing lustily, and challenging men to wrestle. But he had the address, strange as it may seem, to obviate the ill effects of this display, by representing it as an experiment, solely designed to test the faith of the Saints! If at any time, a subordinate proved refractory, he was speedily denounced, and accused of the grossest crimes by the Prophet himself; and, in every instance, he was crushed by the indignation and contempt of the people. In this way, the Prophet put down, by a word, the redoubtable Bennett, the two Laws, and even the crafty Sidney Rigdon himself. Joe's vanity was inordinate. Success elated him beyond measure; and his career exhibited not a few contrasts, between the most reckless insolence, and the most abject and despairing cowardice. Some of his projects of empire, as disclosed by men at one time in his confidence, are well nigh incredible, from their absurdity: the vicissitudes of his fortunes, as it has happened to greater men, inspired him with an insane reliance upon his destiny.

His vices were, unquestionably, many and infamous. The system of concubinage, (practised by himself and others of the initiated,) which he called "Spiritual Marriage," is proved by all the testimony, which can be adduced in such cases; by the concurrent evidence of those, who were admitted to the inner secrets of his councils, and who, from whatever motive, divulged them to the world. Some of his victims opened their eyes too late to the delusion. Others, horror-struck at his proposals, abandoned and denounced him, only to incur discredit and odium with the mass of his dupes, and vindictive persecution from his accomplices. It is well known, that attempts upon their female relatives, and connexions, caused his quarrels with Sidney Rigdon, and the two Laws: and, even his blood relations accused him of similar designs upon members of his own family.

The Danite band, whose existence was well ascertained both in Missouri and Illinois, were a chosen gang of miscreants, hardened to every species of crime. One of these, O. P. Rockwell, has been heard to boast of his attempt on the life of Gov.

Boggs, in terms that were scarcely equivocal; but, at the time of his imprisonment in Missouri on this charge, there was no evidence within the reach of the prosecution sufficient for his conviction. The barbarous murder of Col. Davenport in his own house at Rock Island, was traced to Nauvoo, and some of the perpetrators there arrested, notwithstanding considerable opposition—and the disappearance of obnoxious persons, and the frequent threat, that “their enemies should feed cat-fish in the Mississippi,” leave no room for doubt, that deeds of blood were familiar things to this select body guard of the Assassin Prophet.

It is by no means designed to charge these enormities, indiscriminately, upon the whole body of the Mormons. There were, doubtless, many among them, who were sincere believers in the faith which they professed; who knew nothing of the dark secrets of those who ruled their hearts and conduct; and who were taught to regard the accusations against them, as slanders, emanating from open foes, or treacherous apostates. Yet their proficiency in the arts of verbal evasion,* and their proneness to dissemble, must detract largely from our good opinion. These were, indeed, inevitable consequences of their system: of the secrecy enjoined by the chiefs, whom they obeyed with implicit reverence, as the Oracles of God; and of the prevalent idea, that to keep faith with Gentiles was no part of their religious duty. Deriving their rules of action from sources, believed to be directly inspired by the Almighty, they justified themselves by the example of the Israelites; and respected no laws—natural, social, or municipal—which came in conflict with these heavenly commands. Their tenets of faith, except under these modifications, bore a general resemblance to the more enthusiastic of the Christian sects; and their ordinary discourses were not unlike the exhortations, at the revivals and camp-meetings, so common throughout this country. It was only, when their peculiar revelations came under discussion, that they displayed the wide differences, which separated them from all other denominations.

Numbers of them have given convincing proof of their devotion to the cause, by adhering to it through every extremity of hardship and privation;

* The writer, already referred to in the Dublin University Magazine, gives an amusing example of this trait. He was conversing with an English disciple of this faith, a man of sense and respectability, just on the eve of departing for America. To disprove the genuineness of the Book of Mormon, he pointed out a passage in which the navigator Nephi says of himself: “I took the *compass*, and it did work whither I desired it”—insisting that the allusion to the mariner’s compass, so long before its discovery, was fatal to the authenticity of the narrative. But the Mormon maintained the antiquity of the invention, on the authority of St. Paul: “for,” said he, “we find him saying, in the Acts, ch. 28, v. 13, ‘and from thence we *fetch*ed a *compass* and came to Rhegium.’”

after sacrificing fortune, family, friends, respectability, and all that conduces to the comfort and embellishment of life. They turned a deaf ear to the advice and entreaty, which would have persuaded them, to disperse through the country, and seek a livelihood, in separate families, like other people. No—the church of the Saints was the object of all their desires. Wherever its standard was set up, however great the distance, however appalling the difficulties and dangers of the way—thither they resolved to direct their steps. And when the stake was finally removed to California, they prepared, with few exceptions, to follow to the Pacific, or to perish on the road. They have been decimated by famine and sickness. Foreseen and foretold disasters have fallen heavily upon their caravans and encampments. But their purpose of concentration is as fixed and unchanged as ever. In a fertile region, where ordinary toil is sure to be rewarded with plenty and comfort, they have for two years persisted in an irregular, nomadic life, more like that of the wandering Arab, or the Indian of our own land, than the habits of men reared in a civilized society. Hence their continued want and suffering; calamities, that will scarcely have an end, without a radical change in their creed and character. It is a sad and humiliating, it should be an instructive, lesson on human weakness and degeneracy, in an age which boasts of its improvement and intelligence.

Their future fate is matter of conjecture only. But, if they thrive and prosper in their new possessions—if they adhere to their fundamental maxim, “that the Earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof, and his Saints shall inherit it,”—if they seek to accomplish this destiny, as they have heretofore done, whenever they believed their strength adequate to the work—then the colonists of the Pacific shores may expect to realize, in that remote country, what their fellow-citizens have experienced in the great valley of the Mississippi. The emigrants may encounter, on the broad prairies of the west, a banditti more formidable than the daring Camanches: the weak settlements will be exposed to incursions, not less harassing than those of the Seminoles in Florida; and, if the Mormons should establish themselves in strength upon the sea-coast, the commerce of that region may find in them enemies, as active and relentless as the piratical Malays of the other continent.

EPIGRAM

On a street in London, which was much infested by lawyers, and at the bottom of which were wharves for shipping.

“At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found;
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
For there’s craft in the river and craft in the street.”

A REMEMBRANCE.

The day is fair as light can make it, love,
Thine eyes are blue as opening skies above ;
Pure thoughts, like angels, glide into thy soul
And lift thy heart up to those pearly skies
Where the Perihelium to thine orb of beauty lies.

A shade of sorrow in thy full heart dwells
The blessed sunlight never all dispels :
Like the faint throbbings of yon crimson lake
Thy bosom quivers with a joy and sadness,
Until, at last, it trembles into gladness.

Like a lost pleiad in my heaven of years,
The memory of thy youth to me appears ;
The gathering twilight of a ripening age—
And the full flush of manhood's golden day
In the fair dawn of thy young being lay.

I've lingered—weary pilgrim—lost and long
In all the blessed haunts of holy song—
In the vast wilderness of gloomy thought,
Until thy beauteous presence seemed to me
Like a green isle within a desert sea.

The mind is like the universe of God
And flowers of grace and feeling gem the sod ;
The river of affection deep and long
Charmeth the gift of love with joy—and there
Truth weaves her robe of beauty from the air.

Storms oft assail her realm and sit in shade
Above the chaos they have darkly made ;
But thou shalt dwell serene upon the shore,
And like a pearl upon the trackless sand
Grow purer, as life's billows sweep the strand.

H. H. CLEMENTS.

LATIN MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

A "longing after immortality" has ever been a ruling passion of mankind. It is a principal motive of ambition, and one of the strongest incentives to exertion. However indifferent to the charms of this present life, or skeptical as to a future state of existence, men may be, there are few who are not captivated by the idea of an immortality of earthly fame, and who do not seek to be had in remembrance among men. Whether their names are held in honor, or mentioned with execration, whether their deeds be good or evil, their wish is the same that both should live after them ; and by a great majority of actors on the world's stage, an eternity of infamy would be preferred to an eternity of oblivion. They would drink with avidity of the waters of that

"slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion,"

that they might forget ; but would allow no other to share in the draught, lest they should be forgotten. They dread death not only because it terminates their physical existence, but also because it withdraws them from the memory of their fellow-creatures ; they fear not so much ceasing to think, as ceasing to be thought of.

Nothing is more effectual in mitigating the sting of death than the comfortable assurance of posthumous celebrity, and the aspect of dissolution is never so terrific as when it appears as the extinction at once of life, of race, and of memory upon earth. To die unknown, unhonored, unrecorded, and unsung, would give an additional pang to the wretchedness of any fate which man could be doomed to undergo.

"It would be better," said Napoleon, "for a man never to have lived, than to leave behind him no traces of his existence." The expression was his own, but the sentiment is to be found in the heart of every one. The desire to live in the remembrance of posterity is an instinct of human nature, powerful and universal : so powerful, that it prompts to the noblest actions and instigates to the worst crimes, that it triumphs over that most potent of loves—the love of life, and constrains men to sacrifice existence and even salvation to purchase "the bubble reputation ;" they will die that they may live ; like the merchant-man in the parable, who when he had found one pearl of great price, sold all that he had and bought it, they esteem nothing of value in comparison to this dear object of their aspirations : so universal that it pervades all times, all ranks, all nations, people, and kindreds.

Monuments and monumental inscriptions proceeded directly from the suggestions of this instinct. At first mere heaps of uncemented stones, they rapidly advanced to a pitch of magnificence and grandeur, which succeeding ages have produced nothing to rival. The stupendous tombs of the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt still excite the wonder of the world ; and although similar structures have borrowed their name from the sepulchre of the Asiatic monarch, nothing has since been erected to equal the splendor of the first Mausoleum.

Among the Romans the tombs which contained inscriptions were in general plain ; the celebrated monument of Scipio Barbatus, which has been more frequently copied and more extensively admired than any other, is however, an exception. But the inscriptions chiefly attract our notice ; and amply do they repay the attention bestowed on them.

"Whatever pleasure," says St. Pierre, "I have felt, during my travels, at the sight of a statue or monument of antiquity, I have felt still more in reading a well written inscription. It seems to me as if a human voice issued from the stone, and making itself heard through the lapse of ages, ad-

dressed man in the midst of a desert, and told him that he was not alone; that other men, on that very spot, have felt, and thought, and suffered like himself." We confess to the indulgence of the same predilection, which is here so beautifully expressed; and can remember no hour more agreeably passed than that occupied in the perusal of ancient epitaphs.

In the heathen inscriptions, two peculiarities are particularly striking, both from their frequency of occurrence and their variety of phraseology: they are a sensitive dread of sepulchral violation, and the hopelessness of a future state. We shall give a few illustrations: and first of the fear of spoliation.

NE TANGITO
O MORTALIS
REVERERE
MANES DEOS.

—
PER DEOS SUPEROS
INFEROSQUE TE ROGO NE
OSSUARIA VELIS VIOLARE.

Sometimes the entreaty is enforced by a threat:

TU NE VELLIS ALIENA MEMBRA
INQUIETARE IACENTIS DOLIES
COMPARABIT SIBI QUOD SI NO
CUERIS NOCEBERIS AB ALIO.

But the following, found at Rome, is the most remarkable of all: it is unequalled in the condensed form and bitterness of the imprecation.

QUISQUIS
HOC JUSTERLERIT AUT LAESERIT
ULTIMUS SUO
RUM MORIATUR.

We can offer no better commentary on this terrible curse, than the words of one to whom it was a sad experience:

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now."

In many the grave is called "DOMUS AETERNA;" and it is frequently declared sacred to everlasting sleep—SOMNO AETERNO SACRUM. Some display a mournful despair, uncheered by the faintest hope of immortality; or tell of a life of sorrow, which the being whom it burdened, yearned longingly to exchange for the unbroken repose of the tomb—of a soul, which having tasted of life, preferred annihilation to endless existence.

DE NIL IN NIL
QUI VIDIT BONI NIL

—
NON FUI ET SUM
NON ERO. NON MIHI DOLET.

Her parents placed this over a young maiden, who suffered "the doom Heaven gives its favorites—an early death."

QUEM DI AMAVERUNT
HAEC MORITUR INFANS.

In the next a mourning mother prays for a reunion with her child.

LAGGE. FILI
BENE QUIESCAS
MATER TUA ROGAT
TE. UT ME AD TE RECIPIAS.

Epicurean maxims occasionally occur, as the following celebrated one, found at Narbonne.

AMICI
DUM VIVIMUS
VIVAMUS.

Some bear testimony to purity and irreproachableness of life. This, a brother's offering to the memory of his sister.

DIIS MANIB
CAMILL. AUGUSILAE
QUAE VIXIT ANNIS XXX
DIEB. V. DE QUA NERUO
SUORUM UMQUAM
DOLUIT NISI MORTEM
SELENIUS REGINUS. FRATER SORORI
KARISSIMAE DEDICAVIT.

No anticipations of a future life are ever expressed: and the heathen "prayers for the dead" are confined to the simple, yet graceful, SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS. But there is a touching pathos in this brief sentence, which possesses for us a peculiar charm. The most anxious affection of a pagan parent dared invoke no higher blessing on a departed child, than that the earth might lie light upon him.

The Christian inscriptions, to which we next turn, are generally accompanied by some allusive symbol: that forming the monogram of the name of Christ, is most common. Many of them consist solely of this figure, and the words

IN PACE.

How short, yet how significant! These two simple words proclaim, that, escaped from the troublous storms of earth, a Christian sleeps in peace beneath: the persecuted has reached his refuge, and the weary is at rest. And the symbol tells us, that refuge is his Saviour—that rest is in Heaven.

Occasionally there is only a name; as

A G A P E .

In the following a mother charges her children not to mourn for her:

VIVENTEM DEO
CREDITE FLERE NEFAS.

The short ejaculatory prayers of the Christians all refer to the soul of the dead. We subjoin a few instances :

FAUSTINA DULCIS
VIVAS IN DEO.

—
AMERIMUUS
RUFINAE. CONJUGI
CARISSIMAE BENEMERENTI
SPIRITUM TUUM
DEUS REFRIGERET.

—
BOLOSA. DEUS
TIBI REFRIGERET.

Apart from the beauty and expressive solemnity of many of these ancient epitaphs, the admirable fitness of the language for such compositions, is strongly impressed upon us ; we do not wonder at Johnson's preference for it, and are ready to exclaim with its lovers—Latin is the language for Inscriptions.

W.

WRITTEN ON HEARING
OF THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

Tall plumes were waving to the breeze
And banners brightly gleamed:—
As stirring music filled the air,
Each eye with ardor beamed.
With arching neck and prancing step,
Each charger moved along :
And glittering gay in proud array,
Moved on the warrior-throng.

A shadow might have crossed each eye
To pass the home-stead door,
Something have whispered at the heart,
“ We may return no more.”
But strains of martial music
O'erwhelmed the rising sigh,
And pride forgot each dear-lov'd spot,
As cheer on cheer rose high.

And so away from their native land,
In pride and hope they went ;
While even in the mother's eye,
A smile with the tear was blent.
For she dreamed that when her boy return'd,
He would wear a soldier's wreath,—
She did not know the laurel bough
Grew best in the shade of death.

Soon letters came that told of scenes
More bright than a poet's dream,—
Of fruits, and flowers, and orange bowers,
And many a purling stream.

Of lakes that, deep in shady vales,
Seem'd in their silvery sheen,
As stars had fall'n and rested
On a mantle rich and green.

Then came a tale of battles fought,
And glorious victories won,
And crowds rejoicing laughed and told
How bravely all was done.
But the bon-fires were but funeral pyres,
And from each deep-ton'd bell,
Though many heard but merry peals,
Was tolled a passing knell.

And echoed to the shouts of joy
Was the mother's moaning deep,
The orphan's wail, the wife's low sob,
Alas, *she* could not weep.
Oh ! then how bitterly I scorned
All martial fame and state ;
Thus bought by happy homes made lone,
And hearts made desolate.

LETTERS FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

PARIS, JULY 15TH, 1848.

“ I am meditating a trip to Switzerland M—; what say you ? Would you like to go ? Come, Paris is quiet and dull ; Europe is quiet too, at least those parts we would have to visit ; exchange for a while your *robe de chambre* for a traveling *blouse*, your slight rattan for a mountain staff, your sedentary and quiet city habits for a few weeks of active and vigorous mountain exercise. It will do you good. I'll guaranty you twenty pounds additional flesh as the result of it.”

“ Nothing would be more agreeable to me. A month passed in Switzerland, nine years ago, is among the pleasantest of my recollections of a former visit to Europe. I would like above all things, away from the dust and noise and strife of this agitated capital, to snuff again the mountain breeze from the beautiful bosom of lake Lucerne, to exclaim, ‘ how glorious !’ from the top of Righi, and enjoy once more the sublime and awful stillness that reigns in the high Alpine regions. I am curious to learn by a repetition of the passage over the Wengern Alp, from Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen, how I would now relish mountain tramps, and what change nine years have wrought in my capacity to perform them.”

“ It's agreed then—we'll go :” interrupted B—.

“ *Pas du tout !*” resumed M—. “ I would like it vastly, but must forego the pleasure. I consider myself now one of the fixtures of Paris. For the last two years and a half, I have slept but two nights without its walls, and it is by no means certain that during the next twenty I shall sleep out

of it two nights more. Were this a compulsory thing, imposed upon me by the will of another, I dare say I should demur, and Paris would soon become the most detestable of abodes—you recollect the story of the man who lived from birth to sixty years of age without once leaving or wishing to leave the limits of London, yet died of ennui in six months after being ordered not to leave them—but, as things are, I see in my probable fate, nothing so very intolerable. As the freely chosen residence of bachelors, whether of small, or ample, or of very large income, believe me there's no place like Paris. All tastes may be gratified here; all wants, whether of the body or of the mind, supplied cheaper and perhaps better than any where else. Now, being a bachelor, whose income belongs, unfortunately to the first of the three classes specified above, whose only wealth is contentment (with my mediocrity of fortune, be it understood, I am too gallant a man ever to profess, and too truly man ever really to feel contentment with my estate of bachelor,) I have come to the conclusion that I have seen about as much of this world's surface as I can afford to: and the plain truth is, friend B—, I can't well spare the money for this trip to Switzerland."

"But you must forget how small the sum it will require. Remember, I am not proposing that we should visit London and put up at Fenton's. Several friends have told me—you have taken the trip yourself and ought to know—that an average allowance of five dollars per day will quite suffice. We shall be absent from Paris, say one month—what is a hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Almost nothing to one who, like you, has thousands at his command: but, to one who has only hundreds—and very few of them?"

B— here shrugged his shoulders as decidedly as if he had been a Frenchman born. Yet friend B— is as thoroughly Anglo-Saxon in person, manners and character as any one who ever crossed the channel or the Atlantic. The shrug, in truth is not so exclusively French as is generally supposed. Frenchmen may use it more freely, and make it say more than any other people, but in this instance it seemed a purely natural movement, that would have been used by one of Gallic or anti-Gallic race, German or English no less than French, to express just what B— meant to express, viz. that M—'s last words disclosed an unfortunate state of affairs to be sure, and one that was likely to present insuperable obstacles in the way of the Swiss trip.

"Besides," continued M—, "the nature of my occupations in Paris at present, is, you well know, such as makes it particularly inconvenient for me to quit the city even for a short time."

"As to your first objection," replied B—, "you of course know better than any one else what you can afford, and I can have no counsel to offer except as the prudent son of a prudent yankee, that you spend

no more than you can afford. As to the second, I don't think it of much force. Your ——— correspondence will suffer little now by a month's absence from Paris. You may write in advance all that you will have occasion to say for the next six weeks. Paris is in a state of siege yet, and will probably be kept so for several weeks if not months: It is quiet at present and is likely to remain so: The National Assembly is getting on slowly and not very satisfactorily with its labours of legislation and Constitution-making: Cavaignac is using his almost dictatorial power with a wisdom, energy and moderation which leave little to desire so far as he is concerned: but this military sway is of course temporary; its continuance is utterly inconsistent with the enjoyment of republican liberty: there is no telling when it may be relaxed: or what popular outbreaks will speedily follow its relaxation: In the mean time the insurgent prisoners are being summarily examined and transported: the leaders are being tried and sentenced to the hulks, or confinement with hard labor, for life or various terms of years. Add to this the opinion which I know you entertain, that the French Republic after a few months, at most a year or two, of troubled and unhealthy existence, will end in monarchy, perhaps a military despotism, and there you have the only letter you would have occasion to write upon the affairs of France during the month of our proposed absence. But if you cannot go, there's an end of it. I did wish to see a little more of Europe, before returning to the United States. I wo'n't go alone however. If you cannot accompany me, I must postpone it to a future year: but think of it again before you positively decide. You admit that nothing stirring is likely to occur in Paris or France for some time to come. Would it not be well to improve the moment by visiting in person a portion of the rest of Europe? Methinks that in your character of observer and reporter of passing events, the trip might be turned to particularly good account. It is Swiss scenery that is especially attractive to me, but I desire either to go to Switzerland or return by way of Belgium and the Rhine. Thus, you would see Belgium, which, with recollections of the former French Republic fresh in mind, is now trembling for its national existence: and its Rhenish provinces, which Prussia holds by so slight a thread: and Frankfort on the Maine, where the German National Assembly is now sitting: and the Duchies on the Rhine which are the focus of German republicanism: and Switzerland itself, late the seat of civil war, and where now the popular vote is about to be taken upon the new constitution, which the intolerant and tyrannical democratic majority is forcing upon the smaller Cantons: and finally, you will be able to see something, in going or returning, of the provinces of France, and observe the course of things, and the state of public opinion there, as well as in the Capi-

tal. These regions are all quiet now, and may be visited with facility and without danger : but who may say that war will not soon be raging throughout Europe, and all travel interrupted ?”

“Well, think over all this,” continued B—, rising from his seat, after a moment’s pause, “and squeeze your purse to see if after all you can’t make it yield the required sum, with less inconvenience than you anticipate. For my part, I think the trip would pay : and I think too, that with a little reflection, you’ll be of that opinion yourself. Adieu ! Paris is reviving a little, and beginning to look somewhat as I expected to see it. The theatres are open to-night : I must attend one of them. I’ll see you again on Monday. Don’t forget this trip to Switzerland.”

“Adieu ! Call again on Monday.”

The above is a faithful report, gentle reader, of a portion of a conversation which occurred “on the day and year first above mentioned,” between a couple of your fellow-countrymen whom accident had a short time before thrown together in the charming and famous capital of the French Republic. This was not all they said by a great deal. A couple of bachelors in Paris, and one of them in the first month of his residence, have a great deal to say to each other—they would not like me to tell you all perhaps—but this is neither here nor there. If you would like to know any thing more about them, and particularly whether they went to Switzerland, and what they saw and what they said and what they did, why you’ll have to read another letter or two.

G. B. M.

PARIS, JULY 17TH, 1848.

“Paris is reviving a little, and beginning to look somewhat as I expected to see it,” said B—, as he left the apartment of M— rue de Bourgogne, day before yesterday. It is true that during the last fortnight the aspect of the city has materially improved. The shops are at least open in all quarters, and keep open till ten o’clock at night. The theatres and other places of public amusement, in obedience to public orders, and with the aid of the public funds, (many thousands of francs have lately been voted by the national assembly for distribution according to their necessities among the various theatres of Paris) again blaze with gas-lights for the attraction of the pleasure-loving Parisian population. Ranelagh, Chateau Rouge, The Hippodrome, Mabilles, Chateau des Fleurs, and the Chaumière, are all open again as of olden time. It is pleasant to see the walls and the sign-posts in all quarters of the city bedecked with their flaring many-colored placards, and stop with the crowds which they always attract, to read how various and satisfactory their bills of fare. It is the work of at least half an hour, at one of these rendezvous, to

run the eye over the multifarious list, and ascertain what are the amusements of Paris for the day and evening. And not in vain is the call. Enter the theatres or one of the dancing establishments above mentioned. They are all crowded. Not an anxious face is to be seen. The passing moment engrosses attention. Pleasure reigns. In the midst of this gay and brilliant scene, the stranger can hardly believe that he is in a city in a state of siege ; that three short weeks ago, one half the population was engaged in deadly conflict with the other,—that thousands fell in furious social war, which for several days held the fate of the most brilliant capital of the world in awful suspense,—that all the hospitals are full of wounded,—that the prisons cannot suffice for the captives,—that within fifty paces of the spot he occupies, atrocities worthy a nation of savages were perpetrated in open day. And still less would he believe that nothing but the iron hand of martial law, pressing upon the city, prevents, to-morrow, a renewal of this social war, and the repetition of these nameless atrocities. Yet it is all strictly true. To be sure that he is not dreaming, one has to rub his eyes, and recollect that he is in Paris, the French capital. Where but in Paris could such things be seen ? Who but Frenchmen could be the actors of such scenes ? From the barricade to the ball-room—from the ball-room to the barricade, with equal alacrity and apparently with equal pleasure. Fun and fighting seem both but pastimes with the Frenchman. If the fiddle and the drum were calling him at once, he would hesitate a moment which to obey, but I think he’d follow the drum. Enter that dancing establishment ; but first put a little cotton in your ears to deaden the sound of those fifty stunning musical instruments. As soon as your eyes get a little accustomed to the glaring gas lights, look around upon the dancers ; there are at least a hundred couples up—now they whirl in the waltz—now they rush in the galop—and now to more moderate measure, and with arms akimbo, they are performing the graceful evolutions of the polka. See that young man ! The perspiration is rolling over his face from the violence of his exercise—you’d suppose him made of India rubber, and supplied by nature with a double quantity of joints—now his heels fly over his head—now his head almost touches the floor—now he rushes up to his partner—now retreats, twisting his body into every variety of shape ! You’d think him a born Mountebank, and fit for nothing else. But no, he is only like all his countrymen, born an Epicurean philosopher. His motto is,

Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

Dance to day, for perhaps to-morrow you can’t.

Go to his apartment and search his trunk ; you’ll find rough draughts of speeches delivered in his club, some five or six weeks ago, upon all the poli-

tical, financial and social questions which occupy the National Assembly. During the four days of June, he might have been seen, musket in hand, his face black with powder, perhaps grim with blood. I don't know upon which side he fought. Step now with me the distance of a square, and enter one of the theatres. There is a middle-aged gentleman, with his wife and daughter. He seems as entirely free from care and happy—and he laughs as heartily at Arnal's drolleries, as he did in the palmiest days of Louis Philippe, when business went on prosperously and no body dreamed of republics, insurrection, and communism. He has not sold as much during the last four months as he did during three weeks of the same period last year. Follow him home. He was on duty, as national guard to day, and you will find that before going to bed he places his uniform where it can be easily gotten at, and sees that his musket and cartridge box are ready for use, not knowing but to-morrow he may be again engaged in deadly conflict for family and property.

Carpe diem, &c.,

is his motto too. But I don't believe that if to-morrow our friend were called upon to vote by secret ballot upon the question, "Republic or Monarchy?" he would cast his vote for the Republic.

The theatres and other places of public amusement, are indeed being opened and they are well attended. But this is not so sure an index of returning confidence as would at first be supposed. Since the insurrection of June, the clubs have been closed. It was they that drew away every night the crowds who had been the support of the theatres. Frenchmen cannot spend their evenings quietly at home. They don't know what domestic enjoyment is. If they are not amused with public spectacles, they will conspire in clubs. The universality of clubs during the months of May and June, caused the theatres to be so deserted, that at one time they were all closed, and government, in addition to the regular annual allowance accorded to several of them, voted a large sum to enable them to open and struggle on till winter. The insurrection of June took place, the clubs were closed, and the theatres were again peopled. The prices of admission have been lowered so as to bring theatrical amusements within the reach of all who are able to abstract any sum at all from the support of themselves and families. The shops, too, are reopened now, day and night. But this only proves that for the present, under the military dictatorship of Gen. Cavaignac, there is no fear of riot. Property feels safe for the moment, under the protection of an actual and strong government. Until the 24th of June, there could not be said to be a government in France. There really was none that felt strong enough, or that was strong enough to have a will of its own. If, up to that

time, the rights of person were not violated in France, if property was generally respected, it was not that they were protected by a government. All that the so-called government, did do, or could do, was, not to command, but to conciliate, pacify and coax the mob, which was really master. There was a furious animal, unmuzzled in the street, ready to leap upon and tear society to atoms. For four mortal months, daily safety was purchased only by daily sacrifices. Society stood tremblingly in dread every moment, lest the ravenous beast should reject the offering and leap upon its prey. Was this fearful state of things never to end? The mob must be seized, mastered, confined, or there was an end to civilization and society. This was done after the terrible struggle of June. The mob has now a master—it crouches. But is society entirely reassured? Is commerce revived? Is confidence restored? No. Are the shops filled with customers? are the boulevards and the Champs Elysées peopled as before? Have the Russians and the English returned to Paris? are the thousands of houses lately vacant, rented? No. No! Why? Because every body feels that the present safety is produced only by a temporary and extraordinary measure. Put an end to the state of siege, and presto! relieved from the military hand which now represses insurrection, the mob will reappear in the streets. Confidence and prosperity will not be permanently restored until there is a strong and permanent government established. Is a government of sufficient strength, practicable under republican forms? I believe not. Such is the present condition of Paris; and such it will probably continue for a month or several months more, so long as the state of siege is preserved. But this is no republic. The press, the clubs, the people, are under a rule as arbitrary as that of Napoleon or of the Emperor of Russia. There is no such thing as free deliberation, or discussion, any where except in the National Assembly itself, which decreed the state of siege, and may end it at pleasure. But it is necessary and is therefore acquiesced in. Will it not continue to be necessary? Yes: and it will have sooner or later to be made permanent, not under the vain mockery of a Republic and the state of siege, but, *ipso nomine*, under a monarchy with strong monarchical institutions. The French nation is like a generous and high spirited horse, capable of excellent service and safe, if skilfully managed and ever under tight rein: but once relax the rein, or mismanage him, or leave him to himself, and the driver will soon be seen afoot, musing over the scattered remains of his broken buggy. Friend B—, then, does not see Paris, and will not see it, in its normal state, brilliant, animated, gay, charming, as it was in January and February of the present year, prior to the breaking out of the Revolution. Since then, the city has passed through three distinct phases, un-

like each other, unlike any thing that appeared before, marking the progress of the Revolution. It is now in the fourth. During the month of March, the whole Parisian population was in a state of constant ebullition, not angry, not threatening, except upon one or two occasions, but intense and interesting and amusing to the cool looker-on. All regular business was suspended, every body was in the streets, and every body shouting "vive la Republique!" It was the month of processions. All classes, ages and sexes, all professions and trades, from the highest to the lowest, without exception, met, chose their marshals and spokesmen, formed in procession and proceeded along the boulevards, quays and principal thoroughfares of the city to the Hotel de Ville, where the members of the Provisional Government were sitting. Numerous tri-colored flags floated along the line. At the head was a large banner, upon which was inscribed, in large characters, the name of the corporation or trade whose members were making the demonstration. At irregular intervals during the line, if it was long, were groups of singers sending forth the stirring notes of the *Marseillaise*, or the chorus of the hymn of the Girondins.

"Mourir pour la patrie—mourir pour la patrie!
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie!"

At the end of each stanza, all voices shouted "Vive la Republique!" They proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, were admitted, all, if not too numerous, if too many, by their delegates, into the presence of the Provisional Government, where they declared their acceptance of, and devotion to, the Republic, exposed the griefs under which they labored during the monarchy, and required that the Republic should redress them. Upon Louis Blanc or Lamartine or Ledru Rollin, usually devolved the duty of reply. He thanked them for their support, glorified the people, swore that the Republic, made by them, should be ever for them, and promised all they asked for. All then cried "Vive la Republique!" and the procession moved off as it came up, with banner, shout and song. The Government was only known to say "No," once during the month of March. That was when a large band of workmen came up with the red flag flying at their head and demanded that it should be adopted by the Republic in place of the tri-color. This was the most glorious moment of Lamartine's life. Obeying promptly a noble inspiration, he advanced to the balcony, overlooking the clamorous crowd assembled in the open square below. Rejecting the red flag, "Never!" exclaimed the orator, "Le drapeau rouge que vous nous presenter, citoyens, n'a jamais fait que le tour du Champs-de-Mars trainé dans le sang du peuple: le drapeau que nous voulons consacrer à la Republique a fait le tour du monde, avec notre courage, notre gloire, et nos lib-

ertés!" Since that day the red flag has only appeared upon the barricades, the symbol of insurrection and terror.

In the course of this month too, all the foreigners resident, or temporarily in Paris, repaired in public procession to offer their congratulations to the young Republic,—Germans, English, Americans; and Belgian, Spanish, Italian and Polish refugees to express their reviving hopes that the French Republic would declare itself *humanitaire*, and undertake as of yore, the republican *propagande*. Of evenings, and till a very late hour of the night, during the month of March, the labourers *en blouse*, without work, and receiving daily from the public treasury their stipend of thirty cents, and numbering many tens of thousands, formed themselves into numerous bands and traversed the city in every direction, singing in full chorus their patriotic songs and shouting "Vive la Republique!" No quarter of the city was so remote or so retired that its inhabitants were not startled more than once during the night by the passage of these noisy republicans under their windows. Every fifth or sixth rank bore aloft large flaming torches. The passage of their long columns along the deserted streets an hour or two after midnight, had in it, for one looking down upon the scene from his window in the third or fourth story, something strikingly wild, picturesque, and, perhaps, all associations considered, a little terrifying. This was the first phrase of Paris street-life after the revolution.

The scene changed, and April was devoted to the *planting of Liberty trees*, to the number of several hundreds, all over Paris. They are not *poles* as with us, but living poplar trees, from twenty to fifty feet high. The people were still idle, still receiving their thirty sous per day from the public treasury, still amused by the promises of Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Albert & Co. Satisfied for the present with these promises, and their daily pay for no labor, they were persuaded, as well they might be under such circumstances, that the Republic was a very fine thing, and for want of something else to do, they planted Liberty trees. This was encouraged by the government, which unable to control, essayed thus to amuse the people, and prevent them rolling the ball of Revolution too rapidly toward the abyss of the Red Republic. A band would go out into the country and select their poplar tree, dig it up and bring it into the city. Many hundreds of woodsmen would then collect about it. It would be raised upon the shoulders of fifteen or twenty men, and then preceded by flags and one or two drummers, by fifteen or twenty men armed with muskets, swords and pistols, followed by several hundred labourers *en blouse* in irregular procession, and attended by as many more *gamins de Paris*, they proceed to the spot where it is proposed to erect the tree. Windows fly open from

the first to the sixth story along the route of the procession, for none are so deaf or so retired but they are alarmed by the drums, the shouts, the songs, with the occasional discharge of firearms in the air, which mark the passage of the patriotic column. They arrive at the spot, the tree is deposited on the ground, and the pavement torn up for a space of about ten feet square. Before they have completed the hole, another drum is heard; and another crowd of *gamins* is seen approaching, in the midst of which appears escorted by a file of National Guards in uniform, Monsieur le Curé of the parish in full canonicals, attended by some half dozen boys, also in religious costume, bearing wax candles and books. They come to bless the Liberty tree about to be raised. The tree is now adorned more or less profusely with colored ribbons, one or two tri-colored flags are firmly fixed to it,—the religious services are performed in the midst of the greatest respect and profound silence of the spectators, every body being uncovered,—a speech is then made, perhaps by the curé, perhaps by some popular orator, and the priest departs as he came with his drum and escort of National Guards and boys. The tree is then planted. The paving-stones, which have been taken up, are ranged in order to form a border for the spot, while some of the band proceed through the crowd which has been collected by all this parade, to make a collection of money to defray the expenses of the occasion. These contributions were frequently solicited with a tone and manner which showed that it would be dangerous to refuse: and the leaders of the ceremony have on several occasions been detected, a few hours after, making merry in a café upon the proceeds of the collection. The rest of the day till, sometimes, a late hour of the night, is spent in ornamenting the spot about the foot of the tree, planting flowers, vines, and erecting a tasteful ornamental hedge or railing about it. Shouts of “Vive la Republique!” patriotic songs, and the frequent discharge of firearms continue till the final dispersion of the party.

Scenes like this just described form the most striking feature of the physiognomy of Paris, during the month of April. It might occur to one to suggest that the selection of the *poplar tree* is of rather unfortunate omen for French Liberty. It affords no shade, it bears no fruit, its wood is fit for no useful purpose, it is notoriously short-lived. It presumes to overtop most other trees of the forest without any really rightful claim to this superiority. Perhaps, however undesignedly chosen, it will prove to be in all these particulars, the most fitting symbol of French Liberty. Most of the Lombardy poplars thus planted have taken root, and are now covered with verdure. Some of them bear, written on a sheet of white paper, framed and covered like an engraving, with glass, the date of the erection and by whom planted. I predict that most

of these trees erected in all the public places of Paris, will outlive the French Republic.

The third phase of Paris, passed through during the months of May and June, was of a very different character. The people had become tired of these amusements; Louis Blanc's *organization of labor* was proving itself to be vain, impracticable, dangerous, utopianism; the government could not keep its promises to the people, and saw the impossibility of continuing to pay eternally the thirty cents a day for no labor—the national workshops went into operation—the workmen said they had been deceived, and became day by day more disposed to appear in arms for riot and revolution—the hundred and fifty clubs were formed, and in their nightly sittings fomented discontent among all classes, and organized rebellion—the hundred and eighty new ultra journals of all shades of politics, from deepest *red* to *white*, started up like mushrooms and powerfully contributed with the clubs to madden the public mind, and hasten the crisis—sinister and most terrifying reports were in daily circulation—no more joyous demonstrations took place; conspiracies were weaving—outbreaks were threatened, almost daily—all faces became gloomy—shops were closed—theatres shut up—the *rappel*, calling the national guard to arms to quell *emutes*, was now as familiar a sound as heretofore had been the notes of the *Marseillaise*—strangers and hundreds of French, who could afford to do so, left the city—reactionist parties were formed—Orleanist, Bourbonist, Bonapartist—hoping to turn to account the crisis which was evidently approaching. The partial explosion of 15th May, took place, followed at last by the grand and terrible explosion of 23rd June. That ended the gloomy and fearful two months of May and June, and introduced the fourth more quiet phase, through which Paris is now passing, and which, I have described above. I spoke of the *hundred and fifty* clubs, and of the hundred and eighty new journals which sprang into existence after the revolution, and contributed so powerfully to the popular exasperation which prevailed and led to such deplorable consequences during the months of May and June. Let me enumerate some of them for you. They will remind you strongly of the revolution of 1789. Their names will designate clearly enough their character, and tone of politics.

CLUBS.

Fraternal Friends—The Future—The Rights of Man—Equality and Fraternity—Emancipation of the Nations—Universal Fraternity—Jacobins—The Mountain—Progress—Union of Workmen—German Democratic—Fraternal Democrats—Freemen—The Vigilants—Socialist Republicans—United Propagandists—Democratic Free Thinkers—Labourer's Rights—Young Mountain—Public Safety—Fraternity of Nations—Socialist Labourers—

Friends of the Blacks—Revolutionary—Club of Clubs—The United Companions of Duty—Young Students.

NEWSPAPERS.

Spartacus—Le Vrai Gamin de Paris—Le Nouveau Cordelier—Le Petit Homme Rouge—La Colère du Vieux Republicain—L'Avenir des Travailleurs—La Sentinelle des Clubs—La Commune de Paris—Le Salut Public—L'Aimable Faubourien ou le Journal de la Canaille—L'Apôtre du Peuple—La Republique Rouge—Robespierre—La Voix des Femmes—L'Ami du Peuple—Le Volcan—Le Journal du Diable—Le Radical—Diogene Sans-Culotte—La Lanterne—La Politique des Femmes—La Lettre du Diable à la Republique—Le Diable Rose—Le Lampion—La Republique des Femmes—Le Bonhomme Richard—Le Diable Boiteux—Le Tocsin des Travailleurs—Le Journal des Sans-Culottes—La Mère Duchesne—Le Père Duchesne—La Carmagnole—L'Accusateur Public—Le Napoleonien—L'Aigle Republicaine—La Redingote Grise—Napoleon Republicain—Le Petit Caporal—Le Reveil du Peuple—La Voix des Clubs—Le Vieux Cordelier—La Propagande Republicaine—La Democratie Egalitaire—Les Droits de l'Homme—L'Alliance des Peuples—L'Incendie—Le Sanguinaire.

Not one in thirty of these journals now appear. They were discontinued during the insurrection of June, and if they reappear now, they will be promptly suppressed by the hand of General Cavaignac.

"Well M—," said B—, "shall we go to Switzerland together?"

"Upon the whole I don't think that I can do better than to go. The thing will pay I am persuaded. I have not been able easily to pass certain difficulties—but I have jumped over them and must take the consequences. How many will be of the party?"

"There's W. of New York, R. of Charleston, and G. of Delaware, would like to join us. It is doubtful, however, if they can all make it convenient to go so soon as we desire to. When shall we start?"

"On Friday morning."

"What kind of money shall I provide myself with?"

"French gold by all means. There is not a publican in Europe whose eyes will not twinkle at the sight of a 'Napoleon.' Get you a blouse—Have your passport properly prepared, and I'll call for you at Meurice's at 8 A. M. on Friday."

Gentle reader, my next letter will be dated some time next week, from some part of Belgium.

G. B. M.

THE EPIGRAM.

The epigram has been a favorite method of conveying a single thought, from the time of the Greeks down to the present day. This is not a bow for every one to shoot withal. It is no easy matter to produce a genuine epigram. It should be brief, clear, elegant in expression; and must contain a point, some unexpected and striking turn of thought, like a fly preserved in amber. The specimens of this species of composition which constitute the Greek anthology are of every variety; dedicatory, descriptive, amatory, elegaic; rarely humorous or satirical. The Latin epigram is more frequently humorous and personal; but in the hands of its great masters, Catullus and Martial, it is disfigured by scurrillity and obscenity. We beg pardon of the exclusive partizans of classical learning, for expressing our judgment that, in the humorous epigram, the ancients must yield the palm to the moderns.

It is our design, in the present paper, to offer some specimens of the modern epigram; and as we have no *Analecta* at hand, we must beg our readers to be content with such as we have gathered, in the course of our reading. We take them as they come.

Bertinazzi, commonly called Carlin, was the harlequin of the Italian theatre, in his day. The following is his epitaph.

De Carlin pour peindre le sort,
Tres-peu de mots doivent suffire :
Toute sa vie il a fait rire,
Il a fait pleurer à sa mort.

At the demise of pope Clement IX., a devout cardinal, named Bona, was spoken of, as his successor. This circumstance gave occasion for the pasquinade, *Papa Bona Sarebbe un Solecismo*: to which Daugières replied:

Grammaticae leges plerumque Ecclesia spernit :
Forte erit ut liceat dicere Papa Bona.
Vana soloecismi ne te conturbet imago :
Esset Papa bonus, si Bona Papa foret.

The infamous Cæsar Borgia, natural son of Pope Alexander VI., took for his device; *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*: upon which an obscure poet wrote the following epigram.

Borgia Cæsar erat, factis et nomine, Cæsar ;
Aut nihil, aut Cæsar, dixit : utrumque fuit.

Nicholas Bourbon, a Latin poet of the sixteenth

century, published a volume of poems entitled *Nugae*; and was castigated by a brother-poet, Bellay, as follows :

Paule, tuum scribis Nugarum nomine librum;
In toto libro nil melius titulo.

Barbier, the inventor of the *perruque*, and almost a cardinal, left, in his will, a hundred crowns to any one who should write his epitaph. La Monnoye made an attempt.

Ci gît un tres-grand Personage,
Qui fut d'un illustre lignage,
Qui posséda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours fort sage.
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.

Chapelain, after having obtained considerable reputation, as a poet, destroyed it all, at a single blow, by the publication of *La Pucelle*; a ridiculous production, which drew forth an epigram from Montmort.

Illa Capellani dudum expectata Puella,
Post tanta in lucem tempora prodit anus.

Corneille barely escaped a similar fate. It was difficult to recognize the author of the *Cid*, in some of the subsequent effusions of his genius. When the tragedies of Agésilas and Attila appeared, Boileau greeted them with the following impromptu :

Après l'Agésilas,
Hélas !
Mais après l'Attila,
Hola.*

Faure, bishop of Amiens, was famous for the quantity rather than the quality of his funeral orations. On the publication of one of the dullest of them, a wag penned the following epigram :

Ce Cordelier mitré, qui promettoit merveilles,
Des hauts-faits de la Reine, Orateur ennuyeux,
Ne s'est pas contenté de lasser nos oreilles,
Il veut encor lesser nos yeux.

Our readers will be reminded of Byron's rejoinder to Fitzgerald, who was in the habit of reciting his own verses, closing with the lines,

* Lord Byron, who frequently borrowed from the French poets without acknowledging it, has very closely imitated Boileau, in his "Versicles ;"

I read the "Christabel ;"
Very well :
I read the "Missionary ;"
Pretty—very :
I tried at "Ilderim ;"
Ahem !
I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of Anjou ;"
Can you ?
I turned a page of Scott's "Waterloo ;"
Pooh ! pooh ! &c., &c.

But, to their *pens*, while scribblers add their *tongues*,
The waiter only can escape their lungs.

The following epigram will explain itself.

Casta Susanna placet ; Lucretia, cede Susannae :
Tu post, illa mori maluit ante scelus.

The author, from whom we take it, gravely remarks : Ajoûtons qu'il est plus facile de faire une Epigramme sur Lucrèce, que de se tirer de la situation où elle se trouva : a sentiment in which our readers will, we presume, very readily concur.

Pierre de Marca was rewarded for his zeal against Jansenism, by the offer of the diocese of Paris. But on the very day on which he would have become archbishop, he died. This circumstance is commemorated by Colletet, in a mock-epitaph.

Ci gît Monseigneur de Marca,
Què le Roi sagement marqua,
Pour le prélat de son eglise ;
Mais la mort qui le remarqua,
Et qui se plaît à la surprise,
Tout aussi-tôt le démarqua.

A friend of the Abbé de Maucroix proposed to him a very eligible marriage with a lady of great beauty, &c. Here is his ungallant reply :

Ami, je vois beaucoup de bien
Dans le parti qu'on me propose ;
Mais toutefois ne pressons rien ;
Prendre femme est étrange chose !
Il faut y penser mûrement :
Gens sages, en qui je me fie,
M'ont dit que c'est fait prudemment
Que d'y songer toute sa vie.

When Coleridge published his *Ancient Mariner*, it was declared to be absurd and unintelligible. To humor his critics he published anonymously the following lines, addressed to himself :

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir, it cannot fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

An ingenious inditer of laudatory epitaphs, as long as modern newspaper obituaries, presented a volume of them to Pope. He returned the following :

Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved,
So very much is said.
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

We close, for the present, with Porson's epigram on Hermann.

The Germans in Greek,
Are sadly to seek.
All except Hermann
And Hermann's a German,

LAMARTINE'S THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

THE DESTINIES OF POETRY.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Translated from the French by Park Benjamin.

(Concluded from our last number.)

Another day, two months later, I had crossed the summits of the Sannin, covered with eternal snows, and I had come down once more from Lebanon, crowned with his diadem of cedars, into the naked and sterile deserts of Heliopolis. At the conclusion of a long and painful journey, I descried, in the horizon far distant before us, across the last descent of the black mountains of Anti-Libanus, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, detaching themselves from the shadow of the mountains and shedding back the radiance of evening. Our guides pointed them out to us, and exclaimed,—“Balbeck! Balbeck!” It was indeed that marvel of the desert—the fabulous Balbeck, which rose all shining from its obscure sepulchre to speak to us of ages, whose remembrance is lost to history. We advanced very slowly on our fatigued horses, with our eyes fixed on those gigantic walls, those dazzling and colossal columns, which seemed to extend, to grow vaster and higher as we drew nearer. A profound silence reigned through all our caravan; each seemed to fear losing the impression of the scene, if he communicated his thoughts; the Arabs even were dumb and appeared also to be strongly and seriously moved with the sight, which equalized all our reflections.

At length we reached the first blocks of marble, the first trunks of columns, which the earthquakes had overthrown with a thousand more monuments like dry leaves tossed and driven far away from the tree after a hurricane. Deep and large quarries, which rove asunder like the gorges of valleys, the black sides of Anti-Libanus, already opened their abysses under our horses' feet; vast basins of stone, whose walls still preserved deep traces of the chisel, which had hewn from them hills of their solid material, still showed some gigantic blocks scarcely detached from their beds, and others entirely chiselled on their four faces, that only awaited the cars or arms of generations of giants to remove them. One alone of these masses of Balbeck was sixty-two feet long, twenty-four feet wide and sixteen feet thick. One of our Arabs, alighting from his horse, slid down into the quarry, and clambering up that stone by seizing hold of the projections made by the chisel and the moss which had there taken root, stood upon its top as on a pedestal and ran here and there over the platform, uttering wild cries. But the pedestal crushes by its magnitude the man of our times; man disappeared before his work. The united strength of

sixty thousand men of to-day would be requisite merely to lift up that stone—yet the platforms of the temples of Balbeck shew stones still more colossal, elevated twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground, to support colonnades proportionate to such bases!

We pursued our route between the desert on the left and the undulations of Anti-Libanus on the right, along certain little fields cultivated by Arab shepherds, and the bed of a large torrent that wound among the ruins, on the borders of which grew some beautiful walnut trees. The Acropolis or artificial mount that bore the grand monuments of Heliopolis, appeared to us here and there among the branches, and above the tops of the large trees.

At last we saw it wholly revealed; and all the caravan stopped as if by electrical instinct. Neither pen nor pencil can depict the impression which this single look conveyed to the eye and the soul—on our feet, as we were, in the bed of a torrent, in the midst of fields, around us on all sides trunks of trees, immense blocks of red or gray granite, blood-colored porphyry, white marble, yellow stone as dazzling as that of Paros, fragments of columns, chiselled capitals, architraves, volutes, cornices, entablatures, pedestals, scattered members that seemed palpitating, fallen statues with their faces on the ground, and all of them confused, grouped in piles, spread about in a thousand pieces, and trembling from all quarters like the lava of a volcano, which vomits forth the ruins of an empire!

Hardly was there a path to glide across these remnants of the arts strewn over all the scene. The iron shoes of our steeds slipped over and splintered the polished acanthus of the cornices or the snow-white bosom of a woman's bust;* only the water of the river of Balbeck gleamed into light among these beds of fragments and laved with its murmuring foam the fissures of the marble, which obstructed our course.

Beyond these white ruins, forming a marble desert, rose the hill of Balbeck, a platform of a thousand paces in length and seven hundred feet in breadth, all builded by the hands of man in hewn stones, some of which were from fifty to sixty feet long and twenty or twenty-five feet high, though for the most part from fifteen to thirty,—that granite hill first presented itself to us by its eastern extremity; with its deep foundations and immeasurable casings, (whose three pieces of granite were a hundred and twenty-four feet in solid measurement and nearly four thousand feet superficial,) with the wide openings of its subterranean vaults, where the river engulfed itself at a bound, and where the wind meeting with the water gave vent to sounds like the distant peals of the great bells of our cathedrals. Upon that immense platform, the extremities of the great temples were display-

* How much of this is fancy?—*Tr.*

ed to us, separated from the azure and roseate horizon, in hues of gold. Certain of these wild monuments seemed as if intact and come but yesterday from the hands of the artisan; others presented only remnants still erect, isolated columns, the sides of leaning walls, dismantled pedestals. The eye lost itself among avenues, gleaming with the colonnades of various temples, but the too elevated horizon either limited the vision or shut in all of the marble multitude. The seven gigantic columns of the temple, still majestically supporting their rich and colossal entablature, crowned all the scene and towered into the blue heaven of the desert, like an air-built altar for the sacrifices of giants.

We stopped only a few minutes to examine what we had come to visit through so many perils and from so great a distance; and, sure after all of possessing to-morrow the spectacle which even dreams could not restore, we resumed our march. The day declined, and it became necessary that we should find an asylum, where, under our tent or some vault of the ruins, we might pass the night and repose after a journey of forty hours. Going from the mountain of ruins on our left, and a vast shore all white with fragments, and crossing some pastures browsed by goats and camels, we directed our steps towards a smoke, that ascended at a hundred paces distance, from a group of ruins, interspersed with Arab houses. The ground was uneven and hilly, and resounded under the hoofs of our horses, as if the caverns, upon which we were treading, were about to yawn open under our feet. We arrived at the entrance of a cabin low and half hidden by sunken walls of marble, the door and narrow windows of which, without glass or shutters, were made of pieces of marble and porphyry, badly joined together with a little cement. A small turret of stone rose one or two feet above the platform, that served as a roof to this mansion and a little bell, like that which is represented on the grotto of a hermit, there swung to the gusts of the wind. It was the Episcopal palace of the Arabian bishop of Balbeck, who, in this wilderness, watched over twelve or fifteen families of the Greek communion, lost in the midst of the deserts and the ferocious nation of the independent Arabs of the Bekah. Till then we had seen no living thing except the jackalls that ran between the columns of the great temple and the little swallows about the cornices of the platform. The bishop, warned of the approach of our caravan by the noise we made, soon arrived, and, bowing at his door, offered me hospitality. He was a fine old man with hair and beard of silver, a sweet and serious countenance, a noble address, softly modulated, in all respects like one's idea of a priest in a poem or a romance, and worthy of showing his visage of peace, resignation and charity in this solemn scene of ruin and contemplation. He caused us to enter into a little

inner court, paved with bits of sculpture, with morsels of mosaic, and antique vases, and delivering up to us his whole house—that is to say, two small lower chambers, without furniture or doors, he withdrew and left us, according to the oriental custom, masters of his habitation. While some of our Arabs were employed in thrusting into the ground, about this abode, iron pegs to which to fasten by rings the legs of our horses, and others were lighting a fire in the court to prepare our *pilace* and cook our barley-cakes, we sallied forth to cast a second look on the monuments that environed us. The grand temples rose before us like statues on their pedestals; the sun touched them with its last ray that glided slowly from column to column, like the flickering of a lamp, which a priest is carrying into the depth of the sanctuary. The thousand shadows of the porticos, pillars, colonnades, altars, fell in moving masses over this vast forest of stone, and, by degrees, replaced the glancing lustre of marble and polished stone. Farther off in the plain, there was a sea of ruins bounded only by the horizon, seeming waves of marble, broken-up rocks, and covering a vast shore with their whiteness and their foam. Nothing rose above this fragmentary ocean, and night, which fell from the gray heights of a chain of mountains, wrapped it in gradual gloom. We remained for some minutes seated, silent and thoughtful, before this impressive scene and then reëntered with slow steps the bishop's little court, lighted by the fire of the Arabs.

Seated upon some fragments of cornices and capitals that were used for benches in the court-yard, we rapidly partook of the sober repast of a traveller in the desert, and then remained for some time, before retiring to rest, conversing on the subject that filled our minds. The fire went out, but the moon rose full and brilliant in the limpid sky, and, passing above the edges of a great wall of white stones and the broken top of a window in *arabesque*, she illumined the enclosure with a lustre, which was reflected back from every marble ruin. Silence and revery possessed our souls. The subject of our thoughts at that time, in that place, so far from the living, in that dead world, in the presence of so many mute witnesses, of a past unknown, but setting at naught our little theories of history and of the philosophy of humanity; what agitated our minds and hearts in relation to our systems and our ideas, alas! perhaps even our memories and individual sentiments, God alone knows and our tongues did not attempt to tell; they feared to profane the solemnity of that hour, of that star, of those thoughts even: we were silent. All of a sudden, something like a sweet and tender complaint, a murmur serious and full of emotion, arose from the ruins behind the great wall, pierced with arabesque windows, the roof of which seemed ready to fall inward; this murmur, at first vague and confused,

soon spread around, prolonged and elevated louder and higher, and we distinguished the sound of many voices in chorus, singing a monotonous, melancholy and tender strain, which alternately rose, fell, died away, revived again and responded to itself. It was the evening prayer, which the bishop with his little flock offered up in that ruined precinct of what had been his church, a pile of fragments recently heaped together by a tribe of idolatrous Arabs. We were entirely unprepared for that music of the soul, each note of which was a sentiment or a sigh of the human heart, in that solitude, in the depth of the desert, soaring thus from the mute stones, accumulated by earthquakes, barbarians and time. We were vividly moved, and accompanied with transported thoughts, sincere prayers and deep-felt emotion, these accents of divine poetry, until the chanted litanies had ended their monotonous refrain, and the last sigh of those pious voices was absorbed in the customary silence of the old ruins.

This, exclaimed we, as we arose, will doubtless be the poetry of the latter ages,—a sigh and a prayer over tombs—a plaintive aspiration towards a world, which knows neither decay nor death.

But I saw a most striking image of this, some months afterwards, in a journey to Lebanon; and I ask leave to paint that also.

I had once more descended from the last summits of those Alps; I was the guest of the sheik of Eden, a *maronite* Arab village, suspended under the sharpest tooth of the mountains, on the very limits of vegetation, inhabited only in summer. The noble old man, attended by his sons and some of his servants, had come to look after me even to the environs of Tripoli of Syria, and had welcomed me in his chateau of Eden, with a dignity, heart-felt courtesy, and elegance of manners, which we imagine to have distinguished the old lords of the court of Louis XIV. Entire trees were burning on the large hearth; sheep, kids, deer were heaped up in the vast halls, and old leathern bottles of Lebanon wine, borne from the cellar by servants, flowed for us and for our escort. After having passed some days in studying these fine Homeric manners, poetical as the places we were visiting, the sheik gave me his son and a certain number of Arabian horsemen to conduct me to the cedars of Lebanon, famous trees, which yet consecrate the highest peak of Lebanon, having been venerated for centuries as the last witnesses of the glory of Solomon. I will not describe them here. On the return of that day, memorable for a traveller, we wandered among the sinuosities of the rocks and in the numerous, deep vallies into which the group of Lebanon is torn on all sides, and we found ourselves suddenly on the edge of a perpendicular and immense wall of rocks, some thousands of feet from top to base, which shuts in the Valley of the Saints. The sides of this granite rampart

were so steep, that even the roes of the mountain could not find a path on them, and our Arabs were obliged to lie flat on the ground and peer over into the abyss to discover the bottom of the valley. The sun was setting; we had marched for many hours, and many more must elapse before we could recover our lost path and regain Eden. We alighted from our horses and committing ourselves to one of our guides, who knew, not far from thence, a staircase cut in the live rock long before by the Maronite monks—immemorial inhabitants of that valley, we followed for some time the border of the precipice and descended at last by those slippery steps to a platform detached from the rock which commanded all the horizon.

The valley at first sank down by wide and gentle declivities from the foot of the snows and cedars, which formed a strange contrast with one another; then it expanded itself into swards of tender verdure, like those on the high brows of the Jura or the Alps, and a multitude of threads of foaming water, departing here and there from the melting snow, furrowed these grassy slopes and went on to be reunited in a single mass of flood and foam at the base of the first flight of rocks. There the valley went down suddenly for four or five hundred feet and the torrent precipitated itself in company, and, expending over a broad surface, sometimes covered the rocks as with a liquid and translucent veil, sometimes detached itself in cascades, and, tumbling at length over huge and sharp blocks riven from the summit, broke itself into dashing masses and resounded like perpetual thunder. The wind of its fall reached us where we stood, wafting along like light wreaths the foam of the water, tinted with shifting hues, scattering it here and there over the valley or suspending it like roses to the branches of the trees or the proclivities of the rock. As it extended toward the North, the Valley of the Saints sank deeper and deeper, and widened more and more, and then, at about two miles from our point of view, two naked and shadow-wrapped mountains were seen approximating, and leaning toward one another, leaving scarcely an interval of a few fathoms between their extremities, when the valley ended and was lost with its grassy plots, its lofty vines, its poplars, its cypresses and its milk-white torrent. High between these mountains, which thus narrowed together, was descried the horizon, like a lake of blue darker than the sky. It was a portion of the sea of Syria, framed by a fantastic gulf of the other hills of Lebanon. This gulf was twenty leagues distant from us; but the transparency of the atmosphere made it appear as if at our very feet, and we even distinguished two ships under sail, which, suspended between the blue of the sky and that of the sea, and diminished by the distance, resembled two swans floating in our horizon. This spectacle so impressed us at first as to detract our gaze from

any other feature of the valley; but when the new surprise had passed away and our eyes could pierce the melting vapors of the evening and the waters, a scene of a different nature gradually unrolled itself before us.

At each bend of the torrent, where its foam left a plot of earth, a convent of Maronite monks appeared, built of a reddish stone on the grey of the rock, its smoke rising in the air between the tops of the poplars and cypresses. Around this convent, little fields, won from the rock or the torrent, seemed cultivated, like the best-tended gardens of our country-houses, and here and there were seen the Maronites clad in their dark hoods, returning from the labor of the field, some with spades upon their shoulders, others conducting small droves of Arab fillies, some holding the handle of ploughs and driving their oxen between the mulberry trees. Many of these habitations of worship and toil were, with their chapels and hermitages, suspended upon the advanced caps of two immense chains of mountains, and a certain number were even dug, like the caves of wild beasts, in the rocks; you perceived nothing but the door, (surmounted by a turret containing only a bell,) and some small terraces cut under the very jutting of the rock, where the old and infirm monks resorted to breathe the air and catch some glimpses of the sun, wherever the foot of man could ascend. To certain ledges of the precipices the eye could discern no access, but even there were a convent, a cross, a solitude, an oratory, a hermitage and some faces of solitaires, moving among the rocks or the trees, working, reading or praying. One of these convents was an Arab printing-office for the instruction of the Maronite people, and there was seen on the terrace a crowd of monks, going and coming and spreading out over frames and reels white sheets of wet paper. Nothing, besides the pencil of an artist, could depict the number and the picturesqueness of these retreats. Each stone seem to have brought forth its cell, each cave its hermit; each spring had its motion and its life, each tree its solitary and its shade. Wheresoever the eye fell, it saw the valley, the mountain, the precipices, so to speak, growing alive under its glance, and a scene of life, of prayer, of contemplation separated itself from those eternal masses, or mingled with but to consecrate them. But very soon the sun set, the labors of the day ceased, and all the dark forms scattered over the valley entered into their caves or their monasteries. The bells from all around sounded the hour of regathering and evening worship; some with a voice, powerful and vibrating like great winds across the sea; others with the light and silvery tones of birds among the golden corn-fields and plaintive and far-wafted, like sighs through the night and the wilderness. All the bells responded from the two opposite walls of the valley and the thousand echoes

of the grottoes and precipices sent them onward in confused and reiterated murmurs, mixed with the groanings of the torrent, the cedars and the sonorous falls of fountains and cataracts, with which the mountain-sides are furrowed. Then there intervened a momentary silence and a new sound, sweeter, more melancholy and serious, filled the valley. It was the chant of psalms, which rising simultaneously from each monastery, each church, each oratory, each rock-hewn cell, met and mingled as they ascended toward us like a vast murmur and seemed to be the single melodious plaint of the whole valley, which had found a soul and a voice. Then a cloud of incense rolled upward from each roof, escaped from each grotto and perfumed an atmosphere that angels might have breathed. We remained mute and enchanted like those celestial spirits, who, winging their way for the first time over the globe which they deemed a desert, heard ascending from these very borders the first prayer of man. We then comprehended that it needed but the voice of man to vivify the dearest nature, and that this voice will be but poetry even to the end of time, when, all the sentiments of the human heart being extinct and absorbed in one, Poetry here below will be only an adoration and a hymn!

But we have not yet reached that period. The world is young, for the mind still surveys an immeasurable interval between the actual condition of humanity and the end which it can attain. Poetry henceforward will have new and lofty destinies to accomplish. It will be no longer lyrical, in the sense in which we understand that word; it has no more enough of youth, of freshness, of spontaneity [of impression to sing as at the first dream of human thought. It will be no longer epic; man has lived too long, reflected too much to allow himself to be amused by long-drawn metrical narratives, and experience has destroyed his faith in those wonders, with which the epic poem captivated his credulity. It will be no longer dramatic, because the scenes of real life, in our days of liberty and political action, possess an interest more pressing, more real and more intimate than theatrical representations; because the elevated classes of society go no more to the theatre to be moved, but to criticize; because society has grown critical after however simple a fashion. It no longer entertains any good faith in the pleasures. The drama is about to fall back to the people; it was born from the people and for the people and to them it must return; only the popular class now carries its heart to the theatre. Besides, the popular drama, destined for the illiterate, has not for a long time had an expression sufficiently noble, elegant and elevated for the lettered class; the lettered class therefore abandons the drama; and whenever the drama shall attempt to lift the common people up to the language of the cultivated,

that audience will again desert it, and it must constantly redescend to the mass to be by the mass appreciated. Certain men of genius are attempting even now to do violence to this destiny of the drama. I offer up my prayer for their triumph. In any event there will remain glorious monuments of their failure. It is a question of aristocracy and democracy; the drama is the most faithful image of civilization.

Poetry will be the song of reason; that will be its destiny for a long time. It will be philosophical, religious, political, social, like those epochs through which the human race will pass; above all, it will be intimate, personal, meditative and grave; no longer a play of the fancy, a melodious caprice of light and superficial thoughts, but the profound, real, sincere echo of the highest conceptions of the understanding, the most mysterious impressions of the soul. It will be man himself and not his reflex—the sincere and perfect man. The premonitory signs of this transformation of poetry have been visible for more than a century; they multiply themselves in one day. Poetry is becoming more and more disrobed of its artificial forms; it has now hardly any shape besides its own. All other things become spiritualized in the world; it also grows spiritual. It is no longer pleased with automata; it invents no more machinery; for the first thing that the mind of the reader now does is to strip the automata, to remove the machinery and to seek for poetry alone in a poetical work—to search also for the soul of the poet under his verses. But will it die first that it may be more true, more sincere, more real than it ever was? No, doubtless; it will have more life, more intensity, more action than it yet has, and I appeal to this coming age, which overflows with all that is poetry, with love, religion, liberty,—and I demand if ever there was in any literary epoch a moment so remarkable for talent already produced, or for promises that will bring forth more? I know better than another—for I have often been the confidant of those thousand mysterious voices which sing in the world and in solitude, and which have not yet an echo in their renown. No, there never were so many poets and so much poetry, as there are in France and Europe, at the instant I am writing these lines, when certain superficial and preoccupied spirits exclaim that poetry has fulfilled its destiny and prophesy the downfall of humanity. I see no signs of the decadence of the human understanding, no symptoms of lassitude or senility. I see some ancient institutions crumbling away, but at the same time young generations, whom the breath of life impels and urges onward every where and who will reconstruct upon unknown plans that infinite work, which God has given to man to do again and again unceasingly—the work of his own destiny. In that work poetry has its place, though Plato wished to banish it. It

is poetry which surmounts and scrutinizes society; and which, displaying to man the vulgarity of his labor, calls him incessantly onward, pointing out Utopias, imaginary republics, cities of God, inspiring his heart both with courage to attempt and hope to attain these objects.

Next to this philosophical, rational, political, social destiny of future poetry, it has still a new destiny to fulfil. It must follow the bent of institutions and of the press. It must be brought down to the people and become as popular as religion, reason and philosophy. The press begins to foresee this work—a work vast and mighty, which by constantly wafting the thoughts of all to all, will cast down mountains, lift up valleys, level the inequalities of understandings and will soon leave no other power upon the earth than universal reason, which will increase its force by the force of all. Sublime and incalculable associations of all mind, whose results cannot be apprehended but by Him, who has vouchsafed to man the ability to conceive and realize it. The poetry of our days has already tried that form, and talents of an elevated order have demeaned themselves to stretch forth a hand to the people—poetry has fallen with song, and flown on the wings of a refrain into fields and cottages; thither it has borne some noble remembrances, some generous inspirations, some sentiments of social morality; but we must nevertheless lament that it has yet only popularized passions, dislikes, envyings. To popularize truth also and love and reason and the exalted sentiments of religion and enthusiasm, should these popular poets consecrate their powers to the future. This poetry is to be created. The age demands it; the people thirst for it; the people are more soul-moved than we, for they are nearer to nature; they have need of an interpreter between nature and themselves; we must serve them and explain for them by sentiments rendered in their own language whatever God has implanted of goodness, of nobility, of generosity, of patriotism and of enthusiastic piety in their hearts. All the primitive epochs of humanity have had their poetry or their hymned spiritualism; shall advanced civilization be the only epoch which silences this inner and consoling voice of humanity? No—surely; nothing in the eternal order of things can perish; all is transformed. Poetry is the guardian-angel of humanity in all its ages.

There is a morsel of national poetry in Calabria, which I have often heard sung by the women of Amalfi in returning from the fountain. I have translated it into verse, and it seems to me to apply so well to the subject which I am treating, that I cannot forbear inserting it here. It is a woman, who is speaking—

When twelve years old, in th' orchard's corner seated,
Under the lemon or the almond tree,
And airs of Springtime over all things fled

And tossed the curls upon my neck so free,
There came a voice out from my inmost soul
So sweet delight across my senses stole ;
'Twas not the wind, the bell, the piping reed,
Nor voice of child, nor any one indeed—

'Twas thou—'twas thou, my guardian angel, thine,
Thine was the voice that early spoke to mine.

When later still my loved one left my side
After dear evening 'neath the sycamore,
Before his latest kiss had ceased to glide
Into my heart that palpitated more
At his loved touch, the same voice long I heard ;
For from my soul came each low-spoken word ;
'Twas not his voice, nor yet his footsteps' sound,
Nor love-song's echo from the limes around—

'Twas thou—'twas thou, my guardian angel, thine,
Thine was the heart that still replied to mine.

When a young mother and about my hearth
I gathered all the goods the Heavens bestow,
When at my door the figs fell to the earth,
From the figtree, by boys' hands bended low,
A voice ascended from my tender breast—
'Twas not the birds' sweet warbling in their nest,
Nor from its cradle some fair infant's wail,
Nor o'er the waves the fisher's homeward hail—

Twas thou—'twas thou, my guardian angel, thine.
Thine was the heart that sweetly sang with mine.

Now, lone and old, with hair all silver white,
By the long grove protected from the blast,
Warming my wrinkled palms at flames I light,
I tend the goats and children first and last.
Still from my bosom comes that inner voice
And talks and sings to comfort and rejoice—
'Tis not the voice in early childhood borne,
Nor yet the loving voice of him I mourn—

But thou—yes thou, my guardian angel, thine,
Thine is the heart that dwells and weeps with mine.

These expressions of the women of Calabria concerning their guardian angel, humanity can apply to poetry. This is that inner voice, which speaks to man in all ages, which loves, sings, prays or weeps with him in all the phases of his pilgrimage here below.

And now, since all this is a preface, I must speak of my book and myself—well ! I will do so with entire sincerity. The book is, however, scarcely a book—for these are leaves scattered and fallen nearly at random upon the unequal road of my existence and gathered up through the benevolence of tender, pensive and religious souls. The volume is a vague and confused symbol of my sentiments and ideas, even as the vicissitudes of life and the spectacle of nature and of society caused them to rise in my heart, or cast them into my mind. These sentiments and ideas have varied with my life itself, sometimes serene and happy as the morning of the heart ; sometimes ardent and deep as the passion of thirty years ; sometimes despairing as the death and skeptical as the silence of

the sepulchre, sometimes dreamy as hope, pious as faith, warm as that divine love which is the hidden soul of all nature. But whatever has been, whatever may still be, the diversity of the impressions cast by nature into my soul, and by my soul into my verses, the under-current was always a profound instinct of the Divinity in all things ; a lively evidence, an intuition more or less impressive of the existence and action of God in the material creation and in thinking humanity—a firm and ineradicable conviction that God is the last word of all ! and that philosophies, religions, poetries are naught but manifestations more or less complete of our connection with an infinite Being—steps, more or less sublime, by which we successively approach HIM WHO IS. Religion is but the soul of poetry.

These poems, to which the ardent thirst of that epoch often lent a value, a relish which they had not of themselves, are very far from fulfilling my desires or of expressing what I felt. They are very imperfect, negligent, incomplete, and I do not think that they can live long in the memories of those, whose language is poetry. Still I do not repent having published them. They have been at least one note in that grand and magnificent intellectual concert, which the earth from age to age offers to its Creator ; which the breath of time for a few days harmoniously wafts over the surface of humanity and carries at last to that bourne of all mortal things. They will be the subdued rights of my soul in passing through this valley of exile and of tears, my prayer chaunted to the Great Being, and sometimes also the hymn of my enthusiasm, of my friendship, or my love for what I have seen, known, admired, or loved of good and beautiful among men—a memory of all those lives I have lived and lost !

Those political and social thoughts which agitate the intellectual world and which have always forcibly agitated myself, tore me for two or three years almost wholly from poetical and philosophical reflections, valued by me at a much higher price than politics. Poetry is the idea : politics is the fact. As the idea is above the fact, so is poetry above politics. But man does not see the ideal only ; this idea must be incarnated and exist for him in his social institutions. There are some epochs when these institutions, which embody the mind of humanity, are organized and living. Society then goes onward alone : and thought can then separate itself and on its part live alone in regions of its own choice. There are often times when institutions used for ages fall to ruin in all parts and when it becomes the duty of every man to bring his stone and his cement to reconstruct a shelter for humanity. My conviction is that we are now in the midst of one of those epochs of reconstruction, of social renovation. It does not now concern us only to know if power shall pass

from the hands of royalty into the hands of the people, whether the nobility, the priesthood or the commonalty shall assume the reins of the new governments, be they called either empires or republics. We are more deeply concerned. We must decide if the idea of morality, of religion, of evangelical charity shall be substituted for egotism in politics; if God, in his most practical acceptance, shall descend at last into our laws, if all men will at last consent to recognize in their fellows brethren, or continue to look upon them as enemies and slaves. The idea is ripe; the times are decisive. A small number of intellects, belonging by chance to all the various denominations of political opinions, carry the fruitful idea in their heads and hearts. *I am of the number of those who wish to try, without violence but with faith and hardihood, at last to realize that ideal, which has not vainly agitated all minds above the common level of humanity—from the immeasurable intellect of Christ to that of Fenelon.** The ignorances, the fears of governments serve and give away to us; they have successively disgusted men of all parties, who had reach of vision or generosity of heart—men, who, disenchanted with the lying symbols that no longer typify them, desire to group round a single idea. And the strength of men will be theirs if they comprehend the strength of God and if, by their disinterestedness and confidence in the future, they render themselves worthy of receiving this strength. It is to impart this conviction, to speak one word more to this political group, that I for the moment renounce solitude, the only remaining asylum for any suffering mind. So soon as it shall be done, so soon as it shall have a place in the press and in civil institutions, I shall return to my poetical life. A world of poetry revolves in my mind; I desire nothing, I anticipate nothing more from life than troubles and losses. From this very hour I would with pleasure make my bed in the sepulchre—but I have ever prayed God that I should not perish till I had revealed to him, to the world, to myself, a creation of that poetry which has been my second life here below—till I could leave after me some monument of my thoughts. This monument is a poem; I have constructed and broken it into atoms a thousand times in my imagination; and the verses, published by me, have been but mutilated sketches, disjointed fragments of this, my soul-poem. Shall I be more fortunate now that I draw nigh the maturity of my life? Shall I leave my poetical imaginings only in fragments and sketches, or shall I at length give it shape, massiveness and life in a work which will stand and survive me some short years? God alone knows, and whether he grants me this boon or not, still will I magnify His holy name. He

alone knows to what destiny he summons his creatures, and whether painful or sweet, dazzling or obscure, that destiny is always perfect, if it be accepted with resignation and humble submission.

Now, nothing remains but for me to thank all those tender and pious souls of my time, all my brothers in poetry, who have welcomed with so much fraternity and indulgence the feeble notes which I have till now sang for them. I do not think that any romantic poet has received more tokens of sympathy, more indications of friendship from the youth of his age than I have myself received. I, who am so imperfect, so unequal, so little entitled to the name of poet. They were hopes and not realities which my brethren saluted and caressed in me. Providence may force me to disappoint these hopes; but all who have thus encouraged me, from every part of France and Europe know how sensible my heart has been to that sympathy, which is my sweetest recompense, which has woven between us the invisible bonds of an intellectual friendship. They have bestowed upon me much more than I have given to them. I know not what poet it is, who says that one criticism gave him more pain than all eulogies imparted pleasure. I pity and do not understand him. As for myself, I can without difficulty, forget all the criticisms, whether just or unjust, that have assailed me in my career. I have indeed the conscience to believe that I have deserved much; but had they been all severe and bitter, they would have been amply compensated by the innumerable letters which I have received from friends unknown. One sorrow that your Muse may have slumbered for a moment, one joy that you have lighted the first ray in a young and pure heart, one faltering prayer of a soul, to which you have imparted an expression and a tone, one sigh which has responded to your sighs, one tear of emotion that has fallen at your voice from the eyelids of a young woman, a cherished name, symbol of your most intimate affections, and consecrated by love in a language less frail than ordinary speech, one memory of a mother, of a wife, of a child, that you have embalmed for ages in stanzas of sentiment and poetry—the least of these holy things consoles for all criticisms, and is worth a hundred times more to the soul of the poet than the watching and bitterness that his feeble lines have cost him.

The heathen poets are mentioned three times in the New Testament. Aratus in the seventeenth chapter of Acts—Menander in the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, also Epimionides.

* Is not Lamartine now furnished with a glorious opportunity to make an experiment?

The vulgar Christian era is the invention of Dionysius Exiguus.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.

"Old Kings about to die had their body laid into a ship, the ship sent forth, with sails set and a slow fire burning in it; that once out at sea, it might blaze up in a flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old Hero at once in the sky and in the Ocean."—*Carlyle's Hero Worship*.

"What ship comes rushing on so fast
Across the stormy sea!
While creaks and strains her groaning mast
Her canvass flutters free.
On, on she drifts—the storm-fiend's scourge
Lashes the boiling deep,
While through the boiling foam and surge
Misshapen monsters sweep:—
Before the terrors of that storm
The boldest well might quail,
But o'er *her* deck there moves no form
Nor furl'd is any sail.
A Sea-King's bark that ship must be,
His pennon floats on high,
And boldly sends its standard free
Full to the stormy sky!"

Thus spake a Vikingir, as towards him came
O'er the storm-vex'd billows the Bark of a Sea-King.

Nearer and nearer drew that Ship
With full and swelling sail,
Deep in the brine her prow did dip
As she swept before the gale.
But a broad and lurid light blaz'd out
As onward still she came,
'Till mast, and sail, and cordage stout
Burst forth one sheet of flame.
It lit up the black and lurid sky,
It lit up the flashing waves,
Rolling one instant mountain high
Then yawning in fathomless caves;
But full in the light of that lurid glare,
On the deck of that fated Ship,
Lay an aged Vikingir, with snowy hair,
And a smile upon his lip,
And the hardy Sea-rover averted his head,
For he knew that he looked on a living man's tomb.

Fiercer and fiercer raged the blast,
And louder roared the flame,
While the crested waves came rolling past
On a rough and boisterous game.
But amid these sights and sounds of fear
Unmoved the Old King lay,
For they fell upon his aged ear
Like the sounds of battle fray;
And it was not song, that now arose
In a strong and steady strain
From the lips so soon about to close
Ne'er to unclothe again,
But a chant of bold and bloody deeds
That had caused the land to ring,

And clothed in sable mourning-weeds
The spouse of many a king.
Thus, girt around with the winds and the waves,
'Mid the roar of the storm rose the voice of Harfagar.

"I go, I go to Odin's Halls,
To quaff the foaming mead,
Mantling for him who boldly falls,
Or works heroic deed.
The *Valkyrs* on the battle plain
Too oft have passed him by,
Yet, like a warrior, on his shield
Shall old Harfagar die.
Not like a dastard churl, will he
Shun the slow step of death,
But 'mid the war of wind and sea
He comes to yield his breath.
For now old age hath dimmed the eye,
That once in ranks of war
Shone like a beacon-light on high
To landsmen from afar."

Thus Harfagar the pitiless chanted the song
That the Scalds to their harps oft had sung.

"To night, to night I meet once more
Those comrades staunch of old,
Who stark and stiff on foreign shore
Fell, as should fall the bold.
No shrewish tears bewailed their fall,
Their dirge was rung on shields,
Red were the hands that held their pall
On corpse-encumbered fields.
Where loudest rang that music dread
From clashing shield and lance,
There, tower'd Harfagar's lofty head
Like Bridegroom's in the dance.
To *Hela's* halls for many a Carle
His broad axe hew'd a way,
While wearied paus'd each sullen Jarl
Like Eagles gorged with prey."

Thus sternly the Vikingir vaunted the deeds
That had made him the "Scourge of the Sea."

The tempest's wrath one moment still,
Burst trumpet-toned once more,
And drown'd *Harfagar's* accents shrill
Beneath its angry roar.
The burning ship, one sheet of fire,
Drifts now a helpless wreck,
And fit for hero's funeral pyre
Blazes the burning deck.
One moment on the darkening sky
The Sea-King's form is traced,
The next, the anxious gazer's eye
Beholds but Ocean's waste!
The floating fragments strew the waves,
Harfagar! where is he?
Ask of the wind that madly raves
His requiem to the sea!

Thus with winds for his dirge and the sea for his bier,
The soul of *Harfagar* passed onward to Odin.

E. D.

Columbia, S. C.

THE RATIONALE OF VERSE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[Concluded from our last Number.]

One of our finest poets, Mr. Christopher Pease Cranch, begins a very beautiful poem thus :

Many are the thoughts that come to me
In my lonely musing ;
And they drift so strange and swift
There's no time for choosing
Which to follow ; for to leave
Any, seems a losing.

"A losing" to Mr. Cranch, of course—but this *en passant*. It will be seen here that the intention is trochaic ;—although we do *not* see this intention by the opening foot, as we should do—or even by the opening line. Reading the whole stanza, however, we perceive the trochaic rhythm as the general design, and so, after some reflection, we divide the first line thus :

Many are the | thoughts that | come to | me. |

Thus scanned, the line will seem musical. It is—highly so. And it is because there is no end to instances of just such lines of apparently incomprehensible music, that Coleridge thought proper to invent his nonsensical *system* of what he calls "scanning by accents"—as if "scanning by accents" were anything more than a phrase. Whenever "Christabel" is really *not rough*, it can be as readily scanned by the true *laws* (not the supposititious *rules*) of verse, as can the simplest pentameter of Pope ; and where it *is* rough (*passim*) these same laws will enable any one of common sense to show *why* it is rough and to point out, instantaneously, the remedy for the roughness.

A reads and re-reads a certain line, and pronounces it false in rhythm—unmusical. B, however, reads it to A, and A is at once struck with the perfection of the rhythm, and wonders at his dulness in not "catching" it before. Henceforward he admits the line to be musical. B, triumphant, asserts that, to be sure, the line is musical—for it is the work of Coleridge—and that it is A who is *not* ; the fault being in A's false reading. Now here A is right and B wrong. That rhythm is erroneous, (at some point or other more or less obvious,) which any ordinary reader *can*, without design, read improperly. It is the business of the poet so to construct his line that the intention *must* be caught *at once*. Even when men have precisely the same understanding of a sentence, they differ and often widely, in their modes of enunciating it. Any one who has taken the trouble to examine the topic of emphasis, (by which I here mean not *accent* of particular syllables, but the dwelling on entire words,)

must have seen that men emphasize in the most singularly arbitrary manner. There are certain large classes of people, for example, who persist in emphasizing their monosyllables. Little uniformity of emphasis prevails ; because the thing itself—the idea, emphasis,—is referable to no natural—at least to no well comprehended and therefore uniform law. Beyond a very narrow and vague limit, the whole matter is conventionality. And if we differ in emphasis even when we agree in comprehension, how much more so in the former when in the latter too ! Apart, however, from the consideration of natural disagreement, is it not clear that, by tripping here and mouthing there, any sequence of words may be twisted into any species of rhythm ? But are we thence to deduce that all sequences of words are rhythmical in a rational understanding of the term ?—for this is the deduction, precisely to which the *reductio ad absurdum* will, in the end, bring all the propositions of Coleridge. Out of a hundred readers of "Christabel," fifty will be able to make nothing of its rhythm, while forty-nine of the remaining fifty will, with some ado, fancy they comprehend it, after the fourth or fifth perusal. The one out of the whole hundred who shall both comprehend and admire it at first sight—must be an unaccountably clever person—and I am by far too modest to assume, for a moment, that that very clever person is myself.

In illustration of what is here advanced I cannot do better than quote a poem :

Pease porridge hot—pease porridge cold—
Pease porridge in the pot—nine days old.

Now those of my readers who have never *heard* this poem pronounced according to the nursery conventionality, will find its rhythm as obscure as an explanatory note ; while those who *have* heard it, will divide it thus, declare it musical, and wonder how there can be any doubt about it.

Pease | porridge | hot | pease | porridge | cold |
Pease | porridge | in the | pot | nine | days | old. |

The chief thing in the way of this species of rhythm, is the necessity which it imposes upon the poet of travelling in constant company with his compositions, so as to be ready at a moment's notice, to avail himself of a well understood poetical license—that of reading aloud one's own doggerel.

In Mr. Cranch's line,

Many are the | thoughts that | come to | me, |

the general error of which I speak is, of course, very partially exemplified, and the purpose for which, chiefly, I cite it, lies yet further on in our topic.

The two divisions (*thoughts that*) and (*come to*) are ordinary trochees. Of the last division (*me*) we will talk hereafter. The first division (*many*)

are the) would be thus accented by the Greek Prosodies (māny āre thē) and would be called by them *αστρολογος*. The Latin books would style the foot *Pæon Primus*, and both Greek and Latin would swear that it was composed of a trochee and what they term a pyrrhic—that is to say a foot of two short syllables—a thing that *cannot be*, as I shall presently show.

But now, there is an obvious difficulty. The *astrologos*, according to the Prosodies' own showing, is equal to *five* short syllables, and the trochee to *three*—yet, in the line quoted, these two feet are equal. They occupy *precisely* the same time. In fact, the whole music of the line depends upon their being *made* to occupy the same time. The Prosodies then, have demonstrated what all mathematicians have stupidly failed in demonstrating—that three and five are one and the same thing.

After what I have already said, however, about the bastard trochee and the bastard iambus, no one can have any trouble in understanding that *many are the* is of similar character. It is merely a bolder variation than usual from the routine of trochees, and introduces to the bastard trochee one additional syllable. But this syllable is not *short*. That is, it is not short in the sense of "*short*" as applied to the final syllable of the ordinary trochee, where the word means merely *the half of long*.

In this case (that of the additional syllable) "*short*," if used at all, must be used in the sense of *the sixth of long*. And all the three final syllables can be called *short* only with the same understanding of the term. The three together are equal only to the one short syllable (whose place they supply) of the ordinary trochee. It follows that there is no sense in thus (~) accenting these syllables. We must devise for them some new character which shall denote the sixth of long. Let it be (◡)—the crescent placed with the curve to the left. The whole foot (māny are the) might be called a *quick trochee*.

We come now to the final division (*me*) of Mr. Cranch's line. It is clear that this foot, short as it appears, is fully equal in time to each of the preceding. It is in fact the *cæsura*—the foot which, in the beginning of this paper, I called the most important in all verse. Its chief office is that of pause or termination; and here—at the end of a line—its use is easy, because there is no danger of misapprehending its value. We pause on it, by a seeming necessity, just so long as it has taken us to pronounce the preceeding feet, whether iambus, trochees, dactyls or anapæsts. It is thus a *variable foot*, and, with some care, may be well introduced into the body of a line, as in a little poem of great beauty by Mrs. Welby :

I have | a lit | tle step | *son* | of on | ly three | years old. |

Here we dwell on the *cæsura*, *son*, just as long as

it requires us to pronounce either of the preceding or succeeding iambusses. Its value, therefore, in this line, is that of three short syllables. In the following dactylic line its value is that of four short syllables.

Pale as a | lily was | Emily | *Gray*.

I have accented the *cæsura* with a (~) by way of expressing this variability of value.

I observed, just now, that there could be no such foot as one of two short syllables. What we start from in the very beginning of all idea on the topic of verse, is quantity, *length*. Thus when we enunciate an independent syllable it is long, as a matter of course. If we enunciate two, dwelling on both equally, we express equality in the enumeration, or length, and have a right to call them two long syllables. If we dwell on one more than the other, we have also a right to call one short, because it is short in relation to the other. But if we dwell on both equally and with a tripping voice, saying to ourselves here are two short syllables, the query might well be asked of us—"in relation to what are they short?" Shortness is but the negation of length. To say, then, that two syllables, placed independently of any other syllable, are short, is merely to say that they have no positive length, or enunciation—in other words that they are no syllables—that they do not exist at all. And if, persisting, we add anything about their equality, we are merely floundering in the idea of an identical equation, where, *x* being equal to *x*, nothing is shown to be equal to zero. In a word we can form no conception of a pyrrhic as of an independent foot. It is a mere chimera bred in the mad fancy of a pedant.

From what I have said about the equalization of the several feet of a *line*, it must not be deduced that any *necessity* for equality in time exists between the rhythm of *several* lines. A poem, or even a stanza, may begin with iambuses, in the first line, and proceed with anapæsts in the second, or even with the less accordant dactyls, as in the opening of quite a pretty specimen of verse by Miss Mary A. S. Aldrich :

The wa | ter li | ly sleeps | in pride |
Dōwn īn thē | dēpths ōf thē | āzūre | *lake*. |

Here *azure* is a spondee, equivalent to a dactyl; *lake* a *cæsura*.

I shall now best proceed in quoting the initial lines of Byron's "*Bride of Abpdos* :

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime—
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle
Now melt into softness, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
And the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom?
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute—
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all save the spirit of man is divine?
 'Tis the land of the East—'tis the land of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts that they bear and the tales that they tell.

Now the flow of these lines, (as times go,) is very sweet and musical. They have been often admired, and justly—as times go—that is to say, it is a rare thing to find better versification of its kind. And where verse is pleasant to the ear, it is silly to find fault with it because it refuses to be scanned. Yet I have heard men, professing to be scholars, who made no scruple of abusing these lines of Byron's on the ground that they were musical in spite of *all law*. Other gentlemen, *not* scholars, abused "all law" for the same reason:—and it occurred neither to the one party nor to the other that the law about which they were disputing might possibly be no law at all—an ass of a law in the skin of a lion.

The Grammars said something about dactylic lines, and it was easily seen that *these* lines were at least meant for dactylic. The first one was, therefore, thus divided:

Knōw yě thē | lānd whēre thē | cyprēss ānd | myrtle. |

The concluding foot was a mystery; but the Prosodies said something about the dactylic "measure" calling now and then for a double rhyme; and the court of enquiry were content to rest in the double rhyme, without exactly perceiving what a double rhyme had to do with the question of an irregular foot. Quitting the first line, the second was thus scanned:

Arē ēmblēms | ōf deēds thāt | āre dōne īn | thēir clīme. |

It was immediately seen, however, that *this* would not do:—it was at war with the whole emphasis of the reading. It could not be supposed that Byron, or any one in his senses, intended to place stress upon such monosyllables as "are," "of," and "their," nor could "their clime," collated with "to crime," in the corresponding line below, be fairly twisted into anything like a "double rhyme," so as to bring everything within the category of the Grammars. But farther these Grammars spoke not. The inquirers, therefore, in spite of their sense of harmony in the lines, when considered without reference to scansion, fell back upon the idea that the "Are" was a blunder—an excess for which the poet should be sent to Coventry—and, striking it out, they scanned the remainder of the line as follows:

—ēmblēms ōf | deēds thāt āre | dōne īn thēir | clīme. |

This answered pretty well; but the Grammars admitted no such foot as a foot of one syllable; and besides the rhythm was dactylic. In despair, the books are well searched, however, and at last the investigators are gratified by a full solution of the riddle in the profound "Observation" quoted in the beginning of this article:—"When a syllable is wanting, the verse is said to be catalectic; when the measure is exact, the line is acatalectic; when there is a redundant syllable it forms hypermeter." This is enough. The anomalous line is pronounced to be catalectic at the head and to form hypermeter at the tail:—and so on, and so on; it being soon discovered that nearly all the remaining lines are in a similar predicament, and that what flows so smoothly to the ear, although so roughly to the eye, is, after all, a mere jumble of catalecticism, acatalecticism, and hypermeter—not to say worse.

Now, had this court of inquiry been in possession of even the shadow of the *philosophy* of Verse, they would have had no trouble in reconciling this oil and water of the eye and ear, by merely scanning the passage without reference to lines, and, continuously, thus:

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle
 Are | emblems of | deeds that are | done in their | clime
 Where the | rage of the | vulture the | love of the | turtle
 Now | melt into | softness now | madden to | crime
 Know ye the | land of the | cedar and | vine Where the |
 flowers ever | blossom the | beams ever | shine Where
 the | light wings of | Zephyr op | pressed by per | fume
 Wax | faint o'er the | gardens of | Gul in their | bloom
 Where the | citron and | olive are | fairest of | fruit And
 the | voice of the | nightingale | never is | mute Where
 the | virgins are | soft as the | roses they | twine And |
 all save the | spirit of | man is di | vine 'Tis the | land
 of the | East 'tis the | clime of the | Sun Can he | smile
 on such | deeds as his | children have | done Oh | wild
 as the | accents of | lovers' fare | well Are the | hearts
 that they | bear and the | tales that they | tell.

Here "crime" and "tell" (italicized) are cæsuras, each having the value of a dactyl, four short syllables; while "fume Wax," "twine and," and "done Oh," are spondees which, of course, being composed of two long syllables, are also equal to four short, and are the dactyl's natural equivalent. The nicety of Byron's ear has led him into a succession of feet which, with two trivial exceptions as regards melody, are absolutely accurate—a very rare occurrence this in dactylic or anapæstic rhythms. The exceptions are found in the spondee "*twine And*," and the dactyl, "*smile on such*." Both feet are false in point of melody. In "*twine And*," to make out the rhythm, we must force "*And*" into a length which it will not naturally bear. We are called on to sacrifice either the proper length of the syllable as demanded by its position as a member of a spondee, or the customary accentuation of the word in conversation. There is no hesitation, and should be none. We at once

give up the sound for the sense ; and the rhythm is imperfect. In this instance it is *very* slightly so ;—not one person in ten thousand could, by ear, detect the inaccuracy. But the *imperfection* of verse, as regards melody, consists in its *never* demanding any such sacrifice as is here demanded. The rhythmical must agree, *thoroughly*, with the reading, flow. This perfection has in no instance been attained—but is unquestionably attainable. “*Smile on such,*” the dactyl, is incorrect, because “*such,*” from the character of the two consonants *ch*, cannot *easily* be enunciated in the ordinary time of a short syllable, which its position declares that it is. Almost every reader will be able to appreciate the slight difficulty here ; and yet the error is by no means so important as that of the “*And*” in the spondee. By dexterity we *may* pronounce “*such*” in the true time ; but the attempt to remedy the rhythmical deficiency of the *And* by drawing it out, merely aggravates the offence against natural enunciation, by directing attention to the offence.

My main object, however, in quoting these lines, is to show that, in spite of the Prosodies, the length of a line is entirely an arbitrary matter. We might divide the commencement of Byron’s poem thus :

Know ye the | land where the. |

or thus :

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and. |

or thus :

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle are. |

or thus :

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle are |
emblems of. |

In short we may give it any division we please, and the lines will be good—provided we have at least *two* feet in a line. As in mathematics two units are required to form number, so rhythm, (from the Greek *αριθμος*, number,) demands for its formation at least two feet. Beyond doubt, we often see such lines as

Know ye the—
Land where the—

lines of one foot ; and our Prosodies admit such ; but with impropriety ; for common sense would dictate that every so obvious division of a poem as is made by a line, should include within itself all that is necessary for its own comprehension ; but in a line of one foot we can have no appreciation of *rhythm*, which depends upon the equality between *two* or more pulsations. The false lines, consisting sometimes of a single cæsure, which are seen in mock Pindaric odes, are of course “*rhythmical*” only in connection with some other

line ; and it is this want of independent rhythm which adapts them to the purposes of burlesque alone. Their effect is that of incongruity (the principle of mirth ;) for they include the blankness of prose amid the harmony of verse.

My second object in quoting Byron’s lines, was that of showing how absurd it often is to cite a single line from amid the body of a poem, for the purpose of instancing the perfection or imperfection of the line’s rhythm. Were we to see by itself

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,

we might justly condemn it as defective in the final foot, which is equal to only three, instead of being equal to four, short syllables.

In the foot (*flowers ever*) we shall find a further exemplification of the principle in the bastard iambus, bastard trochee, and quick trochee, as I have been at some pains in describing these feet above. All the Prosodies on English verse would insist upon making an elision in “*flowers,*” thus (*flow’rs,*) but this is nonsense. In the quick trochee (*māny* are the) occurring in Mr. Cranch’s *trochaic* line, we had to equalize the time of the three syllables *ny, are, the,*) to that of the one *short* syllable whose position they usurp. Accordingly each of these syllables is equal to the third of a short syllable, that is to say, the *sixth* of a long. But in Byron’s *dactylic* rhythm, we have to equalize the time of the three syllables (*ers, ev, er,*) to that of the one *long* syllable whose position they usurp or, (which is the same thing,) of the *two short*. Therefore the value of each of the syllables (*ers, ev, and er*) is the *third* of a long. We enunciate them with only half the rapidity we employ in enunciating the three final syllables of the quick trochee—which latter is a rare foot. The “*flowers ever,*” on the contrary, is as common in the dactylic rhythm as is the *bastard* trochee in the trochaic, or the bastard iambus in the iambic. We may as well accent it with the curve of the crescent to the right, and call it a *bastard dactyl*. A *bastard anapæst*, whose nature I now need be at no trouble in explaining, will of course occur, now and then, in an anapæstic rhythm.

In order to avoid any chance of that confusion which is apt to be introduced in an essay of this kind by too sudden and radical an alteration of the conventionalities to which the reader has been accustomed, I have thought it right to suggest for the accent marks of the bastard trochee, bastard iambus, etc., etc., certain characters which, in merely varying the direction of the ordinary short accent (~) should imply, what is the fact, that the feet themselves are not *new* feet, in any proper sense, but simply modifications of the feet, respectively, from which they derive their names. Thus a *bastard iambus* is, in its essentiality, that is to say, in its time, an iambus. The variation lies only in the

distribution of this time. The time, for example, occupied by the one short (or *half of long*) syllable, in the ordinary iambus, is, in the bastard, spread equally over two syllables, which are accordingly the *fourth of long*.

But this fact—the fact of the essentiality, or whole time, of the foot being unchanged, is now so fully before the reader, that I may venture to propose, finally, an accentuation which shall answer the real purpose—that is to say what should be the real purpose of all accentuation—the purpose of expressing to the eye the exact relative value of every syllable employed in Verse.

I have already shown that enunciation, or *length*, is the point from which we start. In other words, we begin with a *long syllable*. This then is our unit; and there will be no need of accenting it at all. An unaccented syllable, in a system of accentuation, is to be regarded always as a long syllable. Thus a spondee would be without accent. In an iambus, the first syllable being “short,” or the *half of long*, should be accented with a small 2, placed *beneath* the syllable; the last syllable, being long, should be unaccented;—the whole would be thus (control.) In a trochee, these accents would

be merely conversed, thus (manly.) In a dactyl, each of the two final syllables, being the half of long, should, also, be accented with a small 2 beneath the syllable; and the first syllable left unaccented, the whole would be thus (happiness.) In

an anapæst we should converse the dactyl thus, (in the land.) In the bastard dactyl, each of the three concluding syllables being the *third of long*, should be accented with a small 3 beneath the syllable, and the whole foot would stand thus, (flowers ever.) In the bastard anapæst we should converse the bastard dactyl thus, (in the rebound.) In

the bastard iambus, each of the two initial syllables, being the fourth of long, should be accented, below, with a small 4; the whole foot would be thus, (in the rain.) In the bastard trochee, we should converse the bastard iambus thus, (many a.)

In the quick trochee, each of the three concluding syllables, being the *sixth of long*, should be accented, below, with a small 6; the whole foot would be thus, (many are the.) The quick iambus is not

yet created, and most probably never will be; for it would be excessively useless, awkward, and liable to misconception—as I have already shown that even the quick trochee is :—but, should it appear, we must accent it by conversing the quick trochee. The cæsura, being variable in length, but always *longer than “long,”* should be accented, *above*, with a number expressing the length, or value, of the distinctive foot of the rhythm in which it

occurs. Thus a cæsura, occurring in a spondaic rhythm, would be accented with a small 2 above the syllable, or, rather, foot. Occurring in a dactylic or anapæstic rhythm, we also accent it with the 2, above the foot. Occurring in an iambic rhythm, however, it must be accented, above, with $1\frac{1}{2}$; for this is the relative value of the iambus. Occurring in the trochaic rhythm, we give it, of course, the same accentuation. For the complex $1\frac{1}{2}$, however, it would be advisable to substitute the simpler expression $\frac{3}{2}$ which amounts to the same thing.

In this system of accentuation Mr. Cranch’s lines, quoted above, would thus be written :

3
2

Many are the | thoughts that | come to | me

6 6 6 2 2

In my | lonely | musing, |

2 2 2

3
2

And they | drift so | strange and | swift

2 2 2 2

There’s no | time for | choosing |

2 2 2

3
2

Which to | follow, | for to | leave

2 2 2

Any, | seems a | losing. |

2 2 2

In the ordinary system the accentuation would be thus :

Māny arĕ thĕ | thōughts thāt | cōme tō | mē |

In my | lōnely | māsing, |

ānd thĕy | drĭft sō | strānge ānd | swĭft |

Therĕ’s nō | timē fōr | choōsing |

Whĭch tō | fōllōw, | fōr tō | lēave

āny, | seĕms ā | lōsing. |

It must first be observed, here, that I do not grant this to be the “ordinary” *scansion*. On the contrary, I never yet met the man who had the faintest comprehension of the true scanning of these lines, or of such as these. But granting this to be the mode in which our Prosodies would divide the feet, they would accentuate the syllables as just above.

Now, let any reasonable person compare the two modes. The first advantage seen in my mode is that of simplicity—of time, labor, and ink saved. Counting the fractions as *two* accents, even, there will be found only *twenty-six* accents to the stanza. In the common accentuation there are *forty-one*. But admit that all this is a trifle, which it is *not*, and let us proceed to points of importance. Does the common accentuation express the truth, in particular, in general, or in any regard? Is it consistent with itself? Does it convey either to the ignorant or to the scholar a just conception of the rhythm of the lines? Each of these questions must be answered in the nega-

tive. The crescents, being precisely similar, must be understood as expressing, all of them, one and the same thing; and so all prosodies have always understood them and wished them to be understood. They express, indeed, "short"—but this word has all kinds of meanings. It serves to represent (the reader is left to guess *when*) sometimes the half, sometimes the third, sometimes the fourth, and sometimes the sixth, of "long"—while "long" itself, in the books, is left undefined and undescribed. On the other hand, the horizontal accent, it may be said, expresses sufficiently well, and unvaryingly, the syllables which are meant to be long. It does nothing of the kind. This horizontal accent is placed over the *cæsura* (wherever, as in the Latin Prosodies, the *cæsura* is recognized) as well as over the ordinary long syllable, and implies anything and everything, just as the crescent. But grant that it does express the ordinary long syllables, (leaving the *cæsura* out of question,) have I not given the identical expression, by not employing any expression at all? In a word, while the Prosodies, with a certain number of accents, express *precisely nothing whatever*, I, with scarcely half the number, have expressed everything which, in a system of accentuation, demands expression. In glancing at my mode in the lines of Mr. Cranch, it will be seen that it conveys not only the exact relation of the syllables and feet, among themselves, in those particular lines, but their precise value in relation to any other existing or conceivable feet or syllables, in any existing or conceivable system of rhythm.

The object of what we call *scansion* is the distinct making of the rhythmical flow. Scansion without accents or perpendicular lines between the feet—that is to say scansion *by* the voice only—is scansion *to* the ear only; and all very good in its way. The written scansion addresses the ear through the eye. In either case the object is the distinct making of the rhythmical, musical, or reading flow. There *can* be no other object and there is none. Of course, then, the scansion and the reading flow should go hand in hand. The former must agree with the latter. The former represents and expresses the latter; and is good or bad as it truly or falsely represents and expresses it. If by the written scansion of a line we are not enabled to perceive any rhythm or music in the line, then either the line is rhythmical or the scansion false. Apply all this to the English lines which we have quoted, at various points, in the course of this article. It will be found that the scansion exactly conveys the rhythm, and thus thoroughly fulfils the only purpose for which scansion is required.

But let the scansion of *the schools* be applied to the Greek and Latin verse, and what result do we find?—that the verse is one thing and the scansion quite another. The ancient verse, *read* aloud, is

in general musical, and occasionally *very* musical. Scanned by the Prosodial rules we can, for the most part, make nothing of it whatever. In the case of the English verse, the more emphatically we dwell on the divisions between the feet, the more distinct is our perception of the kind of rhythm intended. In the case of the Greek and Latin, the more we dwell the *less* distinct is this perception. To make this clear by an example:

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus,
O, et præsidium et dulce decus meum,
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.

Now in *reading* these lines, there is scarcely one person in a thousand who, if even ignorant of Latin, will not immediately feel and appreciate their flow—their music. A prosodist, however, informs the public that the *scansion* runs thus:

Mæce | nas ata | vis | edite | regibus |
O, et | præsi-di' | et | dulce de | cus meum |
Sunt quos | curri-cu | lo | pul-ver' O | lympicum |
Colle | gisse ju | vat | metaque | fervidis |
Evi | tata ro | tis | palmaque | nobilis |
Terra | rum domi | nos | evehit | ad Deos. |

Now I do not deny that we get a *certain sort* of music from the lines if we read them according to this scansion, but I wish to call attention to the fact that this scansion and the certain sort of music which grows out of it, are entirely at war not only with the reading flow which any ordinary person would naturally give the lines, but with the reading flow universally given them, and never denied them, by even the most obstinate and stolid of scholars.

And now these questions are forced upon us—"Why exists this discrepancy between the modern verse with its scansion, and the ancient verse with its scansion?"—"Why, in the former case, are there agreement and representation, while in the latter there is neither the one nor the other?" or, to come to the point,—“How are we to reconcile the ancient verse with the scholastic scansion of it?” This absolutely necessary conciliation—shall we bring it about by supposing the scholastic scansion wrong because the ancient verse is right, or by maintaining that the ancient verse is wrong because the scholastic scansion is not to be gained? said?

Were we to adopt the latter mode of arranging the difficulty, we might, in some measure, at least simplify the expression of the arrangement by putting it thus—Because the pedants have no eyes, therefore the old poets had no ears.

“But,” say the gentlemen without the eyes, “the scholastic scansion, although certainly not handed down to us in form from the old poets themselves (the gentlemen without the ears,) is nevertheless deduced, Baconially, from certain facts

which are supplied us by careful observation of the old poems.

And let us illustrate this strong position by an example from an American poet—who must be a poet of some eminence, or he will not answer the purpose. Let us take Mr. Alfred B. Street. I remember these two lines of his :

His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks grouped in myriads round.

With the *sense* of these lines I have nothing to do. When a poet is in a “fine phrensy” he may as well imagine a large forest as a small one—and “by blazes !” is *not* intended for an oath. My concern is with the rhythm, which is iambic.

Now let us suppose that, a thousand years hence, when the “American language” is dead, a learned prosodist should be deducing from “careful observation” of our best poets, a system of scansion for our poetry. And let us suppose that this prosodist had so little dependence in the generality and immutability of the laws of Nature, as to assume in the outset, that, because we lived a thousand years before his time and made use of steam-engines instead of mesmeric balloons, we must therefore have had a *very* singular fashion of mouthing our vowels, and altogether of hudsonizing our verse. And let us suppose that with these and other fundamental propositions carefully put away in his brain, he should arrive at the line,

Among | trunks grouped | in my | riads round.

Finding it in an obviously iambic rhythm, he would divide it as above, and observing that “trunks” made the first member of an iambus, he would call it short, as Mr. Street intended it to be. Now farther :—if instead of admitting the possibility that Mr. Street, (who by that time would be called Street simply, just as we say Homer)—that Mr. Street might have been in the habit of writing carelessly, as the poets of the prosodist’s own era did, and as all poets will do (on account of being geniuses)—instead of admitting this, suppose the learned scholar should make a “rule” and put it in a book, to the effect that, in the American verse, the vowel *u*, when found embedded among nine consonants, was short. What, under such circumstances, would the sensible people of the scholar’s day have a right not only to think, but to say of that scholar ?—why, that he was “a fool,—by blazes !”

I have put an extreme case, but it strikes at the root of the error. The “rules” are grounded in “authority”—and this “authority”—can any one tell us what it means ? or can any one suggest anything that it may *not* mean ? Is it not clear that the “scholar” above referred to, might as readily have deduced from authority a totally false

system as a partially true one ? To deduce from authority a consistent prosody of the ancient metres would indeed have been within the limits of the barest possibility ; and the task has *not* been accomplished, for the reason that it demands a species of ratiocination altogether out of keeping with the brain of a bookworm. A rigid scrutiny will show that the very few “rules” which have not as many exceptions as examples, are those which have, by accident, their true bases not in authority, but in the omniprevalent laws of syllabification ; such, for example, as the rule which declares a vowel before two consonants to be long.

In a word, the gross confusion and antagonism of the scholastic prosody, as well as its marked inapplicability to the reading flow of the rhythms it pretends to illustrate, are attributable, first to the utter absence of natural principle as a guide in the investigations which have been undertaken by inadequate men ; and secondly to the neglect of the obvious consideration that the ancient poems, which have been the *criteria* throughout, were the work of men who must have written as loosely, and with as little definitive system, as ourselves.

Were Horace alive to day, he would divide for us his first Ode thus, and “make great eyes” when assured by the prosodists that he had no business to make any such division :

Mæcenas | atavis | edite | regibus |
 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 |
O et præ | sidium et | dulce de | ous meum |
 2 2 3 3 3 2 2 2 1 |
Sunt quos cur | riculo | pulverem O | lympticum |
 2 2 2 2 3 3 3 2 2 |
Collegisse | juvat | metaque | fervidis |
 3 3 3 2 2 2 2 1 2 |
Evitata | rotis | palmaque | nobilis |
 3 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 |
Terrarum | dominos | evehit | ad | Deos. |
 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 |

Read by this scansion, the flow is preserved ; and the more we dwell on the divisions, the more the intended rhythm becomes apparent. Moreover, the feet have all the same time ; while, in the scholastic scansion, trochees—admitted trochees—are absurdly employed as equivalents to spondees and dactyls. The books declare, for instance, that *Colle*, which begins the fourth line, is a trochee, and seem to be gloriously unconscious that to put a trochee in apposition with a longer foot, is to violate the inviolable principle of all music, *time*.

It will be said, however, by “some people” that I have no business to make a dactyl out of such obviously long syllables as *sunt, quos, cur*. Certainly I have no business to do so. I *never* do so. And Horace should not have done so. But he did. Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow do the same thing every day. And merely because these gentleman, now and then, forget themselves in this way, it would be hard if some future prosodist should insist upon twisting the “Thanatopsis,” or the “Spanish

Student," into a jumble of trochees, spondees, and dactyls.

It may be said, also, by some other people that in the word *decus*, I have succeeded no better than the books, in making the scansion agree with the reading flow; and that *decus* was not pronounced *decus*. I reply that there no doubt of the word having been pronounced, in this case, *decus*. It must be observed that the Latin *case*, or variation of a noun in its terminating syllables, caused the Romans—*must* have caused them to pay greater attention to the termination of a noun than to its commencement, or than we do to the terminations of our nouns. The end of the Latin word established that relation of the word with other words, which we establish by prepositions. Therefore, it would seem infinitely less odd to them than it does to us, to dwell at any time, for any slight purpose, abnormally, on a terminating syllable. In verse this license, scarcely a license, would be frequently admitted. These ideas unlock the secret of such lines as the

Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus,

and the

Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus,

which I quoted, some time ago, while speaking of rhyme.

As regards the prosodial elisions, such as that of *rem* before *O*, in *pulverem Olympicum*, it is really difficult to understand how so dismally silly a notion could have entered the brain even of a pedant. Were it demanded of me why the books cut off one vowel before another, I might say—it is, perhaps, because the books think that, since a bad reader is so apt to slide the one vowel into the other at any rate, it is just as well to print them *ready-slided*. But in the case of the terminating *m*, which is the most readily pronounced of all consonants, (as the infantile *mama* will testify,) and the most impossible to cheat the ear of by any system of sliding—in the case of the *m*, I should be driven to reply that, to the best of my belief, the prosodists did the thing, because they had a fancy for doing it, and wished to see how funny it would look after it was done. The thinking reader will perceive that, from the great facility with which *em* may be enunciated, it is admirably suited to form one of the rapid short syllables in the bastard dactyl (*pulverem O*)^{3 3 2}—but because the books had no conception of a bastard dactyl, they knocked it in the head at once—by cutting off its tail.

Let me now give a specimen of the true scansion of another Horatian measure; embodying an instance of proper elision.

Integer | vitæ | scelerisque | purus |
2 2 3 3 3

Non eget | Mauri | jaculis ne | que arcu |
2 2 3 3 3

Nec vene | natis | grāvīda sa | gittis,
2 2 3 3 3

Fusce, pha | retrā.
2 2

Here the regular recurrence of the bastard iambus, gives great animation to the rhythm. The *e* before the *a* in *que arcu* is, almost of sheer necessity, cut off—that is to say, run into the *a* so as to preserve the spondee. But even this license it would have been better not to take.

Had I space, nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to proceed with the scansion of *all* the ancient rhythms, and to show how easily, by the help of common sense, the intended music of each and all can be rendered instantaneously apparent. But I have already overstepped my limits, and must bring this paper to an end.

It will never do, however, to omit all mention of the heroic hexameter.

I began the "processes" by a suggestion of the spondee as the first step towards verse. But the innate monotony of the spondee has caused its disappearance, as the basis of rhythm, from all modern poetry. We may say, indeed, that the French heroic—the most wretchedly monotonous verse in existence—is, to all intents and purposes, spondaic. But it is not designedly spondaic—and if the French were ever to examine it at all, they would no doubt pronounce it iambic. It must be observed that the French language is strangely peculiar in this point—that *it is without accentuation and consequently without verse*. The genius of the people, rather than the structure of the tongue, declares that their words are, for the most part, enunciated with an uniform dwelling on each syllable. For example, we say "syllabification." A Frenchman would say syl-la-bi-fi-ca-ti-on; dwelling on no one of the syllables with any noticeable particularity. Here again I put an extreme case, in order to be well understood; but the general fact is as I give it—that comparatively, the French have *no* accentuation. And there can be nothing worth the name of verse, without. Therefore, the French have no verse worth the name—which is the fact, put in sufficiently plain terms. Their iambic rhythm so superabounds in absolute spondees as to warrant me in calling its basis spondaic; but French is the *only* modern tongue which has any rhythm with such basis; and even in the French, it is, as I have said, unintentional.

Admitting, however, the validity of my suggestion that the spondee was the first approach to verse, we should expect to find, first, natural spondees, (words each forming just a spondee,) most abundant in the most ancient languages, and, secondly, we should expect to find spondees forming the basis of

the most ancient rhythms. These expectations are in both cases confirmed.

Of the Greek hexameter, the intentional basis is spondaic. The dactyls are the *variation* of the theme. It will be observed that there is no absolute certainty about *their* points of interposition. The penultimate foot, it is true, is usually a dactyl; but not uniformly so; while the ultimate, on which the ear *lingers* is always a spondee. Even that the penultimate is usually a dactyl may be clearly referred to the necessity of winding up with the *distinctive* spondee. In corroboration of this idea, again, we should look to find the penultimate spondee most usual in the most ancient verse; and, accordingly, we find it more frequent in the Greek than in the Latin hexameter.

But besides all this, spondees are not only more prevalent in the heroic hexameter than dactyls, but occur to such an extent as is even unpleasant to modern ears, on account of monotony. What the modern chiefly appreciates and admires in the Greek hexameter is the *melody of the abundant vowel sounds*. The Latin hexameters *really* please very few moderns—although so many pretend to fall into ecstasies about them. In the hexameters quoted, several pages ago, from Silius Italicus, the preponderance of the spondee is strikingly manifest. Besides the natural spondees of the Greek and Latin, numerous artificial ones arise in the verse of these tongues on account of the tendency which *case* has to throw full accentuation on terminal syllables; and the preponderance of the spondee is farther ensured by the comparative frequency of the small prepositions which *we* have to serve us *instead* of *case*, and also the absence of the diminutive auxiliary verbs with which *we* have to eke out the expression of our primary ones. These are the monosyllables whose abundance serve to stamp the poetic genius of a language as tripping or dactylic.

Now paying no attention to these facts, Sir Philip Sidney, Professor Longfellow, and innumerable other persons more or less modern, have busied themselves in constructing what they supposed to be “English hexameters on the model of the Greek.” The only difficulty was that (even leaving out of question the melodious masses of vowel,) these gentlemen never could get their English hexameters to *sound* Greek. Did they *look* Greek?—that should have been the query; and the reply might have led to a solution of the riddle. In placing a copy of ancient hexameters side by side with a copy (in similar type) of such hexameters as Professor Longfellow, or Professor Felton, or the Frogpondian Professors collectively, are in the shameful practice of composing “on the model of the Greek,” it will be seen that the latter (hexameters, not professors) are about one third longer *to the eye*, on an average, than the former. The more abundant dactyls make the difference. And it is

the greater number of spondees in the Greek than in the English—in the ancient than in the modern tongue—which has caused it to fall out that while these eminent scholars were groping about in the dark for a Greek hexameter, which is a spondaic rhythm varied now and then by dactyls, they merely stumbled, to the lasting scandal of scholarship, over something which, on account of its long-leggedness, we may as well term a Feltonian hexameter, and which is a dactylic rhythm, interrupted, rarely, by artificial spondees which are no spondees at all, and which are curiously thrown in by the heels at all kinds of improper and impertinent points.

Here is a specimen of the Longfellowian hexameter.

Also the | church with | in was a | dorned for | this was
the | season |
In which the | young their | parents' | hope and the | loved
ones of | Heaven |
Should at the | foot of the | altar re | new the | vows of
their | baptism |
Therefore each | nook and | corner was | swept and |
cleaned and the | dust was |
Blown from the | walls and | ceiling and | from the | oil-
painted benches. |

Mr. Longfellow is a man of imagination—but *can* he imagine that any individual, with a proper understanding of the danger of lock-jaw, would make the attempt of twisting his mouth into the shape necessary for the emission of such spondees as “parents,” or such dactyls as “cleaned and the” and “loved ones of?” “Baptism” is by no means a bad spondee—perhaps because it happens to be a dactyl;—of all the rest, however, I am dreadfully ashamed.

But these feet—dactyls and spondees, all together,—should thus be put at once into their proper position:

“Also, the church within was adorned; for this was the season in which the young, their parents’ hope, and the loved ones of Heaven, should, at the feet of the altar, renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore, each nook and corner was swept and cleaned; and the dust was blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.”

There!—that is respectable prose; and it will incur no danger of ever getting its character ruined by any body’s mistaking it for verse.

But even when we let these modern hexameters go, as Greek, and merely hold them fast in their proper character of Longfellowian, or Feltonian, or Frogpondian, we must still condemn them as having been committed in a radical misconception of the philosophy of verse. The spondee, as I observed, is the *theme* of the Greek line. Most of the ancient hexameters *begin* with spondees, for the reason that the spondee *is* the theme; and the ear is filled with it as with a burden. Now the Feltonian dactyls have, in the same way, dactyls for the theme, and most of them begin with dactyls—which is all very proper if not very Greek—

but, unhappily, the one point at which they *are* very Greek is that point, precisely, at which they should be nothing but Feltonian. They always *close* with what is meant for a spondee. To be consistently silly, they should die off in a dactyl.

That a truly Greek hexameter *cannot*, however, be readily composed in English, is a proposition which I am by no means inclined to admit. I think I could manage the point myself. For example :

Do tell ! | when may we | hope to make | men of sense |
 out of the | Pundits |
 Born and brought | up with their | snouts deep | down in
 the | mud of the | Frog-pond ?
 Why ask ? | who ever | yet saw | money made | out of a |
 fat old—
 Jew, or | downright | upright | nutmegs | out of a | pine-
 knot ? |

The proper spondee predominance is here preserved. Some of the dactyls are not so good as I could wish—but, upon the whole, the rhythm is very decent—to say nothing of its excellent sense.

ALONE.

Thrills a whisper on the stillness,
 Murmuring in a quiet tone,
 Half of joy, and half of sadness,
 “All alone !”
 All alone, while softly round thee,
 Fades the day-light's pallid beam ;
 While a spell of thought hath bound thee,
 Deepening to a quiet dream.
 Softly thrills the mystic tone,
 Softly echoes, “All alone !”

 All alone !
 Now may fancy fold her wings
 In a sober contemplation,
 Shrouded in a still delight,
 And luxury of meditation ;
 Now may spirits round thee glide
 Hovering on viewless wings,
 Now a presence by thy side
 Whisper wondrous things,—
 Things of light in darkness sealed,
 Half believed as half revealed.
 Now may pleasant dreams arise—
 Oh delight !
 As some beauteous cloud-land lies
 Imaged in the sunset skies,
 Still and bright !
 Pleasant thoughts and fancies rare
 Mingling fitfully and free,
 Whose airy changes come and go
 With a silver chime and a rippling flow,
 Blending in their motions slow
 To a dream-like melody,
 Or swelling with a sudden sweep
 Of thrilling changes—mellow, deep !
 Like an Æolian harp that wakes
 No certain air, no measured tone—

But in its fitful sweetness makes
 A music all its own.

 “All alone !”
 Slowly die the tones away
 With a melancholy thrill,
 And the shadows gather round,
 Dark and still !
 But amid the heart's deep chambers
 Echoes still the mournful tone,
 As sighs the wind through ruined walls
 Of lonely and forsaken halls—
 “All alone !”
 Vain thy dreams of loveliness,
 Who can share that untold bliss !
 In thy sadness and thy woe,
 Who such grief as thine can know ?
 In thy fancies bright and free,
 None to share those thoughts with thee ;
 To thy spirit's restless yearning,
 None to give a full returning ;
 Thou art sad and lonely now—
 Shadows gather o'er thy brow ;
 Mid glad hearts and spirits gay,
 Thine is dwelling far away—
 Seeking what may not be found,
 Hearing still what hath no sound,
 Seeing what none else may see—
 Lonely still thy heart must be !”

SUSAN.

Richmond.

THE GAME FISH OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

No. I.

THE STRIPED BASSE OR ROCK FISH.

We consider the striped basse one of the finest game fish to be found in American waters. From all that we can learn it is peculiar to this country, and to particular sections, not being found farther North than Maine, nor farther South than the Carolinas, where it is known as the Rock Fish. It varies in weight from six ounces to one hundred pounds, and though a native of the ocean, it spends a portion of every year in the fresh water rivers, yet it seems to be partial to the mouths of our larger estuaries. Our naturalists have pronounced it a member of the Perch family, and doubtless with scientific propriety, but we have seen a basse that would outweigh at least four score of the largest perch found in the country. The basse is a thick-set and solid fish, having a strong bony mouth, and sharp teeth. In color it varies from a deep green on the back to a rich silvery hue on the belly, and its scales are large and of a metallic lustre. But

the distinguishing feature of this fish consists in the striped appearance of its body. Running from the head nearly to the tail, there are no less than eight regularly marked lines, which, in the healthy fish, are of a deep black. Its eyes are white, head rather long, and the under jaw protrudes beyond the upper one, somewhat after the manner of the pike. The strength of the basse is equal to that of the salmon, but in activity it is undoubtedly inferior. As an article of food it is highly valued, and in all the Atlantic cities invariably commands a good price.

The spawning time of this fish we have not positively ascertained, though we believe it to be in the spring or early summer. The New York markets are supplied with them throughout the year, but it is unquestionably true that they are in their prime in the autumn. The smaller individuals frequent the eddies of our rivers, while those of a larger growth seem to have a fancy for the reefs along the coast. On the approach of winter, they do not strike for the deep water, but find a residence in the bays and still arms of the sea, where they remain until the following spring. They begin to take the hook in April, and generally speaking afford the angler any quantity of sport until the middle of November. For the smaller fish at the North, the shrimp and minnow are the most successful baits, and for the larger individuals nothing can be better than the skin of an eel, neatly fastened upon a squid. The river fisherman requires a regular fit-out of salmon tackle, while he who would capture the monsters of the ocean, only needs a couple of stout Kirby hooks, a small sinker, a very long and heavy line, a gaff hook and a surf boat. But those who capture the basse for lucrative purposes, resort to the following more effectual methods,—first by using set lines, and secondly by the employment of gill nets and the seine. The sport of taking a twenty pound basse in a convenient river, is allied to that of capturing a salmon, but as the former is not a very skittish fish, the difficulties are not so great. As before intimated, all our Atlantic rivers, from the Penobscot to the Savannah, are regularly visited by the basse, but we are inclined to believe that they are found in the greatest abundance and perfection along the shores of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Maine. At any rate our own experience has been confined to this region, and though we remember with unfeigned pleasure our success in taking the larger varieties, along the shores of Martha's Vineyard, at Montauk Point, and in the vicinity of Watch Hill, yet we are disposed to yield the palm to Block Island. This out-of-the-way spot of the green earth belongs to Rhode Island, comprises a whole county of that State, and lies about forty miles from the main shore. It is nine miles in length, and varies in width from three to four miles. It is quite hilly, with an occasional rocky shore,

contains a number of salt water ponds, and is covered with a scanty growth of trees and other vegetation. The male inhabitants, numbering only a few hundred souls, are devoted exclusively to the fishing business, and they are as amiable and honest at heart, as they are rude and isolated in their manner of life. Block Island sailors frequently find their way to the remotest quarters of the globe, though few who were born upon the Island ever become entirely weaned from its ocean-girt shores. The Block Island Fishermen build their own Smacks, and as these are about the only things they do manufacture, they have acquired remarkable skill in building swift vessels, which are also distinguished for their strength and safety.

The pleasantest time to kill Basse at Block Island is in the month of October, and immediately after a severe blow, for then it is that the larger fish seek a sheltering place between the reefs and the shore. And if the angler would be certain of success, he ought to be upon the water before sunrise, or at the break of day. He must have only one companion, a stalwart Block Islander, whose duty it shall be to steady the boat, as she dashes along upon the restless bosom of the ground swell, so that, with his legs carefully braced, he can throw his squid to a great distance, instead of being thrown himself into the sea. And if an occasional shark should stray into the vicinity of his boat, he must not suffer himself to be alarmed, for a single discharge from the fisherman's pistol, (which he usually carries for that purpose,) will be sure to frighten the monster out of his way. Gulls without number, large and small, of a dark grey and a pure white, will be sure to fly screaming above his head, and their wild chorus will mingle well with the monotonous war of the waves as they sweep upon the shore. The fatigue attendant upon this mode of fishing is uncommonly great, and if the angler should happen to strike a forty-pounder, he will be perfectly satisfied with that single prize; but if his luck should lie among the smaller varieties, he ought to be content with about half a dozen specimens, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds, which would probably be the result of the morning's expedition. On returning to the shore, the angler will find himself in a most impatient mood for breakfast, but with a view of enhancing the anticipated enjoyment, he should first throw aside his clothes and make a number of plunges in the pure white surf, which will cause him to feel as strong and supple as a leopard.

We did think of commenting upon Block Island, as a most fitting place to study the mighty ocean, for the waves which wash its shores come from the four quarters of the globe. It so happens, however, that we have just been reading a passage in an admirable little volume entitled "*The Owl Creek Letters*," (the author is a man after our own

heart,) which was written at Block Island, and we are sure the passage in question would "take the wind out of any sail" that our pen might produce. The passage alluded to is as follows;—

"Men speak of our 'mother the earth.' But I never could appreciate the metaphor. A hard mother is old Terra. She refuses us food, save when compelled by hard struggling with her and then yields it reluctantly. She deceives us too often, and finally takes us when worn and weary, only by the difficult digging of a grave.

"But the ocean is mother-like, singing songs to us continually and telling a thousand legends to our baby ears. She casts up toys to us on every shore, bright shells and pebbles. (What else do we live for?) True, maniac as she is, she sometimes raves madly and hurls her children from her arms, but see how instantly she clasps them again close, close to her heaving bosom and how calmly and quietly they sleep there,—as she sings to them,—nor wake again to sorrow."

As to Basse fishing in the vicinity of New York, where scientific anglers are quite abundant, it affords us pleasure to give our readers the following account, written at our request by G. C. Scott, Esq, who is quite distinguished for his love and practical knowledge of the gentle art.

The weather and the tide are in our favor, and the moon all right, for this planet, you must know, always gives the Basse an excellent appetite and great activity. Speaking of its influence upon the appetite of fish, reminds me that those in the waters near the ocean, bite best in the new of the moon; while salt water fish which are up the creeks and near to fresh water, are killed in the greatest number during high tides, and immediately after a hard "nor-easter," when the wind has shifted to the north-west. You may prove these facts without going half a dozen miles from old Gotham, and I have always noticed that it is better fishing in "the Kills" and at the hedges of New-York Bay, as well as at those in the lower part of the Bay of New York, when the tide is high; while the fishing at King's Bridge and the mouth of Spiting Devil is always best at extreme low tides.

As we are out after Basse, suppose we "make a day of it" and first try the bridge at Haerlem Dam. Being an angler yourself, you know of course that much depends upon bait, and we will want to use the best. As it is the month of August we will purchase a few shedder crabs in the market, and if we find shrimp necessary, we can procure enough of them at either of the fishing grounds. During the spring, I use shad rolls for Basse bait; but in summer, and until the first of October I prefer shedder crab; after that, I use shrimp and soft shell clams. Some anglers prefer shrimp at all seasons, as it is well known that small

Basse are more generally taken with them; but for my part, give me shedder crabs enough, and I will agree to forego the use of all other kinds of bait for Basse. Next, you may want to know how to rig your tackle? Where we are going to-day, you want nothing but a good Basse rod, reel and float, with a single gut leader, to which you fasten a hook and attach it to the line one third of its length from the hook. Use your float only when the tide runs slowly, for bottom fishing is the best for large fish, unless you troll for them, when you use a squid and fish in the Bronx with a regular trolling tackle, of sufficient strength to land a fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, for they are sometimes caught there of that weight, but generally from thirty to eighty pounds.

Well, having arrived at King's Bridge and as it is about ebb tide, we will first see what we can kill from the east bridge. I like bridge fishing, for it is so fine to pay out line from; and then in striking a fish thirty yards off, there is so much sport in playing him, and your being such a distance above the water, you generally fasten him at the first bite. Reel off! reel off! you have struck him! There! give him play, but feel his weight and let him contend for every inch of line that you give him, or he will take the whole of it without exhausting himself, and you will lose him. Keep him in slack water and after playing him until you kill him, land him on the shore, for he is too heavy to risk your tackle in raising him to the bridge. And now, having fished out the last of the ebb, and the turn until the tide runs too fast to use a float, just step into this punt and we will anchor out near the edge of the current, by the first Island below the mill and fish in the current without the float, until the tide turns, when we will make for the mouth of the Spiting Devil, and fish fifty rods below it in the Hudson.

Now, my friend, this day's sport may be considered a fair criterion for these grounds. We have taken between twenty and thirty Basse, but there is only one that weighs over five pounds, and their average weight will not vary much from half that. To-night we will troll in the Bronx, for if the sky be clear, the Basse will bite sooner at a squid "by the light of the moon" than in the day time; and there is very little use in stopping to try McComb's Dam, as the sport will not be first rate there until the Croton Aqueduct is finished and the coffer dam is torn away, so that the fish may have a clear run and unobstructed passage between the East and Hudson rivers. It is supposed that this will be effected next year, when McComb's Dam will retrieve its lost honors and furnish one of the best places for sport in this vicinity, to those who prefer bridge fishing.

Having given you a taste of the sport on the waters bounding this Island on the north and east, let us to-day fasten our punt to the lower hedges

of New York bay, and try the difference between "bottom fishing," and that "with the float." I will remark in passing that it is better to anchor your punt about a rod above the hedge and fish toward the hedge without a float, than to fasten your boat to the hedge, as commonly practised, and fish with a float; for you will notice that while you, in the old way, are continually reeling up and making casts, I am feeling for them with a moving bait toward the bottom, and as near the hedge as I can venture without getting fast. And then when I strike, I am sure to fasten them as they turn from me for the shelter of the hedge. I can also better play my bait without the danger of too much slack. You will see also that I kill the largest fish.

Let us now up anchor and away for the Kills and to the reef opposite Port Richmond. Here the fish are about as large as those at the hedges we just left. The tide is nearly full and we will fish without the float until it is about to turn, when we will move over to the Jersey shore about fifty rods below the mouth of Newark Bay. Here, as the tide is just in the turn, we can fish an hour of the ebb with floats, when it will be best to try bottom-fishing again. Well, if you are tired of killing younglings varying from one to three pounds, let us put the punt about and prepare for a beautiful row up to the third, fourth and fifth hedges in Newark Bay,—trying each one, and we may strike some fish that will try our tackle. Change your leader for a heavier one and let go the anchor, for we are three rods above the hedge. The water is quite slack, and we will try the float until the tide ebbs a little more and the current becomes more rapid. There, Sir, what think you of that? He feels heavy,—see him spin! take care of your line or he'll get foul, as I cannot govern him, and it will be with great difficulty that I keep him out of the hedge. What a splendid leap! I'll see if I can turn him—here he comes,—take the landing net,—there! there, we have him, and I will bet the champagne that he weighs nearer twenty pounds than ten!

Thus, my friend, having shown you the principle grounds and informed you of the bait and tackle to be used in killing Basse in this vicinity, I hope that you will not be at a loss for piscatorial sport when trying your skill in the waters of old Gotham.

It is now time that we should say something about basse or rock fishing in the South. The only streams frequented by this fish, of which we have any personal knowledge, are the Potomac and Roanoke, though we have heard many wonderful stories related of the James River and the Great Pedee. In speaking of the Potomac we are sorely tempted to indite an episode upon the beautiful and magnificent sweeps which this river makes after it leaves the gorge of Harper's Ferry until it loses itself in the Chesapeake, and also upon its

historical associations, among which the genius of Washington reigns supreme,—but it is our duty to forbear, for we should occupy too much time.

Unquestionably the finest rock ground on the Potomac is the place known as the Little Falls, about four miles above Georgetown. At this point the river is only fifty yards wide, and as the water descends not more than about ten feet in running three hundred yards, the place might be more appropriately termed a schute than a fall. The banks on either side are quite abrupt and picturesque, the bed of the stream is of solid rock, and below the rapids are a number of inviting pools, where the water varies from forty to sixty feet in depth. The tides of the ocean reach no further up the Potomac than this spot, and though the rock fish are caught in considerable number at the Great Falls (which are ten miles further up the river, and exceedingly romantic,) yet they seem to be partial to the Little Falls, where they are frequently found in very great numbers. They follow the shad and the herring in the spring, but afford an abundance of sport from the 1st of May until the 4th of July, though they are caught in certain portions of the Potomac through the year, but never above the Great Falls. The rock of this portion of the Potomac vary in weight from two to eighteen or twenty pounds, and it is recorded of the anglers and business fishermen that they frequently kill no less than five hundred fish in a single day. The favorite bait in this region is the belly part of the common herring, as well as the shiner and smelt, but it is frequently the case that a common yellow flannel fly will commit sad havoc among the striped beauties. A stout rod, a large reel and a long line are important requisites to the better enjoyment of rock-fishing at this point; but as the good standing places are few in number, many anglers resort to boat-fishing, which is here practised with pleasure and profit. Of the many scientific anglers who visit the Little Falls during the Spring and Summer, the more expert ones come from Washington, and of one of these the story is related that he once killed no less than eighty handsome rock fish in a single afternoon. He occupied a dangerous position upon two pointed rocks in the river (one foot upon each rock and elevated some five feet above the water,) and fished in a pool that was some seventy feet down the stream, while the fish were landed by an expert servant stationed on the shore about thirty feet below the spot occupied by the angler. The gentleman alluded to is acknowledged to be the most successful angler in this region, and in an occasional conversation with him, we have obtained a goodly number of piscatorial anecdotes. One or two of them are as follows:

On one occasion, while playing a good-sized Basse, it unfortunately ran around a sharp rock, and by cutting the line made its escape, carrying

off the angler's float, and a favorite fly. On the third day after this event a boy who was playing on the river about half a mile below the Falls, happened to see a cork darting hither and thither across the surface of the water, and immediately went in pursuit of the life-like piece of wood. After many twistings and turnings and a long row, he finally overtook it, and to his utter astonishment he landed in his boat a very handsome five pound Basse. He recognized the fly as the one commonly employed by our angler, to whom the fly, the float and the fish were promptly delivered by the honest boy.

Another and a similar incident was as follows:

Our angling friend had lost another float, by the obstinacy of another fish. About a week after the mishap a fisherman who had a "trot line" set across the river at Georgetown, for the purpose of taking cat fish, discovered a great splashing in the water near the middle of his line, and on hastening to the spot he had the pleasure of pulling up a very handsome twelve pound Basse. After faring sumptuously upon the fish, the fortunate individual took it into his head that the tackle belonged to the angler of the Falls, whereupon he delivered it to our friend, accompanied with a statement of the manner in which he made the discovery. The distance travelled by that fish, with a hook in his mouth, was four miles, and it was by the merest accident that his leading string had become entangled with the "trot line."

The angling ground at the Little Falls is annually rented by the proprietors to a couple of men named Joe Paine and Jim Collins, who are the presiding geniuses of the place, and have been such for upwards of twenty years. They pay a rent of seventy dollars per annum, and as they receive from fifty cents to five dollars from every angler who visits them, and as they are occasionally troubled with as many as thirty individuals per day, it may readily be imagined that their income is quite respectable. Some of Collins' friends allege that he has several thousand dollars stowed away in an old pocket book, which it is his intention to bequeath to a favorite nephew, he himself being a bachelor. The reputation of Jim Collins in this section of country is very extensive, and that this should be the case, is not at all strange, for he is a decided original. He is about fifty years of age, measures six feet five inches in height, and the offshoots from the four prongs of his body number *twenty four* instead of twenty as in ordinary mortals; I mean by this, that his fingers and toes number no less than twenty four. Notwithstanding this bountiful supply of fingers and toes, Jim Collins has a great antipathy to useful labor, and is as averse to walking as any other web-footed animal. Fishing and sleeping are his two principal employments; and that he is a judge of good whiskey, none of his acquaintance would have the hardihood to

doubt. The taking of small fish he considers a business beneath his dignity, and the consequence is that his tackle consists of a miniature bed cord, with a hook and cedar pole to match, and his bait a whole herring. He commonly fishes in a boat, and the dexterity with which he "*Kawallups*" the fish upon his lap is truly astonishing. But if you would see Jim Collins in his glory, wait until about the middle of a June afternoon, after he has pocketed some fifteen dollars, and he is sunning himself, with pipe in mouth, upon the rocks, absorbed in *fishy contemplations*. His appearance at such times is allied to that of a mammoth crane, watching (as he does his cockney brethren of the craft) the movements of a lot of half-fledged water birds.

During the fishing season he is generally actively employed, but the remainder of his time he spends about the Little Falls, as if his presence were indispensable to the safe passage of the waters of the Potomac through this narrow gorge. That Jim Collins should have met with many queer mishaps, during a residence of twenty years on the Potomac, may be readily imagined, but we believe, the most unique adventure of which he has ever been the victim, happened on this wise. The substance of the story is as follows:—

Our hero is a great lover of "sturgeon meat," and for many years past, it has been a habit with him, to fish for that huge leather mouthed monster, with a large cord and sharp gaffing hooks, sinking them to the bottom with a heavy weight and then dragging them across the bed of the stream; his sense of touch being so exquisite, that he can always tell the instant that his hooks have struck the body of a sturgeon, and when this occurs it is almost certain that the fish becomes a victim to the cruel art. In practising this mode of fishing, Jim Collins invariably occupies a boat alone, which he first anchors in the stream. On one occasion he had been fishing in this manner for a long time without success, and for the want of something more exciting, he had resorted more frequently than usual to his junk bottle. In process of time, however, he found the exercise of fishing decidedly a bore, but as he was determined not to give up the sport and at the same time was determined to enjoy a quiet nap, he tied the cord to his right arm, and lounged over on his back for the purpose of taking a snooze. There was an unusual calmness in the air and upon the neighbouring hills, and even the few anglers who were throwing the fly at the Falls, did so in the laziest manner imaginable. While matters were in this condition, a sudden splash broke the surrounding stillness, which was immediately followed by a deafening shout, for it was discovered that a sturgeon had pulled poor Collins out of his boat into the swift stream, and was in great danger of leading him off to the residence of *David Jones*. At one moment the fisherman seemed to have the upper hand, for he pulled upon

his rope, and swore loudly, sprawling about the water like a huge Devil Fish; but in another instant the poor fellow would suddenly disappear, and an occasional bubble rising to the surface of the stream, was all the evidence that the fellow was not quite drowned. This contest lasted for some fifteen minutes, and had not the sturgeon finally made his escape, Jim Collins would have been no more. As it happened, however, he finally reached the shore, about two hundred yards below the Falls, and as he sat upon a rock, quite as near the river Styx as he was to the Potomac, he lavished some heavy curses upon the escaped sturgeon, and insisted upon it, that the best hooks man ever made were now forever lost. Years have elapsed since this occurrence took place, and when the ancient Fisherman "hath his will," he recounts the story of this catastrophe, with as brilliant a fire in his eye, as that which distinguished the countenance of Coleridge's particular friend, the "Ancient Mariner."

Before closing this essay, it is "right and proper" that we should allude to the beautiful scenery that the angler will enjoy in going to and returning from the Little Falls. The entire region in fact, known by the name of Cooney, and comprehending some fifteen miles of the Potomac, is particularly picturesque, but is at the same time said to be the most barren and useless portion of Virginia. In visiting the Falls you have to pass over a kind of wooded and rocky interval, and by an exceedingly rough road, which is annually submerged by the spring freshets. The water here, sometimes rises to the height of fifty feet, and often makes a terrible display of its power; on one occasion the water came down the valley with such impetuosity that a certain wall, composed of rocks six or eight feet square, and united together with iron, was removed to a distance of many rods from its original position. To the stranger who may visit the Little Falls, we would say forget not on your return to Washington, the superb prospect which may be seen from the signal Tree on the Heights of Georgetown. From that point the eye comprehends at one glance, the church spires and elegant residences of Georgetown, the Metropolis of the land, with its capitol and numerous public buildings, and the more remote city of Alexandria, with a reach of the magnificent Potomac, extending a distance of at least thirty miles. The better time to look upon this prospect, is at the sunset hour, when the only sounds that fill the air are the shrieking of the swallows, and the faintly heard song of a lazy sailor far away upon the river, where perhaps a score or two of vessels are lying becalmed, while on the placid stream a retinue of crimson clouds are clearly and beautifully reflected. Scenes of more perfect loveliness are seldom found, save in the land of dreams.

AVALON.

Low in the mould lies Avalon
Over his dust on the lonely shore,
The viewless winds through the lofty pines
Sob and moan forevermore.

Avalon—O! Avalon—
In thy cold and sombre cell,
Down beneath the light of day
Sleepest thou well?

The Greybeard shakes his icy locks,
With a sad motion to and fro,
And down upon the silent tomb,
Settles a mass of whitest snow.

Ever from out the Hawthorne tree,
The gloomy Hawthorne robed in white,
The peering owl with vapor dim,
His sad note sends upon the night.

Ever the brown and shrunken leaves
That Autumn o'er that grave hath strewn,
Rise upward on 'chill winter's breath,
And rustle round the mossy stone
That bears upon its marble brow
The sand-traced name of Avalon.

The glowing touch of early Spring,
A damsel clad in softest green,
Lifts up the snowy bridal veil,
And all the charms of earth are seen.

Ever at morn and eventide,
A carpet of the rarest bloom
Gives to that grave its dewy tears,
And to the air its rich perfume.

The joyful bird weighs down the rush,
That springs from out his lily breast,
Or bends the poplar's silver leaves
That ever shake in deep unrest.

The wild vine from the hawthorne bough,
Droops sadly to the low dark stone,
And closely twines its loving arms
About the name of Avalon.

Softly steal the airs of heaven
Through the pines upon that shore,
Where is heard the sea gull's cry,
And the billow's moaning roar
O'er the mouldering prison house
Of Avalon most fair and pure.

E. C.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY GILBERT AINSLIE.

When I was twenty-four years of age, I finally abandoned all idea of leaving home to commence the study of the law in the great capital. The ambitious plans which I had formed at college yielded one by one to the enervating influence of idleness and seclusion. It was not that I had naturally any taste for rural life. But the circumstances, under which my retirement commenced, were well calculated to make me contented with my situation. And when, after the lapse of some years, the obstacle to my change of residence was removed by the death of my mother, I found that I was without inclination to enter upon professional life. The patrimony I inherited was indeed small, but it was sufficient for the support of my slender household. And after informing myself of this fact, I was content to veil my growing indolence under a notion of philosophy; pleasing my own fancy with the idea that I should find in literature, gardening and scientific pursuits, sufficient to occupy the abundance of my leisure.

I had experimented in this mode of passing my time for several months with tolerable success, when one morning a letter was brought me, as I sat by the fire in the library, enjoying the luxury of a late breakfast in November. It was from Frank Hastings, telling me that he was at last about fulfilling a promise made at college, and from time to time repeated, to pay me a visit at my own residence. He regretted that he would come to me an invalid, without the power of contributing much to my amusement. But as the season was advancing, which made in-door life agreeable, he hoped that his presence at the fireside would do something to dispel the sense of dreariness of which I frequently complained. His physician, he wrote me, had recommended that he should give up his professional life; and, feeling alone in the world, he had preferred to take advantage of my repeated invitations to share the comforts of an English home, rather than spend the season upon the continent. Although he was not to arrive until the evening, I felt instantly imbued with an unwonted spirit of activity. The table and lounge which, with the selfish spirit of bachelor monopoly, I had placed before the fire, were wheeled to one side. And to the corner opposite I drew up an old fashioned stuffed chair, that might well have soothed to slumber the weary limbs of a traveller even more shaken with sickness than I believed Frank Hastings to be.

Though two years older than myself, he had been my most intimate friend at college. His chambers were near my own, and the mutual interchange of

such good offices as neighborhood permits, in time drew us into companionship. Since our parting we had not met. His patrimony, at that time, had not been sufficient to meet even his simple wants; and he had been compelled to begin at once the close and assiduous study of the law. Fortunately for him, in the course of a few years the death of a distant relative gave him a competence. But, as he wrote me, he feared that the boon of fortune had been granted when he could no longer enjoy it. Indeed, the sad and dispirited tone in which he had written lately of the fading away of all the bright aspirations of his youth, made me fear that his melancholy tone was not without some foundation.

The wind of a gusty November afternoon was tossing the leaves upon the lawn wildly to and fro. As I drew back the curtain to look if I could see on the distant road any sign of the coming of my friend's carriage, they were whirled in my face by the eddies of the storm. The daylight waned: the candles threw their reflection upon the polished surface of the little table spread for tea; the curtains were closely drawn; huge logs of wood sent their shower of sparkles up the chimney; and Frank's chair and mine were wheeled into their respective corners. Old Dash, a good-natured, useless New Foundland dog, slept tranquilly upon the hearth-rug, with his nose thrust between the bars of the fender. And in the warmest corner, between my own chair and the wall, her head decently covered with her paws, peacefully slumbered a well-behaved, demure, tortoise-shell cat, that had for several years divided my leisure affections with master Dash.

As I rose for the twentieth time to place Frank's chair in a yet more comfortable position, a carriage drove rapidly to the door. When I reached the hall I found Frank, wrapped in his cloak, already half surrounded by the pieces of baggage that the servants had brought into the house. He soon joined me in the Library. I could scarcely disguise my astonishment when I beheld his altered figure. He had never been athletic, but yet when I parted from him he had the appearance of ruddy health. Now his figure was attenuated; his hands sallow; his cheeks pale and wan; and his hair thin and slightly gray. His eye alone was unchanged, or, if altered at all in expression, it had acquired an unnatural brightness. He was so enfeebled by his long journey that he sank back exhausted in the chair that I had prepared for him, not seeming able to make any reply to my anxious inquiries.

An hour's undisturbed rest in his easy chair and the potent influence of that despised but invigorating beverage—a cup of strong tea—restored him to his usual strength. Encouraged by his apparent cheerfulness and animation, I tried to banish those serious fears with which his appearance had at first inspired me. And finally in that delightful retros-

pect which none but college companions seem truly to enjoy, I fairly forgot the privations he had undergone, and the wasting sickness that seemed to have fallen upon his early years. His own cheek flushed and his eye brightened even more, when the amusements and occupations, the friends and companions of our college days, were, severally, recalled to remembrance. The stirring boat races,—the athletic exercises,—the cheerful breakfasts,—the gay midnight suppers,—were all talked over. And then, although we had been fellow-ramblers, each described to the other the lovely northern lakes, which, staff in hand, and knapsack strapped upon the back, we had visited years ago. The famous draught of ale that we had drank at the rude little inn at the foot of the hill,—the wet jackets that we gained by venturing out in a leaky boat,—our amusement at meeting with a cockney sore-footed and hunting for a *view*,—were all recounted and laughed over with boyish merriment.

And then came the interchange of intelligence respecting all whom we had known. This one, a woful loiterer, was now rising rapidly at the bar. Another idle scape-grace had taken orders in the Church. One young spendthrift had become a close merchant in the city. A busy meddling fellow, whom I well remembered, had been recently returned to Parliament—and was considered a rising politician. A fair-haired, gentle lad, whose sweetness of manner and almost feminine graces of figure had frequently attracted my notice at college, within the year had lost his life in India, while leading a forlorn-hope. Some were married, and had turned country squires. Some had died, stricken in early youth. Others perished through dissipation: and one, a young man of brilliant parts and great promise, in a fit of despondency, had fallen by his own hand.

No romance can seem more singular,—no history more varied,—no biography more impressive, than the narrative of the life of those who have been our college companions, even within the brief period of six years after separation. And where to the world, the characters of them, such as are seen every day, exhibit nothing extraordinary, the changes in thought, feeling and circumstances, which is presented to the eye with their early history, may well attract the deepest interest and curiosity. Before we had ended our long conversation, the hall clock had struck the hour of midnight; the embers in the fireplace had fallen apart and were turning to grey ashes; and the candles glimmered in the sockets. Roused by these appearances to the belief that I had already kept Frank longer than I should have done, from the repose which his exhausted condition required, I hurried his reluctant steps off to his apartment. And staying with him only long enough to stir the dying coals of his chamber fire, I wished him a happy rest in his new home and bade him good night.

I went to my own bed, but not to sleep. I now pulled an oar upon the river; now clambered the hill top, and looked down into the blue lake below me; now listened to the gay echoes of some roistering song; and again awoke from an unquiet doze to fancy that I heard speeches at the hustings—the noise of deadly battle,—or turned shuddering, as there seemed to break in upon the stillness of the night, the report of a solitary pistol, and the low smothered groan of a dying man. But one by one these reminiscences of our evening's conversation, wrought by fancy into a living drama, faded away; and I was left to the utter darkness and shadowless kingdom of a peaceful sleep.

When Frank and I met in the morning at a late breakfast, I was happy to find that he had not suffered from the unwonted fatigue of the day before, or from the excitement of our long conversation. And as the weather was cold, dreary and cheerless, with a heavy rain pattering against the window glass, I felt sure that in the repose of country life, and life moreover within doors, he would find that rest which his exhausted frame seemed so much to require. With our letters and papers, and an occasional renewal of the subjects that had occupied us the evening before, the day went happily by. And I was glad to see from the manner in which Frank adapted himself to all the little arrangements, which I had made for his comfort and convenience, that the old spirit of confidence in the reality of our mutual friendship still remained unshaken.

In a day or two the weather became more favorable. The clouds disappeared or melted into a thin gauze-like vapor, that in the early morning hung in masses about the horizon, and shot a silver veil far up the zenith. Through this the sun shone out mild and warm. The leaves that had already put on the thousand tints of autumn, seemed clothed with a softer beauty beneath the light of the mellow sunshine. And the air, although it did not come freighted with the breath of the early grass, or of the young flowers, was yet warm and genial as that of May. Knowing from my experience of the climate that this happy season would not long endure, I took advantage of its brief presence to show Frank those scenes, which, in our beautiful country, were esteemed most worthy of admiration, and to make him acquainted with such persons in our near neighborhood as would best contribute to alleviate the dullness of his winter's residence with me.

As we were returning one morning from our accustomed ride, I drew up my horse on a little knoll near the village church, and pointed out to him, some three hundred yards distant, a house which I wished him to visit with me on the morrow. His eye was at once attracted by its picturesque situation and appearance. The hills here spread out, enclosing between their gentle ascents, a shallow glen. Half way up this little valley, sheltered from

the winds of winter, stood the Rectory. In summer the leaves upon the many trees about it only showed rising above them the high topped roof and the twisted chimneys. But now, in the nakedness of the winter time, the crossing branches did not conceal the house. It was built of old-fashioned, narrow brick. The central building was double, and was one story and a half high. The wings turned their gable ends toward the road. From where we stood, we could see that the brick about the windows and door frame projected so as to resemble casings of stone. Little buttresses traversed the front of the main building, and served to support the projecting roof. A large rustic porch sheltered the door way. In the distance we could see flowers blooming in the windows. The lawn, carefully rolled and tended, appeared to retain some of the verdure of the departed summer. The smoke curled in the air from the chimney tops : and as the sunshine dappled the bark of the walnut and beech trees that stood about the dwelling, and glared in yellow light along the antique front and upon the roof-tiles, I thought, though I beheld it for the thousandth time, that my eye had never rested on a picture of more rural beauty.

Yet to me that simple dwelling had a beauty beyond the charm of hill and valley, of forest trees, of rolling greensward, or the bright sky that hung over all. It was the home of Henry Allen, the Rector of the parish : a man who, from his twenty-fifth year until his sixty-third, had, in the fear of God, watched over the little fold that time and chance had gathered around him. He had seen the infant grow up to manhood, and return in the vigor of his strength to the dust from whence he came. He had beheld the beautiful die, and shrivel into age—the heart of the proud made desolate, and the weak comforted in their afflictions. Yet from all,—from the babe prattling on the knee to the strong man in his agony,—from the lips of manhood, and from the trembling breath of age,—from the voice of beauty in its bloom and in its sad decline—had gone forth, from the commencement of his coming among them, blessings, and blessings only, upon the head of this tried minister of God.

Not a sorrow had ever visited the humblest hearth in that village, but the gentle voice, kind sympathy, and earnest consolation of Henry Allen served to alleviate the causes of distress. And no blessing ever shed its grateful influence upon one happy heart, without there coming with it to gladden its possession, a sense of the pleasure which the good minister took in the event. No man could have been more loved or more revered than he was. And I verily believe, that all who knew in what serenity his latter days had been passed, believed that the good old times of heavenly visitation were come again ; and that angels spread by night and day their sheltering wings over the silent valley where he dwelt. But there had been days of mourning

in that happy home. Two children had grown up in child-like beauty and innocence only to blight the rich promise of their youth by an early death. But severe as this misfortune was to one whose happiness had taken such deep root beside an humble hearth-stone, it was borne without a murmur. And as if in reward for their childless resignation, in the autumn of life, blossomed under their tender care one, in whom all the beauty and innocence of the departed seemed to live anew.

Mary Allen was now sixteen years of age. The love which all bore to her father would have opened to her the hearts of the villagers. But without the spell of the old man's name, there was in her own person and character sufficient to deserve all the affection that the kindest partiality could bestow. It was not that she was lovely ; although the common gaze rarely encountered a being more richly gifted with beauty. They who praised her seldom spoke of anything that belonged to her personal appearance. But the old loved to tell how, when their hearts were heavy with sorrow and their lives made burdensome with pain, sweet Mary Allen would come to their lonely fireside, and with her gentle hands and cheerful words fill all the house with pleasantness and peace. And when their own eyes, grown dim with age or weakened by disease, failed them in their attempts to read for themselves the truths of the Holy Word, the low sweet voice of Mary Allen was heard repeating the solemn lessons and consolations of the Gospel within their cottage halls, in accents that more resembled the teachings of a ministering angel, than the sounds of a human tongue.

The young too loved her. The wildest child on the village green hushed his shrill outcry when he saw her. The sounds of infant sorrow, the causes of childish distress, all vanished under her gentle influence. I have seen her, when weary of amusement the children scattered to and fro their plaything of an hour, gather the restless wanderers about her, and by such simple talk as children love to hear, or by some sweet story of another day beguile their attention and send them away at last smiling, happy, and contented. Upon the home of such age and of such youth, Frank and I looked awhile with admiring eyes : he pleased only with the appearance of tranquillity and with the elements of rural beauty that made up the picture before him ; and I pondering over the happy life and holy character of those who lived within the simple dwelling.

As it was yet early, he proposed that we should not delay our visit until the morrow, and so we at once took our way up the green lane that led from the high road to the Rectory. As we passed through the grounds immediately before the house, we perceived every where the marks of a taste elegant yet simple. The arrangement and choice of flowers, the sloping grassy banks, the root-seats

fixed beneath the spreading trees, where the student might rest and yet see spread out before him the beauty of the little valley, all served to show with what taste and refinement the simple charms of the place had been seized upon and improved.

Entering the house, we were shown into the Rector's Library, a large room upon the right of the hall, which in that small family was very often the common sitting-room. For the Rector used to say that he could never study so well as when he saw beside him the same kind face which had cheered him from his early manhood even unto his age. And as for Mary, her soft footstep and low whispers would never have disturbed the meditation of any one. It was even so that we found them. In his high-backed chair beside the fire, with his little reading table drawn toward him, upon which lay a huge folio volume, sat Henry Allen, the Rector of our parish. Time had indeed altered much a face said in its youth to have been eminently handsome. But although the cheeks were thin and the hair, no longer raven black, was scattered thinly over his head in locks of snowy whiteness, yet the brow was broad, high and even; the deep blue eyes still shone with a softened brightness; and around the lips there dwelt the same expression of contentment and inward tranquillity that had ever marked his benign countenance. His figure was large and, considering his years, still muscular. And his dress, which was a plain black, was every where faultlessly neat. Opposite to him sat Mrs. Allen, the partner of his few sorrows, and the companion of his long and happy pilgrimage. She too bore the traces of having possessed some beauty in early life. But time had dealt more hardly with her than with her husband. She had suffered much from sickness, and of this her attenuated figure bore painful testimony. But the same tranquil expression, which was the charm of her husband's appearance, also distinguished hers.

As the door of the Library opened, Mary was about handing to her father some book that he wanted from an upper shelf; and conscious only of my entrance, she went on with her search for another missing volume. To her father she seemed so much of a child, that he did not observe that Frank had not been presented to her. And as in the first few moments I was busy in answering his numerous inquiries, Frank had an opportunity of looking unnoticed at Mary Allen, as she stood poring over the title-page of a book, with her face half turned from him. It was not difficult to perceive his surprise, nor was his astonishment without a reason: for I had not prepared him for the vision of beauty that he was to see.

She was taller than most of her age, and her figure possessed an unusual symmetry. Her face was fair even to paleness; for though not delicate, her cheek wanted the ruddy bloom that makes all youth seem beautiful. But in her the natural pal-

lor of her face took nothing from its loveliness; for her forehead was smooth and broad; and the curls that clustered upon it in golden ringlets and fell apart, flowing in profusion over her shoulders, were of that color which best suited the delicate tint of the cheek they sheltered. Her brows were as accurately arched as though they had been touched with a pencil. Her eyes were of a hue and beauty that no painter's art could emulate. They were of a deep blue, and in their expression there was a holiness, candor, a depth of tenderness and love, that seemed only to belong to such meek eyes as haunt us in a dream.

Turning to give her father the book he wanted, she saw Frank. And as I presented him, with a smile the color upon her cheek heightened into a blush of surprise. But with her, perfect innocence and simplicity were in the place of that confidence which society bestows; and her low laugh soon rang out in pleasant unison with the gaiety of that happy household.

Frank Hastings and the old Rector were soon deep in conversation. They were both from the same part of the country, and the old gentleman took peculiar pleasure in making inquiries after all the names and families which he remembered to have known in his youth. Saving now and then one person, all of whom he asked had long slept in their graves. But his curiosity did not seem to end with their lives. He loved to hear of the fortunes of their children, although they had never met his eye. Luckily Frank had the memory of a genealogist: and I must say, that I heard with admiration his minute account of families to the third and fourth generations. But I could see that when he at times turned his looks in another direction, the eyes of the old man were fixed with an air of melancholy interest upon his pallid face and wasted figure. This interest was more particularly displayed when we rose to depart. With his own hands he raised the collar of Frank's coat, warning him that there was care required in encountering the chill evenings of a late November.

It was not my friend's habit to be very enthusiastic; but when we were once more around the fire in the Library, he could not forbear expressing his gratitude to me for showing him a woman of such exquisite loveliness. He looked with a sigh at his thin hands, and said that he supposed considerations of prudence must make him a prisoner many weeks during the coming season. Were it not for this, he declared that he would send for a full and particular account of every family whose history he had not been able to give the Rector, if it were for no other reason than to have a frequent excuse for helping Mary to find her father's books.

Within a few days the Rector called to see us. After telling me that I must come to the Rectory whenever I felt lonely, considering it as my own home, he turned to Frank and gave him a cordial

invitation to do likewise. He even, with a half satire, professed to believe that my sporting habits would be a reason for an invalid's wishing to amuse his deserted state now and then by seeking society elsewhere. Frank was not long in availing himself of this invitation. When the weather permitted he went every morning to the Rectory. And between finding for the Rector the quotations he needed in his studies, and helping Mrs. Allen to select and disentangle the thousand and one skeins of yarn with which her work-box was crowded, he soon appeared as much at home in the family, as he was at my own house. To Mary also he became a daily companion. He had great taste in music, and was an excellent performer upon the flute. And while she played upon the harpsichord and sang her father's favorite ballads, he sometimes accompanied her with his instrument, and sometimes joined his own voice in harmony with her wild woodland notes.

As I have already said, there was nothing like bashfulness or awkwardness in Mary's manner. Childlike in simplicity, she had yet a womanly dignity of demeanor and conversation. And although her spirits were full of gaiety, yet they never passed beyond that pleasant cheerfulness which exhilarates without exhausting. So that although there were ten years difference between Frank's age and her own; although she had passed the brief period of her own life in tranquil seclusion, and he in his own longer career had experienced the dissipations of college, and the more dangerous amusements of the world, the excitement of study and the trying conflict of professional life, yet he talked to Mary, and really seemed to feel as if her experience had in all things been equal to his own.

She evidently liked him. It would have been strange if she had not. Always gentle in his manner, to her his bearing was even yet more considerate and respectful, than I had ever known it. But although nature had endowed her with quick perceptions, and these had matured rapidly into the graces of a perfect woman beneath the steady care and discipline of her admirable parents, yet she could not but remain long unconscious of the real feelings created by her new association. But with Frank the case was different. I had observed that although gay and happy when with the family at the Rectory, he had of late seemed unusually dejected after remaining alone, or when left only with me.

One night, shortly after Christmas, when he had sat for near an hour silently and moodily, watching the flame eating its way slowly through a stick of wood, I joined in his observation: and when at last the log parted, and the fragments fell down upon the hearth, I desired to know, now that the catastrophe was over, if he intended to wait until the next one burned through also. He smiled a melancholy smile, and told me that although his thoughts

were indeed of a burning flame and rapid decay, they did not centre in the dust and cinders that he had so long watched. Holding out his hand to mine, he bade me put my finger on the wrist. I did so. The pulse was thread-like, but exceedingly rapid. His hand was dry and burning.

Without waiting for any comment he said to me that he could now no longer conceal from himself that his life was gradually yielding to the progress of a fatal disease. He was yet young, and he had entertained all those hopes of future usefulness and dignity, that lend their lustre to the paths of toil. He now felt that his labors, even if they were continued, could end in nothing; for, that long before that autumn in which he might put forth his hand and gather in the growth of a blooming spring and a golden summer, he would have sunk into the grave. But even in his own brief experience of life he had learned to set less store upon what were usually accounted the objects of worldly ambition, than was perhaps natural in so young a man. That he had seen his own growing indifference with a melancholy pleasure, because if he was to be compelled, by an untimely death, to leave this world and all its greatness, it lightened the sorrow of departure to feel that his heart did not vainly cling to those pursuits which it was not destined to follow.

"But now," he said, and while he spoke he buried his face between his hands, "now, while I seem standing even upon the threshold of the gate of death, life wears a presence dearer and more beautiful than ever adorned it even in the hopeful days of my early manhood. And although, as my lingering gaze dwells upon its beauty, it seems only to increase in grace and loveliness, uttering prophecies of happiness beyond all that it ever seemed destined to attain, yet I feel that the vision can never be realized. And thus, besides the stern encounter that I shall have to undergo with that enemy which must surely overcome me, I feel that I shall be haunted in the useless conflict, by beautiful regards, which must shake my courage, by letting me know how much I am about to lose forever."

He had mentioned no name, but well I knew what newer feeling had cost him this unavailing regret. And although I had scarcely ever felt able to convince myself that the friend of my early youth was indeed passing away, yet my fears had grown stronger of late than they had ever been; for I too had observed that his cheek was yet paler and his figure yet more attenuated than before. I sought with such words of hope as seemed most probable, to cheer his desponding spirit. But his grief was no fancy and no self-delusion. And shaking his head mournfully in reply to my proffered consolation, he silently rose from his place and left the room.

When we met on the following morning, his spirits seemed to have regained their ordinary cheer-

fulness. That day, contrary to his usual custom, he remained at home. And although, when the hour came at which he usually went to the Rectory, he seemed somewhat nervous and agitated, yet as the morning passed he recovered his tranquillity.

Perceiving that he had determined to lessen the frequency of his visits at the Rectory, I endeavored to add to his amusements at home. I could not but appreciate his spirit of self-denial. For although in the sincerity of his own convictions as to his approaching death, he rightly considered that his new attachment would render him less resigned than he would otherwise have been; yet I know that the knowledge of her affection and its tender offices would have soothed the hours of pain and sickness which he was then enduring, and would have tranquilized his spirit in its closing moments. But with an honest and manly fortitude, he thought of events beyond the limit of his own life. He felt that now he was perhaps only her companion and her friend; but that habits of close association might cause him to be more to her than this. And if in all the tenderness and docility of her nature, the strong shoots of her affection should hang and cluster about his declining life, what would be her fate when he was stricken down in the very first blossoming of her youth.

But these purposes, generous as they were, failed in their object. The next day was as mild and genial as had been the weather of the first week after Frank's arrival among us. As I threw up the Library window to catch the pleasant morning air, I saw the Rector's pony carriage driving up the avenue. Frank's absence on the day before had alarmed the old gentleman, and when he saw him apparently no worse in health than he had been when they last met, he insisted that the penalty of accompanying him at once to the Rectory should be paid for the anxiety which his remaining away had occasioned.

Frank looked embarrassed and hesitated to accept the invitation; but the kind old man would not listen to the refusal. As he rose to make the necessary arrangements for his departure, he actually tottered from extreme weakness. I ventured to remonstrate with him for leaving the hall when he was evidently so unwell; but the Rector playfully rebuked me for supposing that an invalid could not be better cared for in his family, than by the household of a bachelor.

He pressed me to accompany my friend, but I declined. Taken up with different occupations, the time wore away until the afternoon, when I was suddenly aroused by the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs on the avenue. Before I had time to inquire the reason of the unusual speed of the rider, the door opened and the Rector's servant hurried breathlessly in. He was the bearer of a line informing me that Frank had been taken suddenly ill, and desired to see me. The note added that

experienced surgeons had been sent for, and urged that I would make no delay in going to the Rectory.

I need not say that in the course of a few minutes I arrived at the house. Doctor Selwyn drove up at the same time, and we entered together. The Rector, pale and agitated, met us in the hall. He told us that Frank, near an hour before, while endeavoring to replace a large folio upon a shelf in the Library, had been suddenly attacked with a hemorrhage. The bleeding seemed to have stopped in a great degree; but that he was very much exhausted. Desiring us to follow him softly, he led the way into a room opposite the Library, where he said they had arranged a bed for my poor friend.

I shall never forget the scene which I then beheld. Stretched upon a couch lay poor Frank Hastings pale as death; his dress exhibiting many distressing traces of his sad condition. As I went towards him, he moved his livid lips without a sound, and smiled faintly in recognition of my coming. At his head stood Mrs. Allen, composed, careful, attentive; her long experience in works of charity having rendered her familiar with sickness and distress. Familiar, but not indifferent; for as she leaned over my poor friend, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, her eyes became suffused with tears, which, unknown even to herself, coursed in large drops down her cheek. She had sent Mary to obtain something for his use, previous to our entrance;—and, as I approached Frank, the gentle girl had just fulfilled her mission. The eyes of the poor sufferer turned from me to follow her movements. And if the sorrow of that beautiful being could have reconciled him to his melancholy condition, I am sure that what he saw would have borne full consolation to his heart. Her naturally pale cheek was of an ashen whiteness. Her very lips seemed bloodless from her agitation. Her dark blue eyes swam with tears. As she stood beside her mother, her hands were clasped together and slightly raised. And in her utter unconsciousness of the presence of all about her, save the unhappy being, who seemed to be dying as he lay, her lips moved in an audible prayer for his safety.

As the physician approached the bedside he whispered to Mrs. Allen, and she and Mary left the apartment. Poor Frank followed them with a fixed but languid gaze to the door-way, and then closed his eyes from sheer exhaustion. Doctor Selwyn spent some time in ascertaining his true condition, and in prescribing such remedies as would be most likely to check the direct consequences of the accident. As he left the apartment, he motioned to me that I should follow him. He was a man of great skill in his profession, but his familiarity with suffering had not blunted his natural feelings. And although the invalid was to him an entire stranger, the patience he exhibited, and the evident distress of all around, sensibly affected the good physician.

He told me that as I seemed to be the nearest

friend of the invalid, he felt it to be his duty to tell me his true opinion of the case. He said that Frank's condition was such that he could not possibly survive more than two or three weeks, and that he might die much sooner. Although shocked by this intelligence, I was not wholly unprepared for it, and I hastened to inquire how soon Frank could be removed to my own house, and with what safety. He said that he might, and probably would be greatly revived within a few days, if left undisturbed; but that any movement or excitement at that time would only tend to shorten a life already hastening to a rapid close. The Rector approached as this opinion was given. He at once exclaimed in a decided tone, that Frank should remain where he was during his indisposition, whether it ended fatally or not. And that as for me, he would give me a room beside that of my friend, in order that I might see that he was not neglected.

The old gentleman endeavored to say this in his usual hearty cheerful manner. But the tears were in his eyes, and his voice grew thick as he proceeded: and as he ended, he turned abruptly from us and hurried away to conceal his emotion. All that night I watched poor Frank through his feverish, uneasy slumbers. Once or twice he attempted to speak, but I begged him to be silent, and in a few words told him that he was to be left at the Rectory during his sickness, and that I would remain with him. I knew that in his anxious and unhappy state of feeling, this information would tranquilize him more than all the power of medicine; and so it was, for as the morning wore he sank into a light sleep.

The day was faintly dawning in the east, when I heard a tap at the door of the chamber. A tap so faint and gentle, that it did not break even the light slumber of the invalid. I noiselessly opened the door. It was Mary. With childlike anxiety and artlessness, but with a womanly tenderness and sympathy, she told me that she came even thus early to inquire after my friend. And when she heard that he at last slept tranquilly, she glided away with a happy smile, that made her once more seem like her cheerful self.

Three days more passed away. Frank's strength had so far returned, that he was able to talk for a few moments at distant intervals. He expressed a wish to be removed to the Hall. But the Doctor thought the step so injudicious, and the Rector forbade it in such absolute language, that I joined with them in persuading him to rest contentedly where he was. Many times a day the light step of Mary came to the door; and her whispered inquiries for the invalid often reached his ear. Whenever Frank heard the familiar sound, his face lightened with hope and expectation; but as her steps turned slowly away from the door, he seemed listless and unhappy.

Well knowing what those wishes were, which he

forbore to utter, I took an occasion to say to Mary one day in the Rector's presence, that I thought she might occasionally aid me in nursing our poor friend. She looked inquiringly at her father. And he, as though it had never occurred to him that her presence would in any way alleviate the painful circumstances of Frank's situation, smilingly told her that she might be in the sick room, whenever I would let her, if she did not disturb the rest of my patient. When her mother visited Frank shortly after, Mary accompanied her. I prepared him for her coming. And when I saw what happiness shone upon his pallid face as she entered the apartment, I felt that I had indeed administered to his mind a more grateful medicine, than science could prepare. He did not speak when Mary gave him her hand and inquired with a trembling voice as to his condition; but he fixed with swimming eyes a look of tender gratitude upon her face, that fully revealed his deep sense of her kindness in coming to see him. The poor child was evidently encouraged by his appearance. For although he was dreadfully emaciated, yet he did not present the same ghastly look, that had so much alarmed her when he was first taken ill. The slow fever that consumed him burned with a hectic glow upon his cheek. His lips were no longer livid, but of a bright red color, and his eyes shone with an unnaturally brilliant lustre.

I did not permit Mary to remain long with him on this occasion, for I felt that it was much better that he should become gradually accustomed to the excitement of her society. But her visits grew longer day by day. When the week was ending she sat almost constantly in his chamber. They spoke little together, for Doctor Selwyn forbade it. But now and then as her gentle hand smoothed his pillow, or prepared something to cool his fevered lips, I could hear him murmur to her faint expressions of his gratitude. In the deep anxiety with which she watched over him,—in the womanly gravity with which her character appeared more than ordinarily imbued—and in the tears that rolled involuntarily from her eyes despite her assumed cheerfulness, when she talked with me out of the invalid's sight,—all tended to convince me that the love of Frank Hastings, melancholy as it was in its history and character, was yet equalled by a feeling in her heart more prophetic even of coming sorrow than his own.

In the third week after the commencement of his illness, I came one morning to his bedside to inquire as usual, how he had slept. Before he answered me I observed a great change in his appearance. The flush was gone from his cheek and the color from his lips. Without a tremor in his voice he told me that he believed that he was at last dying. And he begged that he might as soon as possible see Dr. Selwyn, and know if it were the case. For he said that he had much to say which

he would not willingly have perished with him, but which, nevertheless, he would not utter until the links that bound him to the earth were about separating forever.

In a few moments Dr. Selwyn appeared, and in reply to Frank's look of solemn inquiry, he told him that he was indeed dying. My poor friend heard his doom without a murmur; and putting his hand in the Doctor's, he affectionately thanked him for his tenderness and care, and then begged me to let the Rector and his family know what was about to take place. I communicated to them the intelligence as gently as I could. But although it was not unexpected, yet it threw the family into deep distress. The sweetness of Frank's disposition, and his patience during his illness, had endeared him to the old man's heart. Mrs. Allen loved him as a son. Mary as she followed her agitated parents to the chamber where he lay, seemed more self-possessed than either; but there was in her face an expression of tearless sorrow, that showed her heart was too deeply shaken to find relief in outward signs of grief.

As they stood around his bedside, he requested to be raised upon pillows. And then in a voice firmer and stronger than I could have expected from his dying condition, he spoke to the Rector. He thanked him for having sheltered him in his last hours, with the care and affection of a parent, a kindness that he more deeply appreciated, because he had come among them a stranger.

"But," he said, and his voice for a moment choked with emotion, "it is perhaps as well that I should die now. I had intended to go down into my grave with my secret untold. But as it is, it seems ordered that I should not conceal those feelings, which made the hope of life long dear to my heart; and which, when that passed from me, served above all other things to soothe the sorrow of an early death. It cannot now do any one harm to say, Mary, how deeply I have loved you. It was, perhaps, little to give you the withering blossoms of a blighted spring. But all that my heart could offer was freely yours; and I had hoped, that if it pleased heaven to spare my young life, its ripper thoughts would have been worthy of a being as gentle and innocent. But now all these hasty prospects have passed away. Yet, while I am left to feel that the possession of your love is denied me by an early death, I trust that the recollection of my affection will abide with you through all time. And that although left upon the world without brother or parent, there are few who will remember me; I trust that so long as you shall live, my memory will be preserved. Not to weep over, with vain tears, but to be recalled, as a sister shall recall all that was dear and hallowed in the associations of her childhood with some loved brother, whom she can meet no more forever."

He ceased to speak and sank back upon the pil-

lows. As he spoke to her, Mary fell down by the bedside and covered her face with her hands. I could see the large tears trickling through her fingers. The old man laid his hand upon that of Frank and said in a voice of great solemnity—"My son, it has been decreed by one, the wisdom of whose judgment we may not question, that thou should'st early yield up thy life. But if it can lend any consolation to thy present feelings, believe that to no mortal hand would I as willingly have confided the trust of my daughter as to thine. And I feel that sorrowful as is her first experience of human life, it is better for her to remember the affection of one such as thou art, though he live not, than to expect all that the breathing world often yields to the human heart." He took his daughter's hand as she knelt and placed it in Frank's, "Seldom," said he, "has there been such a betrothal, the betrothal of the living with one about to die. But its recollection will be to my beloved child, as the presence of an angel, keeping her steadfast in that life of innocence and truth, which has made her seem beautiful to this departing soul."

Hand in hand they remained, while a long silence dwelt in the chamber. My poor friend struggled to speak, but his lips moved without a sound. He opened his eye languidly, and for a moment he seemed half unconscious of all about him, but as his gaze rested upon Mary's, he turned his face more toward her, and with a look long and earnest, as if all his departing energies were summoned to fix her image indelibly upon his remembrance, he gazed mournfully and steadfastly on her. A moment more, and the look changed to a smile, and his face was again turned from her,—and he was dead. Without a word—without a sob—Mary Allen rose up from where she knelt; and bending over him, who now could give no look of tenderness and recognition, she pressed her lips to his forehead, and then silently turned and left the chamber.

Within that house of mourning, there was no loud lamentation. The family moved to and fro noiselessly, but calmly. Even Mary, from day to day, took her accustomed place beside her father's chair in the library. Their grief seemed to be consecrated into a holy resignation. When the day came for the funeral, all the Rector's family followed poor Frank to the grave. There were a few in the church-yard beside ourselves. Mary's veil was closely drawn, so that I could not see with what feelings she looked down into the open grave, and heard the solemn words that consigned our beloved friend to the dust. I had frequently seen the Rector apparently more distressed than he was on this occasion. In other instances, he yielded to his feelings, and sympathized even to tears with those who wept over the burial of a departed relative. But in this case he seemed to feel the death of Frank as his own loss, and to consider that it

became him as an humble servant of God, to bear meekly and without a murmur, the withdrawal of his stay.

When the funeral was over, I returned home. I had in my possession a miniature of Frank, which he had sent me from London the year before. It was a striking likeness, and I valued it as almost the only memorial remaining to me of an intercourse that had lasted for many years, without a single interruption to our friendship. But I remembered that there was one whose claim upon his memory was holier than mine. I sent her his picture, and a lock of his hair which I had secured the day he died. None save her father and mother and myself knew of the singular relation which Mary Allen held to Frank Hastings. And when, therefore, it was observed that for many weeks after his death, she mingled in the society of the neighborhood even less frequently than before, her absence was attributed to the distressing influence that a death, under her father's roof, would be likely to exert. I was the only stranger whom she appeared always glad to see. She had grown thinner and paler, but her rare beauty remained undiminished. It was if possible even heightened by an expression of subdued sadness, which her countenance habitually wore. I never referred to what had passed, until she one day mentioned Frank's name. She begged that I would tell her all I knew of his past life. For she said with a melancholy smile, that she had been with him but a few days, although they seemed like years in her life-time. But yet she would feel as if she had dwelt yet longer with him, if I would tell her of all that had gone before. Whenever we met it was of him that she wished to hear. Of this theme she never wearied, and as it seemed to lighten the continuing burden of her sorrow, I did all that I could to make the memory of his past life a picture familiar to her heart.

As time went by, I thought that her manner would regain something of that gaiety which had marked her girlhood. But although she was not gloomy, yet I could see that the recollection of her sad betrothal was never absent from her mind. She still sat through the long days at her father's side; still smiled cheerfully when he spoke to her; and watched over him with silent love. The flowers in the garden,—her favorite birds,—all things that she had tended in a happier day, were still cared for with patient attention. But the careless fancy and sorrowless heart of the girl, were gone forever. She was yet more constant in her errands of mercy and charity than before. The home of poverty, the bed of sickness, and the house of mourning, were now her familiar haunts. And the murmured thanks that used to follow her happy face as she glided around the couch of suffering and the chamber of desolation, now deepened into

fervent blessings upon her paler, sadder, and yet more angelic countenance.

When I last saw her, more than a year had passed since Frank's death; her seclusion was then even deeper than it had been during the first few months after his loss. Although not eighteen, she seemed many years older. The sorrow of her heart was gradually wearing her life away. She was as calm and apparently as resigned as ever, but it needed only one look at her wasting frame, to know that she was maintaining an unequal struggle with her grief. But in nothing had her wonderful beauty altered. One expression of her dark blue eye was even more spiritual than it had been in the innocent, careless days of childhood, and the rich clusters of her sunny hair, seemed even more lovely when they were contrasted with the marble whiteness of her cheek.

I felt that she could not remain long on this earth. And it was, therefore, with no feeling of surprise that I heard two years after, when residing in this country, from my venerable friend, that he was childless. He said that she had gradually given way, perfectly resigned to her approaching fate, and seeming even happy in her knowledge that she must soon die. He told me that she lay buried beside him, whom she had loved better than life, and that he now waited patiently until the time should come, in which he could sleep beside his beloved children.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

"The sky was cloudless. the sun was in the West; but shining in his broadest beams; the whole space before me was flooded with his light; when as I gazed upon the Martyr, I saw a gleam issue from his upturned face; it increased to brightness, to strong radiance, to an intense lustre that made the sunlight utterly pale. A lofty joy, a look of supernal grandeur, a magnificent, yet ethereal beauty transformed the features of the old man into the likeness of the Sons of Immortality."

Croly's Salathiel.

I hear triumphant trumps above me ringing,
I see angelic pinions floating by—
And soft-toned voices sacred anthems singing,
In rapturous melody roll down the sky.

But 'mid them all, a tone of solemn sweetness,
Thrills through each fibre of my bursting heart,
And whispers to the entranced soul its meekness,
In that celestial choir to bear a part.

Oh, earth ! the ties that bind me here are failing,
 The night of grief and sin is almost past,
 And hope and Faith no more their glories veiling,
 Ope to my eyes the Port of Peace at last.

O'er the high mount of God life's morn is breaking,
 Bath'd in its light the spirit's wings unfold,
 From a long dream of gloom and dread awaking,
 Bursts on its view Heav'n's streets of 'pearly gold.'

I mark the ransom'd, earth's dark trials ended,
 Stand 'round the THRONE, a white-robed, glitt'ring throng'
 From the vast concourse countless voices blended,
 Swell in harmonious notes the conqueror's song.

There are the loved ones, whom I lost in sadness,
 Bearing victorious palms in bright array—
 No shade of care to blight their peaceful gladness,
 No clouds of gloom t'obscure the eternal day.

P. H. H.

Charleston, S. C. 1848.

LETTER FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1848.

The *Academy of Sciences*, the reports of whose proceedings used frequently to be of a character to find a welcome in the pages of the *Messenger*, has for several months past emitted almost nothing of general interest. The journals of the day have ceased to take any notice of its sittings. The fact is that the revolution of February, by the shock which it gave to industry, paralyzed invention and checked the spirit of discovery in matters connected with material improvement. When trade languishes, and enterprise withdraws its labors and its capital, the genius that invents, and takes the lead in progress, sleeps too. When confidence revives, and, as a consequence, commerce and manufactures resume their activity, we may again hope to witness the energetic and successful pursuit of knowledge which tends to their development. Of late the only sittings of the Academy at which anything occurred worth relating to you, have been those of the 29th ult., and of the 11th instant. Although the proceedings upon these occasions had little of a practical nature, they cannot but be of interest to most readers of a literary periodical. On the 29th ult., M. *Babinet*, a fellow member of the Institute, with M. *Leverrier*, and one of the most noted physical astronomers of France, made a communication respecting the planet, *Neptune*, which is usually called *Leverrier's planet*, the discovery of it having, as was supposed, been made by him from

theoretical deductions, the publication of which astonished and delighted the scientific world. What *Leverrier* had inferred from the action on other planets, of some body which ought to exist, was verified, at least so it was thought at the time, by actual vision. *Neptune* was actually discovered by other astronomers, and the glory of the learned theorist shone with most dazzling lustre. But alas, for the glory of *Leverrier*, the communication of M. *Babinet* was intended to show that *Neptune*, the planet discovered so à-propos, by the telescope of *Galle*, was not, after all, the planet that *Leverrier* was searching for in the retirement of his closet. It had been appropriated most unjustly—M. *Leverrier* must let it go—must take his collar off of *Neptune*, and claim him no longer. *Leverrier*, it was urged, had placed his planet at a distance from the sun equal to 36 times the limits of the terrestrial orbit: *Neptune's* position is 30 times these limits, making a difference of nearly 500,000,000 miles; *Leverrier* had assigned to his planet a volume equal to 38 times that of the earth: *Neptune* was only one-third of this size. *Leverrier* had stated the revolution of his planet round the sun to be performed in 217 years: *Neptune* performs its revolution in 164 years. "Thus," exclaims M. *Babinet*, "*Neptune* is clearly not the planet which M. *Leverrier* would find, and his theory so far as regards *Neptune* falls to the ground." M. *Babinet's* attack has found a smart echo in one Abbé *Moigno*, a writer of *feuilletons* for the *Presse* newspaper. *Leverrier* is very irascible. Moved, as well he might be, by this attempt to dispossess him of his planet, and provoked perhaps by the sharp barking of the Abbé, (the lion ought to have disregarded the gad-fly,) he writes an article for publication in the *Presse*. In the note to the editor, requesting its insertion, he says, "My answer is but an extract of the complete refutation of the assertions of M. *Babinet*, which I made yesterday, Monday, at a public sitting of the Academy of Sciences." The article of *Leverrier* is too long for translation to your pages, and perhaps is too abstruse to interest the majority of your readers, but I must extract from it a specimen or two of the spirit and bluntness with which he contradicts the positions of M. *Babinet*. I fear he will quite lose his dignity before the contest is over. He says,

"Is it true that the direction in which I placed *Neptune*, bears with it an enormous error, except for the epoch of the discovery by M. *Galle*, or for a very few years before and after? No! That is false!"

Again,

"Is it true that there are enormous errors in relation to its distance from the sun? No! That is false!"

Again,

"Is it true that the theoretic mass of *Neptune*, differs from the mass deduced by observation of the

satellite, to such an extent as to furnish an irresistible argument against the identity of the theoretic Neptune, with the observed Neptune? No! This is false!"

M. Leverrier follows each of these strong assertions by an array of arguments, which abler persons than myself must appreciate and value. Leverrier has also published an edition of his defence for general circulation. He there gives to the writers of the *Presse* and of the *National*, the following side-wipe, en passant.

"It is evident to all persons, that the feuilletonists of the *Presse* and *National* are nothing but instruments whose excuse is found in this Proverb: 'Every body must live.' Every one will pronounce with severity upon these *Bravi* of the pen, who would perfidiously assassinate a man in his scientific honor, without affording him the opportunity of self-defence."

I ought to add, in Leverrier's behalf, that the great majority of his brethren side with him in the contest: and that in the Academy of Sciences, when M. Babinet ventured to assert that "the identity of the planet, Neptune, with the theoretic planet, was no longer admitted by any body," MM. Biot, Cauchy, and Faye immediately declared themselves exceptions from this broad assertion.

But the caricaturists are not sparing Leverrier. What does a French caricaturist spare? He is represented in ridiculous attitude and with piteous face, his clothes all bedizzened with stars, crescents, and suns, as approaching Gen. Cavaignac and asking him if he has *suppressed* his planet? The General laughs, and tells him no! He has not suppressed it, but nobody can be sure of his star in times of revolution.

In the mean time, popular amusements in the streets, of the kind so much in vogue here since February, being now no more practicable under Cavaignac's provisional dictatorship, and that other resource, the clubs, which for three months completely carried the day against the theatres, being but moderately attractive under the severe rule now in force, the theatres have resumed their ancient éclat. The Italian opera opens next Tuesday for the season. The principal singers are already at their posts, and the New Director has at last followed the example of the other theatres, and established a considerable reduction of prices of admission.

Meyerbeer has arrived in Paris, and his new opera of "Le Prophete," is definitively to be produced at the French opera, where the rôles are already distributed.

Balzac is engaged writing a new rôle for Bouffé, an actor of Paris of extraordinary versatility of powers.

A new Comedy of *Scribe* has just been accepted at the French theatre; where M'dlle. *Rachel*, returned from her tour in the provinces, is about to

make her appearance in the new and trying character of Desdemona in the Moor of Venice. Alfred de Vigny's translation of this, one of the finest productions of the great English Dramatist, is to be revived for this occasion.

Last night, at the French opera, was given the 308th representation of "Robert le Diable."

Gen. Cavaignac, in order to encourage as much as possible all species of legitimate amusement, and keep the people from getting up 308 representations of the Revolution in Paris, is announced, with several members of his government, as having engaged boxes for the season at the Italian opera. The papers asserted too a few days ago, that he and other high functionaries had resolved to spend their whole salaries to the last franc in balls and *fetes*: in hope thereby to set examples which would be followed, imparting activity and life to several branches of industry peculiar to Paris, and which the events of the revolution have completely prostrated. In fact, all the papers have rung lately with accounts of several grand official entertainments.

There is quiet still in the political world here: but there are evident signs of a fermentation in progress, which will before many months cause another explosion. The sooner some military tyrant puts his rein and curb upon France, the better, I believe, for herself and the world. The elections just concluded rivet my conviction, that the French are unfit for self-government and the Republic impracticable.

The Napoleon excitement is rising again; occasioned by the re-election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his arrival in Paris to take his seat as a member of the National Assembly. His adherents are obtruding him upon the public notice in every possible form,—prints, newspapers, pamphlets, statuettes. Some of these are so bare-faced that Gen. Cavaignac has had to suppress them and arrest the authors. Louis Napoleon is, I think, destined to give the Republic much trouble. In a short speech, on the day of his entrance into the assembly, he pronounced his adhesion to the Republic, but in terms which, if compared with what he has formerly written, will appear not to be inconsistent with persistence in his ambitious projects.

W. W. M.

According to Lord Bolingbroke, Virgil preferred Livy and Tacitus to any Grecian historians. He founds this idea upon the celebrated lines commencing, "Excentent alii," &c. This is a singular blunder on his Lordship's part, for Virgil died before Livy had written his history, and before Tacitus was born.

Gilbert Wakefield in his edition of Pope, supposes the well-known "Song by a Person of Quality," to be a serious composition, and in a long commentary goes about to prove the whole a disgrace to its author.

IMPROMPTU STANZAS

TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

BY MRS. ————.

In the roseate morn of joyous years,
Ere darkling care, or sorrow's tears
Were on my cheek—when sunlight streamed
Across my joy-wreathed path, that gleamed
With starry Hope—when fragrant flowers,
Made an Elysium of Youth's bowers,
I had no wish to breathe, save one—
That Earthly joys were but begun.

When disappointment's first lone tear
Whisper'd me, care's storm-cloud was near,
I looked not up, but in the arms
Of mortals frail, from its alarms,
A refuge sought, and calmly smiled,
As Life's first looming tempest wild
Went muttering by. I looked up *then*
To see *Life's sunlight come again!*

But when—ah! when the winds of Fate
Swept shrieking by with envious hate
Of mortal bliss, and stole away
From Youth's sweet morn its fairest ray—
When Hope's bright petals strew'd the ground,
And Wo's grim spectres frown'd around,
Another wish my heart then bore—
Since Earth is false, 'twere better o'er!

Rash thought!—the darkest shade is past,
The heart's worst pang is o'er at last,
Life's sun is beaming warm and bright,
Emerging from cold sorrow's night—
*Sweet Hope—false Hope—*blooms fresh and fair,
Beguiling Youth's gay morn of care;
But ah! I've learned tho' free from sorrow
To-day, our hearts may bleed to-morrow!

Hope beckons on with smiling lip,
And Youth's glad pulse bids nature sip
From Pleasure's sparkling fountain fair,
While Life emits its sweetest glare;
And Earth's gay garden falsely smiles,
Wooing with its deceptive wiles;
But ah! I know 'mid brilliant flowers,
The Serpent lurks in rosy bowers.

And now since Life's First Dream is o'er,
And Earth's false face is loved no more—
Since earthly Hope's most brilliant wreath,
Will fade before the north wind's breath—
Since all below is false tho' fair,
I have a wish—an ardent prayer;
'Tis not of Love nor mortal Joy,
That Time's insatiate ills can cloy,

But 'tis—that *I may claim as mine*
A place within all hearts like thine,
For Heaven hath said, "the fervent prayer
Of a righteous man availeth there"—
And if I may but claim a part,
In th' aspirations of *thy* heart,
The joyful peal, beyond the tomb,
Will thrill—"come up, there yet is room!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The autumn leaves, that fall around us in the chill November, have ever suggested to man the mortality of his earthly being, and the poets of all ages, from the elegaic bards of Greece to our own Bryant, by an allusion to the decadence of nature, have typified the common end of humanity. We have our seasons, as the "beauteous sisterhood" of the flowers, and the dark winter of the tomb cometh to all. As the passing year, robing the earth with gay hues and nourishing with light and warmth the young blossoms, which it afterwards blights with its rude breath,

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!"

The recurrence of the autumnal season, while it brings to us these reflections, imposes upon us, at this time, the sad office of recording the death of two distinguished men, who were once among the number of the Messenger's contributors. Some weeks have elapsed since each of these sad events took place, and the daily press of the country has already referred in becoming terms to the character and high attainments of the departed. Yet it is incumbent on us, as literary journalists, to express our sense of their merits and of the great public loss, which the South has sustained in their decease.

We do not propose to write the obituary of the late HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER. That affecting task has been already worthily performed. But we desire to say that in his removal from the scene of his earthly labors, society, the commonwealth, the law, has lost a brilliant ornament. Of social qualities, the most endearing and remarkable, he had filled with honor the first offices of his native State, and illustrated the annals of her jurisprudence. And while he went down to the grave, the victim of a painful and lingering malady, attended with the sympathising regrets of his many personal friends, the public at large felt the loss of the jurist, whose ermine had, indeed, been laid aside for some years, but whose usefulness had been afterwards most signally displayed in the Lecture-Room of the University. As for us, who had received his instructions and enjoyed the elegant hospitality of his mansion, we could not but be most painfully impressed. As a literary man, Judge Tucker was deservedly esteemed, although he never aspired to the honors of the class, and indulged a gift of easy versification, only as a means of gilding the intercourse of the social circle. Hence his productions in rhyme were, for the most part, merely *vers de société*,—yet the Messenger con-

tains many articles from his pen, (both in prose and poetry,) that might well deserve a place among the best selections of American literature.

The name of the other person, whose death we lament, our readers have doubtless anticipated. DR. J. L. MARTIN, late *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Papal States, died a few weeks since at Rome. Of Dr. Martin's political life, at home and abroad, it becomes us not to speak. But it will not be denied to us to say that he was a most accomplished scholar and a writer of great vigor and refinement. The pages of the *Messenger* bear abundant testimony to his educated taste in letters, and the high estimation in which he was held at Paris, while discharging the duties of the Secretaryship of Legation at the French Court, furnishes the best evidence of the kindness of his nature and the courtesy of his manners. He has been cut off in the midst of his usefulness and we are called upon at once to imitate the virtues of his character and to deplore his untimely end.

Notices of New Works.

NEW BOOKS. Mr. G. P. Putnam has issued two handsome editions of the "Sketch Book," which we have looked over (not *overlooked*) with great pleasure; One a duodecimo, uniform with Knickerbocker's History of New York, and forming Vol. II of the New Series of Irving's Complete Works, the other an elegant octavo, with the best illustrations on wood, by Darley, printed on paper of the finest quality. Messrs Appleton & Co., among other novelties, have published "Ellen Middleton," a highly-wrought and entertaining fiction, by the author of "Grantley Manor." This work was one of the first, we believe, of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's romances, and did much to establish her reputation. The *Harpers*, unremitting in their efforts to please and instruct, have sent forth a good novel, with three heroines (!) entitled the "Three Sisters and Three Fortunes; or Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. Lewes, Esq.," and a capital edition of "Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates." They have also issued a work of great artistic excellence, in Lane's Illustrated Arabian Nights. But a recent announcement of this house heralds the appearance of the book, *par excellence*, of the age, Macaulay's History of England. We hazard nothing in the prediction that the first edition of this work will be exhausted in a week; indeed we do not doubt that it will find ten readers in America for one in Great Britain. The admirers of Macaulay (and who does not admire him?) are familiar with his *beau idéal* of history, as set forth in several of his best articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. From the following extract from the preface of the work, it will be seen that he has endeavored to exemplify this in his forthcoming volume. He says,

"I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people, as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful

and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect, even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts and public entertainments. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

THOUGHTS ON SLAVERY. Lowell: Daniel Bixby & Co. 1848.

We have received, from a highly esteemed friend in this State, a copy of the pamphlet, whose title is given above: and we propose now to devote some time to a consideration of the subject of which it treats.

Considering the *latitude*, in which this treatise was published, and the influences which surround the author, if he be (as we presume) a resident of Massachusetts, we must infer that he is at least a sincere and fearless advocate of the opinions which he advances. He maintains without flinching, upon scriptural precedent, the lawfulness, and the Christian morality of the institution of slavery, past and present. Commencing with the sentence of servitude, pronounced by Noah upon Ham and his descendants, he considers the existence of slavery, thus begun and continued to our own times, as warranted by the Divine Authority in its origin, and nowhere prohibited by subsequent revelations, Jewish or Christian. He quotes from the arguments of Dr. Channing and others, against the institution of slavery, derived from the sacred writings, and replies to them: with what success, we must leave to the decision of others, better qualified than we to judge of biblical and theological questions. To our minds, however, we confess that this is not a satisfactory method of discussing the subject. Without designing to detract in the slightest degree from the reverence, with which the Christian world regards the Old and New Testaments, it is obvious, that *all* the institutions of the Hebrews were not intended to be equally sacred and permanent, nor were *all* their acts meant to be set up as models of imitation. On the contrary, they are sometimes expressly denounced and punished, for having departed from the paths of righteousness. In other places, events are narrated, without any intimation, either of approbation or censure. And, consequently, wherever it does not manifestly appear, that their laws and customs were stamped with the authority of God, as commands to be observed through all ages, we are at liberty to examine them, in their application to ourselves and our circumstances, by the aid of such other lights as have been vouchsafed to us by his bounty. This principle has been recognized and acted upon, by the purest and best, as well as the most faithful and orthodox, of Christian divines. Not to mention the thousand requirements of the Mosaic law, sacerdotal and municipal, which are now a dead letter in Christian countries, we need only point to the Christian Sabbath, and the law of Marriage. In the first instance, the simple usage of the disciples of Christ is regarded as sufficient, to justify the non-observance of the seventh day, although expressly enjoined in the decalogue. Though the *seventh* day is there sanctified by a law, of which all the other provisions are clearly of *perpetual force*, yet few Christians doubt the propriety of observing at present the *first* day of the week, in lieu of that, which was originally set apart for rest and worship. By the Mosaic law it was the imperative duty of a man, to marry his brother's widow, and provide a succession for his inheritance. The neglect of this duty was, in one case at least, signally punished. Yet, by many Christian sects, such an union is now-a-days, point-

edly disapproved as "*contra bonos mores*;" and by the laws of many Christian governments it is positively forbidden. Nay, our author himself acknowledges the law of divorce, as having been allowed to the Jews, only on account of the *hardness of their hearts*: and in the same category he is disposed to include polygamy, while he admits that the Scriptures are silent as to its being in harmony, or in conflict, with the Divine will. But all Christians (even the Catholics, by way of dispensation) allow of divorces, either by ecclesiastical or municipal laws, whether out of tenderness to the hard hearts of the people, does not appear: and no sect of Christians would for a moment entertain a question as to the lawfulness of polygamy.

For these reasons, therefore, we differ with the author of this pamphlet, in his position, that slavery is to be justified or condemned, according to the result of the controversy between himself, and those whose arguments he is combating. Our own opinions have been formed upon what we conceive to be broader and safer grounds: not upon labored and doubtful interpretations, which the theologian alone can appreciate, but upon the great fundamental truths of the Christian system, which he who runs may read.

We do not propose to argue this matter, however, in any shape. We know, that in the ferment of the unhappy disputes, which have for many years agitated the peace of the Union, every shade of sentiment has risen to the surface, and glittered before the public eye. We know that convictions, once so well settled, that no tongue challenged their soundness, from any quarter, have been, in many minds, overthrown and demolished by the fury of debate; and a large proportion of our people, South and North, have receded, in opposite directions, from the ground they were wont to occupy in common, and taken up positions, equally distant from the field, on which they had formerly stricken hands, in concord and amity.

For our own part, we abide by the deserted treaty ground—by the ashes of the council-fire. We are content to stand, where once stood Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and the other great statesmen of Virginia, of their day; and where they were met by the illustrious patriots of the Middle and Northern States, who had borne with them the toils and burdens of the Revolution. We are satisfied to think as they thought—to follow the example which they set—to adhere to the compromises which they approved; and we trust that we shall yet see our countrymen, the present excitement allayed and silenced, united once more upon a "platform," better founded in wisdom and justice, than the structures since erected by misguided zeal or exasperated feeling.

We concede, then, in the outset, that slavery, in its inception, is a wrong inflicted by one portion of mankind upon another. We hold, that if the question were presented, whether a people now free, either white or black, should be reduced into servitude by another people, it would be prohibited alike by the precepts of Christianity, and the dictates of sound morals. We believe further, that it is detrimental to the interests of the community where it exists, and retards our development and growth. And whatever advantages it may be supposed to confer, in other respects, we do not think them an equivalent for the evils which it occasions. We applaud the action of the General Government in prohibiting the African slave trade, and punishing as pirates, those who engage in its prosecution. We honor the Colonization Society for their laudable, and not unsuccessful efforts, to provide an abode for civilized blacks, which bids fair, under the providence of God, to become a blessing to benighted Africa, as well as to our own favored and beloved land.

But we maintain, that the duty of abolishing this insti-

tution does not necessarily follow from these premises. It is intimately associated and interwoven with our laws, our political relations, and our social interests. It has descended to us, through so many generations, that it is closely, if not vitally, connected, with every fibre of our social system. The condition of the slave population, of itself furnishes a strong argument against precipitate change. For they are not fitted, either by education, by habit, by natural intelligence, or by acquired knowledge, for the rational and wholesome enjoyment of freedom. They are, taking them in the mass, equally incapable of providing for their individual wants, and of exercising the rights of citizens. Dependent from their birth upon the care and kindness of a master, to abandon them to their own resources, would be to consign them directly to want, misery, and crime. Ignorant of almost every thing necessary for the discharge of social and civil duties, they would carry destruction into all the concerns of the body politic, as the foxes of Samson bore the firebrands among the standing corn. It is hard to say, whether the consequences of immediate emancipation would be more pernicious, to the master, or to the slave.

So far we are discussing this question, as slaveholders addressing ourselves to slaveholders. We treat these topics as they were treated in our local legislatures and our domestic councils, before the fanaticism of the North awakened a spirit of resistance in the South, to what we have always deemed an unjust and unwise interference in affairs peculiarly our own. Whatever it may be proper and necessary for us to do: whether we are bound by the law of morals to apply any remedy at all—and if so, what that remedy shall be—are problems, the solution of which rests exclusively with ourselves. Nor have the confederate States, or the people thereof, any more right, either by physical or moral means, to compel us to this task, than they would have to assume a similar control over the domestic policy of any nation in Europe.

The colonies, without regard to such differences in their respective institutions, united in the struggle for their common independence of British rule. A slaveholder was chosen to lead their armies, and fight their battles. When, by the favor of heaven, he had been enabled to conduct the war to a glorious and happy issue, and when experience had proved the necessity of a closer union between the States, our Federal Constitution was formed upon the same basis of the inviolability of local institutions. Nay, the apportionment of representation was made with a particular regard to this difference, and slaves, considered as persons, were entitled to a representation, in the proportion of three to five. Provision was made by law for their restoration, whenever they might escape from their masters, to seek a refuge in the non-slaveholding States. The same slaveholder, who had achieved their independence by arms, was selected by the unanimous voice of the nation to guide their destinies in peace. The offices of the government were filled by men from every section of the Republic, irrespective of distinctions derived from the existence of slavery: and, for more than forty years, no voice was raised to question the wisdom, the justice, the morality, or the binding obligation, of the great national compact.

We insist upon the principles of this all-important compromise. We believe its preservation of vital consequence to the stability and integrity of the Union—as we believe the continuance of that Union indispensable to the peace, the prosperity, the strength, and the true glory, of the States which compose it. We will not abandon the hope that our fellow-citizens, South and North, will yet dismiss from their hearts the bitter jealousy which has alienated large portions of them from one another, and renew once more those relations of friendship and forbear-

ance, to which we owe all that we have hitherto enjoyed of safety and happiness.

We take this occasion to notice a charge, which has appeared against the Messenger, during the present year, in Blackwood's Magazine. "The Southern Literary Messenger," says Maga, (see No. for Jan. 1848,) "was established to write up the 'peculiar institution,' and therefore only suited to and intended for the Southern market." Perhaps to many of our readers at the South, the avowal of such a design might recommend our labors. But it is due to candor as well as to the real aims of our predecessors, to deny this statement. We do so emphatically. We declare, what is well known to all familiar with its history, that this magazine was intended to be, what it professes to be, a literary periodical. And so far from its being "only intended for the Southern market," it has always had, and has at this day, a considerable circulation in the Northern States. It is true that the Messenger has presented articles in defence of the institution of slavery, both from the editor and its corps of contributors. And it is equally certain that, whenever Southern rights may be assailed, from whatever quarter, it will be prompt to ward off the blows of the assailants. We should be recreant indeed to the trust confided to us and to our own duty, could we hesitate a moment as to our course in such an emergency. Ten years ago, in an address to the friends and subscribers of the Messenger, the editor said—

"Utterly indisposed as we are, and entirely impolitic as it would be, to mingle in political strife, there are some questions touching our national existence and union which occasionally force themselves upon our pages, in spite of ourselves. On these questions there is no division of party, no difference of opinion, in a large portion of this great confederacy—and we may, with truth add, that the most virtuous and enlightened of the whole nation concur in the propriety of arresting that fanatical spirit which threatens to involve us in the horrors of servile war, and the miseries of disunion."

Such were the sentiments of the founder of the work and such are our own. They clearly establish that while ready to defend Southern institutions at all times, the Messenger has never recognized as its leading object the task of "writing up" the "peculiar institution."

Were we ambitious enough, (as we are not,) to try conclusions with the veteran editors and contributors of Blackwood, we might find topics for recrimination. We might arraign that magazine, as the uncompromising enemy of freedom, in an integral part of the British dominions. Its violent opposition to Catholic emancipation—its unsparing use of every weapon, from dignified argument down to the coarsest ribaldry, by which the cause of equal rights in Ireland might be ridiculed and crushed—these, and many other features of its character and conduct, that must readily occur to its readers, offer vulnerable and inviting points of attack, in the position of these officious advocates of liberty, every where, *except in monarchical governments*. But we have no inclination for warfare of this sort. We leave it to the journalists of Blackwood, whose superiority in such contests we acknowledge, without envy and without regret.

AN ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES IN THE WEST, until 1519, and of Voyages to and along the Atlantic Coast of North America, from 1520 to 1573. Prepared for the "Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society." By Conway Robinson, Chairman of its Executive Committee, and Published by the Society. Richmond: Printed by Shepherd & Colin. 1848.

We are a little proud of this handsome volume, as the

first contribution to American Annals, from the Virginia Historical Society, under its new organization. While New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey, have been sending forth their excellent octavos, and our sister States of the South, Georgia and Louisiana, have been active co-laborers in the field of historic investigation, Virginia has hitherto added no sheaf to the gleanings,—Virginia, whose fertility of events has been so remarkable and from whom the rest of the Union might reasonably expect such valuable exertions. The present volume is indeed a worthy beginning of the labors of the Historical Society, and furnishes a gratifying earnest of what it will hereafter accomplish.

But this work has far higher claims upon public attention, than simply as the offshoot of the Virginia branch of research. It is national in its character and will take rank, we think, with the stately narratives of our most esteemed historians. The author, Mr. Robinson, has long enjoyed a high reputation at the bar; and as a writer of law books and Reporter to the Court of Appeals, has been most deservedly commended. In his new character, as the compiler of history, he is likely to win even higher encomiums. His style is singularly pure and vigorous, free from mannerisms and affectation. It is a fact that speaks largely for the industry of Mr. Robinson, that this work was prepared, while he was associated with Mr. Patton in the important and responsible duty of revising the Criminal and Civil Code.

Of the contents of the volume, we cannot attempt, in this place, to give even a synopsis. In the limits assigned us, we could not do justice to the subject, and we must therefore defer its consideration to a more extended review. Perhaps the most remarkable portion of it, however, is found in the letter of Mr. Robert Greenhow, touching the discovery of Chesapeake Bay by Europeans, long before Captaine John Smith was "strucke into the wrist of his arme neare an inch and a halfe" by the *stingray* fish, near the mouth of the "riuor of *Rapahanock*."

We cannot too highly commend the typography of this volume, which, like all the publications of our townsmen, Shepherd and Colin, is exceedingly clear and beautiful.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION.

By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A., Rector of Lyndon, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Carefully Revised and Corrected, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M.

GREEK READING BOOK. By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A. With Notes and Additions, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.

We are rejoiced to see American republications of these excellent works, the second of which has already reached its fifth edition in this country. They were originally prepared by one, who, in talent, learning, and piety, deservedly occupied the very front rank, in England, and whose object in their publication, as may well be inferred from his standing, was neither a mere display of his own learning, nor the filling of his own purse. He doubtless had a far higher aim in the advancement of that classical learning, which he so much loved. He brought a powerful and discriminating intellect, ardent enthusiasm, and great experience to a task apparently so simple, yet uninviting to most men of genius, and seems to have executed it in a manner worthy of his reputation.

The use of his books among us, will, we trust, form a new era in the study of the ancient languages. Within a few years, various editions of classical authors, and of Greek and Latin Exercises, have been put forth in the United States; but we have not examined any thing of the same kind equal to that on "Latin Prose Composition."

In plan, indeed, it comes up to our beau ideal, and the execution appears to be admirable.

It contains what we have not observed in any small work of the sort, a brief yet lucid distinction of synonymes, an addition not only highly valuable to the student of Latin, but, what is perhaps more important, conducive to the formation of a general habit of nice verbal discrimination.

It also carefully points out the differences between the Latin and English idiom, thereby encouraging another most valuable habit in the student of language, and impressing on the memory the results of such a comparison between these two languages. The author besides directs attention, by what he styles cautions, to nice points of Latin construction which might otherwise escape observation, and instils them thoroughly into the mind by reiterated examples.

He has, as he himself states in the introduction to his Greek Prose Composition, imitated Ollendorf's German exercises, in which *Imitation* and *Repetition* are relied on as the cardinal principles of successful instruction.

The Latin words are not put together in their proper order, as in most books of exercises, but separately in a vocabulary, accompanied by such rules of concord, government, and arrangement, as will enable the student to combine them for himself. This we greatly prefer to the old mode of confining the exertions of the pupil with the words arranged before him, to simple inflexion and observation of the rules of syntax. The improved method compels him to study, in sentences of gradually increasing length and difficulty, that Latin arrangement, which, apparently left to mere caprice, is really governed by a profound rhetoric, in adapting language to the passions, the imagination, the ear, and the intellect. We may remark in passing, that Arnold's rules on this subject are peculiarly brief, clear, and satisfactory.

The necessity of finding each word with its meaning, before combining it with others, to which this plan subjects the learner, also gives him a much more accurate and ready command of the Latin vocabulary.

From a slighter examination of the Greek Prose Composition, we discover that it is in the main on the same plan. But it wants the synonymes, and rules of arrangement, deficiencies common indeed to our Greek exercises, but which certainly ought to be supplied. It does not appear so complete in any point.

The Greek Reading Book, has a valuable introduction, the substance of a Treatise on the Greek particles, and copious notes which seem to be well planned. Of the notes the American Editor says: "They are fullest on the introductory exercises, on the *forms* and *idioms* of the language, *where indeed they are most needed*; and considerably less so on the selections from Greek authors, where it may reasonably be expected, the student will be able to master the principal difficulties by *his own individual exertions*."

Some injudicious annotators make "these individual exertions" consist in committing to memory a free translation of nearly the whole text, and groping, amid a confused mass of notes, lengthened rather to increase the *size and price* of their volumes, than the knowledge of the student, for such explanations, as are really needful and satisfactory. Such editions may aid *teachers* who can select; but they must injure *learners*, on the one hand encouraging idleness by ready-made translations, and on the other discouraging investigation by tediousness.

Dr. Arnold's books seem to be free from these objections. His remarks, unencumbered by useless lumber, really enlighten and aid the student, while his plan necessitates constant effort, and makes each successive portion depend, as in mathematical demonstration, on the preceding. All labor-saving machines would be pernicious, if they encouraged men in idleness; they are valuable, because they give time for doing more.

So Dr. Arnold's books are not meant to supersede labor in either teachers or those taught, but to direct their efforts, and make them efficient. They cannot be *substitutes* for teachers, but only, if we may so express it, their *supplements*.

We have not seen the English editions, but believe that Mr. Spencer deserves the thanks and encouragement of American instructors, few of whom we opine, can see these books, especially that on Latin Prose Composition, without a conscious improvement in their own scholarship. We are pleased to observe that Dr. Arnold's work on Latin particles, will soon be published by Mr. Spencer. It will be what has been long felt, as a desideratum in the study of the language.

THE AMERICAN FEMALE POETS: With Biographical and Critical Notices. By CAROLINE MAY. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1848.

This elegant volume comes to us in costly raiment, a pleasant presage of the holidays! As such, and for its intrinsic merits, we hail it with delight, and bespeak for it a gracious reception, not only by that select society of lady poets (or *poetesses*,) whose verses it enshrines, but in the boudoir of every beauty, who has caught occasional glimpses of the radiant summit of Parnassus and held sweet communion with Calliope. If one copy is purchased by each of the class, the volume will find as large a circulation as the enterprising publishers, in their most sanguine moments, could desire. Indeed, it well deserves a large sale, for the beautiful style of the work, with its sweet portrait of Mrs. Osgood and its fair printing, is highly creditable to the American press.

With regard to its contents, we need say little, and that little in no spirit of critical reflection. The proverbial deference paid to the sex by the American public, especially in the Southern States, will quite disarm the reviewers of all weapons of attack, if salient points should be discovered, and Miss May, we are sure, will meet with nothing but kind words of commendation for her grateful labors. The Biographical Sketches she has prepared are full of interest, and we are disposed to think that her selections have been exceedingly judicious. We cannot quite account for the omission of some names, which we certainly expected to see in her collection, those for instance of Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Conner, (formerly Miss Barnes.) We could wish for a few pages of their rhyming, that we might pronounce the volume quite *comme il faut*.

It may be found at the bookstore of Drinker & Morris.

THE GAMBLER; or the Policeman's Story. By CHARLES BURDETT, Author of the "Convict's Child," "Lilla Hart," "Mary Grover, or the Trusting Wife," &c., &c. New York: Baker & Scribner, 145 Nassau street and 36 Park Row. 1848.

This is one of the most thrilling and life-like narratives, we ever remember to have read. As its title indicates, it gives the history of a gambler from his *first false step* until finally he involves himself and his family in ruin, desolation

and despair. The scene of the narrative is laid in the city of New York, its principal character was once a thriving merchant of that city, and the author states in his preface that it is "entirely and substantially true" as he derived it from a Policeman, whose representations are worthy of all credit. But whether it be founded on fact, or be pure fiction, certain it is, the author has traced with the truth of nature all the horrors of the gaming table and the downward career of its deluded victims. Commencing with being led astray by a *decoy duck* in the guise of a gentleman, we see the hero spending the greater part of the night at the faro-bank and losing a large sum,—then returning home to relieve the anxiety of his almost distracted wife with a *foul lie*—again revisiting the hell, time after time, to *retrieve his losses*, until he becomes a bankrupt, a thief, a burglar, a drunkard and outcast from society and his family—then restored temporarily to his domestic abode and to virtue, only to yield again to temptation and sink deeper in infamy than before—and finally as the wretched maniac in the Asylum, whither he is followed by his wife, while one of his sons is an inmate of the Penitentiary and the other fast becoming a fit subject for it. 'Tis a sad story, but one we fear too often realized in real life. We commend this little volume to the attention of *the young especially*, nor should it be *neglected altogether* by those more advanced in life, for in the language of Scripture, (which the author has adopted as the motto of his volume.) "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

THE LITERARY WORLD. A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science and Art. New York.

Since the appearance of our last number, the Literary World has passed into the hands of Messrs Evert A. and George L. Duychinck, the former of whom was its first editor and proprietor. In the number for the 7th October, Mr. Hoffman takes leave of its patrons in a most graceful valedictory, and the Messrs Duychinck salute them with words of kindly greeting. We have always regarded the "Literary World" as a work, having peculiar claims upon the patronage of the entire country,—an organ of just and independent criticism, in an age of frivolous and unsatisfying publications—a model of excellence in style, amid the multiplicity of bad *brochures*, which the Northern press is daily sending forth. It is no disparagement to the labors of Mr. Hoffman, (whom as a man and a poet we highly esteem,) to say that in *general interest* the paper has decidedly improved since the accession of the Messrs. Duychinck, for this improvement is, to a great extent, attributable to Mr. Hoffman himself, who writes equally well, and much more agreeably, as a *sketcher* than as a critic. Mr. E. A. Duychinck is well known for accurate thinking and a happy manner. In the recent numbers of the Literary World, he exhibits in the arrangement and variety of the materials, that rare faculty of *good taste*, which lends as much to the charm of a gazette, as to that of a *reunion* or a dinner.

THE IMAGE OF HIS FATHER, or a Tale of a Young Monkey. New York. Harper & Brothers.

When we took up this book, we anticipated, from its title, a great deal of amusement, and verily we have not been disappointed. The plot, although an intricate one, is well sustained and the characters for the most part are well drawn—protesting, as we do, at the same time, that the representative of the *legal profession* is by no means an enviable or just one. "The Young Monkey" is evidently an *original* and some of his tricks are inexpressibly ludicrous

and amusing. Our lady friends too will find in the character of Mrs. Farquhar, in addition to the usual amount of *female admiration for military glory*, a bright example of an obedient and *useful wife*—carrying her usefulness so far as to *feed* her husband with her own hands, although he seems to be apprehensive that she will lose "the energies with which Providence has endowed her" so far, as to be "too lazy" even for that. The leading incident is the substitution, by the schoolmaster and lawyer, of one boy for another, who had been sent from India to England by his parents to be educated, and who in a spirit of independence and in avoidance of Dr. Vyse's *tender appliance* of the birch, had long since absconded, and was nowhere to be found, when his parents returned home to reclaim him; and the author has traced in a true vein of satire the marvellous discovery which the parents make, that the substituted boy is "the image of his father." If any of our readers are afflicted with the *blues* or likely to become so, we recommend to them as a most effectual remedy, or preventive, to go and purchase "The Image of his Father, or a Tale of a Young Monkey."

For sale by Drinker & Morris.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE: With Conversations at the end of each chapter. By Mrs. Markham, prepared for the use of Schools, &c. By Joseph Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are disposed to regard with favor any elementary work, to which Mr. Abbott lends the sanction of his name. We have examined the present volume with some attention, and we are disposed to think it well deserves the commendations, which Mr. Abbott has given it in his Preface. The entire history of France, from the earliest period to the flight of Louis Philippe, has been condensed into a single volume, for the use of the "rising generation," and the manner of the volume is well calculated to please the somewhat fastidious taste of these young people. The book has many wood cuts judiciously interspersed, which will serve an useful purpose, we think, in fastening events and personages upon the memory.

HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The story of the lovely but unfortunate Mary, so full of sad and moving incidents, will never tire, and here we have it in brave red binding and gold title, with famous embellishments and beautiful typography. But that is not all. The narrative is skilfully managed, and the facts are set forth with scrupulous accuracy. The book is therefore at once useful and entertaining, and deserves a large sale. We recollect an account of Mary's apartments at Holyrood, and a description of Loch Leven Castle, given by the author in a previous volume, entitled "A Summer in Scotland," which account he has expanded in this work and rendered even more interesting.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for October, has been received; the American publishers having become exceedingly prompt, since their new arrangement with the English proprietors of the work. This number is a very good one, and we have read it with great interest, yet not without some choleric feelings, occasioned by the exulting paper on the failure of the French Republic and the abortive efforts of Ireland at civil and religious freedom.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1848.

NO. 12.

EARLY VOYAGES TO AMERICA.*

We learn from the modest and unassuming preface to the work before us, that upon the revival of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, in December 1847, the report of the Executive Committee, announced as a part of their plan, their intention "to publish, in chronological order, whatever matter relating to our history, it might deem worthy of publication": that "in preparing the matter for the press a careful examination would be made not only of Smith, Beverley, Stith, Burk and other books with which a Virginian is familiar, but of other works hitherto not accessible in this state": that it would be "a leading object to prepare the matter with such fullness that in each volume, published by the Society, may be found all that is of value in the period of our history embraced by it, while at the same time it would be attempted to make the volumes less repulsive to the general reader than collections of Historical Societies usually are." It was added "that the plan of preparing the matter in the order of time would conduce to this, and entitle the volumes to the name which would be given them of 'Annals of Virginia.'"

The important task of commencing the execution of this plan of the Committee was fortunately confided to their chairman, whose reputation for indomitable perseverance in the investigation of facts and for clear and discriminating judgment, are not confined to the limits of his own State, and furnished a guarantee for the fidelity and ability with which the duty, undertaken by him, would be performed. The Committee, as we learn, had not in the first instance expected Mr. Robinson to do more than to prepare a volume of such a character as was called for by their promise to the public, being well aware that the important and absorbing duty of revising the laws of the Commonwealth, with which he had in part been intrusted, was sufficient to occupy all the time which any other person than himself could afford to bestow upon intellectual labor. But Mr. Robinson is not like many other men in this particular, for his capacity for

labor appears to increase with the exigency which demands it, and instead of merely giving a volume of "Annals" carefully prepared, commencing with the first settlement at Jamestown, he has pushed his researches to a period much earlier, and has presented to the world a work which, taken as the first fruits of the Historical Society, our own State may be justly proud of, and which we predict will be eagerly sought after by all who take an interest in the general history of our country.

Before proceeding to examine the work before us, we will remark, that, in our humble judgment Mr. Robinson has performed the true duty of a historian in giving us a statement of facts so far as he has been able to ascertain them from the most authentic sources, rather than his deductions from those facts, however acute and profound such deductions might be. He has obviously had no theory to support, and consequently we have no apprehension of his coloring any representation so as to advance it. He leaves his reader to draw his own conclusions instead of saving him that labor by furnishing those of the author: and while we know that many will insist that the pursuance of such a system reduces History to a mere chronicle, we confess that this constitutes no objection in our mind; and we believe that if all historians had contented themselves with honestly discharging this duty, while the world might have lost many brilliant essays, History itself would have occupied, as it would deserve, a much higher portion in the belief of mankind than it now does, or perhaps ever can do. What, we would ask, would be the consequences if the sacred Historian, instead of giving us the simple and sublime narrative of facts, which now commands the reverence and belief of so large a portion of civilized man, had merely furnished us with his deductions from those facts, colored and distorted to subserve his purposes, however pure and beneficent they may have been? It is better to be ignorant than to believe in error, and we would have the historian who is unable to find out the truth, honestly to say so, and not to conjecture his facts and then reason upon them to his conclusions. This, as we conceive, is not history, but speculation.

A comparison of Mr. Robinson's volume, with the history of the United States, by Dr. Graham, to which, as the author informs us, in his preface, he had devoted "more than eleven years of eager research, intense meditation, industrious composition and solicitous revisal," affords some striking illustrations of our idea.

* An Account of Discoveries in the West until 1519, and of the Voyages to and along the Atlantic Coast of North America from 1520 to 1573. Prepared for "The Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, by Conway Robinson, Chairman of its Executive Committee and published by the Society." Richmond. Printed by Shepherd and Colin. 1848.

In the first chapter of his first book, (page 5, of the edition of 1845) Dr. Grahame informs us that "Cabot, disappointed in his main object of finding a western passage to India, returned to England to relate the discoveries he had already accomplished—without attempting, either by settlement or conquest, to gain a footing on the American Continent": that "he would willingly have resumed his exploratory enterprise in the service of England, but he found in his absence the king's ardor for territorial discovery had greatly abated"; and he then proceeds to allege many good and sufficient reasons why "Henry (the Seventh) *had abandoned all colonial projects, &c.*" Now here we have an instance of speculation absolutely unfounded on fact; for it had entirely escaped Dr. Grahame's research, (and this was undoubtedly great,) that "Letters patent had been granted by Henry VII., on the 19th of March, in the 16th year of his reign, (to wit, March 1500-1) to Richard Warde, Thomas Ashhurst, and John Thomas, of Bristol, and others, authorizing discoveries to all parts, regions and ends of the sea: East, West, South and North,"—that a subsequent patent, with very similar powers, had been granted on the 9th of December, in the 18th year of the same reign (1502) to three of the previous patentees, with the addition of Hugh Elliott, and that in fact there are entries in the account of the privy purse expenses of Henry VII., showing that there was for a while actually some intercourse with the newly discovered region. These entries are very curious, and we subjoin them:

"17 November 1503. To one that brought hawks from the New founded island £1.

"8 April 1504. To a *preste* (supposed to be a priest) that goeth to the new island £2.

"25 August 1505. To Clay's going to Richmond with wild cats and popinjays of the new found island, for his costs 13s. 4d.

"To Portuguese that brought popinjays and cats of the mountain with other stuff to the King's grace £5."

We are indebted to the research of Mr. Richard Biddle for these facts, to whose 'Memoir of Cabot' Mr. Robinson refers in the 11th chapter of the 1st Book, p. 115 of the work before us. Surely they furnish evidence, Dr. Graham's reasons to the contrary notwithstanding, that Henry VII. had not "abandoned all colonial projects."

Again, Dr. Grahame, (Vol. 1, page 7,) supposing that "until the reign of Elizabeth, no fixed ideas were entertained, nor any deliberate purpose evinced in England of occupying territory or establishing colonies in America," attributes this circumstance to the absorbing agitation produced during the reign of Henry VIII. by the Reformation. His reasoning is quite conclusive if the fact were not otherwise.

"Robert Thorne," says Mr. Robinson, "besides writing to the English ambassador, at Spain, sent

an address to Henry VIII. of England, urging upon that monarch that, with a small number of ships, new lands might be discovered, and that the way of discovery was to the North. This letter is in the first volume of Hakluyt's Collection, page 212.

"Historians often tell us that Henry VIII. made no attempt to explore or settle North America. This is a mistake. In the nineteenth year of his reign, Henry sent forth two ships on a voyage to the West, one called the Samson, of which a Mr. Grubbs was master, the other the Mary of Guilford, commanded by John Reet. They sailed in 1527; it was the 20th of May, according to Hakluyt, that they set forth out of the Thames, and the 10th of June, according to Purchas, that they sailed from Plymouth. On the way they were separated by a storm. A letter is extant from Reet to King Henry, written the 3rd of August, 1527, in which he states that the Mary, in fifty-two degrees, fell in with the main land, and within two leagues thereof met with a great island of ice, and went the 21st of July into Cape de Bas, a good harbor, where he stopped ten days, and then going South entered the 3rd of August into a good harbour called St. John, where he found eleven sail of Normans, and one Britain, and one Portugal bark, all fishing.

"A letter to the same effect was written from St. John on the 10th of August 1527, by Albert de Prato, who we may infer is the person alluded to by Hakluyt when he says, 'that a canon of Saint Paul, in London, which was a great mathematician and a man endowed with wealth, did much advance the action, and went therein himself in person.' The letter of Albert de Prato, it is supposed, was to Cardinal Wolsey."

Again, at page 371 of the work before us, we have an account (extracted from the third volume of Hakluyt's Collection) of a voyage performed by Mr. Hore and others from England to the Northwest in 1536, the 28th year of the reign of Henry VIII. "being assisted by the King's favor and good countenance," and which voyage Mr. Biddle says, in his Memoir of Cabot, p. 278, "evidently contemplated an adventurous range of research."

We could multiply these illustrations, but we have no desire to do so. They are sufficient for our purpose to show how very prone the most honest historians are to substitute their conjectures for truth.

We do not think there is any danger to be apprehended from the mere narrative of facts becoming dry and uninteresting, and thus repelling, instead of inviting readers. We should be reluctant to pay so poor a compliment to the virtue and intelligence of mankind. Who has not felt the superior charm and freshness that recommend a narrative which, although homely, is true? And who would not prefer it to fiction, however ornate? The nearer the writer of fiction approaches to the resemblance of truth, the more highly is he esteemed. What but

this imparts to the pages of De Foe, the wonderful fascination that charms us alike in youth and in age? He dips his pencil in the hues of truth, and so skilfully are they spread upon the canvass, so naturally do the effects which he describes appear to flow from the causes he enumerates, that the most learned have been deceived and regarded as historical facts, incidents which existed only in the imagination of the writer. If the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" be as just as it is trite, even the lovers of the marvellous need not apprehend disappointment in pursuing her sacred path, and we think that the volume before us affords abundant evidence to justify the remark.

In pursuance of Mr. Robinson's plan to give an account of the discoveries in this Western hemisphere until the invasion of Mexico in 1519, and the voyages to and along the Atlantic coast of North America down to 1573, the present work commences with an interesting glance at the "alleged discovery of America by the Northmen in the eleventh, by the Welch in the twelfth, and by Nicholas and Antonio Zeno in the fourteenth century." The enquiry into the truth or falsehood of these alleged discoveries, is perhaps more curious than useful. As to the first, they may be regarded, in the language of the elegant biographer of Columbus, cited by Mr. Robinson, as "very confident deductions drawn from very vague and questionable facts, and as having led, if true, to no more result than would the interchange of communication between the natives of Greenland and the Esquimaux. The knowledge of them appears not to have extended beyond their own nation, and to have been soon neglected and forgotten by themselves." The story of the voyage of the Welch Prince Madoc in 1170, rests on a mere tradition, and the alleged discovery by the Zeni appears to be little better than an impudent pretension founded in falsehood and sustained by fraud.

No American ever wearies with the oft told tale of the struggles of Columbus, the wonderful genius and energies which sustained him and the brilliant success which crowned his enterprise. Mr. Robinson, in preparing this portion of his work, has enriched its pages with copious extracts from the pen of Washington Irving, whose biography of the illustrious Genoese has, if possible, added to the fame of its author, and is, or ought to be familiar to every one who boasts the name of American.

It is very well known that the imperishable renown acquired by Columbus, aroused the jealousy of various nations, and that numerous attempts were made during his life and after his death to diminish the merit of his bold achievement. To this spirit may be ascribed the pretensions of the Zeni adverted to above, and a still more formidable claim has long been set up in favor of Sebastian Cabot, to whom has been attributed the discovery of the Continent of America, a year before the voyage

made by Columbus when he first discovered that continent.

Now while all must be willing to accord to the former navigator every credit for his adventurous daring and his lofty enterprise, justice demands that he should have no more than his fair meed of applause, and not the least interesting portion of Mr. Robinson's work is that in which he demonstrates that those discoveries, by Columbus and Cabot, were in fact in the same year, and so nearly contemporaneous that it was impossible that either of the great navigators could have had the benefit of the experience of the others: Cabot's discovery being on the 24th of June 1498, and that of Columbus on the 2nd of August in the same year. The error which has so long prevailed upon this subject arises from a neglect on the part of historians to allow for the change made in the commencement of the year by the Act of the British Parliament passed in 1751.

"An act of the English Parliament," says Mr. Robinson, "passed in 1751, (after March) enacted that the year should thereafter begin on the 1st of January; and the following 1st of January, and the succeeding days to the 25th of March, were consequently dated as 1752, which otherwise would have been 1751.

"In respect to any matter happening (under the authority of England) before the 1st of January, 1752, there has often been confusion in describing the year of the event, where it happened between the 31st of December and the 25th of March. A day during the intervening two months and twenty-four days which one would mention as in 1497, and correctly so mention, if regard was had to the legal year in England, another would mention as in 1498 and with equal correctness, if regard was had to the year as it prevailed in Catholic countries generally, or as it was usually understood in historical Chronology. This might be so to the 24th of March inclusive, while the very next day (the 25th of March) and every subsequent day to the 31st of December would have to be described by all as in 1498. Hence any matter happening within the two months and twenty-four days, has to be expressed with care to prevent misconception. This should be done by placing two figures at the end; thus March 5, 1495-6; the former figure (5 in this case) indicating the English legal year at that period, and the latter figure (6 in this case) indicating the year generally referred to in historical chronology and the same that is now used in our calendar.

"To apply these remarks. The first return of Columbus from America was in March 1493; considering the year as having commenced (as it did in Spain and Portugal) on the 1st of January. The patent granted by Henry VII. was (as has been already stated) in the eleventh year of his reign.

"This king having ascended the throne on the

22nd of August 1485, the grant in his eleventh year was between August 1495, and August 1496, and being in March, was of course in the March which was after August 1495, and before August 1496, that is to say, in March 1496, according to the calendar as then used in Spain and Portugal, and as now used in England and America. The grant was therefore about three years after the return of Columbus from America, instead of two as Dr. Robertson and Dr. Grahame have supposed. There being no error in stating the grant to Cabot to have been on the 5th of March 1495 (according to the legal year as it then was) it is not surprising that this grant should have been mentioned as two years after the return of Columbus in March 1493 : but it is not the less a mistake.

"The mistake is continued in respect to the year of the discovery of North America by Cabot. It is correctly stated that Cabot did not set out on his voyage for two years after the grant; but taking this to be so, the May that he embarked was not May 1497, but May 1498. This is established by the document called by Mr. Biddle in his *Memoir of Cabot*, (and by others who have adopted his idea) a second patent.

"This document is a license granted by Henry VII., on the 3rd day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign, to John Cabot, to take, in any place in England, six English ships of the burthen of two hundred tons or under, with the necessary apparel, and receive into the said ships such mariners and other subjects as of their own free will would go with him. The thirteenth year of the reign in which this license issued, commenced on the 22nd of August 1497, and ended on the 21st of August 1498. The license, therefore, issued on the 3rd day of February next after August 1497, and next before August 1498. This 3rd day of February was in 1497, merely by reason of the fact that the year then ended on the 24th of March: the May following was May 1498. Yet it having been seen that the license issued in February 1497, and that the ships sailed the May following, the error has constantly been committed of stating that they sailed in May 1497.

"Thus, at page six of the third volume of Hakluyt, it is stated that in the year 1497 John Cabot and his son Sebastian, (with an English fleet set out from Bristol,) discovered that land *which no man before that time had attempted*, on the 24th of June, about five o'clock, early in the morning. The account proceeds: 'This land he called Prima Vista, that is to say, first seen, because, as I suppose, it was that part whereof they had the first sight from sea. That island which lieth out before the land, he called the Island of St. John, upon this occasion, as I think, because it was discovered upon the day of John the Baptist.' Although the matter here stated is mentioned in Hakluyt, as taken out of the map of Sebastian Cabot, there is

no sufficient ground for inferring that Cabot had put on the map, that he made the discovery the 24th of June 1497. He may have put on it in one place Prima Vista, and in another St. John; and he may in some way have communicated the fact that the discovery was on the 24th of June, at five A. M. But the statement that the discovery was in 1497 is the mistake probably of some other person.

"Of the fact that the discovery was not in 1497, but in 1498, there is farther evidence. The time of the departure from Bristol is in the *Chronicle of Robert Fabian*, (referred to in Hakluyt's voyages, as in the custody of John Stow,) stated to be in the beginning of May, in the thirteenth year of King Henry VII., which was May, 1498, and is in Stow's *Annals*, (referred to by Mr. Biddle, in his *memoir of Cabot*,*) stated to be in 1498, in the mayoralty of William Purchas, which mayoralty Mr. Biddle states to have extended from the 28th of October, 1497, to the 28th of October, 1498.

"In the *Chronicle of Fabian*, there is mention also in the time of William Purchas being mayor, of three men taken in the new found island. 'These,' he says, 'were clothed in beasts', skins and did eat raw flesh and spake such speech that no man could understand them, and in their demeanor like to brute beasts, whom the king kept a time after; of the which, upon two years after, I saw two apparalled, after the manner of Englishmen, in Westminster palace which that time, I could not discern from Englishmen till I was learned what they were, but as for speech, I heard none of them utter one word.† The statement in Hakluyt is that the three savages were brought home by Cabot, and presented to the king in the fourteenth year of the reign, that is during the year ending the 21st day of August, 1499. Mr. Biddle supposes the presentation to the King to have been in the seventeenth year of the reign. But this is entirely consistent with the fact that they were not brought to England till in or after 1498.

"The conclusion that the first discovery of land by any of the Cabots was on the 24th of June, 1498, is sustained by Mr. Hume. His *History of England* was published in 1761, only nine years after the commencement of the year was changed and when for that reason the effect of the change was more likely to occur to him than to others who have written at a later period. In his twenty-fifth chapter, after referring to the accident by which England was deprived of the services of Columbus, he says: 'Henry was not discouraged by this disappointment. He fitted out Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian settler in Bristol, and sent him westward in 1498 in search of new countries. Cabot discovered the main land of America, towards the sixtieth degree of northern latitude: he sailed southward along the coast, and discover-

* Page 43.

Hakluyt, vol. 3rd, p. 9—10.

ed Newfoundland and other countries, but returned to England without making any conquest or settlement.' ”

We have given the foregoing extract, although perhaps rather too long for our limits, as a specimen of the research and close reasoning, as well as of the fairness of our author.

Passing over many interesting chapters, the attention of the reader will be arrested by the account in chapter xxxiii of the discovery of Yucatan, by Francisco Hernandez de Cordova, in 1517, and of the voyage thither by Juan de Grijalva in 1518, in which were seen and described some of those remarkable edifices, the remains of which have been rendered familiar to us by the labors of Stephens and others. We extract a portion of this chapter—

“Several years had elapsed in the manner mentioned in chapter twenty-fourth, when in 1517 intelligence was brought to the province where Aguilar was, of the arrival on the neighboring coast of great vessels of wonderful construction, filled with white and bearded men. It was in fact the squadron of Francisco Hernandez de Cordova. Yucatan was discovered this year by him, and by the pilot, Juan Alaminos, a native of Palos, who had accompanied Columbus in his fourth voyage. Cordova was for some time along the coast of Yucatan, and lost many men in his different rencontres with the natives. The heart of Jeronimo de Aguilar beat quick with hope when he heard of European ships at hand. He was distant from the coast, however, and was too closely watched by the Indians to have any chance of escape. After Cordova left this coast, he was driven by a storm upon the shore of Florida; thence he returned to Cuba, where he died ten days after his arrival.

“A new expedition was determined on. Diégo Velasquez chose to command it Juan de Grijalva, a native of Cuellar, who had distinguished himself in several expeditions against the Indians of Cuba. On the first of March, 1518, his fleet set out from Cuba. He saw on the 4th, houses on a promontory, and gave to this land the name of Saint Croix. The next day he reconnoitered the coast of Yucatan and the isle of Cuzamil. In the account of this voyage it is mentioned that some Indians, among whom was the chief of their village, approaching the vessels, the Spaniards asked news of the Christians whom Francisco Hernandez had left in Yucatan, and was told in reply that one of them was dead and the other still alive; that they followed the coast to find the survivor, and on the 6th went on land, but at first saw no one; that they mounted upon a tower there with a circumference of one hundred and eighty feet, planted the standard upon one of the fronts, and took possession in the name of the King; that afterwards they saw some Indians and went into their village; that amongst the houses were five well constructed, with

a base very large and massive, and surmounted by turrets; that the village was paved with hollow stones, the streets rising at the sides and descending in the middle, which was paved entirely with large stones; that the sides were occupied by the houses of the inhabitants, constructed of stones from the foundation to half the height of the walls, and covered with straw; and that judging by the buildings, these Indians were very ingenious. Other villages are described on the coast; one so large, that Seville would not have appeared more considerable nor better. And mention is made of a very beautiful tower on a point of land which they were told was inhabited by women who lived without men. They went to see the cacique Lazaro, who had given an honorable reception to Francisco Hernandez. The Indians seem, however, not to have desired their company; they told them to quit the country, and this not being done quick enough, there was a passage of arms, in which forty of the Spaniards were wounded and one killed. The Spaniards re-embarked and quitted the country of this cacique the 29th of March. The last day of May they discovered a very good port, to which they gave the name of Port Désiré. Here they made some cabins of boughs, and remained twelve days; after which they went to reconnoiter another country named Mulua, which having done they proceeded on their route the first day of July. They saw a large river, from which sweet water goes into the sea for six miles: they gave to it the name of the river Grijalva: the province was named Protontà. They saw a river having two mouths, out of which came sweet water; and they gave to it the name of St. Barnabas, because they arrived the day of the feast of this Saint. Near the mountains they anchored at a little isle, to which they gave the name of the Isle of Sacrifices. They saw some very high edifices built with lime, and a monument like a round tower, fifteen steps broad; at its summit was a block of marble, such as is found in Castile, surmounted by an animal like a lion, sculptured in marble, in whose head there was a hole wherein to put perfumes. The natives in different parts of Yucatan wore cotton cloth. They gave to the Spaniards vases of gold and mantles or coverings of cotton, so woven as to represent figures of birds and animals of different kinds. They are described as being very civilized, and as having laws and public edifices dedicated to the administration of justice. This account is stated to have been published in Italian at Venice in 1522.”

The novelty, if not interest, of the volume before us increases considerably in that portion of it where Mr. Robinson has collected the various accounts of voyages to and along the Atlantic coast of North America from 1529 to 1573. In doing this, he has availed himself of the valuable work published by H. Ternaux-Compans, at Paris, in

1838,* and also of the valuable pages of Hakluyt.

It is among the adventures of the early Spanish navigators here recorded, that we would recommend all who require the seasoning of Romance, to search, in order to gratify their taste, and we doubt whether they will be disappointed in perusing the extraordinary narration of Cabeça de Vaca's journey on foot from Florida to Mexico!

Making all due allowance for the perhaps natural desire which Cabeça felt to magnify his exploit, there are too many intrinsic evidences of truth in this narrative to justify a disbelief of its general veracity, and it is conjectured with strong probability, that while we are in the habit of according to Ferdinand de Soto the discovery of the "mighty Mississippi"—the "Father of Waters,"—it is to Cabeça de Vaca that this merit belongs. At all events it is highly probable that he passed that river in his voyage along the coast of Florida, and this conjecture is strengthened by the fact that in his long over-land journey from Florida to Mexico he does not mention his having encountered it. Mr. Robert Greenhow, of Washington, in a letter addressed to the Historical Society of Virginia, communicating a very valuable memoir on the first discovery of the Chesapeake Bay, to which we shall presently refer, declares that "proofs undeniable, exist of the discovery of the Mississippi by the Spaniards many years before the expedition of Ferdinand de Soto in 1541;" and in Mr. Greenhow's forthcoming "History of Florida, Texas, and Louisiana," we may expect to see this interesting speculation more fully developed.

We have before adverted to the massacre of the French Protestants by the Spaniards under Menendez, at the entrance of St. John's river in Florida, the scene of which is strangely mistaken by Dr. Grahame who places it at the mouth of Albemarle River in North Carolina. In the 20th and 21st chapters of Mr. Robinson's second book, we have an account of the sanguinary deed and of the extraordinary revenge taken by the Chevalier de Gourgue, a gallant and chivalrous Frenchman at the same place in 1568. The length of these chapters forbids our extracting them, but we recommend them highly to our readers, most of whom will find the charm of novelty in the events which they record.

The communication of Mr. Greenhow concludes the volume before us, in which he offers very formidable evidence to prove that the Spaniards and not the English were the discoverers of the Chesapeake Bay, and a desire to trace the course of the former along the Atlantic coast, led Mr. Robinson, as we understand, to make the change in the plan of the work intrusted to him, upon which we have commented above.

* "Voyages, relations et memoires originaux pour servir a l'histoire de la decouverte de l'Amerique, publies pour la premiere foi en Francais."

We consider it fortunate that he did so, for not only have the Historical Society been the gainers thereby, but the mass of information he has collected will greatly extend the interest of the work.

The advantage of a chronological arrangement is apparent to all, and the absence of it materially impairs the value of the collections of other Historical Societies in the United States, through many volumes of which the investigator is compelled to search in order to gather the memorials of any given period. His labors are thus prodigiously increased and the dangers of omission multiplied. We hope that the plan thus happily commenced in Virginia will be steadily adhered to. There is still a considerable chasm between the period at which Mr. Robinson's volume closes and that of 1607, when the settlement took place at Jamestown. We would wish to see this interval illustrated by the voyages and discoveries, the adventures and triumphs of the hardy navigators, who prosecuted their researches along the Southern, as well as the Northern coast of America. The whole country will take an interest in these narratives, while the "Annals of Virginia" proper, will of course be of a local character and appeal more particularly to the citizens of our own State. We confess that we would take an honest pride in the reflection that Virginia, the oldest of the colonies, should be the first to develop the history of her sister States prior to the period when the local history of each commences. The great work has been well begun, and we hope that our Historical Society will fully carry it out to its completion.

The volume before us is from the press of Messrs. Shepherd & Colin of this city, and, in its mechanical execution, does great credit to those gentlemen.

LADY RUSSELL.

The beautiful fidelity of the wife of Lord Russell, during his imprisonment and trial, is well known to readers of English history.

It was not thine to press the path
By martyr-footsteps trod,
When flame of burning funeral-pyre
Lit the soul's path to God;
But thine no less the martyr's faith,
By whom the cross was borne
So meekly on through life, till death
Exchanged it for the crown.

Faith such as thine, which faltered not,
On Calvary's hallowed mound,
And by the garden-sepulchre,
In olden time was found.
A pure and trusting heart was thine,
A love which passeth show,—

Oh, would that unto all were given
Such blessed might to know.

Not from that heart which beat for thee
In days of hope and pride,
Could'st thou depart in sorrow's hour,
But steadfast by the side
Of him, to whom thy love was pledged
In youth's bright, gladsome morn,
Didst thou remain, and bear with him
The world's reproach and scorn.

—Thou satt'st within the council hall
Nor did thy brow grow pale,
Although full oft, in such dread hour
Did sterner spirits quail.
Yet still in gentle presence there
Before those cruel men
Though satt'st, if but thy love might cheer
Thy soul's beloved then.

And sternly spake those judges forth—
—"Thine innocence to plead
Hast thou no friend will bide with thee,
In this the hour of need?"
And deep and thrilling accents then
Fell on the listening ear,
As a firm, manly voice replied
—"My lords—*my wife* is here!"

Oh! hopefully thy brow looked up
On men all hope denying;
Then hopefully to Heaven still turned
On Earth no more relying.
And still through many a weary day,
And many a sleepless night,
Didst thou the fainting soul uphold,
But by thy love's strong might.

Thy love! that pure and holy thing!
He felt its hallowed power
Around him, as an Angel's wing,
In the last bitter hour.
And though each prayer went up to Heaven
Blest with thy widowed cry,
It told that Faith and Hope—not Death—
Had won the victory!

Years passed—but had no power to wean
That heart so fondly wed,
That, with unchanged affection clung,
Still faithful, to its dead.
Oh, never more to aught on earth
Might the full trust be given,
Of the believing, waiting soul,
Whose treasure-house was Heaven!

Thy form was bent with age and care,
Thy brow was silvered o'er,
Ere yet the summons came to join
The spirits gone before:—
At length thou saw'st the morning dawn,
The last dim shadows flee,
And then, but not till then, might'st know,
The glory waiting thee!

MATILDA F. DANA.

Boston, Mass.

LAMB AND KEATS.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

There are aspects of literature which almost justify a noble mind in recoiling from its attractions. As the genuine record of individual experience, from the objective scenes of adventure to the most refined inward emotions,—as a legitimate contribution of ideas, on subjects of universal interest and immediate utility, and even as one of the fine-arts,—giving scope to taste and invention in the combinations of imagery and the moulding of language,—there is an essential dignity in literature. But when we glance at its daily emanations and perceive the crude, extravagant and venal productions which bear its name, we cannot but impatiently turn to a green field, a leafless tree or a distant cloud,—to any object or thought which, by its reality and truth to its own relations, freshens our spirits by manifesting the contrast between to be and to seem. The most important phase of literature is psychological. The letter, poem, or biography which opens to us the soul's arcana, without disguise or illusion, is one of those repositories through which we make sure advances toward primal truth. The secret and enduring charm of poetry is founded upon the idea that it is a deeper and more significant utterance than any other form of literature; that it is by a kind of necessity, sincere—and breathes the most unalloyed spirit of beauty and truth. It is like a torch passed from hand to hand with fraternal care, because its flame was kindled at a divine altar; and should be preserved to enlighten and warm the universal heart. In proportion as the records of the mind are drawn from its inner recesses and the revelations of the pen are individual, spontaneous and genuine, they excite sympathy and deserve regard. The highest forms of literature as an art are shaped upon this principle—the drama being the intimate and history the picturesque reflection of life. Hence Shakespeare has furnished a vocabulary for the passions and woes of men; in the pulpit, at the bar and the fireside, in conviviality and bereavement—the utterance of his characters instinctively fly to the lips. One reason for the decline of the drama is, that, in modern times, genius has so often written its own tragedy and comedy, in its actual development. We have been admitted so frankly into the life of beings, endowed with the keenest sensibilities and the richest intellects, that a drama, how-

1 * *Literary Sketches and Letters: being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, never before published. By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1848.*

2. *Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. New York. George P. Putnam. 1848.*

ever imposing or brilliant, especially when acted, seems comparatively inadequate and cold as a representation of human existence. What tragedy, for instance, ever written can equal the pathos involved in these last memorials of Lamb and Keats? What chapter of mental philosophy more strikingly unfolds the mysterious laws of the moral nature than the glimpses here unfolded of inward struggles, intense consciousness and life-long conflict with evils too sacred to be discussed until the sufferers had passed away? How tame and insignificant appear the outward obstacles, over which coarser natures triumph, compared to the secret misery which these gentle yet heroic men so long endured! The essence of Lear and Hamlet is here incarnated; and we realize perfectly how in beings so delicate and aspiring, in the grasp of a destiny so strange and mournful, suicidal reveries may alternate with comic talk.

It is also remarkable that "final memorials" should have appeared almost simultaneously, of two individuals peculiarly endeared to the lovers of originality of mind and grace of character: and the coincidence extends to many particulars. Each had been misinterpreted—the one as deficient in reverence, the other in courage; and in both instances the idea is triumphantly refuted—Lamb having guided himself by a severe line of duty based on reverence, and Keats given an uncommon example of fortitude. In each, too, pain was magnified and cheated of illusion by acute consciousness, in the one case of the latent signs of mental aberration, and in the other, we are told, "his knowledge of anatomy made every change tenfold worse." The man who indited sportive comments on death, felt that he "*must* be religious;" and he who indulged in moods of sentimental languishment, with his dying gasp, reassured the sinking courage of his friend!

The philosophy of human suffering is, as yet, unwritten. Theological literature and poetry afford but glimpses whereby we may vaguely estimate its scope and subtlety; but the materials from which it is educes are chiefly to be discovered in volumes like these. The writings which these men chose to give to the world, form part of their artistic, deliberate and expressed development; and as such have been analyzed and estimated by refined critics and loving readers. The facts of their career and the unstudied, confidential letters of friendship yield the necessary collateral light which brings into relief the native impulses of character and finishes the interpretation that the emanations of genius but partially, though exquisitely revealed. Both have been fortunate in their biographers. Talfourd and Milnes, fitted by their kindred gifts to realize the intrinsic worth of their subjects, have brought together these scattered mementoes and given them an intelligible shape, with the reverence, affection and delicacy required for such a

task. They come forth at an auspicious moment, when death has canonized the names, and time sealed the reputation of the essayist and poet; when a growing taste for the higher qualities of mind has somewhat modified superficial and indiscriminate views of literature; and when the spirit of the age readily prepares the way for the reception of whatever vindicates and hallows the memory of those whom renown has made familiar. The facts of consciousness are, to the student of man and life, what the phenomena of nature are to the scientific observer. Lamb and Keats, both from idiosyncrasy and circumstances, realized and dwelt upon their inward experiences. Their outward lot baffled action only to intensify thought and emotion. "I love my sonnets," says the former, "because they are the reflected images of my feelings at different times." For the same reason his letters are interesting to us. We knew of his irksome clerkship, his economical lodgings, his delightful literary circle, his fraternal love,—and that it was his wont to "gather himself up into the old things." But we knew not of his unostentatious charities, nor of the darkest thread in the web of his destiny—the allusions to which, in this correspondence, shed a new and almost supernatural light upon the peculiarities of his genius.

These revelations are, indeed, eminently Shakespearean, especially in unfolding that mystical relation between humor and pathos, wherein the great dramatist approaches nearer than any other writer to the very heart of nature. Lamb's essays are remarkable for genial humor. He seems peculiarly to enjoy the quaint, ridiculous and, if we may so call it, relishing side of life. And yet his personal, domestic, familiar existence contained an element of profound woe. He relinquished in early youth his dream of love forever, to watch over a sister afflicted with periodical fits of insanity, in one of which she had killed their mother. A situation more harrowing to a mind of rare susceptibility, is scarcely to be imagined; and it was from the appalling scenes of this tragic destiny that, by the instinct of self-preservation, the voluntary martyr fled, on the wing of fancy, into a realm of curious observation and playful wit. "I hope," he writes, "(for Mary I can answer) that I shall, through life, never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect and religious through life, and by such means may both of us escape madness in future if it so please the Almighty." A few significant passages give us a vivid idea of the extent and influence of his calamity. "Being by ourselves is bad and going out is bad. I get so irritable and wretched with fear, that I constantly hasten on the disorder. You cannot conceive the misery of such a foresight." We know of no incident in the whole range

of literary biography so startling and painful, as that here recorded of Lamb, associated as it is with the geniality and wit of Elia,—that on one occasion Lloyd met him and his sister—"slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly, and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustom'd asylum!"

It is seldom that we thus clearly see the reciprocal interchange of humor and pathos—the one reacting on the other and thus maintaining the equilibrium of reason. Lamb's idolatry of Shakespeare and his metaphysical insight as regards the true principle of his creations, is thus explained. Few men ever realized, in their consciousness, such a testimony to the essential genuineness of the bard's conceptions. Others may interpret the moods of Hamlet, the murderous reveries of Macbeth, or the agony of Lear through observation of human nature in general, or according to a code of philosophical criticism; but Lamb did so by his individual sympathies. Love, duty, madness, had pressed upon his earliest youth and wrestled in his manly and sensitive heart, robing life in a "sceptred pall," driving him to minor comforts, isolating his being, and, with a kind of dramatic facility, causing the day's oppressive responsibility to vibrate with the evening's airy mirth, as a huge and frowning mountain echoes the cheering notes of a horn.

The same characteristic is made known by the new memoir of Keats. His domestic bereavements, critical persecution, hopeless love and physical suffering, combined with a temperament that quivered to every impression—afford a gloomy background to the picture of his life; and yet this is constantly irradiated by his exquisite sense of beauty and flashes of humor. Nearly all that his letters suggest of the actual circumstances which environ him, is painful; while the very record is often so lively with hints of vast imaginative pleasure and sparkles of gay conceit, that the same relief is given to the sympathies which arises from the self-possessed energy of a well delineated character in tragedy; pity is elevated into admiration; the struggle with fate appears grand; the resources of the victim lend a dignity to his misfortunes; and we have a latent feeling that it is "nobler in the mind to suffer" thus than to stagnate in an ignoble prosperity.

The familiar epistles, like the conversation of the author,—“a delightful combination of earnestness and pleasantry,”—are quite satisfactory in exhibiting the thorough manliness of the poet's character. He possessed, indeed, all the traits which we associate with his vocation. His sentiments were candid, generous, free and humane. All that the critics have said in regard to the carelessness and promise of his verse is included in his own just self-estimation, indicating at once a deep sense both of power and imperfection. “The faint conceptions,”

he says, “of poems to come, bring the blood frequently into my forehead;” and again “I have written independently without judgment. I will write independently and with judgment hereafter.” Yet he had his own theory of the art—founded upon the nature of his own gifts, from which no indiscriminate reproach could drive him. “Poetry,” he declares, “should surprise by a *fine excess* and not by singularity.”

He evidently possessed the magnanimity of genius. “Is there no human dust-hole,”—he asked, in reference to some mean conduct,—“into which we can sweep such fellows?” And although he felt that “a man must have the fine point of his soul taken off to be fit for this world”—it was not in the spirit of misanthropy that he looked upon his race. “I find there is no worthy pursuit,” he writes, “but the idea of doing some good in the world.” He alludes earnestly to the “ultimate glory of dying for a great human purpose” as a prevailing desire, and eloquently observes, “Scenery is fine, but human nature is finer; the sword is richer for the tread of a real nervous English foot; the eagle's nest is finer for the mountaineer having looked into it.” In one letter he refers to his “delight in sensation” as an inferior state to his friend's “hunger after truth.” But these elements—both essential to the poetic nature, were more happily blended in him than he seems to have considered. Time had not yet chastened the one, or made him vividly conscious of the other. With all his urbanity and ingenuousness, he confesses to that instinct of seclusion whereby, like the snail's shell, a protection is afforded such beings, in social intercourse, from what might otherwise wound or harden. “Think of my pleasure in solitude in comparison with my commerce with the world: there I am a child, there they do not know me, not even my most intimate acquaintance; I give into their feelings as though I were refraining from imitating a little child. Some think me middling, others silly, others foolish; every one thinks he sees my weak side against my will, when in truth, *it is with my will*. I am content to be thought all this, because I have in my own breast so great a resource.” He seems inclined in one letter to deny the individuality of genius, and, if we separate the quality or attributes so designated, from character, the position is tenable. It is, however, not unusual to confound the two. Keats recognized, probably from circumstances, the truth that intellectually as well as spiritually, the attitude of human being towards life and nature should be receptive. These psychological facts—the universal assimilating nature of genius and the recipient capacity of mind, are hinted with striking beauty, in the following passage: “Men of genius are great as certain ethereal chemicals operating on the mass of neutral intellect—but they have not any individuality, any determined character. Now it is more noble

to sit like Jove than fly like Mercury :—let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like, buzzing here and there for a knowledge of what is to be arrived at ; but let us open our leaves like a flower, and be passive and receptive, budding patiently under the eye of Apollo, and taking hints from every noble insect that favors us with a visit. Sap will be given us for meat and dew for drink."

"These pages," says Mr. Milnes, "concern one whose whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death." But to the reader of thought and feeling, how much is involved in the brief chronicle ! The verse is chiefly dedicated to mythological fables ; and yet the poet was ignorant of Greek, but adopting the heathen divinities, because around them he could freely throw the drapery of his imagination, he gives each a life more fresh and lovely than that afforded by the literature which embodies them ; beings of a "creed outworn," he breathed into them the vitality of his own sensations, and thus placed the cold and brilliant gems of a Pagan theocracy, on the warm bosom of Christianized humanity. The distinction between genius and scholarship was never more eloquently revealed. The finish of the complete bard, is only occasionally manifest,—in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, for instance, and some of the sonnets ; but the rich fancy, novel metaphor, and kindling aspiration gleam and glow on every page in wild luxuriance. We have elsewhere discussed the claims of Keats as a poet and the volume before us irresistibly attracts us to him as a man. The "earnest friendships" to which his biographer alludes, seem from the letters to have been the great consolation of his life ; and their ingenuous and manly exposition is a new evidence of that power, which seems the compensatory award of heaven for the inevitable sufferings of genius, to attach others to its possessors with singular tenacity and exclusiveness. The "one passion" of Keats confirms our belief in the individuality of affection of the poetical character. Its kindness, admiration and sympathies are, indeed, universal ; and their exhibition is often mistaken for that of another sentiment. But the very characteristic of a poetic mind is concentration. It is the exercise of this faculty in which consists its power ; and fearful is its intensity when instead of being directed towards abstract theories or philanthropic aims, it becomes identified with a human object. Nothing more clearly indicates the absorbing nature of this experience in Keats, than his obvious avoidance of the subject, except when necessity compelled an allusion. It was the controlling thought of his mind, the haunting dream of his fancy, and the almost exclusive sentiment of his heart. The few hints which drop from his letters are enough to suggest a world of passionate

emotion. That excessive sensibility to associations which is so characteristic of this feeling, makes us aware how alive he was to everything even remotely bearing on this subject. In one of his first letters from Italy he says : "I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God ! God ! God ! Every thing I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. O that I could be buried near where she lives ! It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery as this." Mr. Milnes, with becoming delicacy, is silent in regard to the object of this "one passion," except to give the assurance that the consciousness of having inspired it, "has been a source of grave delight and earnest thankfulness through the changes and chances of her earthly pilgrimage." We allude to it chiefly to note what strikes us as a most touching instance of that want of recognition which seems to attend human beings in life in proportion as they are ardent and genuine,—that, at the very time Keats was half-scorned as the victim of wounded self-love, his death was accelerated by the fervor of his devotion to another ; and the thought of fame had no power to win his desires from the grave.

Of his "premature death," we have a more elaborate and authentic record than ever before. His sufferings were prolonged and severe ; but, for an exile, he enjoyed the benefit of extraordinary medical skill and affectionate nurture. The celebrated Dr. Clarke was his constant attendant,—a generous artist, the friend of years, scarcely left his bedside ; the sky of Rome canopies his grave, and Shelley wrote for him an immortal elegy. It is with the sensation of an intolerable pressure lifted from the heart, that we close the story. After tracing that feverish life—its keen appreciation of the pleasurable in sensation, its ravishing sense of the beautiful in thought and nature, its noble impulses and constrained environment,—the eagerness of the soul and the fragility of the body—we see no happy goal for it on earth, scarcely a chance for harmonious tranquillity ; and it is soothing to know that the ceaseless pleadings of that weary heart, are stilled forever beneath the daisy-grown turf !

We agree with his biographer in regarding the want of correspondence between the world of thought and that of action as a benign law incident to human life and for a benign end. The gifts of Lamb and Keats redeemed their outward destiny ; and in this great fact so impressively demonstrated in the volumes before us, we find a new and persuasive evidence of the innate worth of genius. To what realms of fancy and awe, to the sweet conviction of how many sublime truths, into amity

with what rich and lovely spirits, did the endowments of these men bring them! The shafts of misfortune were blunted against the panoply of serene thought and foiled aside by elevation of sentiment or blitheness of fancy. There is a nobleness in their lives which all they endured from pain and calumny, only more clearly developed. That they "dwelt apart," like stars, was no infelicity; for the radiant glow that still comes to us from those ideal heights, is our best assurance that they did not suffer in vain!

THE SOURCE OF MAN'S ERRORS.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

As the poet advises, I oft study man,
And have noted each trait that his nature displays,
And though I must leave him where first I began,
(Since truly but little is known of his ways)—
For the good of mankind I'll record what I've seen,
With the sage-like conclusions to which I have come;
Nor let any doubt me, I speak what I mean,
And of all my observings give this as the sum:
The main source of trouble, when justly come at,
Will always be found in the crown of the hat!

The world was made rightly, and, well understood,
Will be found in all parts to fulfill its design,
And we, like its Maker, should still call it "good,"
Though all its dark phases we may not define;
For if, like the earth, man would keep in his sphere,
He would ne'er have occasion at fortune to fret;
And e'en should his eye be suffused with a tear,
'Tis a gem dropped from Heaven that brings no regret;
Whoe'er then, is fretting with this or with that,
Must have something wrong in the crown of his hat!

The modern reformer, self-righteous and wise,
Who deems that the world was ne'er blest with the light,
Till he on its darkness was seen to arise
Like the sunbeams of morning dispelling the night,
With clamor denounces both system and creed,
As vile impositions wherewith to deceive,
But proclaims to the world that his own they must heed,
And thunders at any, who dares disbelieve;
The poor silly wight is as blind as a bat,
For all has gone wrong in the crown of his hat!

The *élève* of fashion believes the Creator,
When he first made the sex from the rib of the man,
Had no standard of beauty by which he could rate her,
So she tries to improve the original plan.
The waist is too large, and the hips are too small,
These she shapes with a bustle and that with a lace,
And finding a fault in the chief point of all,
Defaces with rouge the divine human face:
Now, if the poor ninny was not such a flat,
She'd find her defects in the crown of her hat!

And thus every failure and folly and strife,
That bothers us here, has its origin thence,

So that he who is donning a beaver for life,
Should be sure at the start to well stock it with sense.
But some, I've no doubt, are quite ready to say,
That the poet belongs to the class he describes,
And his own imperfections should closely survey,
When others he dares to assail with his gibes;
Well, he in all frankness acknowledges pat,
That there is something wrong in the crown of his hat!

CITY AND VILLAGE LIFE.

The conditions which are favorable or unfavorable to the development of human character have always formed a subject of interesting speculation. All, from the fatalist who utterly denies moral responsibility to his antipode who makes free agency the entire basis of his system, admit the powerful influence of surrounding circumstances in elevating or debasing men. Despotism or liberty, mountains or plains, wealth or poverty, city, village, or country residence, with a thousand other things, give a coloring to man's existence, and leave their impress on human morals.

Nothing can be more remote from my intention on the present occasion, than an examination of this wide field of speculation, in all its aspects, moral, metaphysical and religious; I design on the contrary a very cursory view of a single corner.

The abominations of a great city have been the theme of satire or lamentation, from the days of Juvenal to those of John Foster. In them the masses of vice have always been so much larger, the temptations to it so much stronger, its abysses so much more profound and horrible, as to strike the most casual observer. So deeply has this been impressed on the minds of men, that most persons imagine that the young have escaped from the very jaws of temptation, the moment they leave the environs of a city, for some country retreat or "sweet Auburn."

But the discriminating and experienced observer sees that a village has its disadvantages and dangers, as well as its advantages and exemptions. The temptations to destructive vices are certainly weaker and less frequently presented in a village; but, on the other hand, we are brought into more immediate and necessary contact with them. In a city we have a larger field of selection, and can, if we choose, easily find amid the multitude, given up to dissipation, our own circle of virtuous friends.

In a village, where every inhabitant knows every other, it is difficult, without an appearance of puritanism or repulsive *hauteur*, to avoid giving into its prevalent follies or vices.

The selfishness of the inhabitants of cities is proverbial. It proceeds from several causes, which coöperate in making the heart cold and insensible.

Dissipation, in the most favorable sense of the term, viz. distraction of thought among various amusements, always disinclines us to fix our attention on what excites our real sympathies, and thereby checks the current of our pleasures. When dissipation sinks down the *facilis descensus Averni* into the depths of brutal and degrading vice, it hates virtue, as its opposite and its reproach, and makes us disregard the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, in our vain pursuit of the phantom pleasure, which always eludes our grasp.

Avarice, when it completely possesses its victim, makes him sacrifice the very heart of humanity to the idol which he worships; it is in cities, in the hearts of its great speculators, gamblers and debauchees, that this passion is most fearfully developed.

The very number of persons with whom we mingle in a great city, lessens the amount of our feeling towards each. There must be some limit to human sensibility, however capable it may be of cultivation and expansion. When we see only a few persons, with whose joys, sorrows and interests our own are intimately blended, it is a wise and kind provision of nature that we should be warmly attached to them. But when we are brought into perpetual contact of business or pleasure with multitudes, our quantum of attachment for each becomes very small—our affection, like water spread over a wide surface, exceedingly shallow. It is true that more courtly and affectionate manners prevail in cities; but they are meant to be agreeable, and mean nothing more: the impression made by the absence or death of a friend to whom our professions have been warmest, is, like an impression on water, immediately lost in the waves of business or pleasure.

Sensitiveness to human suffering is greatly deadened in those who, like the inhabitants of cities, have it presented to their eyes, in many forms, real or pretended. It may be that some noble exceptions, whose hearts are filled with true benevolence,—like the physician whose pain in beholding human suffering is diminished, when his capacity to relieve it is increased,—find in cities the largest and best field for exercising and improving their powers of doing good. But the great mass, uninfluenced by such principles, becomes indifferent to human pain and sorrow. This indifference is not confined to suffering, but, what is even worse, extended to vice.

The horror which a novice feels at the "monster's frightful mien," wears away, when his features become familiar in daily intercourse. Take a young man of twenty raised in a city, and another of the same age in a village, and you will commonly find the latter shocked at depravity which would only provoke a smile or a leer in the former.

But in considering the moral dangers which beset the inhabitants of cities, we must not forget their advantages.

Learning and advancing liberty have always had their warmest and most efficient friends in cities. Freedom once obtained in the country, especially a mountainous country, is more courageously and tenaciously maintained; but inhabitants of cities have commonly led the van in shaking off the yoke of long-established oppression. It is in the history of the cities of Greece and Italy, that we find the ancient exemplars of organized popular freedom. The wild liberty of the woods may have existed elsewhere; but it was not the liberty of civilization, protected by wise laws.

But it must be admitted that ancient freedom found its grave, where it had its cradle, in cities, when they had become degenerate and corrupt. The fierce barbarians from the northern forests, purified the fœtid atmosphere, by the tempest of their invasion. Yet it was again in the cities of Italy first, and of other European countries afterward, that freedom awoke from the gloomy sleep of the dark ages.

The reason of this is obvious. It is in cities, that the lower classes most easily acquire knowledge and wealth, which sooner or later must undermine the privileges of an hereditary aristocracy. They have there most ready access to books, most frequent intercourse with men, both of their own and other countries, they there soonest shake off old and unfounded prejudices, soonest become fully aware of their rights, and determine to vindicate them. It was at Athens, and in Rome, that all those fierce conflicts and disturbances which shook their respective countries originated. It was in Paris and the other cities of France, that the *old* revolution had its earliest and warmest advocates, and at the same time the friends who most disgraced the cause by their excesses; and the same is doubtless true of the present.

The light of freedom and truth is slowest in penetrating to remote hamlets, where old superstitions and prejudices longest linger, and last appear. In these situations, heathenism held out longest against the spreading influence of christianity, as is proved by the well-known origin of the words Pagans and Paganism.

It has often been remarked, that we are more solitary in a large city, where we are not known, than in a desert. We are tantalized by the appearance of society which seems within our reach, but which we cannot enjoy.

In large cities, for the same reason, criminals most easily escape the eye of justice. Where men of all descriptions jostle us in every thoroughfare, we pass unnoticed even those individuals who wear the mark of Cain on their brows, and whose very appearance in times of suspicion would lead to their arrest in villages. In villages privacy is impossible. Wo be to the thief or murderer who seeks an asylum, in such a situation, however remote. The spirit of Aunt Charity animates the whole

population, and the death or incarceration of the poor wretch will be inevitable, wherever conviction of crime is possible in these days of packed juries, and executive pardons.

But while *this* effect of village curiosity is beneficial, its ordinary and every day influence is a horrible scourge and tyranny. The hired police of Fouché was not a whit more vigilant and prying, than the volunteer corps of spies and eavesdroppers which infests every village. These, although they have not the murderous intentions of pirates, ought to be ranked with them, as *hostes humani generis*. The injury which they inflict is indiscriminate, falling alike on friend and foe, old and young, and sparing neither sex nor age. Indeed they commonly have greatest power to injure, and do actually most injure their dearest friends. They betray private confidence with more eagerness, than Arnold would have betrayed West Point, though with less criminal intentions. Yet this treachery of tongue is far more fatal to the peace of society, than the loss of that fortress could have proved to the cause of our revolutionary fathers. Losing it then, they would have required a longer time and greater effort, to secure their independence; but it was not in the power of treachery to prevent its ultimate advent. The wounds inflicted on friendship and good neighborhood, by careless or malignant tale-bearing, are often incurable.

The most attached friends and relatives seldom consider each other perfect, and occasionally, in moments of provocation or mere indiscretion, give utterance to their sentiments. Such is the common impatience of reproof or censure, especially when uttered in our absence, that a communication of it will often alienate friends who are prepared to stand by each other to the death.

This may be the case, even when the naked truth only is communicated. But the truth, usually passing in such cases, through several strongly refracting lenses, before it reaches the mental vision is violently distorted, even if no glass be used to produce an absolute inversion. The most harmless jest thus becomes the deadliest insult; the sorrowful and reluctant admission of faults in a friend, proof of positive malice.

The buzzing of these insects, always annoying and injurious, becomes absolutely insufferable, when a village community happens to be divided into factions by some fierce local controversy. If man were endowed with the same unerring instinct of self-preservation, as the horse, they would be exterminated or driven out, before they had time to deposit those fatal eggs, from which are hatched the most malignant controversies.

We are not to imagine these vermin absolutely incapable of living and doing "their dirty work" in large cities; wherever man exists they are found; but they are comparatively unnoticed and harmless, amid the din of a large population, and the rapid

succession of new objects which there attracts the public gaze.

In a retired village or hamlet, however, a family or party feud, once originated, descends from generation to generation, and makes society the prey of the most diabolical passions; it blasts like a simoon the purity, calm and peace which seem naturally to belong to the situation.

Some speak, as if there were actually no temptations at all in villages. There may be no theatres, no splendid eating or drinking houses, no elegant incitements to debauchery; but there are never wanting means amply sufficient to seduce frail humanity. Burke's famous expression, "vice loses half its evil in losing all its grossness," is dangerously false, when we look at the influence of example on others; the seductive power of vice is increased ten fold by stripping it of its grossness. Still when applied to the vicious themselves, the opinion, if not actually true, is at least more plausible. This is more especially the case in cities, where those who are seduced, by general example, into the fashionable vices, often redeem them by elegant manners and accomplishments, as well as other more substantial qualities.

But those who are vicious at all in villages, are usually coarsely and disgustingly vicious, so that they soon become completely brutalized.

The inhabitants of villages, must therefore beware of sitting down in the security, that they have nothing to do but "eat, drink" and be good. Perpetual vigilance is the price of moral, as well as civil purity and freedom.

A VILLAGER.

THE STRANGERS.

"One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face—

* * * * *

Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."—*Beppo*.

—

There is a beauty on that brow of light,
Changing like shadows on a moonlit sky,
When the transparent clouds, serenely bright,
In magic numbers vanish swiftly by.

There is a beauty, soft, and calm, and pure,
Within the sweet depths of those azure eyes,
Like the reflection of a twilight shore,
That in the lake's untroubled bosom lies.

Thou art a stranger: yet a spell of pow'r,
Comes o'er my soul as thus I gaze on thee,

As if there had been once a golden hour,
When thou wert linked, and dearly linked to me.

It is, as if our spirits met before,
Holding communion in some distant sphere,—
Had not forgotten quite the ties of yore,
But would unite them still more closely here.

And yet we part; a brief space, and the dream,
That circled thee with a surpassing grace,
Will melt in shadow, like the latest beam,
From the Autumnal firmament's fair face.

But though its rays declining slowly fade,
They leave a glory, when their light is set,
So, though *my vision* melteth into shade,
Thy memory, lovely one, will linger yet.

P. H. H.

Charleston, S. C.

THE EPIGRAM.

The following compilation, we deem it proper to say, is the work of two contributors; the selections from the Latin and French having been made by the same hand, that furnished the striking epigrams in our last number, while the translations are from the pen of an esteemed correspondent who has heretofore written only in prose. They are very spirited and faithful, and will be highly acceptable to the general reader.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

Those of our readers who have perused the *Les Femmes Savantes* of Moliere will recollect the exclamation of Philaminte, at the sight of the illustrious *savant*, Vadius,

Du grec! ô ciel! du grec! Il sait du grec, ma sœur!

and the ecstasy of delight with which she greeted him when he was presented to her.

Quoi! monsieur sait du grec! Ah! permettez, de grâce
Que, pour l'amour du grec, monsieur, on vous embrasse.

"The Greek! oh heavens! the Greek! he knows the Greek,
my dear!

"What, monsieur knows the Greek? Allow me, sir, but
this—
Just for the love of Greek, your learned lips to kiss!"

If our readers possess any thing approaching to this enthusiasm, in favor of the epigram, they will not be displeased at the opening of another budget of these literary delicacies.

The first we give is an epitaph on Mathias Corvin, King of Hungary and Bohemia.

Corvini brevis hæc urna est, quem magna fatentur
Facta fuisse deum, fata fuisse hominem.

This urn contains what now remains
Of Corvin's little span:
Whose deeds proclaimed him demigod,
Till death confessed him man.

Menage was a poet of the seventeenth century, who regaled his contemporaries with his soporific strains. La Monnoye volunteered to write his epitaph.

Laissons en paix Monsieur Ménage;
C'étoit un trop bon personnage,
Pour n'être pas de ses amis.
Souffrez qu'à son tour il repose,
Lui dont les vers et dont la prose
Nous ont si souvent endormis.

God rest the soul of poor Menage!
He was a worthy personage—
His loss we needs must weep!
Here, in his turn, let him repose,
Whose poetry and eke whose prose,
Oft put us all to sleep!

Pellegrin was one of those ingenious individuals who strive to serve God and Mammon. He was a priest and a poet, and wrote both for the church and the theatre. His enemies accused him of writing most for the party that paid him best; and pelted him with the following epigram:

Le matin Catholique, et le soir idolâtre,
Il dîne de l'Autel, et soupe du Théâtre.

A pagan at night, though a Christian by day,
He dines on the *wafer*, and sups at the play.

He published an edition of Horace with an indifferent metrical translation. La Monnoye, on seeing the Latin and the French, side by side, on its pages, penned the subjoined:

On devroit, soit dit entre nous,
A deux divinités offrir tes deux Horaces;
Le Latin à Vénus, la déesse des grâces,
Et le Français à son époux.

Two deities may well divide
Your work, as an oblation:
To Venus give the Latin, and
To Vulcan the translation.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Vulcan was the husband of Venus.

Isaac Peyrere, first a Protestant and then a Catholic, was always undecided in his views of religion. He at one time denied that Adam was the first man, and sustained his notion in a book entitled *Præadamitæ*. We give his epitaph.

La Peyrere ici gît, ce bon Israëlite
 Huguenot, Catholique, enfin Préadamite :
 Quatre religions lui plurent à la fois,
 Et son indifférence étoit si peu commune
 Qu' après quatre-vingts ans qu'il eut à faire un choix,
 Le bon-homme partit, et n'en choisit pas une.

Here lies La Peyrere, first a good Israelite,
 Then Huguenot, Catholic, Pre-adamite :
 Four religions he tried, till, perplexed with so many,
 At eighty he died, and went off without any !

John Picus de Mirandula was a prodigy even
 among the scholastics. At the age of 24, he chal-
 lenged the whole world to discuss with him, *de omni
 re scibili*, in 900 Theses. Such a worthy merited
 an epitaph ; and here it is.

Johannes jacet hic Mirandula : cætera nôrunt
 Et Tagus et Ganges ; forsan et Antipodes.

John Mirandula's dead, whose acquaintance extends,
 From Tagus and Ganges, to where the world ends.

We contrast with the above, the distich on Poly-
 dore Virgil, who is said to have shown little exact-
 ness in his multifarious researches.

Virgilii duo sunt, alter Maro, tu Polydore
 Alter : tu mendax, ille poeta fuit.

The Muses in their bounty,
 Two Virgils did inspire :
 Historian this, and poet that,
 But both could play the lyre ! (liar.)

The Abbé de Pons was a warm friend of the
 poet La Motte, whom he defended against Madame
 Dacier. This circumstance drew forth from Ga-
 con an epigram.

L'Abbé de Pons, ce petit homme,
 Vante La Motte, et le renomme
 Grand Poëte, grand Ecrivain . . .
 Tout est géant aux yeux d'un nain !

De Pons, a dwarf, declares La Motte
 The greatest man alive :
 So, *five feet, two*, a giant seems
 To him, that's *two feet, five*.

Among the various epigrammatic epitaphs which
 have been written on the celebrated French jester,
 Rabelais, the following is worthy of preservation :

Pluton, Prince du sombre Empire,
 Où les tiens ne rient jamais,
 Reçois aujourd' hui Rabelais,
 Et vous aurez tous de quoi rire.

Pluto ! thou prince of gloomy shades,
 Whose subjects never smile !
 Receive to-day, our Rabelais,
 And let them laugh awhile !

Of a very different character is the epitaph on
 Raphael, by Cardinal Bembo.

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

With Raphael, living, Nature dared not vie,
 Yet dreaded, in his death, herself to die !

The epitaph of De Mercy is well known—

Sta viator, heroem calcas.

Stop ! traveller, and know—
 A hero sleeps below !

With this we may contrast the modest epitaph
 of the unfortunate Rathere, composed by himself.

Conculcate, pedes hominum, sal infatuatum.

Roy, a French poet and Chevalier of the order of
 St. Michael, published some verses on the sick-
 ness of the king, which gave occasion for the fol-
 lowing epigram.

Notre Monarque, après sa maladie,
 Etoit à Metz attaqué d'insomnie :
 Ah, que de gens l'auroient guéri d' abord !
 Roy le Poete à Paris versifie.
 La pièce arrive ; on la lit. . . le Roi dort. . .
 De St. Michel le Muse soit bénie.

Our king is sick, and cannot sleep—
 His servants anxious vigils keep,
 Strong anodynes a-pouring :
 Roy's verses now their poppies shed
 Around the monarch's restless head,
 And straight he falls a-snoring !

Michael Nostradamus essayed to pass for a
 prophet in the sixteenth century, and would have
 succeeded, but for one unfortunate drawback : his
 predictions all proved false. Jodelle takes him off
 in an epigram, which certainly may claim the praise
 of ingenuity, if nothing more.

Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est
 Et cum falso damus, nil nisi Nostra damus.

Piron was remarkable, among other things, for
 his antipathy to the French Academy, whom he
 used to denominate "*les Invalides* du bel-esprit."
 He composed for himself the following epitaph.

Cy gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
 Pas même Académicien.

Platine, librarian of the Vatican, wrote a treatise
 on the art of preserving health and the science of
 cookery, which Sannazar greeted with an appro-
 priate salutation.

Ingenia et mores, vitas obitusque notasse
 Pontificum, argutæ lex fuit historiae,

Tu tamen hinc lautae tractas pulmenta culinae :
Hoc, Platina, est ipsos pascere Pontifices.

Sabellicus was one of those moralists whose precepts are much better than their practice, as appears from his epitaph by Latomus.

Quid juvat humanos scire atque evolvere casus,
Si fugienda facis et facienda fugis ?

What profits the morality,
By you profoundly taught !
You do whate'er you ought not,
And do not what you ought.

M. de Candale embraced the Reformed Religion, for the sake of ingratiating himself with the duchess de Rohan, an event which was thus celebrated by D'Aubigné. We premise that Sibilot is equivalent to buffoon, that having been the name of a celebrated French jester, at the court of Henry III.

Hé quoi donc, petit Sibilot,
Pour l'amour de Dame Lisette,
Vous vous êtes fait Huguenot,
A ce que dit la Gazette ?
Sans ouï anciens, ni pasteurs,
Vous vous êtes donc fait des nôtres ;
Vraiment nous en verrons bien d'autres,
Puisque les yeux sont nos docteurs.

Tiraqueau was one of the wonders of the sixteenth century ; and we are happy to inform our temperance friends that he was a teetotaller, besides being distinguished in other respects. He was the happy father of twenty (some say thirty) children, and some scores of books ; so that he used to boast that he gave to the world, every year, a child and a book. He was honored, as he deserved, with an epitaph : *Hic jacet qui, aquam bibendo, viginti liberos suscepit, viginti libros edidit. Si merum bibisset, totum orbem impleisset.* It has been rendered into French as follows :

Tiraqueau, fécond à produire,
A mis au monde trente fils ;
Tiraqueau, fécond à bien dire,
A fait pareil nombre d' écrits.
S'il n'eût point noyé dans les eaux
Une semence si féconde
Il eût enfin rempli le moude
De Livres et de Tiraqueaux.

Here lies a man, whose beverage
Was drawn from running brooks.
The sire of twenty children,
And of as many books.
Oh ! had he fertilized with wine
So generous a soil,
The world had scarce sufficed to hold
The fruits of all his toil !

The old scholastics were prodigies in their way—that is, if we may credit the proverbial veraciousness of an epitaph. Here is one on Alfonso Tostat,

who figured at the council of Bâle, and figures still, in fourteen volumes folio.

Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit omne.

A prodigy lies here entombed,
By all the world confessed :
Who knew whate'er was knowable,
And almost all the rest !

As to Dominicus Soto (Lat. Sotus) he was a locomotive encyclopedia ; so that it passed into a proverb :

Qui scit Sotum, scit totum.

He, whose knowledge is Sotal,
Has solved the sum total.

The epigram which follows grew out of an incident in the life of Dr. John Reynolds, one of the learned translators of King James' Bible. He was, originally, a Papist, and his brother William, a Protestant. The brothers engaged in a discussion, which ended in their mutually converting each other—the nearest approximation to a Kilkenny-cat affair, which the annals of disputation afford.

Quod genus hoc pugnae est ? ubi victus gaudet interque,
Et semel alteruter se superasse dolet.

How queer a fight, where each in battle slain,
Doth victor o'er the other still remain,
And vanquished, lifts his song of triumph high,
While yet, as victor, he can only sigh.

A LAMENT.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

Autumn winds are sadly sighing,
Autumn leaves are withered lying,
Like the summer she is dying,
Weep for her.

Yes, shorter grow the sunny hours,
Sere become the summer bowers,
And she is fading like the flowers,
Weep for her.

Soon winter's icy breath will bring,
Death to every verdant thing,
And *she* no more to life may cling,
Weep for her.

Yet shall there not be always gloom,
As nature yet again may bloom,
So may *she* leave the dreary tomb,
Rejoice for her.

Ere summer visit earth again,
Released from every care and pain,
The soul freed from its mortal chain,
Shall dwell in bliss.

JOSEPH JENKINS'S RESEARCHES INTO ANTIQUITY.

ERISICTHON.

Ovid gives an entirely incorrect account of Erisichthon and his daughter Metra; and as I happen to be better acquainted with their singular story, I am able to put an end to the currency of that fabling poet's counterfeit narrative.

Erisichthon was a country gentleman, and lived a mile or two from the foot of Mount Olympus. He was a man of importance in his neighborhood, and supposed to be very comfortable in his circumstances. He had been chosen as soon as eligible, to represent the Olympic district in the Thessalian Senate, and was for a long time, a Justice of the Peace, and, by virtue of his office, Judge of the county court of Olympus. He spent his winters in Thebes, and when his daughter was grown a great girl, she turned out in that metropolis, and became very much pursued and courted. Metra was, to be sure, an interesting and lovely young person; but I have no leisure just now to be particular in the description of her charms.

One evening Metra left her father's house near Mount Olympus, and rode down to the sea-side to enjoy the pleasant Ægean airs. She rode a donkey with ears of the slimmest and most charming shape, and quite a yard and six inches in length. The waves were rolling like carded wool upon a beach of blue sand, and two arms of green forest-land, reaching into the sea, made a cove within the semi-circle of their embrace. As Metra came upon some inconsiderable hills near this cove, a singular murmur, as indistinct as the sigh of the waters, but nevertheless sounding like the conversation of ladies after champagne, only muffled and deadened in some strange way, made her give her little pearly ears, in imitation of the long ones of her dappled donkey, a sea-ward inclination. Imagine her amazement when presently, seeking with eyes and ears an explanation of the sounds, she beheld an elderly gentleman about eighty feet long, dressed in a sea-green sack, pantaloons of an extraordinarily indeterminate colour, a shirt with a milk-white ruffle at least twenty-five feet in length, and an unexceptionable summer cravat of sea-grass linen, lying comfortably along the waves of the cove, and as naturally as if upon a sofa. He was smoking a cigar, about the size of the chimney of a steamboat. Metra had seen this cigar first, and taken for granted that the steam packet from Lesbos was coming in. It was only on looking lower to discover the hull, that the elderly gentleman, coloured very much like the waters, and yielding to their comfortable undulations, grew defined to her sight.

Metra, of course, was very much astonished, but not more so than her donkey. The wretch Dapple stood a moment—with the very fire of alarm

in his eyes; and then, without a forewarning, planted his nose to the sand, and, kicking up desperately, made the long old gentleman a present of poor Metra. The long old gentleman picked her from the water into which she had been soused, and after an ogle from a pair of distinguished green eyes, replaced her quietly on shore. Metra was in wretched case. Her hair hung as lank as her riding skirt, and a dribble of sea-water ran along her nose until it made a little cataract from the end of it. The old gentleman laughed; Metra added the brine of her tears to the brine of the sea-water. The old-gentleman softened.

"My dear," he said, "I am Neptune. You seem to be very uncomfortable in your wet clothes. Glaucome, and Clymene, who are talking under us here, shall bring you some dry ones. You must be drenched quite to your skin."

"O Neptune!" said Metra, "give me vengeance upon Dapple."

"My child," replied the good-natured god, "pull a leaf of the sheep-sorrel you see growing there behind you, and chew it."

Metra plucked the sheep-sorrel, and bruised it between her white teeth. She had scarcely done so when she leaned forward, bending her pretty bust, and seemed feeling for the earth with her fine hands. A rapid change took place in her shape; her hair parted by the back of her neck and falling along her cheeks, in a few moments shortened into the silken ears of a spaniel. Her human nose, so recently coursed by tears and sea-water, grew in length, and, slim and delicate, projected over a canine muzzle. Something mysterious agitated the lingering skirt of her riding habit; and presently, flirting loose from it, curled a jaunty canine tail. With a cry of distress and astonishment, which became in spite of her teeth a musical bark, she gave a bound, cleared her skirts effectually, and ran about a spotted spaniel. It was clear to Neptune, from some of the dog's gestures, and tones, that it made entreaty to him. The pretty creature crouched on the margin of the sea, put its slim nose between its paws and whined movingly.

"My dear," said Neptune, "you seem to be distressed. You have no reason in the world to be alarmed. You can amuse yourself by snapping at Dapple's heels, and punish the rogue to your heart's content. When you want to regain your former shape, you have only to chew a rose. Doubtless your papa has an abundance of them in his garden. If you find it agreeable, or convenient, to change your form at any time hereafter, eat of the sorrel, and you will take any shape you have previously wished. The rose will always make you a woman again."

Metra barked her thanks, and forgetting to take vengeance on Dapple, ran homeward to find the rose. A great many surly dogs, with tails making awful curls over their bristling backs, attempted to arrest her course with inquisitive courtesy, as she

went. But at last she dashed into her own fair garden, and, dodging a blow from the spade of the gardener, which broke seven lights of a hot bed, plunged into the midst of a microfella. This beautiful rose had been procured at extraordinary cost from Mr. Prince, a Floriculturist of the Peloponessus, and the dragon of a gardener trembled with indignation as the spaniel, snapping several of the blooms off, broke through its prickly stems, and ran behind a hedge of Persian lilacs. He pursued like the genius of wrath. He made a circuit of the hedge, and lo ! his young mistress, screaming, and skulking, and diving into the screen of green leaves, human again, but in a sad predicament ! That was a great mistake, Metra. You should have taken care to be within reach of your wardrobe, before resuming your natural shape. But her female servants have wrapped her in a counterpane, worked in humming-bird patterns, and the adventure has terminated "as well as could be expected."

The day after all this happened, Erisichthon walked out to see after the concerns of his farm. He was in an exceedingly bad humor. Wheat had fallen a sixpence, by the latest price-current, and his miller having made an over advance on the last crop, refused under the circumstances to let him have money enough to meet the summer expenses of a trip over the *Ægean*, to a watering-place on the Scamander. As he walked on, condemning the miller, and low prices, and perhaps his own eyes, he saw just before him a grove, reputed to be one of the favorite residences of Ceres. He had, of course, often seen the grove before, for it was on a corner of his own farm. But now it occurred to him that the timber of the grove would sell for as much money as he wanted : "besides," said he, "I shall get a famous crop of potatoes, and small grain from the ground, after clearing it." And, so, he set his men to work upon the groaning trees of the sacred wood, and crash after crash, they fell down before the axe.

One evening, soon after the destruction of the grove, Erisichthon was riding along a road which led in the direction of Mount Olympus. He saw, at a little distance before him, a cart drawn by two brindled oxen, and driven by a hearty thick-waisted countrywoman. The woman rode the near ox, and held a pitchfork in her right hand and over her right shoulder. In her left hand she held an apple, of which she ate as she rode. Erisichthon rode up, and was passing on, when this countrywoman called out to him to stop. "Erisichthon," she said, masticating her apple, "I am Ceres. I understand that you have cut down my grove."

"Madam," said Erisichthon, "I was under the impression that the grove was mine."

"You are a scurvy fellow," said the Goddess, becoming very angry. "The grove belonged to me, before the old rascal, Triops, your father, set his foot upon it."

"My father, Madam, was not an old rascal, and came by the property honestly. He bought it from the sheriff, for arrears of taxes. You had your equity of redemption, but did not redeem in time, and cannot now. I have a right to cut down my own trees."

"Stupid ass!" said Ceres, "you have no idea of any tree but a cornstalk. I am the mistress of the full horn, but I abhor one of your water-blooded utilitarians. You were a beast to destroy that grove, allowing your title to it to be good. But the property, I say, was mine, and I punish you with the curse of everlasting hunger for cutting down my trees."

Ceres turned angrily away, and, smiting about her with the pitchfork, put her oxen into a gallop, and disappeared in a cloud of dust towards the divine mountain.

Erisichthon reined his horse to a stand-still. He had begun to have a twinge at the stomach, with the close of the Goddess' speech, and now he felt the positive gnawings of hunger.

"Metra put away a cold leg of lamb," he presently said ; "and I think I shall return and take a few slices of it with oil and celery."

And, so saying, he turned and rode homeward. In five minutes he reached the house, and, in five more, become too wild with hunger for the pleasant trifling of the salad, held the leg of lamb in his hands and devoured it, by pounds, from the bone.

Ovid, whom I, Joseph Jenkins, am undertaking, with that true modesty of genius for which I am remarkable, to correct in his history of Erisichthon, gives a true account of what occurred immediately after this voracious beginning with the leg of lamb. Erisichthon in a short time, devoured his flocks, consumed his bacon, desolated his poultry-yard ; and then, having done all this, converted his farm into food, and ate himself out of house and home.

"My daughter," said a thin-visaged old man, to a beautiful girl who walked at his side, on a dusty highway, "you told me that Neptune had bestowed a rare power upon you. I have a project in my head. We are approaching a great city. I entreat of you to take the shape of some valuable animal, whilst we are yet alone on the way. I will lead you in your new shape to the rich dealers of the city, and sell you for money. I can imagine no better way of raising the wind. You can change forms again, and join me, and all will be well. An ox is a valuable animal. Become an ox and I will wind a halter of grass and lead you to the market."

"Father," replied the maiden, "if I become an ox, the citizens may give me no chance of finding a rose, but presently eat me."

"I forgot that, my dear," said the hungry old gentleman ; "we must think of something else."

Just then a falcon, milk-white and of extraordinary size, flew very near their heads, and hovered within reach of Erisichthon's staff, screaming as if

glad of the meeting with human beings. Erisicthon designed the bird's death, and, suddenly swaying his staff, struck her upon the wing and brought her down. A fox does not pluck and devour a goose more swiftly than the hungry man plucked and devoured the falcon. The wind dispersed the white feathers, and father and daughter moved on. They had gone but a little distance when a horseman came on the way to meet them. He was dressed in close fitting leathern breeches, and a green coat with brass buttons. He rode, at a fast rack, on a pony with the front of a little giraffe.

"My good man," said the horseman, "have you seen a white hawk as you came on your road?"

"Nay," answered Erisicthon. "I heard the flutter of birds, in a wood, many miles away. The falcon may have been warring upon them. But I know not the truth, and cannot answer you to your satisfaction."

"A great man has lost his hawk," said the horseman. "He offers an immense reward for her. I must get on to the wood."

As the stranger rode away, Erisicthon and Metra conversed for a time, and then passed away into a thicket near at hand. It was not long before Erisicthon came forth to the road, and renewed his journey with a white falcon on his arm. He spoke to the bird, as he went on, as if he found a companion in it.

"My dear," he said, "this sheep-sorrel is a plant of wonderful virtues. I think the great man will not find a feather unlike in our counterfeit. I will claim the reward, and live in pleasant abundance again."

And Metra, metamorphosed into a falcon, smoothed her neck against the cheek of her father, and looked affectionately into his eyes.

"I have brought the white falcon and claim the reward," said Erisicthon, standing at the door of a marble-fronted house in the city. The rich man hurried out from a banquet which he was holding, the wine red and generous on his lips. He was very happy to find the bird, beautiful in her glossy mail, staring him in the face. Erisicthon received a check on a banking-house, and the front door flew to in his face.

The great man bore his falcon—that is to say Metra—upon his fist, and reëntered the room in which he had been enjoying his dinner with a pleasant party of his friends.

"I have had the greatest imaginable good fortune," said he. "I have recovered my bird. My friends, congratulate me."

And the great man's friends at once congratulated him with all their stomachs. There was one young gentleman of the party who went through the ceremony with less ardor than the others. His name was Menon, and he was of so distinguished a beauty that Metra fixed her bright eyes, a little moist with the distress of her singular lot, upon his

face and scarcely withdrew them to eat languidly of the food which her master offered to her jetty beak. The young person, so honored by her stare, seemed to observe something in the eyes so fixed upon him, and presently extended his hand saying—"a beautiful bird, kinsman." And he would have caressed the glossy white mails of the falcon. But Metra lifted her wide wings, and leaving her master, perched on the extended hand.

"There is positively something human in the eyes of the bird," said Menon.

"Ah you gadabout?" said the ruby-nosed host. "You refuse my polite attentions. I am tempted to wring your neck."

Metra put her head close to the cheek of Menon. Her soft breathing affected him strangely. He positively felt himself enamored of a white falcon.

"Gentlemen," said the host, after the wine had gone round many times, "this is the first of September. Thirty days hath September—April, June and November. We are getting on rapidly to the lawful hunting season. In thirty days we shall have a little amusement. I propose that on the first day of October we go down to my country-seat and fly our hawks. My steward writes me word that blue-wings are making their appearance, and that partridges are plenty."

"We will go with all the pleasure in the world," said the party; and then poured out a great many bumpers, and drank to the issue of the sporting enterprise.

On the first day of October, about noon, a white falcon sailed over a wood, in a pleasant country of farm-houses, forests, and cultivated fields. "Metra—Metra!" shouted some one from the wood; and the bird descended rapidly, with the motion of a kite dropping upon a thrush in a tree-top, and was then hidden by the boughs.

"Bless my soul, daughter," said the person who had shouted; "I had almost given you out. I have brought a good horse, which I found by a stream, where the rider was dismounted and asleep; and I have, besides, taken care to bring a rose, and some very nice clothes for you. We had better lose no time."

"My dear father," said Metra, "how do you do?"

"Hungry," answered Erisicthon.

In a short time Erisicthon, who had gone a little way into the wood, that Metra might resume her natural shape and dress, mounted a fleet horse, drew his daughter up behind him and rode off at a dashing gallop.

"And how did you manage to get away from the great man?" said Erisicthon.

"I saw you," Metra answered, "by the way-side; and soon after, when my master threw me off at a blue drake I canceliered and then came off to seek you. But how did it happen that you came prepared with the rose and the dress, which really fits me quite nicely?"

"I heard of the hawking party and, before following it, provided both, so that if we met, as I hoped we should, you might, at once, resume your shape. I wanted to see you very much. Besides, I have eaten up the great man's reward."

And, so conversing, father and daughter rode on through, and out of the wood, at a swift pace.

That evening Erisichthon sold the horse which he had taken from the person asleep by the stream. Two days after, he had eaten up the price. Father and daughter were again on foot, toiling through the dust of a highway.

"Metra," said Erisichthon, "it is quite impossible that I can endure this singular gnawing at the stomach. I am sometimes disposed to believe that Ceres has put a tiger into me. If I am not eternally throwing food to him, he begins to munch at his cage. Unless I devour I shall be devoured."

"I am ready, my dear father," said Metra, "to assume any form you choose and to take a master that you may not want food."

"The horse fed me two days," said Erisichthon, "I am so hungry that I have no imagination. Take that shape now, and hereafter we may imagine some other forms. I see a clump of sheep-sorrel. I declare to you, my daughter, that my hunger is excessive."

As he ended Erisichthon plucked some leaves of the sheep-sorrel. Metra looked towards Olympus, the blue top of which was just visible in the distance, shining with the golden gleam which the presence of the gods bestowed upon it, and said:

"Mighty Ceres! if it be thy will that Erisichthon shall continue to wander, overcome by canine hunger, I bow myself, and will devote my life, and all that is seemly in maidenhood, to lighten thy curse to him. But, mighty mother of the teeming soils! be merciful. Forgive this old man."

No answer came from Olympus, and Metra, taking the sorrel leaves, chewed them resolutely, but at the same time, with tears of distress in her large and expressive eyes. In a short time Erisichthon continued his journey, leading a beautiful horse by a rope of grass. He came to a village. A fat landlord stood in the door-way of his inn.

"My good fellow," quoth he, "you have an uncommonly fine horse. One of my customers lost his hunter a day or two ago, and will buy yours—no doubt. Wait a little until his dinner is over."

"I will sell the horse," said Erisichthon, in a paroxysm at the mention of dinner.

The gentleman came out. It was the young Menon of the rich man's banquet—the same; moreover, from whom, whilst sleeping by the stream, Erisichthon had taken the fleet hunter. Menon bought Metra in the guise of a horse, and Erisichthon again fed abundantly. Metra uttered a neigh of delight, when she found herself the property of the youth, Menon.

Menon lived in a fine old house in a grove of

white-oaks, a little way from the village. An hour before the setting of the sun, he put his foot into the stirrup, and threw himself gallantly upon his newly purchased hunter. At the very outset, sanguineous with several tumblers of punch, he applied his spurs. He felt the glossy and tender flank shrink and quiver under his heel. Metra moved swiftly, but with a saddened heart, under her burthen; the cruelty of the spur augured badly of the new lot to which filial piety had devoted her. But Menon, finding how noble and swift the animal, on which he sate, was, instead of urging, used restraint and caresses. Metra felt his hand upon her neck, lifting her mane, and smoothing the proud curve beneath it. She replied by a grateful neigh, which must yet have been an affirmative, for she increased the speed and ease of her gaits. And so horseman and horse came to the old house in the grove of oaks. Menon left Metra at the rack and went in to pay his respects to his mother—a very distinguished old lady, with the kindest heart in the world, and perfectly devoted to her son. Presently he returned and walked by Metra's side to the stables. He saw her put into a comfortable stall, with a good supper of oats, in a clean trough, and a rack full of sweet hay, newly mown from his meadows. He patted her yielding sides, left her for the night and locked the stable door.

It was about midnight. Metra, in her horse-shape and with horse-appetites, had been chewing the sweet hay in the rack. Her eyes were half closed; in fact she was dozing. What makes her start so suddenly from her half somnolence? She has eaten a rose which, blooming on the meadow, has been cut down with the grass. That start was Metra's last equine performance. Her mane became presently the lovely dark hair natural to the maiden—growing until it hung almost to the ground. Her white shoulders, plump and round, gleamed out from its parted darkness; her curved body gave undulations to it. Only the face and the arms, lifted to the brow in confusion, and parts of the pure lower limbs were clearly discernible; so long and dense was the screen of her magnificent hair. What shall she do? The stable is locked. She cannot escape. Where shall she find a leaf of sheep-sorrel? She rummaged the rack, feeling and then putting to her lips everything that seemed, in the dark, at all like the plant. It was to no purpose. In her despair—for in a few hours Menon would come again to the stable—she went to work, with flying fingers, to make a garment out of the long grasses of the mow. It occurs to me that I have, somewhere, seen it remarked that perseverance overcomes all things. I am not certain. Perhaps this remark is one of my own powerful original reflections. Be this as it may, the truth of the observation was exemplified in the instance before us. Perseverance enabled Metra to make, in a short time, a mantle—rude in its texture, and per-

haps unsafe in the tenacity of its parts, but answering the purpose tolerably. Wrapping this mantle around her, under the natural mantle of her hair, and spreading this last in concealing disarray about her person, she awaited the end. Her heart and lips throbbed and quivered, to be sure, and she might have wept, but that her late sad life had deepened the well of tears. Apollo came up gladly over the autumnal hills. Metra saw the streaks of his light upon the walls and floor of her prison. One of them traversed her body, resting its golden point upon the arch of her white instep. She moved more into the shadow. A noise of birds twittering about the stable-eaves, and singing blithely on the wing above them, came to the matutinal bidding. One, a purple-glossed swallow, darted through a crevice in the wall, whirled past the maiden's head, made a skilful course of the stalls, returned to whirl past it again, and then, as if perfectly informed of the reality of the wonder, passed out, by the same crevice, to give an account of his extraordinary discovery and adventures to the crowd of his companions.

"Apollo!" said Metra, clasping her hands, and falling upon her knees, "Apollo—beautiful and generous! rescue me, a poor child, from the horrors of this condition. Thou knowest that I am not unworthy—being a pure maiden—of thy kindly care. Rescue me. The autumnal wood is *dædal* under the splendor of thy flashing locks. Bear me to its wildest recesses, that my maiden purity may not meet the jeering eyes of men. Apollo—beautiful and generous—be kind to me."

This prayer exposes the simple and relying piety of the maiden. If she had been skeptically acquainted with the character of Apollo, she would have hesitated to make so singular a request of him. She had, doubtless, been kept ignorant of his adventures with Daphne, Cyrene, and a great many others.

A low twanging, as of a harp string, came from the rafters above her head, and Metra, assured of the god's protection, folded her arms upon her bosom, and awaited the end. Presently some notes of natural music reached her ears. It was the melodious whistling of Menon. He came to look after his horse. The key turned in the lock—a kick which did not drive the door open, another that did, and—he entered. "By Pluto!" said Menon, who saw nothing of his horse. He stepped three steps on. Some tresses of Metra's hair caught his eye. He advanced and stood within a step of her. Within one step of her he stood, but then he at once increased the step to half a dozen. It is not a common thing to see a beautiful woman, veiled with hair, in the stall of a horse. Metra, finding the youth utterly astounded, spoke.

"Menon," she said, with tones of resigned sadness, "you are amazed to find me here. My story will increase your amazement. But provide me

with garments befitting a maiden; you shall then hear my unhappy history."

The voice and gentle words reassured Menon. His eyes dwelt upon the charming speaker. Metra marked the close scanning of the youth, and, blushing to her temples, said:

"If you have a mother, I beseech you to bring her speedily hither. It is not seemly that I should remain here; and—alas!—your own eyes already note me as common, and of little value." And Metra aided the sweetness of her tongue with tears.

Menon, abashed out of his scrutiny, blushed a little, and, placing his hand on his heart, promised that he would instantly acquaint his mother with the maiden's presence and wish. And, so doing and saying, he left the stable in a great hurry, and went to fulfil his promise.

A stately old dame, with a cap four feet high, and spectacles upon nose, came at a slow pace towards the stable and Metra.

"Madam," said Metra, calmly, when the dame was drawn near, "you find me in distress. That will plead with your kind heart to give me present relief. I can convince you, at a better time, that I am innocent as well as unhappy."

The mother of Menon, touched by the distress and beauty of the fair stranger, made haste to clothe her beauty in more becoming and reputable habiliments. Servants ran about, and it was not long before Metra stepped into the sunshine surrounded by a troop of waiting women, and looking as beautiful as Aurora—only with the sad eyes of the earthly-weak Merope. It is said, and I am unable to contradict it, that the music of a sweet instrument sounded in the air, or under the earth, or from some unascertained quarter which the inclining ears of the waiting-women were pricked to discover, as the train passed from the stables. The music had a sweet effect upon Metra. Her red lips murmured "Apollo"—and her eyes acquired the lustre of a divine hope. Crossing her arms upon her bosom, she moved with the stately step of one assured of the loving protection of the gods. And so the train entered the house of Menon.

The story of Metra was presently told, without a particle of concealment. If you had been near you would have seen that the youth, Menon, listened with his heart as well as his ears.

A week passed away. Under the serene umbrage of a dell, in the wide-spreading grove, Menon and Metra walked and talked as lovers.

"I cannot conceal from you, Menon," said Metra, in answer to some warm urgency of the youth's passion, "that your kindness wins daily upon me. But I am devoted by Fate and filial affection to the fortune of my father, Erisiethon. The curse of Ceres still clings to him, and his canine hunger is unappeasable. Let us, in the purity of our youth, journey with sweet instruments of music to the

foot of Olympus, and offer up sacrifices and prayers to the great goddess. She may relent: then, happy in the happiness of my father, and in the satisfied love of my own heart, which, in my candor, I do not conceal from you, the days will pass gladly with me, Menon."

And Metra, full of the joyous hope, melted Menon with the glory of her eyes.

Then it was arranged that the propitiatory pilgrimage and sacrifices should be made.

On a fair autumn day, with a cool breeze to chide the over-warmth of the sun and the tinted shades of the gorgeous boughs of forests mellowing the natural light of a thousand lovely scenes, the pilgrims set forth on the way to Olympus. Menon and Metra marched first, the one with the heat of passion on his cheek, the other calm with a serene and consoling confidence in the mercy of Ceres. A sow, with her farrow, was led in the midst of the crowd that came after. The sow grunted; her offspring also remonstrated: It was to no purpose. Lofty music drowned the remonstrances. And so the train swept on, gathering way-farers as it went, and came, at last, to the foot of Olympus. After the sacrifice had been offered, and the loudest peal of the blended music had gone up with a glorious swell, and come down with a wandering and fitful cadence, (what goes up must come down,) a stout country-woman, who had joined the train by the way-side, stepped out of the crowd, and, walking to where Menon and Metra stood, awaiting some divine utterance or gleam of light, addressed herself to the latter.

"Metra," she said, "your father committed a great outrage upon me; and all the polite attentions yourself and this good-looking young gentleman can shew me, shall not change my opinion of him. But, nevertheless, I am willing to wipe out old scores, for your sake--my dear."

Menon and Metra, of course, stared very much.

"You are a little perplexed, my young friends," said the stout country-woman; "you probably do not recognize me. I am Ceres."

With the words, three hundred knees--there being just one half so many persons in the company--were bent to the ground, and a prayer which sounded like the shouts of an army storming a city, made the leaves on Olympus quake.

"That will do," said Ceres, blushing under the extraordinary civility. "I accept the sacrifice. Erisiethon shall return to a slender, natural appetite. Go, my young friends and marry as soon as you will. But stop--I am just now at leisure. I will be very busy after to-day. I should like very much to be at your wedding, and insist that you invite me to witness the ceremony to night."

Metra blushed--Menon looked delighted and as soft-eyed as an amorous falcon.

"Go back," said Ceres, "and make the wedding-feast ready. I will be punctual"--and saying

this she drew her skirts a little up and walked away over the ascending slope of Olympus.

The feast was made ready at the old house in the oak grove. The clergyman had just arrived in a barouche, holding, in addition to himself, his wife and eleven small children, drawn by a meek old horse, with the agitations of a springhalt in his gait. The venerable horse was moving slowly from the door. "Make way for my lady's chariot," was heard above the grinding sound of rapidly approaching wheels. It was a bravely adorned woman, with a majestic presence, that descended from the chariot and entered. All knew Ceres. She led a miserable man by the hand who, amazed at what he saw, blinked his feeble eyes in the wedding lights.

"I bring Erisiethon," said Ceres. "I will that, from this moment, he be as he was, before stricken by care and hunger."

Erisiethon became, in a moment, a hale and portly country-gentleman.

"You will return to your house to-morrow," whispered Ceres to him. "I shall have the present owner ousted to night. You shall be reinstated where my curse found you; but bear in mind hereafter that the lovely trees of the earth are living things, suffering and rejoicing, after their kind and in their degree."

The wedding rite was over. Ceres took a hand of Menon and a hand of Metra, and, with a divine aureola encircling her majestic head, bestowed her blessing upon them--saying: "Metra, your filial piety and sweet resignation to an unhappy fortune--Menon, your truth and gentle kindness have made you, joined now in hands and love, and one household, my peculiar care. So it has been that I have forgiven this old man; so it is that I bestow my blessing upon you; so it will be that sorrow shall never darken your doors. Farewell. I am obliged to leave you now on very important business."

Plenty ever after filled the garner of Erisiethon. Love and happiness took up their abode with Menon and Metra.

Having thus vindicated the truth of history, I retire from the admiring gaze of an appreciating public, with that prompt grace for which my friends declare me to be remarkable.

JOSEPH JENKINS.

The magnificent edition of Camoen's *As Lusidas* printed in 1817 by Dom Jose Souza, assisted by Didot, is perhaps the most immaculate specimen of typography in existence. In a few copies, however, one error was discovered occasioned by one of the letters in the word *Lusitano* getting misplaced during the working of a sheet.

WHENCE COME YE ?

Dreams of the calm midsummer night,
Steeping the soul in soft delight,
Weaving sweet spells of magic bright,
Whence come ye ?

Dreams of hope—with the rainbow's hue
Painting dull life to mortal view,
In colors too bright to be yet true—
Whence come ye ?

Dreams which tell of kingly power ;
Of crested knight in battle's hour,
And revels gay in beauty's bower—
Whence come ye ?

Dreams of a fairy's dew-drop throne,
In lily cup or rose fresh blown,
To mortal eye, alas ! unknown—
Whence come ye ?

Dreams of love—which in whisperings tell,
Like mellowed tones from a distant bell,
Of joys which the heart but knows too well—
Whence come ye ?

Amid the voices of the night,
Come in gentle accents light,
Answ'ring words from unseen sprite—
Listen ye.

'Mortals ! there is a bright land of dreams—
Whence sweet fancies flow in gushing streams,
And the light of love forever gleams—
Hence come we.'

H.

Martinsburg, Va., Sept. 1848.

ON THE REQUISITES

FOR THE FORMATION

OF A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

There are some men among us who are such scrupulous and exclusive patriots, who are so jealously devoted to the aggrandizement and glorification of our own dear country, that they insist upon the necessity incumbent upon all our artists of painting nothing but national subjects ; otherwise, say they, the artists are false to the resources and reputation of the land that gave them birth, and do not deserve the name of *American*. If landscape is the artist's choice, let him paint nothing but American scenery, especially views of such places as have witnessed the triumphs of the American arms. If historical painting be the object of his devotion, let him illustrate only the great events of American History. There is a similar class among the literary men of our country, who are continually crying out for a "National Literature," as if a Na-

tional literature would come any the sooner by their crying for it than by their writing for it, and meanwhile they are mostly authors of such mean abilities, that while they are crying it up, they are writing it down. From this principle, however, has originated a vast and vapid array of novels, tales, poems, &c., founded on the red men and the Revolution, which two branches comprehend almost all the available nationality we can boast of, always excepting those everlasting Pilgrim Fathers, who have so often, on canvass, been placed, bare headed and handed, amid ice and snow and the dreariest cold of a New England winter, that it is a special Providence they have not been frozen to death long ago. Some wiseacres have proposed that all American books and newspapers should be printed in a peculiar letter, avoiding all forms of the *Roman* as being decidedly *English*. Their preference, I believe, lay in what is called the Gothic, which having the hair lines of the letters of the same thickness with the rest, was to exemplify the theory of republican equality ! They would thus secure a *type* of nationality even if they missed the substance. Another and a later set, still more rabid, have attempted to remodel the orthography of the whole language, and they print books and a newspaper in a character that looks as if their fount of type had been mixed up with portions taken from other founts of Greek, old Saxon, Russian, Coptic and Gibberish. This is a free country, and men are at liberty to make fools of themselves in any harmless way they like, especially if they pay the expenses themselves. Some architects have carried the principle of nationality into their branch of the fine arts, and have proposed a column whose capital shall be adorned with silk-tasseled ears of Indian corn, and strings of tomatoes, which, as the "American order," shall supersede, among the "Natives," the acanthus leaves and almonds of the graceful Corinthian and the chaste Ionic. We have seen the raising of a Gothic monument to Washington objected to, because Gothic architecture belonged to the Dark Ages, when Europe was overspread with Romanism and Feudalism ; and it was argued that, since George Washington was attached neither to Popery nor the feudal system, a Gothic monument was manifestly inappropriate. To make it of the classical architecture would be equally bad ; because the old Greeks and Romans were Pagans, while George Washington was no pagan. They have accordingly, I believe, adopted a design for that monument, which, as it resembles nothing else under the sun, they *infer* must be truly and purely and patriotically "*National*."

Now what is the foundation of all these propositions ? Is it patriotism ? If so we should at least give them a respectful consideration, for true patriotism is a noble virtue, although it has a name which is nearly worn threadbare. But it must be remembered that patriotism, like valor, gen-

erally lies dormant in the "piping times of peace," and is developed only at epochs of national danger or distress. Then, no people that have Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, will be found to lack it. But gazing on patriotic pictures is by no means a sure way to arouse patriotic emotions. I have stood in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, looking at some of Col. Trumbull's shirt-sleeve heroes of the Revolution, and have seen a man come in, just fresh from the country, whose opinion of his native land was great in strict proportion with his ignorance of all others, and I have watched the effect produced upon him. His eyes shone when I explained the picture to him; he asked question after question, and finally, slapping his hand vehemently upon his thigh, he almost shouted—"Yes, them's the fellers that licked the British! Them's the fellers for me!" It excited in him, to an intense degree, the passion of *National vanity*: while in me, who love my native land, I believe, as well as any man, the only feeling was that, as a work of art, the picture was a poor concern, and unworthy of the Capitol of a nation as great as ours. *National vanity* is the root whence all these silly projects of "nationality" arise, and their advocates, who are chiefly to be noted for two things, clamor and pertinacity, will almost invariably be found to be men who have great ambition with small ability, who have discovered that National vanity is a strong and lusty beast of burden, which can carry great freight, and which they are determined to mount, in the vain hope that they may thus securely ride to the regions of renown;—being instinctively conscious all the while, poor fellows!—and hence their desperate fire and fury,—that they have none of that peculiar innate vigor, by which great men march down to posterity on their own two legs, and without any beastly help whatever.

Now the great object of Art is, not to pander to National vanity, but to encourage and develop in man the sense of the beautiful, the good and the true, and by fit representations of them, to enchant him with their love. It is intended to appeal to the sympathies, the feelings, the principles, the belief, the hopes, the fears, the affections of man as man, and not as an American, or an Englishman, or a Frenchman. The former will help the world to feel the great truth, that God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth; while the other tends directly to perpetuate the abominable lie that one people are the "natural enemies" of another. Besides our nation needs no additional helps to National vanity. She has enough of them already of all sorts and sizes, prices and qualities, from Trumbull's pictures in the rotunda, down to Currier's lithographed daubs of Capt. May and the battle of Buena Vista. Brother Jonathan was a smart boy, and taught himself the whole theory and practice of national bragging long before he left school; he is so thorough in the science, moreover, that it is

very improbable that he could learn any new lessons, at this late day, from the easel or the brush.

But let us leave the speculative inquiry and consult the records of experience. Let us look at those nations who have, in modern times, been famous for their schools of Historical Painting, and see how far their success was founded on the principle of Nationality. To begin with Italy, the mother country of the arts in modern times; how many of her great paintings, those that have brought the rest of the world together to learn at her feet, those that have covered the walls and the ceilings of her churches, chapels and palaces with masterpieces of coloring and design, and elevated her painters to the front rank, there to remain forever, the princes of their profession,—how many of these I say, have been founded on the events of their national history? So few that their number is absolutely pitiful. The Bible has been the great source whence her artists drew their inspiration, and next to that the lives of the Saints. Then followed classical subjects, which are incomparably more numerous than those of national history. Even in landscape, the greatest number of celebrated pictures are not views of any particular spot famous from historical associations, but compositions, whose sole interest is derived from their execution. In Spain the same rule will be found to hold good; the number of national paintings being exceedingly few, while Religion again stands up as the fostering parent of all that has formed the fame of the Spanish school. In Germany the principle only finds a further confirmation. The grand productions of the German school rest for the most part on Religion, as do those of Italy and Spain; and but a small portion, and that mostly of very modern growth, is devoted to the maintenance of the National vain-glory. Nor is the Flemish school an exception, although distinguished by a strong nationality. Its historical painters, like the others, drew on Religion for the subjects of their great pictures; while the large class of those who devoted themselves to landscape, village and tavern scenes, rustic carousals, and all the varieties of still life, were strongly national. But how was this nationality displayed? By a selection from the glorious events of their national history, so as to tickle the national vanity, which is what our clamorous exclusives call "encouraging the patriotic feeling?" Not in the least. They are national, because they express the character of the common people of the country in their common every day affairs, for it is here that the peculiarities of every nation are most strongly developed. But the subjects of this whole class of pictures have no more connexion with Dutch patriotism, than the clay pipes of tavern smokers have with the death of Count Egmont, or a pot-house card-party with the exploits of admiral Van Tromp. Of the same nature is nearly all the nationality of the English

school, whose historical painters,—very few they are, by the way,—have not very largely illustrated the proud history of their native land. But France has a very different story to tell. She has constantly acted on the principle that the great purpose to which the arts were meant to be applied is to foster, and intensify, and glorify the national vanity. For this purpose French art was first forced into a hot-bed existence by Louis XIV., an existence which was prolonged, with constantly increasing debility and impotence, under his successors, until Napoleon arose to infuse into it a fresh but spasmodic vigor. Under the auspices of the grand Emperor and the grand army, arose the Napoleon gallery, the most monotonous collection, to any but a Frenchman, that was ever perpetrated under the pretence of the Nationality of Art. The natural and inevitable result has followed. In spite of the vast collections of paintings and other works of art in the Tuilleries and the Louvre, in spite of the lavish support of the government, in spite of the establishment of Academies of design, and of every effort to create a school of art which should be a glory to the nation,—efforts far greater than have been made in any other country of Christendom,—the race of French painters has always been weak, miserable, paltry, empty and contemptible. Religion and all the deeper and holier feelings of man, as man, were excluded, as forming no part of the nationality of Art. Man was not regarded, except in so far as he was a Frenchman. French painters did not paint, because they were, in their hearts, enthusiasts for the art divine, and could not live and breathe without it: they did not picture on canvass the glorious visions of beauty that are wont to haunt the imaginations of those who are enamored of the silent mistress of their souls; but they were painters because they had been brought up in the government schools, and they painted this or that picture because they had received government orders to illustrate such and such an event of national glory. The consequence is, that there is hardly a town or even village of decent size to be found in Italy, which, in the amount of works of true art which it has produced, cannot outweigh the whole of France with all its nationality to boot. And yet *this* is the point to which our ignorant, conceited and loud-mouthed quidnuncs would degrade American art—if they could!

And if foreign examples are not enough, let us look at the brief history of American art thus far, and see what the National principle has done for us. The great “National” pictures are in the Rotunda at Washington. Of these, Trumbull’s are valuable only for their portraits. Chapman’s Baptism of Pocahontas is a decided failure. Weir’s and Vanderlyn’s are the best of the seven, but strictly speaking they do not illustrate subjects of American history at all, if by “American” we are to understand, as we suppose, “belonging to these

United States.” For Weir’s represents a company of Englishmen, on board an English ship, in a Dutch port, at a time when neither the vessel nor any of her famous passengers had ever seen or set foot in America. And Vanderlyn’s is a Spanish and not an American picture, by the same rule; for all the persons represented are Spaniards, the scene is in an island that never belonged to us and probably never will, and the great discoverer himself never touched on any part of the coast of these United States. So the best pictures in the Rotunda are those that are *not* American. West was an American artist, and was the first to give America a name for the arts, yet what national subject did he ever illustrate? Allston raised his country’s fame still higher, and has also won an European reputation as a historical painter. Yet he too was devoid of “patriotism.” And among living historical painters of our country, some of whom have risen, and several bid fair to rise to eminence, what nationality has been displayed? To illustrate by a case in point, so as to ascertain what *is* the true value of this nationality in art, take the case of Powers. His statue of the Greek Slave has established his reputation in Europe, and placed an American on a par with the highest living sculptors; and his statue of the boy holding a shell to his ear has only increased his fame. Now would the glory to our nation have been any the greater if the Greek Slave, instead of a Greek, had been made a lovely young Choctaw squaw, or the boy with the shell had been modelled from a little responsibility among the Sacs and Foxes? And to fortify our position by but one case from among our literary men; what writer has done more to raise our character abroad than Prescott, a man acknowledged by all European critics to be second to no living historian, if he be not himself the first. And yet he has written only Spanish, Mexican and Peruvian history—not one word of American.

But what are the contracted limits to which these men, of one idea, (and that one both little and false,) would confine the aspiring though youthful energies of American art? There are, first of all, the Red men—very interesting characters, no doubt, in Mr. Cooper’s Novels, or Mr. Catlin’s Indian gallery, of which the latter is worth infinitely more than the former, because it is “founded on fact.” But it is hard to make much, in the way of art, of a “brave” who chooses to adorn himself, like a bantam cock, with feathers down to his heels. A tawny chief may be made to look very sentimental on canvass, indeed, if you imagine him arrived, towards the hour of a cloudy sunset, at the jumping-off place on the borders of the Pacific ocean and fancy him ready to take the leap. Something may be made out of a council-fire, and something out of a pipe of peace; though a tomahawk is decidedly too bloodthirsty to be artistical. But is the national artist to be bound up to an eternal round of

Pottawotamies, Chickasaws, Black-feet and Flat-heads, braves, squaws, and papooses? Is he to be shut up forever in the forest, or the smoky and spacious wigwam? Oh no! say these patriotic curtailers of the Liberty of Art,—there are “Washington and his Generals.” And are these to be done to death by American artists, as “Napoleon and his Marshals” have been served by the French? “But then,” chimes in a nasal down-easter,” there are the Pilgrim fathers, let them paint them!” I would respectfully remind the nasal down-easter, that, in the first place, the Pilgrim fathers are not very picturesque objects, and, in the second place, that they have been very extensively “done” already; Weir made the most of them, and there they are in the Capitol, as gray as Norway rats and as cold as Quincy granite. No! FREEDOM is the motto of our country! The son of New England is at liberty to go forth to any corner of the world, however remote, trade and traffic there, and bring home the proceeds of his enterprise to enrich his native place, and enjoy himself on his gains. And may not the Yankee artist likewise go to any quarter of the world for the subject of his picture? Let him handle it well, let the fire of genius warm his fancy, and the patience of perseverance bring his design to a perfect work, and no matter whence the subject comes, he has brought fame to his country and to her school of painting, and let him enjoy it without interference. It would be a poor sort of liberty we have, and one not worth boasting of or painting pictures for its everlasting glorification, if the Yankee artist were not at least as free as the Yankee pedlar.

No! the field, spread out before the American Historical Painter is as wide as the domain of Art can make it. Religion lies first, and highest, and deepest. It is the source of the truest and most enduring inspiration, and has ever been the favorite subject of the greatest works of the pencil. And her sacred finger has already signed the youthful forehead of American Art with the sign of the Cross. For here were the noblest efforts of West displayed. Here Allston exerted his highest powers. Here our living Huntington has chosen his home, and his “Mercy’s dream,” and “Christiana passing through the valley of the shadow of death,” will live and bring comfort and peace to the heart of many an humble believer,—yes, and be reckoned high in the school of American Historical painting too, when Colonel Trumbull’s National picture of one hundred and twelve legs, in knee-breeches, shall have passed away, or sunk into the insignificance which many may think it enjoys already.

Besides the inexhaustible field of religion it must be remembered, that since our country has opened as it were an asylum for the oppressed of all countries, and reckons among her citizens natives of almost, if not quite all, the kingdoms and States in christendom, so American painters have a right to

naturalize, in American art, all the nationalities of all the nations under heaven. The world is all before them where to choose. Only let them choose for themselves, and not suffer themselves to be dictated to by pragmatistical ignoramuses, whose only qualifications for such an office are long tongues and strong lungs, and whose inkstands are never dry, for they are constantly putting in more water. But let them, when they have selected a subject, *love* the theme of their own choice, and work it out with patient, true affection, and they will be doing *their duty* to American Art.

There are then but two grand requisites for the formation of an American School of Historical Painting.

First: *That there shall be American painters.*

Second: *That these American painters shall paint well.*

Of all the classes and professions in this country, *they* shall not be singled out as the only ones to be hampered and hemmed in by a high fence; they shall not be manacled and fettered by any rules except those that flow from the nature of their art, and govern its exercise all the world over; they shall not be confined to a narrow, monotonous and beaten round, like an omnibus horse in Broadway, or a thief in the tread-mill, while on every side around them are the breezy mountains, the murmuring rivers, and the sunny meadows of their love. Liberty is theirs! Let them show their country and the world, that they know how to use it!

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The following very beautiful stanzas were first published in a London paper soon after the death of Sir Walter Scott. We had not seen them for many years until, a short time since, a kind friend placed them in our hands for republication in the Messenger. Short fragments of the verse, like snatches of dimly-remembered music, had lingered in our memory, but we have read it over with fresh delight and increased admiration. It is a noble strain, indeed, and most worthy of its subject;—the immortal “Ariosto of the North.”—*Ed. Mess.*

’Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer’s
boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and
song:

’Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely
vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the
gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o’er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and
fruitage rife—

Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of
mind—
Had fled forever from the fame, love, friendship of man-
kind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar.
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or
star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence
worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in
the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral
train swept by!
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that other forms
moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young and
fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask “Can this be
true?”
Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;
Earth’s glory seems a tarnish’d crown to that which we
behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest
garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—methought the “dauntless Harold” pass-
ed me by—
The proud “Fitz James,” with martial step, and dark, in-
trepid eye;
That “Marmion’s” haughty crest was there, a mourner for
his sake;
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet, “Lady of the
Lake.”

The “Minstrel,” whose *last lay* was o’er, whose broken
harp lay low,
And with him glorious “Waverley,” with glance and step of
wo;
And “Stuart’s” voice rose there, as when, ’midst fate’s dis-
astrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave “Vich Ian
Vohr.”

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the “Dominie” stalk’d
past,
With “Bertram,” “Julia,” by his side, whose tears were
flowing fast;
“Guy Mannering,” too, moved there, o’er power’d by that
afflicted sight;
And “Merrilies,” as when she wept on Ellangowan’s
height.

Solemn and grave, “Monkbarns” approached, amidst that
burial line;
And “Ochiltree” leant o’er his staff, and mourn’d for “Auld
lang syne!”
Slow march’d the gallant “M’Intyre,” whilst “Lovel”
mused alone;
For *once*, “Miss Wardour’s” image left that bosom’s faith-
ful throne!

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came “MacGre-
gor’s” clan—
Red “Dougal’s cry peal’d thrill and wild”—“Rob Roy’s”
bold brow looked wan;

The fair “Diana” kissed her cross, and bless’d its sainted
ray;
And “Wae is me!” the “Bailie” sighed, “that I should
see this day!”

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renowned “Black
Dwarf;”
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and whitelocks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood “Old Mortality!”

“Balfour of Burley,” “Claverhouse,” the “Lord of Evan-
dale,”
And stately “Lady Margaret,” whose wo might nought
avail!
Fierce “Bothwell” on his charger black, as from the con-
flict won;
And pale “Habakkuk Mucklewrath,” who cried “God’s
will be done!”

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wild-
est scenes,
Passed she—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous “Jeanie
Deans;”
And “Dumbiedikes,” that silent laird, with love too *deep*
to smile,
And “Effie,” with her noble friend, the good “Duke of
Argyle.”

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark “Ravenswood”
advanced.
Who on the false “Lord Keeper’s” mien with eye indig-
nant glanced;—
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, ’neath covert close and
sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts—the “Bride of Lam-
mermoor!”

Then “Annot Lyle,” the fairy queen of light and song,
stopped near,
The “Knight of Ardenvoehr,” and *he*, the gifted Hieland
Seer;
“Dalgetty,” “Duncan,” “Lord Menteith,” and “Ronald”
met my view—
The hapless “Children of the Mist,” and bold “M’high-Con-
nel Dhu!”

On swept “Bois Gilbert” “Front de Bœuf” “De Bracy’s”
plume of wo;
And “Cœur de Lion’s” crest shone near the valiant “Ivan-
hoe;”
While soft as glides a summer cloud “Rowena” closer
drew,
With beautiful “Rebecca”—peerless daughter of the Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral
train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy
main;
Where’er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were
seen,
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman’s
beauteous mien!

A sound thrilled through that lengthened host! methought
the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia’s bard reposed!
A sound thrilled through that length’ning host! and forth
my vision fled!—
But ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal
Scott was dead!

A HUNDRED THOUSAND CROWNS.

Translated from the French.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"My youth, madam," said M. Laclos, in a sentimental tone, "my youth was an eclogue that ended like a tragedy, and nature made me so sensitive, delicate and impassioned, that it could not be otherwise."

The individual who thus expressed himself, was a man about fifty years of age, with a distinguished countenance, a high forehead, and head covered with hair white and thin, that announced approaching baldness. His blue eyes expressed tenderness and a passionate melancholy, that seemed to confirm what he had said concerning the eclogue of his youth.

Though tall in figure, M. Laclos had an unfortunate infirmity, he was lame; but at the moment we introduce him to our readers, this defect was not apparent, since he was seated at an elegant and well-served table, having on his right hand Mrs. Butler, widow of Sir John Butler, Lieutenant in Her Britannic Majesty's Marine, and opposite M. Bonnemain, notary, the master of the house, the Amphytrion who had brought together at his table two guests of a suitable age, for a purpose easy to be conceived. Bonnemain was scarcely as old as M. Laclos, whom he regarded as one of his best clients, for whom he reserved the most fortunate chances of investment, and in general all golden opportunities, by which he trusted to enable M. Laclos to profit. Bonnemain, although he was not desirous of taking a wife himself, and had resolved to live and die a bachelor, was officially a great partisan of marriage. Marriage was, according to him, the laughing side of his notariat, and although to unravel a succession was a very lucrative operation for a notary, he never hesitated to rank a marriage-contract above a will. Of a happy character, easy manners, disinterested through carelessness, gay by temperament, he exercised his profession partly by way of occupation, partly out of curiosity, and somewhat in fine that he might not live altogether withdrawn from the world like a snail within his shell, as often happens to old bachelors without anything to do in the world.

"My dear M. Laclos," he had one day remarked to his client, "I have a good speculation in reserve for you."

"A good speculation!" echoed M. Laclos, leaning firmly on his cane.

"Yes."

"And what is it?"

"A wife."

"Ah, ha! and where is she?"

"In my office—that is the titles of her property are in my office."

"But how do you describe her, Bonnemain?"

"Thus—she is a French woman, a widow, formerly married to an Englishman who lived at Chelsea, where she was very melancholy both before and after the death of her husband."

"An English dowager," cried M. Laclos with a little disdain, "who knows how to make tea! Perhaps a blue-stockings!"

"I told you," answered Bonnemain, "that she was French. Do you want her portrait? Black eyes—hair the same; of the middle size, oval face, small mouth, well-cut nose, thirty-five years of age—at least she does not appear a day older. In a word—a pretty woman."

"Thirty-five years!" again echoed Laclos, "she is too young. I do not wish for disquiet in my house."

"Goodness! when a woman can be called thirty-five, you may bet boldly on her being forty. But listen," added Bonnemain, "she has an estate in Burgundy."

"Oh!"

"A house in Paris."

"Good."

"And a hundred thousand crowns at M. Rothschild's."

Laclos grasped M. Bonnemain by the hand; tears of gratitude overflowed his eyes.

"A hundred thousand crowns," cried he.

"The house," pursued the notary, "has some mortgages on it."

"A hundred thousand crowns."

"The estate in Burgundy is of no great value, but"—

"A hundred thousand crowns!" repeated M. Laclos, "and deposited with Rothschild! Listen, Bonnemain, I have but little faith in bankers, and a hundred thousand crowns in the hands of some citizen bankers of my acquaintance would hardly seem to me beyond the casualties of the times, but with M. Rothschild it is another thing."

"Well," said the notary, "will it suit you? Shall I introduce you to Madame Butler?"

M. Laclos raised his blue eyes to heaven and sighed.

"My youth," said he, "has been tried by one of those passions which a man carries with him to the tomb."

"I understand, my dear client, but"—

"And," added M. Laclos, as he cast a half-satisfied look on his lame leg, "time has not torn her from my heart. Human intelligence, my dear Bonnemain, has wrought many miracles; but it has never yet been able to arrest for a single instant, the rapid march of that grand old man, who bears a scythe."

"What is it you are saying?" demanded Bonnemain.

"I wish to observe, that my first passion is as lively, as ardent now that thirty years have passed and though I have never met the cherished object, as—"

"Oh, say no more," interrupted Bonnemain, "a passion of thirty years standing! do people ever talk of such things?"

"A hundred thousand crowns," murmured Laclos.

"At Rothschild's," said Bonnemain; "the king of bankers told me so himself last January."

It was after the occurrence of this conversation, that M. Laclos, the rich capitalist, had the honor of being presented to Madame Butler. Their interviews became numerous, and, thanks to the gallant diplomacy of Master Bonnemain, the marriage was arranged. M. Laclos appeared as amorous as a man could at fifty. Madame Butler answered blushing to the declarations of the capitalist, and the notary, enchanted, hastened to add two names more to the long list of those whom he had already made happy.

Bonnemain had then brought the future pair together at dinner, to consider with them the preliminaries of a contract they were to sign on the morrow. The repast had been exquisite, the dishes prepared by an artist who had excelled his usual efforts—the wine chosen by Bonnemain himself, that is by an old fellow who was very much of a connoisseur and a gourmet.

They had at the moment arrived at what Horace calls *secundas menses*, and dinner-givers *the roast*; the side dishes soon disappeared, and the dessert was served. Then it was that M. Laclos exclaimed in a passionate tone—

"My youth was an eclogue"—

But, before pursuing the story, it is necessary to say one word of Madame Butler. She was a charming woman, with the sweetest and most gracious face that it is possible to behold. She was not thirty-five years of age, as M. Bonnemain had said, but forty-five; however her skin was so fresh and smooth, her eyes so keen, her hair so black, and her shape so well preserved, that the notary was not over-gallant in subtracting ten years from her number; he might without either falsehood or flattery have taken four or five years more.

Married very young and against her will to an officer of the British Marine, she had accompanied him to Chelsea, where the brightest years of her life were passed in sighing for her native country, and in hiding perhaps in the depth of her heart a different affection. The death of her husband rendered her but half free: she had to surmount many obstacles before she could liquidate her fortune and sell that estate, for which she had at length received that hundred thousand crowns, deposited with M. Rothschild, and which had made so grand an impression on the mind of M. Laclos. Once more

returned to France, she breathed with delight the air of her country, and when M. Bonnemain spoke to her of a second marriage and named M. Laclos, she raised no objection but the fear of a refusal, which the notary gallantly declared to be utterly impossible.

Seated at table next to her betrothed with the white hair, she regarded him with an interest she did not attempt to dissemble, and listened to him with an encouraging and affectionate attention. She thought to find in the character of Laclos all the qualities she had dreamed of, and to hear in his language the purest disinterestedness and the most generous sentiments. The notary had painted the rich capitalist to the widow in the most seductive hues, and, till just then, the portrait bore a resemblance to the original. One thing that would have been displeasing to every other woman, keenly interested Madame Butler—the lameness of M. Laclos. He was, as we have observed, a well-made man of a tall figure, having no other personal defect than this unfortunate deformity. The widow dwelt with tender sadness on the bitter drops which this only infirmity had let fall into the cup of this noble man's existence, and she promised herself that she would in the future smooth away all inconveniences.

"My life has been an eclogue, madam," said Laclos; "an eclogue," he continued, "that I am about to recommence with you, and the latter part will, I trust, have a happier issue than the former."

The notary, as he observed the pastoral tone his client assumed, filled his goblet to the brim with sparkling champagne and tossed it off.

"I am a Burgundian," continued Laclos. "I was born at Auxerre."

"A pretty town," said Bonnemain.

"Especially those houses that skirt the quay of the Yonne," pursued Laclos; "the river flows gracefully between them, and opposite there is a little island, studded with windmills and shaded by trees picturesquely disposed."

"I wager that you lived on that quay," said Bonnemain.

"Precisely."

"And that you sate all day at the window to look at the trees and the windmills?"

"No—but to see Miss Virginia Bernard, who inhabited a neighboring house, and who, at a particular hour, appeared at her window. I easily forgot the Yonne, the little island studded with trees and windmills, to intoxicate myself with the felicity of gazing on that young girl, whose beauty was ravishing. I believe that Miss Virginia was no more intent than I on looking at the trees, and that she would have been very much embarrassed to tell whether they were oak or birch. However she came every day to her window. It was not requisite for us to see each other often to come to

an understanding—it was so natural ; my name was Paul and her's Virginia."

"Ah! ah! Paul and Virginia," cried the notary ; "you are right, my friend—it was an eclogue."

"At that time," continued M. Lacos, "I could like Paul have climbed the loftiest trees and run boldly over the rocks. My two legs were of equal length. At length, after being so much in love that I could no longer contain myself, I one day went to my father, declared my passion, and implored him to unite me to her I loved. What more simple."

"Oh, nothing more simple," said the notary ; "had I been in your father's place, I should not have hesitated."

"Still further," added M. Lacos, "our fortunes were equal, and our parents neighbors and friends of long standing ; nevertheless my father on hearing my proposal, became furious with anger. He declared to me that he was far from thinking of marrying me, and, least of all, to the daughter of his neighbor Bernard. He afterwards went out of his house and, meeting Virginia's father on the quay, addressed him rudely, accused him of being an accomplice in the seduction his daughter was practising on me, and vowed to him that he would never consent to the marriage. 'My son is a wild fellow,' remarked my father ; 'you are forewarned. I speak for your own good.' I know not what was the result of that conversation, nor whether M. Bernard had cause to fear his daughter's disobedience. I learned that the two neighbors—the two friends—had parted foes ; and my father, on coming home again, shut me up in my chamber and kept me prisoner. All the madness that could possess a young man"—

"Madness!" interrupted Madame Butler.

"Alas! yes Madam,—you shall see. All the madness of youth assailed me. My love, which was true and sincere, so augmented that it deprived me of reason. Motionless at my window, I fastened my passionate eyes on the dwelling of Miss Bernard, and I would have given ten years of my life to see her but for a moment. She did not appear. In the excess of my rage and grief, I swore to disobey my father and never to marry any one but Virginia. But what possessed me when, oh, heavens! I beheld a post-chaise stop before M. Bernard's house?"

"You believed that they were carrying off your Isabel?" said M. Bonnemain, who, liberal of his champagne and animated by its laughing excitement, threw tender glances on Madame Butler.

"They took her away in truth," answered M. Lacos. "M. Bernard doubtless displeased at his daughter's inclinations, took advantage of my father's advice. He carried off his daughter. I saw the post-chaise loaded with trunks ; I saw the postillion mount his horse. Soon after the door was opened : M. Bernard appeared : he gave his

hand to Virginia, and they both got into the carriage. The door was closed, and, urged by the post-boy's lash, the three vigorous horses bore away from me forever her whom I loved. Oh, then I had but one desire left—to regain her or to die,—I was so young! I got together all the money I possessed. I took the clothes from off my bed. In an instant curtains, coverlet, sheets—all were knotted together and fastened by one end to my window, while the other floated down to the street. My plan was to go to the post, there ascertain the road M. Bernard had taken, hasten in pursuit of him, and either expire at his feet, or obtain his daughter. I boldly got out of the window and let myself down along the bed-clothes adroitly enough. The descent was perilous ; for, though the houses that skirt the quay are not very lofty, my father had put me in the third story. One of the knots which tied my frail ladder slipped, and down I fell on the pavement and broke my leg. And this, Madam, is the way," concluded M. Lacos, "in which you come to have a lame husband."

"Your first loves were not happy," sadly observed Madame Butler. "They deserve to terminate differently."

"Yes, for I loved Virginia with all my heart."

"And you accused her of ingratitude and severity."

"Not at all, Madam, not at all ; young girls are not free ; they must obey their parents, and when they have a ferocious father like M. Bernard, their duty is to bow the head in submission."

"I love to see, sir, that you are not apt to accuse our sex, at least without a hearing."

"Oh! Madam, it would now be impossible to hear Virginia : accordingly I speak freely to you of a passion without an object :—it is the vanished perfume of a by-gone flower."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bonnemain, "the perfume has vanished—has it! I was expecting a comparison of that description considering that you spoke of an eclogue in the beginning."

"So then," said Madame Butler, "Virginia no longer lives?"

"No, Madam, she is dead. My father, who could not control me, took care to inform me of her fate. I was still walking on crutches, when he announced her marriage to me."

"Her marriage!" said Madame Butler.

"Yes, an absurd marriage with some Dutch merchant or another, who took her to Harlem. Two years afterwards I learned further from my father, that she had died in the midst of her husband's tulips—an exotic, languishing for want of sun and air in the hot beds of Holland."

"It is plain enough," said M. Bonnemain, "that my friend Lacos will not bring to his wife a fresh heart—a thing impossible at his age ; but he at least gives proof of a fidelity of soul, a constancy

of sentiment, so rare, that Madame Butler will surely estimate them at their value.”

“These qualities affect me more than you think, and I am delighted with this constancy of affection.”

M. Laclos hastened to seize Madame Butler’s hand and to press it to his lips.

“Virginia,” said he, in the softened, subdued tone of an elegy—“Virginia only gave me the apparition of happiness; she caused me to dream of a phantom; you, Madam, you make me experience the reality.”

“Come now,” cried M. Bonnemain, drawing from his pocket the form of a contract of marriage; here is that which will give legal sanction to the sentiments that animate you both. I pass over the surnames, Christian names, all the ordinary protocol. Madam will you inform my principal clerk here of all these details. There are but two things to be determined—the rule under which you will marry—the property of the parties.

“We marry according to the rule of a community of goods,” M. Laclos hastened to remark.

Madame Butler threw a little glance towards M. Laclos, which signified that this rule would be infinitely sweet.

“Under the rule of a community of goods, let it be then,” said M. Bonnemain, “Madame Butler—to begin with you, Madam,” added he with a respectful and gallant smile, “first brings to this community the property of which she is this day, May 24, 1848, the lawful proprietor—as follows:

First. A house situated in the street, called *la Cerisaie*, Paris, valued at forty thousand francs and mortgaged to the amount of ten thousand francs.

Second. A landed estate of the value of about sixty thousand *livres*, and mortgaged for the sum of fifteen thousand francs.”

Although M. Laclos had been forewarned that these two pieces of real estate, belonging to Madame Butler, were each mortgaged; he could not conceal a slight grimace, which blanched the roses of the widow’s cheeks, but not confining himself even to that he added—

“Let people say what they will, I do not like mortgages.”

“Here is that which will make them disappear,” replied M. Bonnemain. And he continued—

“Third, Three hundred thousand francs in crowns, deposited with M. Rothschild, banker at Paris.”

“Since, Madam,” added the notary, placing the marriage formula on the table, “desires to make me her depositary, I have sent my clerk to M. Rothschild, and he will bring home the money.”

“The money!” said Madame Butler with her most charming smile, “he will bring you nothing of the kind.”

“How!” cried M. Laclos, “and have you not then a hundred thousand crowns?”

“Certainly—but not in money—that’s all.”

“And what then?”

“Why, the same thing. I gave directions to M. Rothschild, who is my friend, to invest the sum in the stock of the Paris and Lyons railroad.”

“And when was that, Madam?” asked the notary.

“In the beginning of February, sir.”

“Before the Republic,” cried Laclos, “she is ruined! she is ruined! That rail-road stock, which has already fallen thirty, forty, sixty per cent, will be down to nothing—you will see.”

“Well, sir—what if it should?” said Madame Butler.

“What!” answered M. Laclos, “this is very heroic. But, after all,” added he after a pause, “it does not much matter if this be done.”

M. Laclos then rose, extended his hand, seized the form of the marriage contract and tore it to pieces.

“Certificates of the Lyons rail-road,” repeated he, “railroad stock instead of money! oh, no!”

The notary, when he saw this brutal action, let his glass of champagne fall from his hand and spilled it on his arm-chair.

“M. Laclos!” he exclaimed, “M. Laclos!”

“You have deceived me, sir,” said M. Laclos, addressing the notary, “Lyons railroad! it is worthless—not a farthing. And then a house worth forty thousand francs less ten; thirty—an estate of sixty-five thousand less fifteen—forty-five; total seventy-five. Madame has but seventy-five thousand francs; that is no match—the affair can proceed no further.”

And M. Laclos, whose life had commenced with an eclogue, rose limping, took his cane and made ready to depart. Madame Butler left her chair and ran up to him.

“Paul, Paul,” cried she, don’t you remember me? I am your Virginia—yes, her very self, my dear Paul, Virginia, your first love and, as I am now sure, your first and only love. Alas! it was for me that you risked your life—that you threw yourself out of a third-story window. Oh, Heavens! for thirty years you have not been able to take a step without calling to mind your early and only love. Your father deceived you, my dear Paul, your Virginia never espoused a Dutchman; she is not dead; she was united, against her will, to an English captain; she has passed her life in loving you, and as soon as she became a widow and free, behold! she has returned to you.”

“This woman would cause stones to weep,” said M. Bonnemain, wiping his eyes with a fine India silk handkerchief.

M. Laclos must have had a heart harder than a diamond, for he wept not a single tear; on the contrary, he wore a constrained and embarrassed air. Evidently the eclogue of the rich capitalist had ended a long time ago and he had no desire to recommence it. He was satisfied that his first love, Virginia, should have been married at Harlem, and

died, since Madame Butler had stock in the Lyons rail-road instead of three hundred thousand francs in the vaults of M. Rothschild. In abandoning the pastoral style, M. Laclos had become positively terrible. He had before him a panting creature, full of passion and fondness, who was gazing on him tenderly and waiting but for a single word, or gesture to throw herself in his arms—yet he saw not in her Virginia Bernard, so miraculously found again, but a woman whose imprudence had compromised her fortune—one who represented a capital of seventy-five thousand francs in property difficult to sell—in one word the worst possible match. Disdaining even to reply to the poor lady, he cast an irritated glance on the notary, and said to him in a tone hardly polite—

“Will you, sir, do me the favor to grant me a moment’s interview in your cabinet.”

“I am at your service, sir,” replied the notary, and he followed his rich client.

“Bonnemain,” said the latter, when they were alone in the cabinet, “you have caught me in a trap—you knew all.”

“I give you my word of honor, sir,” replied Bonnemain angrily, “that I was as ignorant as yourself. I had not yet in possession the papers of Madame Butler; she was not to send them to me till to-morrow. I could not guess that her maiden name was Bernard, and, as to the hundred thousand crowns, proof of my good faith may be found in the fact that my head-clerk is now gone to draw them from M. Rothschild; he has not yet returned.”

“Come, come, M. Bonnemain—you must rid me of this woman.”

“What, sir—your first passion—the Amaryllis of your eclogue! The Lyons rail-road may get up again in the market, M. Laclos.”

“Poh! never—I could not get fifteen hundred francs out of her hundred thousand. Again I say, you got me into this scape—get me out again.”

“Your Virginia, M. Laclos—but what has passed since.”

“Thirty years have passed, sir.”

“Monsieur Laclos,” observed the notary gravely, “you have disengaged yourself; you have torn up the memorandum of contract: all is done.”

“If that is enough, well and good,” answered M. Laclos, who coldly saluted the notary and departed, helping himself along with his cane, like a man who escapes an ambuscade without being robbed.

The first aim of M. Bonnemain, as soon as he found himself free, was to run to the dining-room. Madame Butler was no longer there; she had left the table to go into the parlor and there he found her fainted away on a sofa. He hastened to her, raised her up, dashed water in her face; he tormented her in such a fashion that she soon came to herself.

The position of the notary was a delicate one. It

was not M. Laclos whom he had entangled in a wasp’s nest, caught in a trap, it was Madame Butler. It was true that this poor lady, at the mere mention of M. Laclos, had consented to his proposals; but the notary had drawn the most attractive portrait of his moral qualities, had spoken of his disinterestedness, his generosity, his sensibility of soul; he had, in a word, bestowed on this man all the qualities he lacked; he had therefore deceived his female client and had thus been the means of exposing her to a refusal as outrageous as it was painful. This result was the more melancholy, as Madame Butler was the last person in the world, to whom the notary would have caused sorrow. Bonnemain, nevertheless, felt a sort of inexplicable pleasure at the refusal of M. Laclos.

Madame Butler had fascinated him. The beauty of the widow, the freshness of her complexion, the softness of her manners had produced an impression on his heart. Old fellows, who have spent thirty years of their lives in contemning matrimony, and in swearing that they would never put

“their free, unhoused condition
In circumscription and confine”—

are more inclined than others to pass suddenly from one extreme to another, and to wake up some morning quite wearied with the isolation of their lives. Such was our notary’s position; add to that his regarding himself as the cause of the injury to which Madame Butler had been subjected, that he was rich, naturally generous, and you will perceive that if he once get an inclination towards matrimony, he would have no fear of espousing a dow-erless bride.

Bonnemain threw himself on his knees before Madame Butler, as soon as he saw that she had come to herself and commenced bitterly to execrate the conduct of M. Laclos.

“Who could have suspected,” exclaimed he, “such infamy? He, who should have had two hearts to love you twice,—yes, he could neither love the beautiful, the adorable Madame Butler, nor Virginia Bernard, his first passion—I have nothing to say with regard to the young girl, but I do not understand how he could resist Madame Butler.”

The widow answered only by sighs; her bosom, violently agitated, heaved beneath her silken dress. The shame, spite, anger, bitter displeasure, excited by such a desertion, occupied all her thoughts.

“How false and deceitful are men!” cried she. Meanwhile the notary had taken her hand and was pressing it to his lips, and that hand was not withdrawn. Encouraged by this favor, Bonnemain continued:

“As for me, I have no eclogue to recite. I never broke my leg for any woman; mortgages do not frighten me; and if you have any partiality for Lyons rail-road stock, I am capable of investing

one hundred thousand francs more in it, provided we can join the whole together."

Madame Butler half sate up from her recumbent posture and glanced at Bonnemain. True he was somewhat fat, but his face beamed with candor and good humor; his eyes were handsome and sparkling, his hands remarkably well made, his tone and address those of a gentleman, and, at the moment of which we speak, his looks were replete with sentiment. An instant only is necessary to persuade a woman, especially a woman wounded in her self-love and burning to be revenged.

What a difference between M. Bonnemain and M. Laclos! The latter forgot his first love and brutally deserted her, swayed by sordid interest; the former laid his fortune at the feet of a ruined woman and spoke even of risking that fortune, if the beloved object wished to gratify an absurd caprice.

"Are you in earnest, sir?" cried the widow. "Do you love me? do you desire to make me your wife?"

"Ah! Madam," said Bonnemain, fairly jumping with joy, "instantly—if possible to-morrow—the sooner the better; the mayor of this quarter is my friend; I am on good terms with the curate of the parish; we will purchase the banns; we will abridge the formalities; I will soon bring matters to a focus."

"My hand is yours," answered the widow.

As it is impossible to have a good dinner without coffee, a servant brought on a waiter the ardent mocha and that liqueur of Jamaica, the golden hue of which, in the light of the candles, gleamed and glistened in the crystal glasses. Madame Butler was too much agitated to allow herself anything but a glass of sugared water. M. Bonnemain was inhaling with delight the ambrosia of Voltaire when the head-clerk came in with a package in his hand.

"What do you wish, M. Robert?" demanded Bonnemain.

"I come from M. Rothschild."

"Ah, I am sorry I sent you there, sir, on a useless errand."

"A useless errand?" said M. Robert, "not at all."

"How not at all?"

"Because, sir, I have the money."

"Money—what money?"

"The hundred thousand crowns you sent me to draw out by virtue of Madame Butler's power of attorney."

"The hundred thousand crowns. They are certificates of rail-road stock."

The head-clerk began to laugh.

"Yes, yes," said he, "M. Rothschild spoke to me about that—a letter from Madame, which directed him to buy a hundred thousand crowns worth of Lyons rail-road stock."

"It is even so," said the notary.

"Oh!" said the head-clerk, "M. Rothschild was of a contrary opinion. He believed the lady had

all talents except that of business, so he kept the hundred thousand crowns."

"Behold a banker who has few like him!" exclaimed Madame Butler as she placed the bank bills in the hands of the notary.

"He has not his equal the world over," responded the latter.

"I met M. Laclos in Lafitte street," further observed the clerk, "as I was coming out of M. Rothschild's. He questioned me as to the success of my errand; I told him the whole truth and then he begged of me as a favor not to tell Madame that he met me. But as money is in the question, I think it my duty, M. Bonnemain, to tell you all."

"You are the pearl of clerks," said the notary.

Just then the door of the parlor was opened and M. Laclos came in, as it were, on the heels of the clerk. Paul was proceeding to cast himself at the feet of his Virginia, the hundred thousand crowns so miraculously received doubtless suggesting to him good reasons for excusing his conduct, when Madame Butler spared him the trouble of revealing them. She rose, opened a door and went into the next room, absolutely as if she had been in her own house.

"It is my wife," negligently observed the notary, she is going to her own room."

"Your wife!"

"Yes—my dear client—you asked me to rid you of her, and I knew no better way than to marry her myself."

"My Virginia!" said M. Laclos quite out of countenance, and in spite of himself taking up the thread of the expressions which he had arranged in his own head to appease the widow.

"Your Virginia will be my wife before eight days are over," replied the notary with a resolute air—"You might break your good leg for her, if you choose, but that would not change our plans—the business is settled. Perhaps we shall buy stock in the Lyons rail-road; perhaps not—we shall see. M. Robert, go put these hundred thousand crowns in my trunk. Will you take coffee, M. Laclos?"

FAREWELL.

Inscribed to a Lady of Kentucky.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE.

In vain, in vain have I essayed
To speak the word "good-bye;"
It lingers on my lips, sweet maid!
And changes to a sigh.

And there's no need of Reason's wiles
To break the pensive spell,
The heart that tells its joy in smiles
May sigh its sad farewell.

We met when rival roses round
 In bridal beauty shone,
 We part when on the Autumn ground
 The golden leaves are strewn.

The rose was like Love's early power
 So bright, so pure, so brief,
 So sad, so drear our parting hour,
 'Tis like the falling leaf.

When on my lyre's beloved string
 I try my tuneful art,
 Two notes around the chord shall cling
 And vibrate to my heart;

A note of joy that e'er we met,
 Shall sweetly, briefly swell,
 And leave a note of soft regret
 That e'er we bade farewell.

Madison, Indiana.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN

AND

CLERGY.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers for advance sheets of the forthcoming History of England, by Macaulay, for the appearance of which the public are looking so impatiently. The passage, which we now place before our readers, is episodical; being a sketch of the country gentry and clergy of England, during the Seventeenth Century. It is marked in a striking degree with the peculiar vigor and elegance of the great essayist, who will henceforth take rank with Hume and Gibbon, if, indeed, he does not reach a higher fame than either of these splendid historians. The reader, we are sure, will *devour* the present morsel, and thus whet his appetite for the banquet which is in store for him.—*Ed. Mess.*

While these great changes have been in progress, the rent of land has, as might be expected, been almost constantly rising. In some districts it has multiplied more than tenfold. In some it has not more than doubled. It has probably, on the average, quadrupled.

Of the rent, a large proportion was divided among the country gentlemen, a class of persons whose position and character it is most important that we should clearly understand; for by their influence and by their passions the fate of the nation was, at several important conjunctures, determined.

We should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions with whom we are familiar. The

modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has every opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is, perhaps, no class of dwellings so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure-grounds, Nature, dressed, yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man. A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced any thing but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and goose-

berry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty and guests were cordially welcomed to it; but, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, stong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revelers were laid under the table.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Toward London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to

those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbors. Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First, after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian; yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honor of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported, with strange fidelity, the interest of his descendants.

The gross, uneducated, untraveled country gentleman was commonly a 'Tory; but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. He thought, not without reason, that Whitehall was filled with the most corrupt of mankind; that of the great sums which the House of Commons had voted to the crown since the Restoration, part had been embezzled by cunning politicians, and part squander-

ed on buffoons and foreign courtesans. His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old Cavalier, or the son of an old Cavalier, he reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends. Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with which he was treated, and at the profusion with which wealth was lavished on the bastards of Nell Gwynn and Madam Carwell, would have supposed him ripe for rebellion. But all this ill humor lasted only till the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honors shrank from his side that the country gentlemen, so surly and mutinous in the season of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus, after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles the Second, they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own secretaries of state and lords of the Treasury had deserted him, and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the Opposition; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shown equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would, even at the moment, have refrained from outraging their strongest feeling; for there was one institution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy, and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey.*

The rural clergy were even more vehement in Toryism than the rural gentry, and were a class scarcely less important. It is to be observed, however, that the individual clergyman, as compared with the individual gentleman, then ranked much lower than in these days. The main support of the Church was derived from the tithe, and the tithe bore to the rent a much smaller ratio than at present. King estimated the whole income of the parochial and collegiate clergy at only four hundred and eighty thousand pounds a year; Davenant at only five hundred and forty-four thousand a year. It is certainly now more than seven times

as great as the larger of these two sums. It follows that rectors and vicars must have been, as compared with the neighboring knights and squires, much poorer in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century.

The place of the clergyman in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Before that event, ecclesiastics had formed the majority of the House of Lords; had, in wealth and splendor, equaled, and sometimes outshone, the greatest of the temporal barons, and had generally held the highest civil offices. The lord treasurer was often a bishop. The lord chancellor was almost always so. The Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and the Master of the Rolls were ordinarily churchmen. Churchmen transacted the most important diplomatic business. Indeed, almost all that large portion of the administration which rude and warlike nobles were incompetent to conduct, was considered as especially belonging to divines. Men, therefore, who were averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure. Among them were sons of all the most illustrious families, and near kinsmen of the throne, Scroops and Nevilles, Bouchiers, Staffords, and Poles. To the religious houses belonged the rents of immense domains, and all that large portion of the tithe which is now in the hands of laymen. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry the Eighth, therefore, no line of life bore so inviting an aspect to ambitious and covetous natures as the priesthood. Then came a violent revolution. The abolition of the monasteries deprived the Church at once of the greater part of her wealth, and of her predominance in the Upper House of Parliament. There was no longer an abbot of Glastonbury or an abbot of Reading seated among the peers, and possessed of revenues equal to those of a powerful earl. The princely splendor of William of Wykeham and of William of Waynflete had disappeared. The scarlet hat of the cardinal, the silver cross of the legate, were no more. The clergy had also lost the ascendancy which is the natural reward of superior mental cultivation. Once the circumstance that a man could read had raised a presumption that he was in orders; but in an age which produced such laymen as William Cecil and Nicholas Bacon, Roger Ascham and Thomas Smith, Walter Mildmay and Francis Walsingham, there was no reason for calling away prelates from their dioceses to negotiate treaties, to superintend the finances, or to administer justice. The spiritual character not only ceased to be a qualification for high civil office, but began to be regarded as a disqualification. Those worldly motives, therefore, which had formerly induced so many able, aspiring, and high-born youths to assume the ecclesiastical habit, ceased to exist. Not one parish in two hundred then afforded what a man of family considered as a maintenance.

* My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age.

There were still, indeed, prizes in the Church, but they were few, and even the highest were mean when compared with the glory which had once surrounded the princes of the hierarchy. The state kept by Parker and Grindal seemed beggarly to those who remembered the imperial pomp of Wolsey, his palaces, which had become the favorite abodes of royalty, Whitehall and Hampton Court, the three sumptuous tables daily spread in his hall, the forty-four gorgeous copes in his chapel, his running footmen in rich liveries, and his body-guards with gilded pole-axes. Thus the sacerdotal office lost its attraction for the higher classes. During the century which followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, two sons of peers were bishops; four or five sons of peers were priests, and held valuable preferment; but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the body. The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class; and, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. It had long been evident that this practice tended to degrade the priestly character. Laud had exerted himself to effect a change; and Charles the First had repeatedly issued positive orders that none but men of high rank should presume to keep domestic chaplains.* But these injunctions had become obsolete. Indeed, during the domination of the Puritans, many of the ejected ministers of the Church of England could obtain bread and shelter only by attaching themselves to the households of Royalist gentlemen; and the habits which had been formed in those times of trouble continued long after the re-establishment of monarchy and episcopacy. In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a

groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.*

Perhaps after some years of service he was presented to a living sufficient to support him; but he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of pleasantry to three or four generations of scoffers. With his cure he was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favor. Indeed, the nature of the matrimonial connections which the clergymen of that age were in the habit of forming is the most certain indication of the place which the order held in the social system. An Oxonian, writing a few months after the death of Charles the Second, complained bitterly, not only that the country attorney and the country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honorable family was to give no encouragement to a lover in orders, and that, if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour.† Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the Great Rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines.‡ A waiting-woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant-girl without the consent of her master or

* Eachard, *Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy*; Oldham, *Satire* addressed to a Friend about to leave the University; Tatler, 255, 258. That the English clergy were a lowborn class, is remarked in the *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*.

† “A causidico, medicastro, ipsaque artificum farragine, ecclesiæ rector aut vicarius contemnitur et fit ludibrio. Gentis et familiæ nitor sacris ordinibus pollutus censetur: fœminisque natalitio insignibus unicum inculcatur sæpius præceptum, ne modestiæ naufragium faciant, aut, (quod idem auribus tam delicatulis sonat,) ne clerico se nuptas dari patiantur.”—*Angliæ Notitia*, by T. Wood, of New College, Oxford, 1686.

‡ Clarendon's *Life*, ii, 21.

* See Heylin's *Cyprianus Anglicus*.

mistress.* During several generations, accordingly, the relation between priests and hand-maidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook.† Even so late as the time of George the Second, the keenest of all observers of life and manners, himself a priest, remarked that, in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward.‡

In general, the divine who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice and a wife found that he had only exchanged one class of vexations for another. Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plow, and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible, for the adowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation.

Assuredly there was at that time no lack in the English church of ministers distinguished by abilities and learning. But it is to be observed that these ministers were not scattered among the rural population. They were brought together at a few places where the means of acquiring knowledge were abundant, and where the opportunities of vigorous intellectual exercise were frequent.§ At such places were to be found divines qualified by parts, by eloquence, by wide knowledge of literature, of

science, and of life, to defend their church victoriously against heretics and skeptics, to command the attention of frivolous and worldly congregations, to guide the deliberations of senates, and to make religion respectable, even in the most dissolute of courts. Some of them labored to fathom the abysses of metaphysical theology; some were deeply versed in biblical criticism; and some threw light on the darkest parts of ecclesiastical history. Some proved themselves consummate masters of logic. Some cultivated rhetoric with such assiduity and success, that their discourses are still justly valued as models of style. These eminent men were to be found, with scarce a single exception, at the universities, at the great cathedrals, or in the capital. Barrow had lately died at Cambridge; and Pearson had gone thence to the episcopal bench. Cudworth and Henry More were still living there. South and Pococke, Jane and Aldrich, were at Oxford. Prideaux was in the close of Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. But it was chiefly by the London clergy, who were always spoken of as a class apart, that the fame of their profession for learning and eloquence was upheld. The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom was selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles's in the Fields, Tennison at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Beveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops. Meanwhile, almost the only important theological works which came forth from a rural parsonage were those of George Bull, afterward Bishop of St. David's; and Bull never would have produced those works had he not inherited an estate, by the sale of which he was enabled to collect a library, such as probably no other country clergyman in England possessed.*

Thus the Anglican priesthood was divided into two sections, which, in acquirements, in manners, and in social position, differed widely from each other. One section, trained for cities and courts, comprised men familiar with all ancient and modern learning; men able to encounter Hobbes or Bossuet at all the weapons of controversy; men who could, in their sermons, set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language, that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer; men whose address, politeness, and knowledge of the world qualified

* See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection. Jeremy Collier, in his *Essay on Pride*, speaks of this injunction with a bitterness which proves that his own pride had not been effectually tamed.

† Roger and Abigail in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Bull and the Nurse in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, Smirk and Susan in Shadwell's *Lancashire Witches*, are instances.

‡ Swift's *Directions to Servants*.

§ This distinction between country clergy and town clergy is strongly marked by Eachard, and can not but be observed by every person who has studied the ecclesiastical history of that age.

* Nelson's *Life of Bull*.

them to manage the consciences of the wealthy and noble; men with whom Halifax loved to discuss the interests of empires, and from whom Dryden was not ashamed to own that he had learned to write.* The other section was destined to ruder and humbler service. It was dispersed over the country, and consisted chiefly of persons not at all wealthier, and not much more refined than small farmers or upper servants; yet it was in these rustic priests, who derived but a scanty subsistence from their tithe sheaves and tithe pigs, and who had not the smallest chance of ever attaining high professional honors, that the professional spirit was strongest. Among those divines who were the boast of the universities and the delight of the capital, and who had attained, or might reasonably expect to attain, opulence and lordly rank, a party, respectable in numbers, and more respectable in character, leaned toward constitutional principles of government, lived on friendly terms with Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, would gladly have seen a full toleration granted to all Protestant sects, and would even have consented to make alterations in the Liturgy for the purpose of conciliating honest and candid Nonconformists. But such latitudinarianism was held in horror by the country parson. He was, indeed, prouder of his ragged gown than his superiors of their lawn and of their scarlet hoods. The very consciousness that there was little in his worldly circumstances to distinguish him from the villagers to whom he preached led him to hold immoderately high the dignity of that sacerdotal office which was his single title to reverence. Having lived in seclusion, and having had little opportunity of correcting his opinions by reading or conversation, he held and taught the doctrines of indefeasible hereditary right, of passive obedience, and of non-resistance in all their crude absurdity. Having been long engaged in a petty war against the neighboring dissenters, he too often hated them for the wrongs which he had done them, and found no fault with the Five Mile Act and the Conventicle Act, except that those odious laws had not a sharper edge. Whatever influence his office gave him was exerted with passionate zeal on the tory side; and that influence was immense. It would be a great error to imagine, because the country rector was in general not regarded as a gentleman, because he could not dare to aspire to the hand of one of the young ladies at the manor house, because he was not asked into the parlors of the great, but was left to drink and smoke with grooms and butlers, that the power of the clerical body was smaller than at present.

* "I have frequently heard him (Dryden) own with pleasure that, if he had any talent for English prose, it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson."—*Congreve's Dedication of Dryden's Plays.*

The influence of a class is by no means proportioned to the consideration which the members of that class enjoy in their individual capacity. A Cardinal is a much more exalted personage than a begging friar; but it would be a grievous mistake to suppose that the College of Cardinals has exercised a greater dominion over the public mind of Europe than the order of Saint Francis. In Ireland, at present, a peer holds a far higher station in society than a Roman Catholic priest; yet there are in Munster and Connaught few counties where a combination of priests would not carry an election against a combination of peers. In the seventeenth century the pulpit was to a large portion of the population what the periodical press now is. Scarce any of the clowns who came to the parish church ever saw a Gazette or a political pamphlet. Ill-informed as their spiritual pastor might be, he was yet better informed than themselves: he had every week an opportunity of haranguing them; and his harangues were never answered. At every important conjuncture, invectives against the Whigs and exhortations to obey the Lord's Anointed resounded at once from many thousands of pulpits; and the effect was formidable indeed. Of all the causes which, after the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, produced the violent reaction against the Exclusionists, the most potent seems to have been the oratory of the country clergy.

VAE TIBI RIDENTI!

BALTIMORE, SEPT., 1848.

Ed. Sou. Lit. Messenger :

Dear Sir,—I send you some lines, which pretend to no other merit in their present garb, than faithfulness of translation. They were penned some years ago by a young German in this city, and along with others formed the substance of letters addressed by him to myself. To them I shall always attach a particular interest, as the earnest expression of experience.

Is there such a thing as happiness on earth for Man?
In vain have I sought it in the unselfish devotedness of religion;
In vain, too, in the pain-followed gratification of the senses.
I found it not in the "*Deliciae Literarum*,"
Nor rose I above Misery in the abstraction of study.
The noisy scenes of the city could not drown the commotions of my soul;
"Black Care" kept pace with my flight through other lands.
Happiness,—that is at peace with the inward, content with the outward,
Has no place, save in the imagination of Man—ever hoping!
Its counterpart pervades every clime—every condition.
No Mind doth not see it—no Heart doth not feel it,
Save that, which is—

Drugged asleep by Delusion, or stupified by Custom.

We come nigher Happiness, or I would say, are less miserable,

In the seclusion of a country life, where the better spirit in us

Suffers from no man's condition, save that of our own ;

For our main unhappiness is the result of the jarring—

Of the discordance—

Between the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil,

Which together, yet not blended, exist in men's souls ;

And in proportions, as ever various—as ever changing,

As are the shades of Human Character.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

NO. III.

Who is cousin Frank ? was the continually recurring question, which occupied Henry's mind during all the changing themes of conversation ; and he tortured his brain to devise some method of turning the discourse into a channel, which might lead to the solution of his doubts, as to whether he was a married or single man. Luckily for him, the fates were propitious to the gratification of his curiosity, for in about an hour after the arrival of Frederic Maynard, a gentleman entered, who was introduced to him as Mr. Frank Forrest, and who was most cordially greeted by the whole company, and affectionately by Fanny and Philip. A single glance at this gentleman nearly removed Henry's uneasiness, by producing a belief amounting almost to conviction that he was a Benedict. His dress was unstudied even to carelessness, his hair in disorder ; and there was an off-handedness and careless gaiety in his whole manner, which did not mark any particular solicitude, or anxiety about pleasing. But Henry's relief was complete, when Fanny inquired how Mary and the children were.

" Mary is quite well, though I hope you will not be so inconsiderate as to betray that I told you so. The baby, she says, is teething, and I can testify that it is cross enough to render the conjecture probable."

Henry felt a wonderful increase of good will towards Mr. Forrest, and indeed there was an open kindness and sincerity of manner about him which inspired confidence in his hearers, and a degree of talent and originality in his desultory style of conversation, which afforded them much entertainment and interest. The brilliancy and versatility of his mind enabled him to change the topics of discourse with ease and grace, one of the first of conventional arts ; he talked with Mr. Seyton on agriculture, with Mr. Bolton on the degeneracy of the times, touching lightly upon political subjects ; to Henry and Philip on general topics ; to Fanny about new publications, flowers, the news of the

neighborhood, on all which subjects he seemed quite at home, and had something to say, piquant and quite peculiar to himself.

Towards the close of the visit, he turned to Fanny with a smile saying—" My dear Coz, I have troubled you so often, it would be affectation to make an apology for doing so now. So without further preamble, I must beg you to have the numbers of the National Intelligencer for the past two years—I know uncle Philip files them—procured for me, and assist me for about half an hour in looking them over ; I mean to advance some new assertions in my speech to-morrow, of the truth of which I am assured, but yet I don't know well by what facts and authorities to support them."

Mr. Seyton looked grave and shook his head—" This is no jesting matter, Frank, I had hoped that the most important part, at least, of your speech was prepared. Philip, order one of the servants to take over the files of the Intelligencer to Mount Forrest, and you can give them a thorough and proper investigation, Frank."

Frank knew his uncle gave a strong proof of the interest he took in his success, in trusting his precious files of papers in his careless hands, and he replied slightly coloring, though with a good humored smile, " Why uncle Philip, I feel as if I was only in my twelfth year, and was receiving a good scold which I had richly merited. But I will work hard to-night to make amends for my laziness and reward your confidence by returning your papers safely. Ah, Fanny, if I had your quick eye and ready apprehension with me to aid my search over the long dull Congressional proceedings to-night, I should soon be as well off in facts as I am in quotations. But as it is, I will do my best, and that is as much as any man can promise."

" Then if I might advise, Frank," said Mr. Bolton, " you would go home at once and go to work ; I am pretty sure Wilson has been preparing his speech for at least a month."

Frank laughed, " Well, farewell, good people, I see I shall be driven off, if I do not make a speedy retreat." Then turning to Henry he bade him a more formal and courteous adieu, saying he hoped to be disengaged in a day or two, and should then claim a day from him.

It appeared to Henry that every one was more interested in Frank's success than himself, and that his exertions to prepare for his speech were considered both by himself, and his friends, as a matter of favor to them.

" Never fear for *him*," said Mr. Bolton, as they caught the last glimpse of Frank riding off with the speed of lightning, " he is more than a match for ten plodders like Wilson."

" Ah, my dear sir," said Mr. Seyton, " how many fine young men among us have been destroyed, by trusting to their talents and despising the

necessary labor to make those talents permanently available. The richest veins of ore are soon exhausted, if they are worked only at the surface. I should not be surprised if Frank and Wilson were to exemplify the fable of the hare and the tortoise, before their career is ended."

"Don't prophesy evil about cousin Frank, if you please, papa," said Fanny, in a deprecating tone, which a few hours ago would have sent a pang to Henry's heart, "he can and will exert himself when he has a sufficient motive."

"There's nothing lost by hoping," said Mr. Seyton, smiling at Fanny's earnestness, "and no one would be better pleased to prove me a false prophet, than I should be myself to have it proved."

Immediately after breakfast, on the following morning, Mr. Seyton proposed to his guests to accompany him to the county Court House to hear the speaking. Henry could not help partaking of the general interest in Frank's success, especially as he perceived Fanny was so sanguine on the subject.

When the gentlemen returned in the evening, Fanny met them at the door to inquire how cousin Frank had acquitted himself.

"What do you say, Livingston," said Philip, "you are the only impartial judge amongst us."

"And even I can scarcely claim that character now, there is something so irresistibly prepossessing about Mr. Forrest. Both the matter and manner of his speech were admirable; his figures too were so beautiful and unstudied, they might well be called the wild flowers of rhetoric, for they had the freshness and nature of spontaneous productions of the wit; the argumentative part of the speech was clear and connected; many striking facts corroborative of his assertions were introduced, and apt quotations from that Golconda of speakers and authors—the pages of the immortal Shakspeare."

So bright a smile laughed in Fanny's glorious eyes, and played upon her lovely lips, that Henry could have gone on praising Frank Forrest for an hour.

"I told you papa, cousin Frank would certainly succeed."

"I have no objection to your telling *me* so, Fanny, but you must not encourage Frank in the belief that labor is not necessary to success; and after all, though as Mr. Livingston says, he made an admirable and effective speech, he would not have done so, but that the labor of last night repaired his previous negligence."

"Aided too," said Mr. Bolton, "by a vast deal of natural talent and readiness of mind."

"And good humor too," said Philip; "this disposes every one to lend a favorable ear to whatever Frank says; he has not a particle of gall in his composition. I could not help being struck at his good-natured wish to diminish Wilson's mortifica-

tion as much as possible: he complimented his speech more than any one else I heard mention it, and seemed really pleased at hearing some commendations of it, which he desired me to put into a channel to reach Wilson, as he said he did not like to repeat them to him, lest it should seem like an ostentation of generosity. Wilson looked so sulky and gloomy, however, that I did not feel inclined to lay any flattering unction to his soul."

"Did you observe," said Mr. Bolton, "that Frank had mounted poor young Williams on his fine black horse, and was riding a hack himself, that looked as if it had just been taken from the plow? such an action," he continued, turning with a smile to Mr. Livingston, "can only be properly appreciated in the Old Dominion. Here you often see a man riding a fine horse, who has scarcely a second coat to his back, and the act was the more meritorious, as Williams has neither vote, nor influence, nor agreeable qualities to recommend him; he is just a poor gentleman, who happens to have no horse of his own."

"Half an hour's conversation with Mr. Forrest, and five minutes study of his countenance, would be sufficient to convince even a superficial observer that he is a fine, generous fellow," replied Henry.

"He is one of that small and favored class of society," said Mr. Seyton, "whose transgressions every body excuses; whose faults are regarded with that sort of indulgence with which we regard the sallies of a playful child, met with a sort of rebuke for form's sake, which does not at all disguise to the offender, that so far from incurring the displeasure or disapprobation of the reprover, he has really amused him and endeared himself to him. All Frank's acquaintances look upon his concerns as in some measure their own, and yet all this good will does not supply his own want of care and attention to his affairs."

"My father," said Philip in a low tone to Henry, who was sitting by him, "always thinks it necessary to moralize upon Frank's character for my edification, though none regards his foibles with more indulgence than himself."

The conversation was interrupted just here by the entrance of a servant from Mount Forrest, with the files of the National Intelligencer neatly put up, and a few lines from Frank to this effect:

"*Dear Philip*—Ask uncle Philip to give me credit for punctuality enough to efface at least a score of former transgressions, for I am tired half to death—much more by riding a miserable beast, for such horses deserve no other name,—than by speechifying. You must all dine with me to-morrow. Tell Fanny we shall be much disappointed if she is not one of the party.

Yours truly, F. FORREST."

"Here is a note for you," said Philip, addressing his sister; shall I read it."

"By no means. Indeed, Philip, you must not," she said more earnestly, as she saw him about breaking the seal.

Fanny guessed pretty well what was the tenor of the epistle, which ran as follows :

"*Dearest Fanny*—I have suffered all day with depression and strange feelings about my heart and chest, increased no doubt by loneliness and anxiety, though Frank so far from sympathizing with me, laughs at me. How truly Dr. Harrison says that no one properly appreciates the miseries of those who have suffered from nervous diseases, but those who have experienced the like mysterious visitations! But a truce to complaints, for no one abhors them more than I do, or endeavors more to suppress them; and my feelings are so fluctuating, that I hope to-morrow may bring a gleam of sunshine, and that I may be able to enjoy your company. Be sure to come, dear Fanny, I shall want your assistance sadly. If you would lend me your cook and John, it would be an inestimable favor; you know my servants are such barbarians, and I am so little able to attend to things myself; besides, the baby is teething, and I am quite miserable about it—though Frank will not agree that it is sick. Men leave all the troubles of life to women, while they take their pleasure.

"Please bring me a little hive syrup, my vial was broken yesterday,—and a new novel or two, if you have any,—something really romantic; I cannot tolerate these pictures of domestic life; one has enough of *that*, and I am sadly in want of something to beguile the time, and make me forget the tiresome realities that surround me.

"A thousand thanks for the nice suit of clothes you sent your little favorite. Indeed, Fanny, if it were not for your sympathy and assistance, I scarcely know how I should bear my heavy burdens. Frank is very kind, but you know how inconsiderate he is; and because his mother was contented to drudge through life, and he recollects her doing so many things that a lady should never have imposed upon herself, he fancies all women ought to do the same. I believe those old ladies of a former day were made without nerves, and really set a cruel example to posterity. But adieu, dearest Fanny. Frank hurries me to death. Harry says, tell aunt Fanny I put a kiss in the letter for her.

"My love to Philip.

"Most devotedly and unalterably yours,

MARY."

Fanny could not avoid both smiling and sighing at the contents of this characteristic epistle. To understand the deep interest which she took in the concerns of the Forrest family, we must take a retrospect of the relations that existed between the Forrests and Seytons. Mrs. Forrest, Frank Forrest's mother, had been Mr. Seyton's eldest and favorite sister; she had preserved a naturally strong

intellect, greatly improved though in rather an irregular way, by extensive and miscellaneous reading; she had also received in her youth regular elementary instruction from an excellent Scotch teacher, who had lived in her father's family. She had married Mr. Forrest in early life; a man possessing much hereditary wealth, and considerable talent, which he never thought of using but for his own pleasure and amusement; of a gay, generous temper and careless and improvident habits. The natural consequence followed: for several years previous to Mr. Forrest's death, his fortune was considerably impaired, and his health became so weak, and his disinclination to business so strong, that affairs of every kind fell into Mrs. Forrest's hands, and she exerted all the power of will, which strong religious principle, excellent natural sense and industrious habits could bestow, to learn how to perform all the various and complicated duties which now devolved upon her. In this task she was greatly assisted by her brother, Mr. Seyton, but the most trying and difficult duty which she had to perform, was the education of her only child, Frank Forrest. Nature had endowed him with many of her choicest gifts, but his character was just one of those which requires the most skilful and judicious sort of control to develop it properly, and Mrs. Forrest often had the vexation to find her efforts thwarted by the injudicious indulgence of his father, and his delight in Frank's companionship. She had, however, that portion of success which a good and wise mother may always attain by her own efforts; she implanted good principles and feelings in the heart of her child, though many of his habits and opinions met with her disapprobation. The Forrests and Seytons lived always in habits of the strictest intimacy, and Fanny and Philip looked upon Frank as an elder brother.

Mr. Forrest died two years previous to the death of Mrs. Forrest, leaving his affairs in embarrassment, in spite of the efforts of his excellent wife to extricate them. Mrs. Forrest had been dead now about two years, and during her last illness she was most affectionately nursed by Fanny. A few days before her death, she called Fanny to her bedside, and said to her with much earnestness :

"My dear good child, I feel all earthly cares will soon be ended with me, though my latest and heaviest will be the welfare of my poor Frank. You are aware that Mary is not a helpmate to him, and though she has many good traits, and I have considerable kindness of feeling for her, she is entirely unsuited to him, and the very girl he ought not to have married. Now both Frank and Mary are so fond of you, that it will be in your power to use great influence in their family. Will you, my dear, as long as you remain near them, endeavor to use the same sort of influence, which you would try to exert in Philip's family, were he similarly situated. My brother, I know, will do all he can

for Frank, but in his domestic life, no one can lessen his trials so much as yourself; indeed, I sometimes hope you may succeed in giving Mary wiser notions and better habits. Poor thing, she has been brought up so foolishly, that she is quite as much to be pitied as blamed."

Fanny pressed her aunt's cold hand between both her own, and promised from the very depth of as sincere a heart as ever beat in a human bosom, that she would be a sister to Frank and Mary—and faithfully has she kept her promise. She reaped a rich reward in affection. Her decision was the last appeal in all cases of domestic difficulty at Mount Forrest, and she often had the satisfaction of contributing to the comfort of her friends, and lessening the minor evils and discomforts with which Frank's improvidence and careless generosity, and Mary's indolence and want of energy, surrounded them. But we learn even from our nursery tales, that the fairy Disorder destroyed in the night, all that the fairy Order accomplished in the day, and thus it always has been, and ever will be, both with fairies and mortals. Our best and truest human help must lie in our own efforts, and no friend can supply our own deficiencies. Poor Fanny too had a heavy weight of cares and responsibilities of her own, in a head so young and a heart so light; but she had been blessed in the guidance of a wise and excellent mother until she was sixteen years of age—and better still, her heart was under the influence of that divine teaching which is able to guide us unto all truth; so that she found her difficulties constantly lessening instead of increasing, and was often able to help others, when most persons would have thought themselves so overburdened with cares of their own, that they must sink under them without assistance.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning, Fanny despatched John and the cook to Mary's assistance, with a basket of sundries which she thought might be needed, and a note of assurance that she would follow herself as soon as possible. Various unavoidable delays occurred before her departure, and Fanny feared that she should arrive too late for her to do much to counteract Mary's mismanagement, a circumstance at which she was much disconcerted; for besides her affection for Frank, she had that feeling of clan-ship, which exists so strongly in the "Old Dominion," and she considered the honor of the connexion involved in that of all its branches.

Mount Forrest was a large, old, dingy brick house, built in defiance of all rules of architecture; the primary object of its structure being apparently the greatest amount of inconvenience, which could be produced to its proprietors. The ground in front of the mansion was planted with straggling and incongruous trees, which would have served admirably to Mr. Downing as an exemplification of "trees out of keeping;" two long, straight flower

borders led up to the house, filled with miscellaneous animals, presenting a confused assemblage of ragged growth of every tint of color, and variety of form, plentifully interspersed with tall weeds, affording no very striking proof of Mary's constant assertion, that she was devoted to flowers. In the back grounds there had been no attempt to interfere with nature; some fine, old forest trees grew as Heaven pleased, presenting between the openings of their branches, some pretty views of the river, which was not more than half a mile distant from the house, and a little beyond these trees was a kitchen garden in parallelogram form, surrounded by high wooden palings.

I fear Mount Forrest will occupy an unenviable page in Mr. Livingston's note book, thought Fanny, as she drove up to the door. Frank was standing in the yard, ready to assist her out of the carriage, with as bright a smile on his face as if he had never felt a moment's vexation in his life; he was accompanied by his little son Harry, a fine boy of about four years old.

"Ah, Fanny, I am really delighted to see you; we never wanted the assistance of a kind fairy more, though I fear she will be at last tired of waving her wand in our behalf."

Fanny had stooped to kiss her little pet, who almost smothered her with caresses, until Frank gently pushed him away, saying, "Come, you must not spoil aunt Fanny's dress, you little rogue: look, Fanny, is it not too provoking, the only thing worth showing on my domains, except the black horses, has been so spoiled by his mother, that he is not fit to be seen. See how absurdly Mary has cut his hair, and I've hurt her feelings so much by objecting to it, that I am afraid the dinner will suffer for it, for I think she has retired to an inner apartment to punish me and compose her own feelings."

Fanny was scarcely less mortified than Frank to see little Harry so disfigured, but he was so beautiful a child, that his appearance could not be spoiled, even by this untoward circumstance.

"He is not quite spoiled yet," said Fanny, smiling, and stroking his head fondly; I will dress him myself to-day, and you shall see that he will still make quite as good an appearance as the black horse. Where is your mother, darling?"

"In the rocking chair in her room," said Harry.

"In spite of all your efforts, my dear little cousin, I am sure that Mount Forrest will figure in Mr. Livingston's sketches of the Old Dominion, as a specimen of the disorderly style, a sort of Headlong Hall, or Castle Rackrent, exemplifying all the evil results of our institution. 'Tis vain to struggle against fate, and to make a striking picture there must be shades as well as lights. Mount Forrest now will be a fine contrast to Oak Green; so as soon as you ascertain that Mary has allowed us dinner enough to support our character for barbaric hospitality, you had better come back, and let

me tell you all about my speech, and little Harry's smart sayings, and my good resolutions—I have made quite a new set of them."

"I was delighted, though not at all surprised, to hear that you had made such a fine speech, and will return as soon as possible to hear all about it."

"Did uncle Philip approve of it?"

"Very much. Every one approved of it; indeed, that is a cold term to express their praise—they admired it extremely."

"I am glad to hear it. One word more—was not uncle Philip surprised at my punctuality in returning the papers?"

"Yes," said Fanny, laughing, "both surprised and pleased; but indeed I cannot stop to talk now, cousin Frank."

Fanny went immediately to Mary's room, where she found her rocking to and fro in the most disconsolate manner imaginable; traces of tears were still visible on her face.

"Ah, Fanny," she said, stretching out her hand towards her, "it is really a relief under any circumstances to see you. I am very nervous and discouraged this morning. I scarcely know what to set about first, and am fitter for my bed than the drawing room."

"Well I am ready to render you all the assistance in my power. The first great object in a dining day for gentlemen, is the dinner, you know. I suppose that is all going on right."

"I hope it is, but my head is in so confused a state, and Frank has made such a fuss about my spoiling Harry's curls, as he calls my cutting his hair, that I scarcely know how things are going on. He never appreciates my efforts. Papa and mama used to think I had a turn for every thing. Frank doesn't think that I know how to do any thing."

"You know cousin Frank loves to tease every body sometimes, but it is all in good humor. We must pay him back in his own coin, and laugh in our turn."

"Ah, Fanny, my feelings are unfortunately too sensitive. I don't understand this sort of jesting; indeed, I don't wish to do so."

At this moment a little black girl effected a forcible entrance, by bursting open the door, and saying in a loud voice—

"Missis, aunt Rachel say you did'nt give her no spice for the calf's head, and she aint got half eggs enough for the lemon puddings, and she don't know how many chickens you wants fried, and what must you season the custard with, and"—

"Good gracious, was ever mortal so plagued; it would require a hundred heads and a hundred hands to supply the wants of this house; the spice is all out—tell Tom to get a horse and ride directly to Mr. Barton's store for some. Fanny, dear, will you be so good as to write a note for it?"

"Master done send Tom a fishing by light this morning."

"How dreadfully inconsiderate of Frank: then send the note to the overseer."

"Never mind, Mary, about the spice," said Fanny, "I had some put in the basket this morning, thinking it might be of use: and now for eggs."

"Yes—now for eggs; but I doubt if any can be got."

"Peggy," said Fanny, turning to the little messenger of evil with an encouraging smile, "I know you're a good girl—take a basket, and run as quickly as you can around to the cabins, tell the women it is impossible to have a nice dinner without more eggs; bring all you can find, if you get one here, and two there, and make haste back, like a good girl."

The child grinned and showed a row of ivory from ear to ear, then ran off with incredible speed to do Fanny's bidding. She returned breathless, in a shorter time than Fanny and Mary had supposed it possible she could have performed her errand, with a basket full of eggs, and said to Fanny—"Some of these, Miss Fauny, is my eggs; I was going to set my hen on 'em but 'long as you wanted 'em, I brought 'em to you."

Fanny nodded and smiled saying, "I shall remember it, Peggy," conveying thus to her mind the satisfactory assurance, that in addition to the regular pay from her mistress, she would receive some additional remuneration from herself.

There were so many of Mary's omissions and commissions to be corrected, and Fanny sat about assisting and advising with so much good humor, that Mary became occupied, forgot her grievances about little Harry's hair, and her own extreme indisposition, and entered with some interest upon various matters which had still to be regulated. And then Harry and herself had both to be dressed for dinner. Fanny undertook Harry's toilet, and Mary still considered dressing herself for company by no means an uninteresting occupation. Mary had been considered a beauty, but as hers was a style of beauty which depended more on delicacy, bloom and softness for its attraction, than upon expression, it could not bear the test of slip shod dressing and the wear and tear of domestic vexation. A wearied look, and sort of victimized air, often clouded her brow, and a partiality for pale and nondescript colors, was injurious to an extremely blonde and somewhat faded style of beauty. Mary too still affected the romantic style in dress, wore immensely long ringlets, whether they were in or out of fashion, and persisted in wearing a kind of neck-dress which had been considered peculiarly becoming to her in her days of girlhood, but which was now quite obsolete.

Yet Mary was capable under advantageous circumstances of looking very pretty; her features were unusually regular; she had a rich profusion of glossy, flaxen hair, a light figure, and when she was not forced to exert herself much, and the cur-

rent ran smooth, her countenance wore a soft and placid look, which was its natural expression.

Fanny saw with some alarm, a dress laid on the bed, of faded and ambiguous colors, of thin texture and so mingled of woollen, linen, silk and cotton, that it would have been impossible to say of what materials it was made, and ribbons of a bluish green.

"Now this is about what I call a sentimental color," said Mary taking up the gown with an air of complacency; "is it not pretty, Fanny; but dear me, what a shocking fruit stain on the front breadth, and now I remember Harry would insist on eating a peach in my lap the last time I wore it, and it has taken all the color out: I certainly am the most unlucky woman in the world."

"Here's a silver gray silk that has remained in obscurity too long," said Fanny taking it from the wardrobe, "this with some pink ribbon and a white cape will be very becoming to you."

"It does not suit my style half so well as my sentimental colored dress; however it don't matter much, and it is getting late; indeed, one's wardrobe gets into such a state, when one has a house and children to attend to, that it is as much as a married woman can do in our state of things, to dress herself decently: taste is out of the question."

"This is really very pretty, and in very good taste," said Fanny, assisting Mary to arrange her dress.

"I forgot to ask you, Fanny, if you had not made a conquest of Mr. Livingston, though doubtless you have."

"Not that I am aware of," said Fanny, smiling; "such things do not happen of course. Mr. Livingston would probably never dream of falling in love with a southern lady, putting my charms out of the question; you forget, too, Mary, that he has been accustomed to accomplished and fashionable women."

"I suppose he's of the supercilious order; if so, we can think quite as little of him as he can do of us."

"Not at all,—he is a very agreeable, handsome young man, easy and polite in his manners. You must like him for Philip's sake. But Mary, the baby must be dressed nicely, Philip will certainly ask to see him."

"Oh, we can truly say he is not well, though he is worth showing," said Mary, bending over the child with a look of fondness; "but we have really had worry enough this morning, and must leave the baby in dishabille. I see the gentlemen coming along the cedar lane; they will be here in a few minutes, so we will go down into the drawing room. I shall be delighted to see Philip: is he as handsome as ever, Fanny?"

"Yes handsomer, his manner is more formed,

and he is altogether much improved, and as warm-hearted as ever."

The ladies had only proceeded as far as the landing place on the stairs, when they were stopped in their progress by old John, bowing profoundly to Mary.

"How do you do, John," said Mary graciously.

"Reasonable I thank you, madam, how is yourself?"

"Not very well, John, but rather better."

"You looks mons'ous well, Miss Mary, but if you please, madam, tell me before the company comes how the dinner is to be set out."

"I leave all that to you, John, you can manage it better than I can."

"But, Miss Mary, some of them dishes I'm afraid will be right hard to match, and besides there will be so many dishes we can't cram 'em on the table by no possibility."

"I hope Frank will be satisfied that the dinner will be large enough, well I leave it all to you, John, you know what looks nice, quite as well as I do, the most indifferent dishes you must keep back."

Fanny could not help laughing at the mixed expression of perplexity and complacency visible in John's countenance at this unlimited obligation of power, and at the appealing glance he cast towards herself, as if to discover whether it would be admissible to ask counsel of her in Mary's presence.

"Perhaps we had better aid him a little with our advice," said Fanny.

"I should be infinitely obliged to you, Fanny, if you would give whatever directions you think proper, my head is so confused this morning when I attempt to think, and Frank will certainly approve if you direct."

Fanny listened patiently to John's repetitions of difficulties, and commentaries on the comparative advantages of different dishes, and then gave him such plain and precise orders as to what was to be omitted, and in what manner the remaining dishes were to be arranged, that John returned to the kitchen with a much clearer head and lighter heart than he had left it with, for he considered his own credit quite as much involved in the dinner as if he had been a member of the family.

Mary paused, while Fanny talked with John, but gave little attention to the conversation, quite relieved to get rid of the load of responsibility. Frank, who was just coming in search of them, was much pleased to perceive that Fanny had taken the helm in her own hands.

He smiled at Fanny with so much thankfulness and pleasure, that she felt more than rewarded for her exertions, complimented Mary's dress so highly as to restore her good humor completely, stroked little Harry's shorn head, and thought of the curls, but only said,

"You're a nice little fellow after all, Harry,

won't you be glad to see cousin Philip, he is almost here now."

"Yes, oh there comes cousin Philip, riding such a pretty horse, but is he as pretty as my black horse, Papa?"

"Not quite, but very pretty."

Frank received his guests with so much genuine pleasure and cordiality that Henry felt himself at home, almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, and Mary was so much delighted to see Philip that she fortunately forgot to assume a company air and manner in receiving Frank, and was quite natural. Philip seated himself by Mary, little Harry climbed in his lap and looked in his face, with a mingled expression of fondness and shyness as if not quite sure that he was the veritable cousin Philip.

"Fanny," said Philip, "will you be so good as to have the basket brought, I asked you to have put up in the carriage."

And Fanny tripped away, and soon returned with a huge basket of toys, which Philip unpacked equally to the delight of Harry and his mother.

"I can now understand," said Henry laughing, "why you purchased such a cargo of toys, Philip, the shopman actually thought he was about to set up a toy shop."

"He ought to have told him he was supplying a clan, and a very serious thing it is to belong to a clan, Mr. Livingston, of which you will be more aware when you have been sometime longer with us."

"A very pleasant one, too, I should imagine to have so many to share your joys and sorrows."

"Yes, if you take only a one sided view of clan-ship, it is a very pretty thing, but if a many sided one as we must always do to ascertain truth, it presents many shades as well as lights, does it not, Fanny? No one ought to know better than you, for Flora M'Ivor herself was not a truer clanswoman."

"Well, I think the pleasures more than compensate for the pains and penalties."

"A disinterested verdict from a young lady, who often has fifteen or sixteen children under ten years of age to spend some weeks with her, all too especially fond of cousin Fanny, and most of them reared in defiance of Solomon's precept 'to spare the rod and spoil the child.' Indeed we are pretty generally adopting the idea, in reference to uncle Philip's opinion, that the rod, after all, is a mere figure of speech."

"And after assuming this figurative existence, it soon vanishes into thin air, and becomes a nonentity?" said Henry.

Frank assented with a smile and nod of the head, but Mr. Seyton was too much in earnest on all moral subjects to suffer the matter to be dismissed after so light a discussion; he accordingly entered with much warmth and seriousness upon his views

with regard to education, proving to his own satisfaction at least, that whipping was seldom or never inflicted, but from indolence, temper, or ignorance of human nature in the inflictor, and that it was calculated to lower instead of improving a child's character. All listened with respectful deference to Mr. Seyton, but as no one attempted to controvert his opinions the conversation soon assumed a livelier, and more general character. No one talked for display, but every one from the fulness of the heart or the head.

Henry soon obeyed the irresistible law of attraction which drew him towards the sofa, where Fanny and Mary were seated, and entered into conversation with them, addressing himself chiefly to Mary upon flowers, novels, poetry, scenery and kindred topics, generally considered peculiarly suitable to ladies. He discoursed with good taste and knowledge lightly and gracefully on these subjects, and nothing that he said or did could have betrayed the state of his heart, yet an observant and disinterested spectator might have detected it, from the glance which rested occasionally with tenderness and admiration upon Fanny, and an accidental modulation of tone now and then when he addressed her.

The emotions that Henry was now experiencing were so deep, so sweet, so entrancing, that he could not bear to analyze them, lest the bright dream should vanish and leave him to darkness and desolation; he had not even embodied the cherished secret of his heart in words to his mother from the same superstitious feeling. Every glance of Fanny's clear, ingenuous eyes, every sweet, cheerful tone of voice, addressed to himself, spoke of kindness, but not of love, yet Henry did not despair. A heart so full as Fanny's, of domestic affections, so occupied with thoughts and cares for the welfare of others, was not to be lightly or easily won, and Henry, though never vain, and now even humble, could not but be conscious that his exterior, his manners, his accomplishments were such as to encourage him to hope that he might win a lady's love. Indeed he had already made several unintentional conquests, but how different were the ladies who had so generously bestowed their hearts upon him from Fanny, words could not express, and yet these brilliant and accomplished damsels would have heard with unutterable amazement, that Henry could have awarded the preference to a country girl brought up in Virginia.

Yet so it was, and there is no way of accounting for these strange perversities of taste, but that the heart is a wayward thing.

The day passed off so pleasantly and swiftly, that all the company were surprised and concerned to hear Mr. Seyton order the carriage and horses in the evening, saying that it would be imprudent to stay out longer, as the dews were so heavy. At parting Frank and Mary pressed Henry to visit

them frequently and unceremoniously, which he willingly promised to do, and though Mary had had but little agency in the success of the day, she congratulated herself that things had gone off so well, a result which she seemed to imagine to have been chiefly from the effect of her own exertions. This mistake Frank was good-natured enough to make no attempt to remove, and in this pleasant delusion we shall leave her for the present.

F*****

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

One of the deepest mysteries in the Ancient Greek Philosophy, is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls—the metempsychosis, as it was called. According to that doctrine, the soul of man moved forward, from body to body, in the drama of this world. The soul which was Euphorbus at Troy, was afterwards Pythagoras, the wonder-worker of Greece. While one day musing in an Argive temple, the spirit, then in the body of Pythagoras, saw and knew upon the wall, the shield it had worn at the siege of Troy, when it was in the body of Euphorbus. “Clypeo Trojana refixo tempora testatus.” And the mystical Sage professed that some rays of memory of those grand old days at Troy actually broke in upon him, there in Argos, after the lapse of full five hundred years :

*Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.—Ovid.*

We shall ever believe that there was more of the soul, if not the body, of truth, among those noble old lovers of the spirit's mysteries, than there was among the Hobbeses and the Humes and other Dry-as-dusts, their scoffers, in modern times. As wild a thing as this metempsychosis seems to be, it is easy to show, that, like several other things which satyrs and sadducees had hooted away, and which deeper, humbler souls are bringing back, it takes its rise from among the very crystals around the fountain of human thought. Its germ was truth ; and although its growth became excrescent, yet it still continued to tell a certain truth to all meditative minds. The following passage by Sir William C. Smith, late Baron of the Irish Exchequer, a man of a very highly cultivated and philosophic mind, probably describes the very mystery of human nature which gave rise to the doctrine of metempsychosis with the Samian sage, and to

that of all knowledge being but the memory of a pre-existence as taught by his great disciple Plato :

“ In connection with the phenomena of memory, may I be permitted here to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others in addition to my own ! I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one, which in the very place, and in the very words, with the same persons, and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before. It is the most extraordinary of sensations, and is one which will occur where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflection of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state.”*

The biographer of the Irish lawyer says, that the fact of such mysterious appearances is beyond all question in minds of a peculiar constitution ; and goes on to give a conversation not long since had with another distinguished member of the Bar, a man not very prone to airy fancies, who said that, “once when shooting in a remote part of the county of Cork, which he had never till then visited,

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—This striking passage from Baron Smith seems but another form of expressing what Sir Walter Scott has so finely suggested in the person of Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. The reader will perhaps recollect the train of thought in which Bertram indulged on revisiting the castle of Ellangowan. A resemblance so remarkable could scarcely have been accidental. We quote from *Guy Mannering*, in the opening of the 41st chapter :

“ Why is it, he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted,—Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence ? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination ? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers nor the subjects, are entirely new ; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place ! ”

he reached a certain spot which he had the most distinct remembrance of having seen before—the hills—the trees—the river—the old tower; in fact, every thing served to satisfy his memory."

And if one should take this fine piece of metaphysical analysis in his hand, and visit the parlors of the best cultivated and most reflecting characters from the Potomac to the Roanoke, a wager could hardly be lost on his finding more witnesses to its truth than he would find Hobbists and Humists to scout the grand old mysteries. And the witnesses for it would weigh more, as well as number more, than those against it. An hundred men would say, each of them, that he had an hundred times had the same experience;—that in passing some country-seat with its avenue of tall trees, or in coming upon some wild striking scene by a sudden turn of the road, or in looking out from the window of a stage-coach unpremeditatedly, in places he was visiting for the first time, he had caught "that momentary flash of reminiscence," that "dark reflection of times past."

This is perhaps the truth which is at the bottom also of some of the most mysterious things related of Cornelius Agrippa, the German magician of the fifteenth century; especially of what was said to have occurred on the occasion of his meeting with the poet-earl of Surrey, at the court of the Elector of Saxony. Among many other eminent men present was the famous Desiderius Erasmus. All wanted to see some famous man of the past, presented to view by the power of his art. One wished to see Plautus; another Ovid; but the wish of Erasmus prevailed, who desired to see Tully in the act of delivering his oration in behalf of Roscius. It is said that the Roman did appear, and did deliver the oration *just as we have it*, with such gestures and animation and spirit that the audience were ready again to acquit Roscius by a unanimous verdict. The truth that is in the marvel is perhaps this. The very soul of Erasmus had been nourished and brought up on the genius of Tully. The same was probably true of others, perhaps of all, in the company. It is plain in the very terms of the story that they were all lovers of the new classic learning which was then just fairly beginning to brighten the spirit of Europe. The magician may have struck "the electric chain" of their memory by means not more abstruse than those known to be in the employment of mere leger-de-main, so as to produce an impression of the presence of a scene upon which their thoughts were turned, and which their own deep anxieties were assisting him to present. At least Erasmus could without great difficulty dream he saw and heard Tully, and the others would not wish to have seen or heard less than the learned Herr Erasmus. It is to be well noted that the exhibitions of Agrippa to his various customers were always those persons of the past upon whom the deep passions

of the spectator ran—the dead object of love—the scenes of some splendid work of ancient genius—the object which genius or ambition emulated. He is said to have had an interview with the Wandering Jew, that interloping outlaw of modern romance, in which he shewed to the fascinated soul of that being, the eastern maiden whom he had loved in his youth, under a palm-tree by a fountain somewhere in the East. Sir Thomas More was a great lover of the new Greek learning, and Agrippa shewed Sir Thomas More the destruction of Troy in a dream. By-the-by, it was a dream which a Sir Thomas More of this day would count it no great marvel to have without an Agrippa, provided he had spent the preceding day and evening deeply wrapped in the Iliad. To Thomas Cromwell, the Magician showed Henry VIII., and a bevy of Lords, hunting in Windsor forest. And to Charles V., of Germany, a man ambitious of a sort of glory which came not swiftly enough upon him, he showed David, Solomon, Gideon and the Nine Worthies, in their appropriate dress. See Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*.

These men, it is true, Agrippa and Pythagoras, had much of what we should now term *humbug* about them. Yet they probably felt some mysterious but true laws of the soul more strongly than other men. The Greek was evidently a man of the deepest idiosyncrasies. Emotions which in other men show no great prominence, because they are balanced and counteracted, were probably the daily governing impulses of his mind. The world as he saw it, was not the calm world of spirits with which, though it is invisible, yet other men, indeed all men of meditative habits feel that they live and move and think in contact. But it was the world of spirits exhilarated with some ethereal drink of Spirits, and dancing in wild revelry on some Grecian Walpurgis Night. Consequently there was a monstrous deal of overacting in his life. There was as much overstatement in his philosophy. The golden apples are almost undiscoverable in the redundancy of the thick many-hued foliage. May we not here turn Pythagorean, or Agrippist, for a few chapters, and feel and live along the chain which binds us to the past?

*

Congora, in one of his odes calls the river of Madrid, "the Duke of Streams and Viscount of Rivers."

Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el aguatismo,
Estois Duque de Arroyos
Y Visconde de los Rios.

DR. BUSHNELL'S Φ. B. K. ORATION.*

This Oration, which seems to have attracted no little attention in circles where it originated, has for its subject the two grand divisions of the actions of all sentient beings, WORK and PLAY; and the originality of the view is, that the latter is considered as the ultimate state of man. Work is defined to be action *for* an end: Play, action *as* an end. The latter is illustrated by the free, joyous actions of birds, of animals, of children, and of man in the highest exercise and complete culture of his faculties; the former too abundantly by the toil and painful discipline necessary to the attainment of any thing great or valuable. One is done by a conscious effort of the will, the other from impulse and spontaneity. As we ascend from mere muscular exertion to the higher modes of activity,—to the intellectual, artistic and moral,—the less tolerant we become of any thing like constraint, or action from any other motive than simple love of the object to which our efforts are directed. “To be good or true for the sake of some ulterior end, is the same as to value goodness and truth second to that end, which is the same as to have no sense of either. So, if some gift is bestowed upon us by constraint, and not from any compassion for our lot, or interest in our welfare, we deem the gift itself an insult, and call the charity hypocrisy. In like manner purity, forced by self-constraint, or maintained by mere prudence, argues impurity. True purity, that which answers the perfect ideal, is spontaneous, unfolding its artless, unaffected spotlessness in the natural freedom of a flower. It could not defile itself without an effort. Nay, I suppose that perfect purity could not even blush. Even self-denial is not a complete virtue till it becomes a kind of self-indulgence. It must bathe itself in the fountains of a self-oblivious charity. Forgetting fame and reward, rising above the constraints of prudence, and losing the nature of work, it must become the spontaneous impulse of our being, a joyous overflow of the soul's liberty.”

It is quite refreshing to hear such sentiments from an individual belonging to that class who generally ascribe all virtue to the will, and maintain that constrained abstinence is far more meritorious than the temperance that knows no inordinate desire. We should, however, perhaps differ from the learned Doctor touching the “blushes of purity;” at least Milton speaking of Eve yet sinless, tells us of her “blush like the morn;” and when, according to the same authority, Adam inquires “if the heavenly spirits love?” the Angel answers

“With a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, (love's proper hue.)”

Let us note among the author's illustrations his distinction between courage and bravery. * * * “Thus there is a great and lofty virtue that we call courage, (*cour-age*), taking its name from the heart. It is the greatness of a great heart, the repose and confidence of a man whose soul is rested in truth and principle. Such a man has no ends ulterior to his duty,—duty itself is his end. He is in it therefore as in play, lives in it as in inspiration. Lifted thus out of mere prudence and contrivance, he is also lifted above fear. Life to him is the outgoing of his great heart,—*heartage*, action from the heart. And because he can now die, without being shaken or perturbed by any of the dastardly feelings that belong to self-seeking and work, because he partakes of the impossibility of his principles, we call him a hero, regarding him as a kind of god, a man who has gone up into the sphere of the divine. * * * Courage is of the heart as we have said; bravery is of the will. One is the spontaneous joy and repose of a truly great soul; the other, bravery, is after an end ulterior to itself, and in that view, is but a form of work,—about the hardest work, too, I fancy, that some men undertake. What can be harder, in fact, than to act a great heart, when one has nothing but a will wherewith to do it?”

The distinction between genius and talent among the many we have seen offered, is somewhat novel, but far from complete or satisfactory. “Genius,” he says, “is that which is good for play, talent that which is good for work. The genius is an inspired man, a man whose action is liberty, whose creations are their own end and joy. * * * Talent we conceive of as a capacity that is valuable as related to ends and uses, such as the acquisition of knowledge or money, to build, cultivate, teach, frame policies, manage causes, fill magistracies.”

Wit and humor afford a further illustration. “Wit,” he says, “is work, humor is play. One is the dry labor of intention or design, ambition eager to provoke applause, malignity biting at an adversary, envy letting down the good or the exalted. The other, humor, is the soul reeking with its own moisture, laughing because it is full of laughter, as ready to weep as to laugh; for the copious shower it holds is good for either.”

From the extracts we have given, the scope and spirit of the address may easily be gathered. The views so ingeniously presented, though new to many, are familiar at least to all students of German-criticism. Even the earnest Schiller recognized the *sport-impulse* as the last perfection of true culture; and Goethe every where teaches a similar truth.

“I sing but as the linnet sings,
That in the green bough dwelleth;
A rich reward his music brings,
As from his throat it swelleth”

* An Oration delivered before the Society of PHI BETA KAPPA, at Cambridge, Aug. 24, 1848. By Horace Bushnell. Second Edition. Cambridge: Geo. Nichols.

are words which he puts into the mouth of the *Old Harper*, but which describe no one more truly than himself. Carlyle, also, in the famous article entitled "Characteristics," has, though somewhat paradoxically, set forth a similar doctrine. It cannot but afford the purest pleasure to every lover of genuine culture, thus to see the higher principles of aesthetics taught and promulgated by our own scholars and literary men.

The author of the discourse, Pastor of one of the Congregational churches in Hartford, is favorably known by an able and very liberal work entitled "*Views of Christian Nurture*;" and we think we can discern in the Orator, sentiments cognate to those expressed in that Treatise. To us he seems like one of the few destined either to modify and render more enlarged and liberal the views of his sect, or to break from it and walk in a path of his own. We have for some time been watching the successive productions of his pen with peculiar interest.

The Oration before us is rather eloquently, and often happily, expressed. Still there are no paragraphs of preeminent force and beauty, wherein he seems to have attained his own happy ideal of unconscious and joyous creation. We think he might have drawn more copious illustrations from the fine arts, and thereby established his peculiar view much more to the satisfaction of all. Music, to which he makes no allusion, would have afforded the finest of any. Even the word *play* is constantly applied to this, in all languages.

In conclusion, our thanks are due to the publisher who has presented this address in a style of unusual elegance and beauty; and we could wish that many a copy might find its way into families where it would be appreciated on either side of the American thermal line.

B.

LINES ON PRESENTING A BIBLE.

The following verses are taken from a pleasing little book entitled the "*Diary of Lady Willoughby*," which we noticed some time since, as a most successful attempt on the part of a modern writer to imitate the quaintness and simple beauty of the Old English authors. They are there attributed to Dr. Peter Heylin, who figured during the reign of Charles I. as poet, historian, geographer and divine.

Could this outside beholden bee
To cost and cunning equally;
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxurie of curious Eyes:
Yet would I have my Dearest looke
Not on the Cover, but the Booke.

If thou art Merie, here are Aires;
If Melancholie, here are Prayers:
If Studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest Wit;
If Hungry, here is food Divine:
If Thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly Wine.

Read then, but first thyselfe prepare
To read with Zeale and marke with Care;
And when thou read'st what here is writt
Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall bee,
First in the Booke and next in Thee.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong:
Refresh them, therefore, with a song:
And that thy musicke praise may merite,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit;
That as thy Voice doth pierce men's Ears,
So shall thy Prayers and Vows the Spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee
The very Earth a Heaven shall bee:
If thus thou readest, thou shalt find
A private Heaven within thy Minde:
And singing thus before thou die,
Thou sing'st thy part to those on High.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1848.

It seems natural enough, Mr. Editor, to resume my pen once more to address your magazine, for which in times past I was a constant writer. I feel that thus I shall be brought in contact with many old acquaintances and some few friends, whom I scarcely expect to meet, in *propria persona* again, and be enabled to talk of matters and things as I and they think, which is by no means in consonance with the ideas of those with whom, for some years, I have lived and whose manner and tone of thought are far different from that of the mass of your *clientele*. Fennimore Cooper in one of his novels states that the most pointed idiosyncrasy of Anglicism is that the people of the "cloudy isle" are utterly persuaded that all the rest of the world is valuable only, as the shell of a walnut enwraps the kernel, to surround Great Britain. This fancy also pervades the people of the great commercial cities of the North, as far as other portions of the United States are concerned, and they cannot conceive of their possessing any intellectual merit, looking on their fellow citizens of those great sections of the nation as good sort of people, in spite of the domestic institution, very busy in planting tobacco and "*palma-Christi*," not altogether useless, yet in conse-

quence of the low state of intelligence and the debasement of the moral standard, deserving of great compassion from their more enlightened and highly favored brethren of the North. Some very discreet and somewhat learned men have thought this estimate of the cavaliers of Virginia not very well founded. Among others who entertained this opinion was one whose name will descend "in full odor of sanctity" as long as Virginia shall exist, I mean the Right Rev. Richard Channing Moore, almost the Apostle of the State. The good old Bishop, whom all men, good or bad, respected, sate one day a most unwilling listener to panegyrics uttered by two descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, on New England. Not approving of half they said, but restrained by that politeness which was his characteristic, he said nothing until one of the couple, a clergyman of his own diocese, said to the other interlocutor "ah, Mrs. T., such a standard of morality as pervades New England you will look for in vain in Virginia." The good Bishop was but a man and human patience was exhausted. He loved Virginia as all the State loved him, and a wild flash lit up his usually mild blue eye as he said, "Truly you rejoiced in a high standard of morality, for by it you burned witches and to it you hanged Quakers." New England excellencies were talked of no more at that re-union.

The people of the whole North (I speak of the mass) seem amazed to find that Southern gentlemen are educated, and utter the most *naïf* surprise when told by Book-Sellers, that far the most costly and *recherché* portion of the invoices they receive from Europe, go to the curious old houses on the banks of the James and Savannah, or to the far off bluffs of the Father of waters. Your State Librarian, at his yearly visit, is an object of no small curiosity, people wondering why he does not buy the works of the established writers of New England, instead of the quaint old books which his agents in New York, and Carey and Hart of the city of mobs and brotherly love, collect for the officials of the ancient Dominion. This state of things here, and what I know once existed at the South, induce me to commence this series of letters, in which I wish to unfold much of that minor gossip that rarely finds its way into journals and newspapers, though so important an item of the talk of the day.

The great theme of conversation here is art, a sort of conventional term, like the Indian "medicine," applied to whatever is unintelligible and unusual. Thus besides poetry, painting, music, dancing and "the mechanics," people talk of all sorts of things as artistic. Dr. Collyer's naked women were called artistic and classical, though they were no more classical than Powers' Greek Slave dressed in John Randolph's white surtout, or the red jacket of the negro trumpeter of the Richmond Light Dragoons, old George LaFayette, would have been.

The true influence of art, however is not seen or perceived, at least in the production of the beautiful, and cannot be so long, as is the case here, as the education in vogue is limited to what is called the merely useful. For instance, the art of design is no where taught in America or in England as it is in France, where every "*ecole-publique*" has its drawing master. The consequences of this are apparent, for in the first country, the working tinman for the purposes of the ordinary mechanic, forms common utensils of such beauty, that during the next year, copied by the London silver-smith, they are bought for the board of the noble and merchant-prince.

I, however, must adopt for a moment the phraseology of art-talk. Statuary which the Greeks thought the queen of arts, does not exist in America. It is true that from time to time a group is exhibited, but it no more belongs to us than the rare *Agave-Americana* of the hot-house to our own Flora, or the wine of Burgundy and Champaign imported hither, to our own productions. The day for it has not yet come. While millions of acres of wild lands of surpassing fertility rest unoccupied, men will hesitate about paying for one block of marble what would purchase a territory more valuable than many a German kingdom. We must therefore, for ages to come, be satisfied with sending Powers to Europe, and keeping his fame to ourselves, as the people of Scio did with their own blind bard. A good statue, however, will always attract attention, as has lately done the beautiful group of Hero and Leander, (by a German sculptor with an unpronounceable name,) which has recently been exhibited in the Northern cities. About this group there is much softness, grace and expression. The *pose*, adopted by the sculptor, is the moment of Leander's reaching the strand of Abydos.

If sculpture, however, is neglected, its kindred art architecture is not. Statues after all are but large toys, but there is a solid reality about a large mansion which captivates cupidity. Stately edifices and dwellings rise daily around us, the general taste evinced in the construction of which is most convincing of the great progress of the nation's taste. I am ready, however, to confess that the styles in vogue, florid Venetian and Gothic do not please me as well as would the severer types of the Greek civilization. Heretical as this may seem, nothing, according to my ideas, is less in consonance with the spirit of the age and the attitude Christianity has assumed than the adoption of the sombre Gothic architecture for America's grandest temple, Trinity Church, instead of some simple Doric or ærial Ionic type, countless exemplars of which might be found. The Broadway Theatre, is in better taste as an edifice, and its exterior has an appropriateness to its use, which the builder of the church, one would think, could have fashioned easily enough, had he felt the

inspiration of his task. After all I think the Capitol of Virginia the most handsome edifice in America. It certainly would be, if the entrance, instead of being through the ungainly stairways on the side, were through the portico, from which may be seen that matchless view of the river and its beautiful falls. The very word "*Portico*" conveys the idea of entrance, (*Porta*, a door,) and your own capitol like that of the great temple of Rome should have a stairway extending over a third of the first terrace.

Not to churches and public edifices alone, however, is this improvement confined. Stately mansions, ware-houses, *etc.* rise around us, and in almost every square of the great cities of the North, some building appears as the announcement of a better day when all Palladio's dreams shall be realized. So much for architecture. Its kindred art, landscape gardening, is unknown. Estates here are too small, and land in cities is too valuable. That art must depend for its patronage on the great peers of England and the more than baronial planters of the South. The late Randolph Harrison, of Elk Island, had done much to develop this taste in Virginia, where landscape beauty is more studied than it is in any other part of America.

America has reason to be proud of her painters. Inman, the Sullys, Nagle and others have done full justice to this great *penchant*. This art, however, languishes, though painters make money. Few pictures, appealing to posterity, are begun, and the exhibitions of the academies of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, exhibit rows of "portraits of gentlemen and ladies," but none of the great groups which once employed our masters. The firm and manly hand of Nagle, the artist to be selected as the portrayeur of dignity and ideal grace, and the fancy of Sully which made him so able an exponent of ideal beauty, are now occupied in the portraiture of green-grocers and milliners. It was not always so.

But music is the rage because the opera affords an opportunity of exhibiting so many of the minor passions of the fair sex. Women crowd the dress circles of the opera, because they are aware how well they look in the tight-fitting scarlet and cerulean vests, which are now the mode. Their pretty fingers beat the cadence of Rossini's and Verdi's strains, and their hearts and eyes grow liquid at Bellini's touching pathos. Every body now is musical. This subject is, however, important in another point of view. It used to be a matter of amazement to me to read in the memoirs and *ana* of the last century how opera-quarrels were frequently as important in their consequences as cabinet difficulties. This state of things no longer exists in Europe; but in America, where music begins to be a favorite, all the world i. e. about five thousand people, are thrown into hysterics, by the announcement that Truffi is indisposed, and that

La Borde has taken cold. In the Spanish West Indian Islands they manage these things better, for if the illness is not perfectly well established, the patient is sent to prison. I once saw a *Primo Tenore Assoluto* being escorted to the Moro, because the poor man fancied he could display his importance by sending from *Teatro Principal*, without a *funcion*, all the *gentefina* of Havana. General Tacon, the *Gobernador General* was, however, a very obtuse personage and did not appreciate the wit of such an operation. Mr. Fry, of Philadelphia, well known as the author of *Lenora*, is the *Impresario*, or manager of the opera in the United States, and follows in the footsteps of the Conde Tacon. He operates on their high mightinesses of the opera with nearly as much success. His *modus operandi* is to discharge at once all refractory personages of his troupe, and from the days of Gil-Blas till now, singers have placed on themselves nearly as high an estimate as do your own F. F. V's. The theory, however, of no song no supper, at once reduces them to reason, and he has had the triumph of making even a *Prima Donna* act like a woman of sense. The opera thrives and so too does the *ballet* which, *à mon gout*, however, scarcely deserves to be called an art.

There is no doubt but that the effect of the many opera troupes, which from time to time have visited the United States has already superinduced great taste for music and cannot but exert a beneficial influence on manners by expelling mere gossip from society. There are persons, however, who tell us this music-mania is doing much injury by withdrawing attention from the legitimate or literary drama. Many things, however, prove that the drama does not suffer from competition with its musical rival. Two of the foremost of these facts are, that actors are now willing and anxious to pay large prices for tragedies and comedies of what are called the legitimate schools, and that the three greatest brilliancies of the theatrical world are now almost in conjunction. I refer to Macready, Forrest and the famous Fanny Kemble Butler, the latter of whom it is said will resume her profession and empire as a tragic queen, as soon as the litigation between herself and husband shall have been terminated. This *proces* attracts much attention. However

... non nobis tantas componere lites.

Macready and Forrest pass together from city to city, playing against each other in all cities where there are two theatres. How much society loses by the fact that they will not be friends and play together!

When actors thrive, another class of men also prosper, to whom the Germans have given the name of Theater-Dichter or stage poets. Homely, however, as the name may be, it was once a proud one, for it belonged to Shakespeare and Schiller,

Voltaire, Calderon, Racine and Sheridan. Many new dramas have been written during the last few months, some of which fell dead. Like Cornelius Matthews' "Leisler," others were never allowed by their authors to be placed on the stage, while yet a third class kept up a galvanic life for a few days and fell when the extrinsic power which sustained them was exhausted. "Leisler" was like nothing else in the world and defies all criticism as does Caliban. *Requiescat*. LOVE'S MARTYR, a play of the third class, deserves rather more attentive consideration.

T. M. Read, the author, was known partially a few years since, as the writer of many magazine papers, over the signature of "the poor scholar," and subsequently as a letter writer from Mexico and subaltern of the New York volunteers. The play has evidently been carefully studied and, though a *farrago* of what the author considered beauties, is scarcely likely to last. The scene is laid in Venice in the 14th century, when the Visconti began to attract the attention of all Italy to their city of Milan. The plot of the story is the love borne by Casimir, a noble French Adventurer, who, like Othello had become general of Venice, to Marinella (there is no such name by-the-bye) a lady of a noble Venetian house of French origin. Marinella has a brother, as she supposes, who, however, is only an adoptive son. The true relation between them she does not learn until after she has been married to Casimir, who is the friend and patron of her foster-brother. Lorenzo, a friar, is aware of all, and though a pure man, is the origin of much distress by suffering, from speaking imprudently, the secret to transpire. Morinella then discovers that she loves her foster-brother more than Casimir's wife should. The author's words, however, best explain this part of the plot.

In time the maiden found
A feeling undefined within her heart,
It soon became developed—it was love—
Love not for him whom she had vowed to love,
But for the foster brother.
The youth, too, loved the maid—Nature had placed
The germ within their hearts, where it had lain
Amidst the darkness of an erring fate,
Till nature's self invoked it forth again
To bud and bloom.
Each sorrowed for their love—each struggled hard
To stifle it—when they had striven in vain,
Each secretly resolved to see the other one
No more on earth—they met at length to part:
'Twas then that first they knew each other's love,
Confessed at parting, parting when confessed,
And without even a kiss, they spoke the sad,
Sad word, farewell!
Meanwhile, the husband from some circumstance
Had grown suspicious of his young wife's love.
He was admonished when this parting scene
Was to take place—
And leaving for a moment honor's path

Became,
A witness to it all. It broke his heart!
Here Marinella has fainted upon his breast.
Casimir—(kissing her)—Cold as the marble from Carrara's
mine
Sweet—sweet and cold! Mine is but poor right
To those sweet kisses now, *etc.*

Casimir becomes suspected by the Doge and is doomed to death. When the officers come to arrest him he contrives, in a most *outré* manner, a quarrel and is killed. Evidently taken from some romance, there are many historical mistakes, not the least of which is the confusion of the Inquisition, as we call it, of the Ten, with the ecclesiastical inquisition of Spain and Rome.

The old play-goer and lover of the Drama will meet with many acquaintances in this play; not to speak of two Iagos and a duplicate of the Friar in Sheridan Knowles' "tale of Mantua," all the world will recognize the following verses as emanating from the cottage of one Claude Melnotte, made famous by a well known English Baronet.

Casimir.—Far from the echoes of a troubled world
Within the soft embrace of vine clad hills
There slept a sunny vale—in whose warm lap
Had art divine, and Nature more divine
Poured out their wealth in very wantonness—
A palace rose 'midst glowing orange grove,
Whose golden foliage clustered round its walls
And kissed the snow-white marble—
Hour after hour all the live long day
Fell the soft murmurings of crystal streams
Gushing from founts of silver—when the breeze
Stole softly down from the blue Appenines—
It robbed the blossoms upon perfumed trees
To fill the air with incense—strange bright birds
Ne'er silenced their sweet songs—for when at eve
The throstle had performed his evening hymn,
The nightingale caught up the echoing note—
E'er it had ceased to wander through the grove—
Stealing its tender eloquence to win
His own coy mate half hid among the leaves!
It was indeed a scene of loveliness,
And over all
Spread a rich canopy of blue and gold—
The sky of Italy!

The versification and matter here are pretty, except that the leaves of orange-trees are never golden, that the breezes which blew over this Elysium did not come from the Appenines and that throstles are never seen in Italy. These are small matters, however; the serious objection to the play is, that Casimir, the hero, is kept *in furore*, for five acts and that no human audience can ever sympathise with him. The author can write a much better play than this if he pleases, and I am sure he will have better luck next time.

Do not confound T. M. Read with Thomas B. Read, the poet-painter, a man who, though a native of cold formal Pennsylvania has more fervor than any other author in the country.

But *Satis jam satis, etc.* In my next letter, Mr. Messenger, I shall write of Northern journals and magazines, and touch on a variety of other subjects. Till then *adieu*.

JACULATOR.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER, 1848.

The election of the first President of the French Republic, one and Indivisible, will take place on the 10th December. Thus it was determined in the National Assembly on the 26th ult., by a vote of 587 against 232.

The candidates must be at least thirty years of age, must be Frenchmen born, and must never have lost the title of French citizen. These are the sole qualifications prescribed by the new Constitution.

Who will be elected? This is the great question which for the next five weeks is to agitate France more profoundly than any which has been proposed since the proclamation of the Republic.

For the election by universal suffrage to be valid the elect must have received the absolute majority of the votes given: and that majority must be composed of at least two millions of votes. In default of this, the National Assembly will proceed to choose the President from the five highest on the list of candidates. In such an event the Assembly will vote by secret ballot, and the election will be determined by an absolute majority. Article 47th of the new Constitution prescribes that the President of the Republic shall be elected for four years; and shall not be re-eligible till after the lapse of four years from the expiration of his term: but the term of the first President is to be abridged by a few months, so as to produce no conflict with another provision, which ordains that future presidential elections shall take place on the second Sunday in May.

I confess that this new phase which French Politics are about to assume is, to my mind, anything but assuring for the future. It is an indefinite prolongation of *Provisional Government*. But Provisional Government has existed in various forms since the 24th February: and is the great cause of the embarrassment and depression which are now so fatally affecting all the great interests upon which national prosperity depends. Provisional Government is arbitrary. That might be borne. But it is at the same time unstable, ever changing. That is intolerable. The grand want of France is *confidence*. The unanimous cry of

all sound and honest thinkers is, "*confidence!*" give us a government which contains the essential element of permanence: then, confidence will revive; then commercial and industrial pursuits will resume their activity. Until then, expect nothing but a complication of the difficulties arising from stagnated industry, bankruptcy, and civil discord."

Alas for the French! Why has not the National Assembly pursued the simple and easy course which logic and the plainest common sense would dictate! Why have they not made it their great and pressing business to elaborate the constitution which was intended to introduce the reign of republican government in France—completed it in all its parts—and having formed an uniform, harmonious system—legislative, judicial, executive, administrative,—appointed a day for the election of all necessary officers, and a subsequent day when the Provisional should cease, the constituent assembly dissolve, and the essay of regular republican government under the new constitution commence in France? I do not believe it would succeed. I do not believe that human wisdom or superhuman wisdom could devise a truly republican government that would last a year in France without recourse to the *state of siege* or some other powerful arm borrowed from Despotism. But it appears clear to my mind that a republican system thus organized and thus put into operation would alone be capable of realising, by success, the benefits of republican government. But instead of this, what have the Solons of the Assembly done? They are attempting to put their constitution into operation, not as one harmonious whole, and all at once, but by instalments, by morsels. They pursue the course of a ship builder who having completed separately several portions of his ship, the keel, the prow, the masts, the yards, and having collected timber for the rest, launches each portion separately and commences his voyage upon a raft, hoping during the voyage, in stormy, wintry weather, too, to put the parts all together and complete his ship! All the articles of the new Constitution have been voted it is true: but not finally. A revision is to take place and important modifications may yet be made. A work of a month or six weeks is yet before the Assembly for the elaboration of what are called some half dozen *organic laws*, defining the functions of ministers and public officers more minutely than is supposed to be consistent with the elementary general nature of a constitution. The constitution calls for a "Council of State," which is to exercise in connection with the President, important functions. The Council of State is to be provisionally supplied by a committee of thirty, chosen by the Assembly from among its own members. The President is to be chosen by the people, to be immediately installed by the Assembly and is thenceforth to exercise all the powers attributed to him by the Constitution, except those relating to the promulgation of the laws

which the Assembly reserves provisionally to its own president. The Assembly then votes that until the inauguration of the Legislative Assembly which forms part of the regular system contemplated by the constitution, it will retain possession of all the powers hitherto possessed by it, except the executive power confided by the constitution to the President and which the Assembly declares itself incapable of revoking. With this exception the National or Constituent Assembly is to continue omnipotent and arbitrary. The election of the Legislative Assembly and the demission of its omnipotence by the constituent is put off to an indefinite future. What will be the consequence of this state of things? A complication of difficulties: an aggravation of all the actual evils. The present provisional state is in my opinion preferable. There is now at least no conflict of authorities. Gen. Cavaignac who is now charged with the executive power, holds his commission from the Assembly—he is the mere creature of the Assembly,—sets up no rival pretensions—a vote tomorrow would promptly send him unresisting, into the retirement of private life. Such will not be the position of the nominee to the Presidency by universal suffrage. Rival powers will find themselves immediately in presence,—the Constituent Assembly and the President. Should the latter honestly desire not to exceed his powers, yet be determined, as an independent functionary he well may be, to resist the arbitrary pretensions of the Assembly, where is he to go for the rule of his conduct? There is no Constitution with its organic laws, and cunningly devised checks and balances, in full play, to which he may resort to solve his difficulties. His constitutional coadjutors, institutions and persons, are not provided. He finds himself therefore a provisional, independent, rival power. Let conflicts arise. Who may say that Presidential ambition, fresh from the people, newly affirmed by the very same power which gives all its force to the National Assembly, with all the advantages too derived from executive unity, will be seriously impeded or long checked by votes that the “President cannot dissolve or prorogue the National Assembly nor in any manner suspend the supremacy of the laws and Constitution.” One who holds this opinion must attribute to legislative decrees in France more than experience will warrant. The thwarted President may plausibly argue, that the Provisional Assembly is superseded by the Provisional President, that he concentrates in his own person the representation of more suffrages than any government since February. Deriving his authority from the same source with the Assembly, he may argue that his title may invalidate and supersede that of the Assembly, in that the *will* under which he holds is of later date. The new President will find too plausible, if not sufficient reason for strengthening his

authority and consolidating it into despotism, in the state of anarchy and confusion which reigns in the provinces, in the irreconcilable factions into which the Assembly itself is divided, in the enormous abuses which do not yet fail to characterize the press and the clubs, and in the utter absence throughout France of the essential element of republicanism, the sentiment of obedience to the will of the majority. I anticipate, therefore, for the French Republic, a winter of fearful trial. I hardly think it will weather the storm.

But who, you ask, is to be the first President? It may be answered almost with complete confidence—*Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte*. Beautiful consistency of French Republicanism! The most ambitious of the pretenders to the French throne, who has no personal merit upon which to found his candidacy, who has never rendered any signal service to his country, whose whole past history is marked in about equal degrees by incapacity and ridicule, who hopes, as he himself has avowed recently from the tribune, to be foisted into the Presidency simply because he is the nephew of his uncle, by the skilful use of a *name* and that name the very synonym of *Despotism*!—this is the candidate whom French republicans in the exercise of universal suffrage are about to elevate to the highest office in their gift. It would perhaps be impossible to proclaim in a more emphatic manner, than by this act, their inability to appreciate and unworthiness to enjoy republican institutions—a blessing when the people are prepared for their exercise, a curse when they are not.

The only prominent names, which have as yet been put forward as candidates for this perilous and difficult post, are those of

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,
Gen. Cavaignac,
Ledru-Rollin,
Raspail,
Thiers,
Marshal Bugeaud.

Louis Napoleon will have an immense country vote. He will have that too of several of the industrial and manufacturing centres which, ignorant and unreflecting, are known to cherish with undying devotion the *souvenir* of the Emperor. Many Legitimists will vote for him; knowing that Henry V. is out of the question, and hoping, not perhaps without some reason, that another Napoleon rule may end with another *restoration*. He will have a large vote from the intelligent and reasoning industrial and commercial classes, who see no other mode of rapidly leaving that provisional state of things, which since February has been rapidly ruining them. He will have a large vote in the army, of men who dream of war, promotion, victory and glory under another Napoleon. He will have too the whole of the small vote of those who from gratitude to the uncle and a lively recollection of

the glories of the Empire are pure Imperialists and long to hail Napoleon II. in Louis Napoleon. His partisans are said to be very active in the provinces where they take every color that may seem probable to render their candidate more acceptable. He is represented to be of enormous fortune which is all to be spent for the dear people. Taxes are to be abolished and every person is to be made comfortable and content. In one place it is promised that Ledru Rollin shall be his prime minister, in another Raspail, in another Thiers. Many in Paris itself speak of his intention to divide immense sums of money among the needy poor and laborers out of employ. In some of the most benighted districts of France, it is believed that the Emperor himself, in proper person, has returned to France.

Cavaignac will have the respectable vote of nearly all honest and moderate republicans who still believe the republic practicable in France and wish to make the trial. He has at command too the immense and powerful cohort of public functionaries and all the aids and appliances of Executive patronage. He will use them too without stint. I have nearly come to the conclusion that *Cavaignac* is as interested and selfishly ambitious as any of his rivals.

Ledru-Rollin will be the chosen of all the advanced republicans. It is said that Raspail will decline in his favor. If so, Rollin will unite the votes of the red and social republicans and come in first after Louis Napoleon.

Thiers, if voted for at all, will divide with *Cavaignac* the votes of the friends of the moderate republic. He will have too some who dream as possible, what I deem as improbable as a legitimist restoration—the recall of the Orleans family.

The only chance of a respectable vote for Marshal Bugeaud is in the union of the legitimist and Orleans parties. This is said to have been consummated, but I do not think that with the most favorable results for this combination, it will do otherwise than place Marshal Bugeaud last in the political race which is about to come off.

I think now that Louis Napoleon will be the first President—and that in process of time—and not after a very long interval, he will write himself Emperor of the French—unless foreign war should intervene and become the means of elevating to that giddy and dangerous height some ambitious and successful soldier. Such a man would be the more fit and legitimate inheritor of the crown of Napoleon.

W. W. M.

The following inscription intended for the Louvre possesses both simplicity and dignity—

Pande fores populus, sublimis Lupara: non est
Terrarum imperio dignior ulla domus.

Notices of New Works.

THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; to which are added those of His Companions. By Washington Irving. Author's Revised Edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848.

We can imagine no more agreeable occupation than that in which Mr. Irving is now engaged,—the supervising the publication of his complete works in the beautiful text of Mr. Putnam. At his time of life, with the consciousness of having secured a fame which will not pass easily away, it must be a pleasant labor, indeed, to survey the works of his genius as they appear in a worthy and comely edition, while the toils of authorship exist only in the memory and the bays he has won are as green as the binding of his volumes! Having bid adieu to public life and exchanged Madrid for Sunnyside, he doffs the diplomatic dress for his morning-gown, and gives up court etiquette for slippered freedom. In this charming retirement, proof-reading becomes attractive and revisal a luxury. It is a thing to be performed *con amore* at the breakfast table or in the library, and not at the bidding of the printer's devil, by the midnight taper. Oh, fortunate *litterateur*! We are glad that to thee, at least, the walks of letters have been ways of pleasantness, and we trust that thou mayst long live to enjoy the dignified leisure of mature age. Very many years may it be, ere the cruel Atropos with "abhorred shears" shall cut the thread of thy existence!

It is matter of very excusable pride to the American student, that the story of Columbus and the remarkable age of which his biography forms a part,—the age of Ferdinand and Isabella,—should have been reserved for two Americans to narrate; and that these writers, by their patient and laborious research, lending to the task all the faculties of their minds and throwing around the whole the spell of a melodious diction, should have so narrated it, that it is not likely that the office will ever again be attempted in the English language. Until the appearance of the work now under review, the English reader knew not much more of the Genoese "Admiral," than what is condensed, with commendable accuracy, in the little stanzas of the school-boys,

"Columbus was a sailor brave,
That first did cross the Atlantic wave,
He sailed far over the ocean blue,
In 1492,"—

and although a host of writers in many languages had treated of topics relating to Spanish history, (and among them one or two, who tried the very age in question)—Mignot, Becker, Hallam, Dr. Robertson, Sismondi,—it was left for Prescott to educe order out of chaos, to embody in a lucid and connected exposition the events of the most interesting period of all modern time, and at that point of remote distance, which alone gives the proper historical perspective, to set before us that estimable pair of sovereigns, upon whom we look with livelier feelings of interest than any of their majestic contemporaries. These two writers, Irving and Prescott, though we place them together as historians of the same chain of events, differ widely in many important particulars, and as this difference is nowhere more strikingly manifest than in their treatment of Columbus, it may be well to run a parallel between them, and see how they stand in comparison. First, they differ in the *manner* of their narratives. It is proper to say, indeed, with reference to the account which Prescott gives us of the world-finder and the events of his singular career, that it is merely

incidental to the main purpose in view, and could not be expected to unfold his adventures as minutely as a personal biography, written in the glow of admiration. But apart from this, the manner of our two authors is very different. We see no conflict of statement, no disagreement in facts, but the divergence is to be noted in their general views, drawn from the facts as put together. Prescott, with the poise of judgment, which belongs only to the true historian, presents a calm explanation of the tardiness with which the proposals of Columbus were considered at the Court, admits the delay, but assigns the many causes which led to it,—appreciates the impatience of the suitor, full of his idea of a new hemisphere, yet reminds us of the generous patronage of the Castilian Queen, ready even to pledge her tiara for the prosecution of the enterprise, and altogether places the conduct of the sovereigns in a more excusable light than that in which it had before appeared. Irving, *tout au contraire*, warming with a genuine feeling of affection for the navigator, proceeds, perhaps, with undue severity against these royal delinquents, recites the circumstances of their indifference and neglect toward the claims of Columbus, and finally concludes with some eloquent reflections on their ungrateful conduct during the last moments of his life. We would remark a difference also in the style of these authors. Prescott is sober, earnest and philosophical, his style is stately, and yet it wears not the buskin of Gibbon, and there is every where displayed such tact in arrangement and such taste in the grouping of figures and incidents as could only have been attained by careful attention to the best models. In his passages, having reference to Columbus, we see no attempt to invest him with adventitious traits, the man is set before us “without the foreign aid of ornament.” But Irving is the most picturesque of writers and the most charming of biographers. He makes a sea-piece on every page and the hero of the story is always in the foreground. The first adventures of the young mariner,—his listless life around the docks at Lisbon,—the embarkation of his crews for the western world, their departure from Palos, and the little barks becalmed on the surface of the autumnal ocean,—the perils of tempest,—are all, in the highest degree, graphic descriptions, and when land is at last discovered, our author is so highly artistic that we might almost fancy that the pencil of Vanderlyn had caught its hues from the delineations of Geoffrey Crayon. In another work, relating to the same country and times, in which he traces the events which accompanied the expulsion of the Moors,—the “Conquest of Grenada,”—the same peculiarities may be observed. If we might be pardoned the conceits, we should say that the work of Prescott was a woof made of the finest fleeces from the hills of Leon,—Irving’s the gay embroidery of Xarifa in the ballad; the former a strain of wondrous and prolonged harmony, the latter an *aria* played upon the courtly lutes of the Alhambra!

We have not been fortunate in our remarks, however, if we have conveyed the impression that the histories of Mr. Irving are calculated simply to amuse, for there is much solid instruction conveyed in them, which the English reader can obtain from no other source. They have been compiled with great care, and a constant reference to original documents, and the author has freely availed himself of the researches of M. Navarrete, whose assistance he acknowledges in the preface to the present volume. It is certainly a great point gained to make useful knowledge *readable*, and the most prosy and captious critic will not contest the facts of Mr. Irving, because they are pleasantly narrated.

This book has reached us through Messrs. Drinker and Morris.

THE AMERICAN MANUAL—Containing a brief outline of the Origin and Progress of Political Power and the Laws of Nations; a commentary on the Constitution of the United States of North America, and a lucid exposition of the duties of Voters, Jurors and Civil Magistrates; with questions, definitions and marginal exercises, adapted to the use of schools, academies and the public. By Joseph Bartlett Burleigh, A. M., a member of the Baltimore Bar and President of Newton University. Philadelphia, Grigg, Elliot & Co. 1848. pp. 372.

We think Mr. Burleigh has done the cause of education great service by this publication. In clear, comprehensive treatises on politics, the book lists of our schools are notoriously deficient. And yet what is more desirable—what more vitally important to American youth, than an acquaintance at least with the rudimentary principles of the great science of politics? This is hereafter to be the absorbing business, the one great duty of their lives. Under these circumstances, no honest teacher, no affectionate parent, no wise statesman can reconcile it to his conscience, to regard with indifference the acquisition of this sort of knowledge, by those who are hereafter to assume the tremendous responsibilities of independent electors. We can all see the folly of sending a young man into a profession blindfold, ignorant of its requirements, uninstructed in its technicalities. Yet here, for the most part, his insufficiency does comparatively little harm to any one but himself. At the ballot-box, however, he exerts a direct influence over the interests and destinies of millions of his fellow-citizens. Self-preservation, alone, then, should induce us to pay earnest attention to the qualifications of voters. We may prate about the purity of the ballot box, and the guarantees of the constitution as much as we please, but there is only one way to insure the one, and to enforce the other. What purity can we expect in the stream, if the fountain be defiled? We must cleanse the well-head first. We must go back to the very beginning—we must take the embryo voter and prepare him for the solemn duty which is to devolve upon him. Without intelligence and honesty universal suffrage is one of the most deadly poisons that ever ate into the heart of a commonwealth; and without a careful training of the youth, these qualifications will not exist in the man. We all know these things, but who acts upon them? Our teachers? Not they. There is no one branch of their duties which they more sedulously, perseveringly and entirely neglect than this very one which of all others demands their most constant attention. We hope that the book before us will have the effect of opening the eyes of teachers generally and of the whole community.

But to leave generalities and come at once to particulars; the American Manual is, as its title page imports, an elementary work on politics. The necessity of government, the origin of law, the duty of submission to both, the intercourse of nations, and kindred topics are discussed with sufficient fullness to satisfy the demand of those for whom the work has been prepared; but the author has very properly directed particular attention to accidental politics as being the most practical. He has sketched the origin of the American Constitution, glanced at the history of the old articles of confederation, shown their inadequacy for the exigencies of the time and the country, and after relating the progress of public sentiment and legislative action up to the adoption of the present admirable system of government, he has examined and expounded the Constitution itself in a clear, simple and intelligible manner. The author’s exposition of the duties and responsibilities of voters, jurors and civil magistrates is concise and admirably adapted to the understanding and the wants of the great body of the people. Along the margin of each page there is arranged a column of words corresponding to certain marked words

in the text. These the author calls definitions, synonyms and verbal exercises, &c. The plan is novel and original. It must exercise the pupil's ingenuity, stimulate enquiry, and arouse an intense interest in what learners generally consider the duller part of their tasks, the proper application of words and the investigation of verbal differences. Throughout the whole book the political sentiments are unexceptionable and the moral tone of the highest order.

We presume the work may be had at any of our book-stores.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE; delineated in a series of Sketches of prominent Females mentioned in Holy Scripture, by Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by 18 characteristic steel engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. Royal Octavo.

This superb volume, adorned in the highest style of art, and "gleaming in purple and gold," will be a great favorite among the publications for the New Year. Indeed it far outshines any similar work that has fallen under our notice and demands for the Appletons the palm of excellence in their department. The antique binding in embossed morocco, and the exceeding beauty of the printing, would alone entitle it to this praise, but the great charm of the volume will be found in the engravings, which were executed, we believe, in England, at great expense, and imported expressly for the purpose. We do not know when we have seen anything so exquisite as these varied designs, embracing as well the gaudy Queen of Sheba, as the lovely and unaffected Ruth,—Judith with the sword of vengeance in her hand, and the desolate mother of the Maccabees.

It would not be doing justice to the work, however, to lavish all our commendations upon its exterior. The literary portion of it is unexceptionable and is somewhat unique as having been executed by many hands. First upon the list of contributors comes our excellent friend, Dr. Sprague of Albany, who always writes well, and who seems to have attained as clear an insight into the character of Hagar, as if he had recently come into possession of her autograph, well authenticated, on some curious papyrus. Then follows an imposing array of bishops, in brotherly companionship with others who recognize not lawn nor liturgy; the worthy Dr. Potts himself, (who is well known for his controversial passage with the reverend editor,) having furnished a most spirited portraiture of Jezebel. We rejoice to see this "dwelling together in unity," among our prominent divines, even if their field of fellowship should be confined to the centre-table, and we predict as the result of it a kindlier feeling among religious people, who have permitted themselves to be estranged by shades of difference in opinion.

The public will be gratified to know that the Appletons have in preparation a companion volume to the present work, to be entitled "Women of the New Testament."

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

POEMS: By William Cowper. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction, By the Rev. Thomas Dale: and Seventy-Five Illustrations, Engraved by John S. and Tudor Horton, from Drawings by John Gilbert. In two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street.

Those of our readers, who were induced by our commendations to buy copies of Milton, Thomson and Goldsmith, in the beautiful reprints of the Harpers from the

Etching Club Editions,—will be glad to see the works of the bard of Olney in a similar garb. The present volumes are, indeed, very elegant and as the expense of their publication has been necessarily great, we trust they will meet with an extensive sale. The designs and engraving, we understand, are by American artists, so that in this respect, at least, the style of the work differs from those already mentioned, and reflects even greater credit upon the publishers.

For sale by Drinker & Morris.

ILLUSTRATED POEMS. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. With Designs by Felix O. C. Darley, Engraved by American Artists. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1849.

Mrs. Sigourney's claims to poetic distinction have long since been settled, so that the present elegant volume demands from us no dissertation on her genius. We cannot, however, forbear bestowing our unqualified praise upon the publishers for the good taste displayed in its "getting up." We are glad to see, too, that the eminent abilities of Darley have at length been enlisted in the illustration of meritorious works and that his handsome designs will no longer be thrown away upon evanescent and often vulgar publications. Talent like his should not be kept in the police-office. There are some gems of the first water among the illustrations of Mrs. Sigourney's Poems. "The Tomb," at the 27th page, and the "Ancient Family Clock," are unsurpassed.

Mrs. Sigourney dedicates this volume with exceeding propriety to the poet Rogers, and we notice that she has included among her best efforts the poem of "Man's Three Guests," written for the May number of our magazine for the present year.

For this volume we are indebted to Drinker & Morris.

A FIRST BOOK IN GREEK; containing a full account of the forms of words, &c. &c. By John McClintock, D. D., and George R. Crooks, A. M., of Dickinson College. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1848.

Harper & Brothers are now publishing two distinct series of elementary classical works, a fact that speaks largely for their enterprise. The present volume has been brought forth by the deserved and remarkable success of the "First Book in Latin," issued by the same house about eighteen months ago. The plan of the two works is very similar. In the "First Book in Greek," we have a general view of the grammar as far as the verbs; the syntax and reading lessons having been judiciously reserved for a "Second Book," which is now in press and will shortly appear. We predict for both a large field of usefulness.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS: or, The Arabian Night's Entertainments. Translated and arranged for family reading. With Explanatory Notes. By E. W. Lane, Esq. From the second London Edition. Illustrated with six hundred wood-cuts by Harvey, and illuminated titles by Owen Jones. In two volumes. New York. Harper & Brothers.

The twelfth part, which completes this beautiful publication, has just been issued, and we have seen copies of the entire work, in two handsome volumes, tastefully bound in muslin, with appropriate devices. The illustrations are indeed very spirited and are better, perhaps, towards the close

than at the beginning. The hand of the engraver would seem to have become more skilful as he proceeded with his task, and to have caught in a greater degree the idea of the Arabian fantasy. No book has ever attained so wide a popularity as the Arabian Nights, and no edition of it is so good as that before us. It is for sale by Drinker & Morris.

THE ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK. By *Henry T. Tuckerman*. Author of "Thoughts on the Poets," "Artist-Life," etc. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. New York: J. C. Riker. 1848.

It is a gratifying evidence of an improving public taste, that a demand should be made for a third edition of this work. It appears now in an excellent form, with very considerable additions and emendations. Mr. Tuckerman is one of the most pleasing of American writers, as we think the pages of the Messenger for the current year abundantly show, and belongs to a class, which is we fear a small one, of quiet and earnest thinkers. "The Italian Sketch Book" is indeed delightful reading; being altogether unlike the ordinary volumes of tourists, which are but amplified editions of Murray's Guides, and presenting a most attractive picture of life under the shadow of St. Peter's, almost bringing us so near,—like the Dutch telescope with the Haarlem organ,—that we can hear the clock of Monte Citorio telling the hours upon the slumberous atmosphere.

CHRISTIAN SONGS. By the Rev. *James Gilborne Lyons*, L. L. D. Fourth Edition. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut Street. 1849.

Our thanks are due to the author for a copy of the fourth edition of this pleasing little volume of poems. The extensive circulation it has already attained and the frequency with which many of the Songs have been republished by the newspaper press, attest the popularity of Dr. Lyons as a writer of devotional verses. The "Song" of "The Magnetic Telegraph" has been particularly admired and has penetrated to firesides far beyond the reach of Mr. Morse's wires. This is, perhaps, after all the true criterion of excellence. For ourselves, we are not highly impressed with the poetical merits of the volume, although the catholic spirit in which it is conceived, and the excellent sentiments that are embodied in the verse commend it to a large share of public regard.

WREATHS OF FRIENDSHIP. A Gift for the Young. By T. S. Arthur and F. C. Woodworth. Baker & Scribner. 1849.

A very neat juvenile gift-book. The contents are of a character to please and instruct the youthful mind, as might be fairly inferred from the name of Mr. Arthur, as one of the compilers. There is also a variety of rhyme, judiciously intermingled with the narratives, of an appropriate kind, and the book is well illustrated with wood cuts.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

THE VINDICATION: A Satire, on "Charleston: A Poem." Charleston, S. C. Printed by Walker & Burke, No. 101 East Bay. 1848.

From the "Advertisement" extraordinary which prefaces this little pamphlet, we learn that it was called forth by

a satire, which some northern lady had perpetrated on Charleston, and that the author, (who is no other than our correspondent "Alton,") having gone into the court of Chancery where the Muses preside, with a complaint against the fair offender, obtained a decree denouncing the aforesaid "satire" as libellous; whereupon, he, the aforesaid author, instigated thereto doubtless by the nine Chancellors above-mentioned, undertook to write, and did write the Vindication which is before us. Now we must say that this northern lady might have been much better employed than in abusing Charleston, which is proverbial as the abode of refinement and hospitality, and which southerners are proud of, for its society, its capital dinners and its cotton. Our author takes up the cudgels most manfully not only for Charleston, but for the entire South, in a spirit which we cordially commend, and carries the war afterwards into Yankeedom with some animation. His blows are at times too harshly administered to our northern friends, but this is a poetic license. As a poem, the Vindication does not aspire to epic dignity, but it is not wanting in lines that run smoothly and carry with them energy of thought.

SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S CLASSICAL SERIES—Sallust and Virgil. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.

The high reputation for classical learning that Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt enjoy, will commend these volumes to the attention of teachers of the Latin language. The edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, belonging to this series, which was published some time since, met with general favor, and we are disposed to regard the present copies of Virgil and Sallust as eminently adapted to the use of students. The notes are sufficiently numerous to give assistance, where it is really necessary, without furnishing a temptation to sluggishness by supplying a full translation of the text. The series possesses two great advantages, the books are small and neatly printed, and they are so cheap as to be within the reach of almost everybody.

They may be found at the bookstore of Drinker & Morris.

THE BOOK OF PEARLS: A Choice Garland of Prose, Poetry and Art, Containing Twenty Finely executed steel engravings. New York. D. Appleton & Co. MDCCCXLIX.

THE LADY'S ANNUAL: A Souvenir of Friendship and Remembrance for MDCCCXLIX. With Original Contributions by Female Writers. Edited by Emily Marshall. Illustrated by Twenty-Six engravings. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

THE JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK for 1849: A Christmas and New Year's Present for Young People. Edited by Grandfather Merryman. With Twenty-Eight Engravings on steel. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

Here are annuals for the few and annuals for the million! We place them in the order of merit and not in the order of pretension, for, as generally happens, the title-page which promises most, is that of a book, excellent no doubt in its way, but not remarkable as a specimen of modern publication. Still it will be very acceptable to the little "Jack Horners," for whom it was designed. "The Lady's Annual" is somewhat higher in the scale of art and is very nearly bound in morocco. "The Book of Pearls," however, deserves much greater praise, for it is really attract-

ive, both on account of its choice engravings and its readable and well-selected literary papers. Two or three of the engravings we would especially notice,—the head of Lord Byron, Joan of Arc and Sappho,—all classically beautiful and suited to the fame of this trio of worthies.

These volumes may be obtained of Nash & Woodhouse.

DE BOW'S COMMERCIAL REVIEW of the South and West.
Oct. and Nov. 1848. Vol. 6. Nos. 4 and 5.

Our Crescent City friend, whose usual visit was denied us last month, comes now in duplicate form, as plethoric as an alderman of the second Municipality. In his regular habit, we receive him always with a kindly greeting, but when he comes in such an unquestionable shape as at present, he is of course doubly welcome. What says poor Hood?

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes;
And a double barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure:
There's double safety in double locks
And double letters bring cash for the box;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility's double measure.

And so with regard to our commercial cotemporary, although he is more connected with produce than poetry, there is always a double value in his double numbers.

With this expression of our good-will, frivolously though sincerely given, let us say a word with regard to the intimation of Mr. De Bow, that we have "excluded him from all the laurels of the Southern periodical press," in not associating him with the Southern Quarterly and the Messenger in our comments on the Index of the "Brothers in Unity." We did not allude to the omission of the Review because we were under the impression that commercial magazines were not within the scope of the Index itself. This impression was derived from the fact, that Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, a northern work of very similar character with Mr. De Bow's, was also omitted. We certainly do *not* think him "nothing if not statistical," for we took occasion to regret, as long ago as June last, that we did not see more frequently the pleasant traces of his literary walk through the pages of his own periodical. In our day, when, in the language of Mr. De Bow's motto, "Commerce is King,"—when "the Duke of Norfolk deals in malt" and Halleck himself is at the desk of a counting-room, we cannot complain that intellect should be "on change," but we feel assured that Mr. De Bow will yet do brave things for Southern literature as well as Southern traffic, and we trust that his valuable work will abundantly prosper and be circulated, as Mr. Longfellow says,

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
ocean.

THE SACRED POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA, for
Three Centuries. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Illustrated with Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

Such is the number and variety of the presentation vol-

umes published by the Appletons alone, that all tastes are likely to be gratified in the way of Christmas Gifts. We are not sure after all that the present luxurious octavo is not the most attractive of the series, for it embodies almost the whole devotional poetry of England and America for three hundred years, and introduces us once again into that charming society of old English Poets, not to know whom argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the beauty and grace of the language. We cannot, of course, enumerate the gems we find in turning over the leaves of this volume, but we can say that Mr. Griswold seems to have made very happy selections. The "Dies Irae" of Crashaw, "To Daffodils" of Herrick and some of the exquisite fancies of Vaughan find a place in company with the best thoughts of Wordsworth and Croly and the solemn music of Bryant.

The work is beautifully printed and is handsomely illustrated with steel Engravings. It has reached us through Nash & Woodhouse.

THE SALAMANDER: A Legend for Christmas. Found amongst the papers of the late Ernest Helfenstein. Edited by E. Oakes Smith. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1848.

Ernest Helfenstein, we believe, is but a literary alias, under which Mrs. Oakes Smith has contributed heretofore to the magazines, just as the Essayists of Queen Anne's day addressed the public under the *nommes de plume* of Isaac Bickerstaff and Will Honeycomb. Mrs. Smith, in her own name, has long been known as a charming writer both of prose and verse and "Ernest Helfenstein" has won as high a fame in the line of metaphysical speculation. The present volume is a delightful little romance, very much in the style of Undine, which has evidently cost the author much pains-taking in its artistic elaboration. It is most appropriately published as a gift-book and has several spirited illustrations by Darley.

CHILD OF THE SEA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. S. Anna Lewis, Author of "Records of the Heart," etc., etc. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1848.

Mrs. Lewis's Poems have been so largely and justly reviewed in a recent number of our magazine, by the discriminating hand of Mr. Poe, that we deem it quite unnecessary to say anything more of them at present, than that we regard them as establishing the author's claim to a high rank among the Poets of America. The present volume abounds in felicities of expression, striking turns of thought and melodious versification. Mr. Putnam has done well to present these poems in a popular and attractive form.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

The present number of Blackwood contains several agreeable articles, among which may be found the last of the series entitled "Life in the Far West," by the late George Frederick Ruxton, who died a few months since at St. Louis. An obituary of this gifted young man accompanies the paper. Some account is given by him of the Mormon settlement at the Great Salt Lake in California, together with a rapid history of the delusion and a biography of Joe Smith, which are neither so accurate nor so well drawn as those presented in our last number, but which are still readable.

On the cover of the present number, the reader will see an advertisement of Leonard Scott & Co., setting forth the terms of their republication of English literature.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUST, 1848.

NO. 8.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

PAGE

1. Life and character of Governor Endicott of Massachusetts. Plymouth Company—Their grant to Endicott and others: Endicott's arrival;—Letter to Governor Bradford; State of the Colony in 1629: Merry Mount,—Arrival of Winthrop; Endicott strikes Goodman Dexter;—the Cross in the King's colours. Cambridge College; Expedition against the Pequods;—Proclamation against long hair; Laws touching great boots, &c.,—Persecution of the Quakers; King Charles II. proclaimed. Endicott removes to Boston, his death, personal appearance, &c. 458
2. Sketches of Southern Life, No. 1. 470
3. Carlyle and Macaulay. 476
4. My First Serenade. A Sketch. Enjoyments of Pensacola; The *Padgo*; Fashionable performance on the piano;—A charming creature,—introduction; The Serenade; a *charivari*, &c. 481
5. Where is She? A Tale. By A Cohee. 486
6. Scraps from a Port Folio. No. III. 503
7. Connection Between the Qualities of a Great Commander and a Great Statesman. 504
8. Adventure and Scenery in the Far South West. The Lacasine Prairie; *Isle Orange*; Vegetation of the prairie lake; game, fish, &c. Story of Cosito;—Lafitte the pirate; his marriage with Se-

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES—CONTINUED.

PAGE

- norita D—; The Lepun Indians; Narrow Escape, &c. By C. A. W. 506
9. Life of William Richardson Davie, Governor of North Carolina. By Fordyce M. Hubbard. A Review. 510

ORIGINAL POETRY.

10. To-Morrow. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 457
11. Sonnet: To Inez. By Alton. 470
12. To Mary F. F—. 475
13. The Land of Dreams. By Susan. 485
14. Ophelia. 502
15. To Pyrrha. Hor. I: 5. 506

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:

16. The Diplomatic and Official Papers of Daniel Webster. 517
17. A Funeral Oration, Occasioned by the Death of Thomas Cole. By W. C. Bryant. 518
18. Harold; The Last of the Saxon Kings. 518
19. Circular of the Medical Department of Hampden Sidney College. 519
20. Eulogy on John Quincy Adams. 519
21. The Planetary and Stellar Worlds. 520
22. What I Saw in California. 520
23. The Alps and Rhine. 520
24. The Western Literary Emporium, &c. 520

LOCAL AGENTS.

KEITH & WOODS, St. Louis, Mo.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans.
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, London.
E. P. NASH, Petersburg, Va.
MACFARLANE & FERGUSON, Richmond, Va.

OTIS, BROADERS & Co., Boston, Mass.
JOSEPH ROBINSON, Baltimore, Maryland.
COLON & ADRIANCE, Philadelphia, Pa.
S. HART, SR., Charleston, S. C.

THIS WORK IS PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY NUMBERS, AVERAGING SIXTY-FOUR PAGES EACH, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

RICHMOND, VA.

MACFARLANE & FERGUSON, PRINTERS, LAW-BUILDING.
1848.

TO ALL DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We had occasion, on the cover of our last number, to *dun* our delinquent subscribers. This we did as politely as possible, and in the hope that we should not be compelled again to undertake that ungrateful task. But our appeal has had no effect, and we must now *insist* positively, *as a matter of right*, on a speedy remittance of our dues. We submit to the sense of justice of those indebted to us, that our labor—patient and unremitting as it has been—should not go altogether unrewarded. We have worked faithfully in your behalf. We insist once again therefore on the fulfilment of your part of the contract,—that we should be paid for it.

PAYMENTS TO THE MESSENGER.

Agee, A. T. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Martin, Wm. WG	Virginia	vol 13
Alexander, John D. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Massie, N. H. Virginia	vol 14	
Allen, Joseph. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Maury, John W. Washington City	vol 13-14	
Anderson, J. R. WG	Virginia	vol 14	May, Dr. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Arnell, D. R. Tennessee	vol 13-14		Mead, Mrs. Ann M. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Bacon, Mrs. J. L. WG	Virginia	13 from July and 14	Mhoon, James G. Alabama	vol 14	
Beazley, T. L. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Minor, Dr. George G. Virginia	vol 14	
Bransford, Frederick WG	Virginia	vol 14	Mitchell, S. P. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Brown, James, Jr. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Mitchell, Wm., Jr. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Bryan, John R. Virginia	vol 13 from August and 14		Morris, James. Virginia	vol 14	
Burt, Miss Eliza. Alabama	vol 14		Morton, Miss M. A. WG	Virginia	vol 12-13
Butcher, R. H. WG	Virginia	vol 12-13	Munford, Col. G. W. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Caldwell, W. B. WG	Virginia	vol 12-13	Myers, G. A. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Carroll, G. W. WG	Virginia	vol 14	McCorkle, Miss S. M. Va. pd. \$2 50 from July to Dec.		
Caskie, Edmund W. WG	Virginia	vol 14	McKenzie, Kenneth CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14	
Caskie, James. WG	Virginia	vol 14	McSherry, James & Wm. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Cheney, J. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Navy Department. Washington City	vol 12-13	
Chittenden, W. B. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Otey, Miss Lucy W. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Claiborne, H. A. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Patterson, H. L. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14	
Cocke, Charles L. WG	Virginia	vol 12-13	Patton, John M. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Coleman, R. H. Virginia	pd. to Nov. 1848.		Patton, Dr. W. N. WG	Virginia	vol 11-12
Cooper, W. F. Tennessee	vol 13-14		Peake, Samuel CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14	
Crenshaw, J. H. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Pearson, Jeremiah. Georgia	vol 13	
Crenshaw, W. G. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Peebles, Henry W. Kentucky	vol 13	
Daniel, Judge Wm. WG	Virginia	vol 13-14	Preston, Thomas L. WG	Virginia	vol 10-11-12-13
Davenport, Isaac. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Reading Room. Georgia	pd. to July 1849.	
Dunlop, James. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Reid, Samuel McDowell. WG	Virginia	vol 13
Ellis, Major Thomas H. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Rhodes, Holden. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Eustace, John H. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Robertson, Judge John. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Fallon, Miss C. O. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14		Robertson, W. T. Virginia	vol 14	
Farrar, Fernando. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Robinson, Conway. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Floyd, Miss Nancy. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Robinson, Poitiaux. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Force, Peter. Washington City	vol 12-13-14		Rutherford, John. North Carolina	vol 14	
Fowle, W. Washington City	vol 13-14		Rutherford, Col. John. WG	Virginia	vol 14
French, A. C. CWJ. Illinois	vol 13-14		Irby, J. T. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14	
Fry, Mrs. J. J. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Scott, F. W. WG	Virginia	vol 13-14
Gamble, H. R. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14		Seddon, Hon. James A. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Gardner, James H. WG	Virginia	vol 13-14	Shaw, R. B. WG	Virginia	vol 13
Gholson, James H. Virginia	vol 13-14		Shore, T. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14	
Gholson, T. S. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Shinn, Stephen. Virginia	vol 12-13-14	
Gideon, J. Washington City	vol 14		Simpson, J. K. Maryland	vol 12	
Goggin, John O. L. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Snead, Major Jesse. WG	Virginia	vol 9-10-11-12-13
Goode, G. W. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14		Speed, John M. WG	Virginia	vol 13-11
Graham Society. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Stribling, Dr. F. T. WG	Virginia	vol 12-13
Gray, James. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Strother, W. P. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Gwathmey, H. B. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Swartzwelder, Mrs. J. N. Virginia	vol 13-14	
Gwathmey, Robert. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Talbott, J. S. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14	
Hale, W. G. Texas	vol 14		Thomas, James. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Heath, James E. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Tod, George T. WG	Virginia	vol 11-12-13
Hobson, John C. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Townes & Powell. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Hoover, J. D. Washington City	vol 14		Trowbridge, Henry. New York City	vol 14	
Inglelove, A. WG	Virginia	vol 13	Tucker, Judge Beverley Wm. & Mary College. vol 13-14		
Johnson, Chapman. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Turner & Mudge. Maryland	vol 11-12	
Jordan, Capt. Thomas. U. S. Army	vol 13		Virginia Military Institute. WG	vol 13	
Kennedy, Gilbert. CWJ. Ohio	vol 13		Warrington, Commodore Lewis. D. C. vol 12-13-14		
Kent, Miss E. Virginia	pd. to July 1849.		Washbourne, J. W. Arkansas	vol 13	
Knight, Dr. Oscar M. Virginia	vol 14		Watts, W. A. WG	Virginia	vol 12-13
Library of the University of Virginia. vol 14			Webb, Lewis. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Library of Virginia. WG	vol 14		Wickham, Mrs. John. WG	Virginia	vol 14
Lucas, J. H. CWJ. Missouri	vol 13-14		Wingfield, G. A. WG	Virginia	vol 13
Lyons, James. WG	Virginia	vol 14	Withrow, Miss Mary Jane. WG	Virginia	vol 13
Macon, Selden C. WG	Virginia	vol 11-12-13	Womble, John E. WG	Va. 2 nos. 13 and 14	
Marquess, Miss A. S. Tennessee	vol 13-14		Young Men's Library Association. CWJ. Ohio	vol 13-14	

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 04687 430 9

